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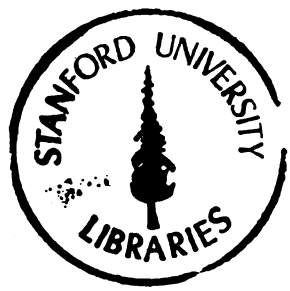
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HOUSEHOLD
WORDS
CONDUCTED
BY
CHARLES DICKENS


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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME VI.

Being from No. 130 to No. 153; and also including the Extra Number and a Half for Christmas.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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NORTH AMERICAN SLAVERY.

INTEREST in the subject of slavery has during the present year been re-awakened by an admirable book, in which its main features—as they exist in North America—are painted in the freshest colours. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN with all its faults (and it is not free from the fault of overstrained conclusions and violent extremes) is a noble work; full of high power, lofty humanity; the gentlest, sweetest, and yet boldest, writing. Its authoress, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, is an honour to the time that has produced her, and will take her place among the best writers of fiction, inspired by the best and noblest purpose. Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, George Harris, and the other negroes with whom Mrs. Stowe has by this time made most of us acquainted, are, no doubt, rare specimens of slaves; but, the details of the slave system among which they live have been carefully collected, and are represented, bright or black, fairly and with all due variety, so that they may be generally accepted as remarkable pictures of the every day truth. The subject thus re-introduced is one that it becomes all men to discuss, since the extinction of slavery in America by any other than the old process that has held good since the world began, can take place only by the infection of slaveholders with the epidemic of a very prevalent opinion.

Slavery has at one time existed in most countries, and from very many it has died out. When population was much thinner than it is, and there were few very spiritual notions of the rights of man, prisoners of war, and even the great bulk of conquered nations, were considered acceptable importations upon any soil that was too spacious to be managed by its owners. As native populations grew, and men and women came to cover their own lands, they became less anxious to retain any stranger within their gates, whom they would have to feed for doing work that could be done quite as well by the men born upon their soil;—in every such case, slavery has languished and become extinct. In this way, when the white population shall have grown and come to press upon the borders of the land, even though no higher motive were to intervene and expedite the conclusion of a moral wrong, slavery will become extinct in the slaveholding states of North America.

In the meantime, though a full population is incompatible with the continuance of slavery, a thin one implies no demand for its existence. It is no question in the present day, we believe, with any man who speaks the English language, whether slavery ought to be abolished: the only question that awaits solution now is, how to abolish it, and more especially how it can be properly abolished in the slave states of North America. A right thing may be done in a wrong way; slaves may be made wretched, as well as holders ruined, by an act which, being only just and merciful in its own essence, might be so done as to become a gain and blessing to all men whose lives are influenced by its effects.

It is but just to give credit to the slaveholders of North America for having established their system upon principles very much more humane than those adopted by the Spaniards in their neighborhood. Negroes under Spanish masters are urged to work with an inhuman rigour; expense for their food and clothing is deliberately kept down to the lowest point; they are treated as tools which it is good ecomomy to wear out rapidly, by putting them to the utmost use, and to replace with new material as fast as they are ground away. Under this system, administered as it often is with cruelty beyond the exingencies of its inhuman theory, the slaves are tortured into frequent efforts to escape by flight. Payment is then made to the slave hunter—the ranchero of the district—as distinct a professional man in Cuba as the parish doctor here with us; and the ranchero goes a hunting with his dogs and gun after the man who does not choose to be a chattel.

We have all heard of the Cuban dogs trained to hunt men, and following relentlessly upon the track of any fugitive whose scent has been presented to them in a portion of some article he may have worn. When they have hunted down their prey, they do not injure him, unless the black man should dispute the dogs' superiority; the dogs, hunting in couples, are trained quietly to seize each an arm, and hold the slave uninjured until the ranchero shall have come up with his fetters. The fugitive, so caught, rarely resists, for he knows that the dogs are

equally well trained to perform the next department of their duty, to destroy the man who struggles in their jaws. Knowing this, the slave is quiet, and is brought back unharmed to the estate, the ranchero being answerable for any damage that may have been suffered in his hands by the article that he had undertaken to recover. In ordinary cases, for each capture he receives twenty piastres; but the charge is higher when the chace has extended beyond certain bounds, or when the case has been complicated by any skill or courage manifested on the negro's part.

A large exception has to be made among the ill-treated slaves of Spaniards in favour of household pets. The Spanish colonist is luxurious and indolent: his house-slave wears fine linen, and lives delicately, as a lady's dog or cat may in this country be dieted on cream and chicken; while the yard dog gets what bones he can, and has no mistress to care how often he may have his ribs kicked by the groom. Such difference exists between the house-slave and the field-slave in the Spanish colonies—a difference that only aggravates our sense of the wrong done to manhood in their persons.

Again, for the maintenance of the system which exists among the Spanish colonists, it is obviously necessary that the importation of fresh slaves should not be discontinued. The Spanish Government bound itself to co-operation in the measures taken for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Nevertheless, minor officials in the Spanish colonies find it well worth their while to accept the rich commission offered for assistance in the illegal traffic. We have been told by friends who have resided at Havana, of immense sums realised in a single year by one official out of that perquisite of office in Spanish American colonies, connivance at the slave trade. The inhabitants of colonies are bound to give notice whenever they may see newly imported slaves driven across their respective districts. It is the custom, therefore, in Cuba, to issue along a projected line of march underhand notification to the public, in order that all gentlemen with tender consciences may get out of the way and have an *alibi* to plead in case of any possible inquiry. M. Casimir Leconte, to whose experience in slave countries, as detailed a month or two since in the Revue des Deux Mondes, we are indebted for much that will be stated here, illustrates this practice by an example. "I was one day," he says, "at a large estate in the canton of Banaguises, and the proprietor expressed his annoyance at a neglect of duty in his neighbors. They had passed over his ground without ceremony a convoy of two thousand blacks newly imported, and the proprietor said very reasonably: 'See what a dilemma they will have placed me in, should the judge come down and put me to my oath; if they had only warned me, I might easily have gone to dinner at Cardenas.'"

But while the contraband traffic in slaves is essential to the working of the slave system on its present footing in the Spanish Antilles, among the Anglo-Americans importation has entirely ceased. The bodily condition of the slaves under our cousins in America—we speak now only of their bodily condition, rating them not as men, but as so much live stock—is good. They are, on the whole, fed as amply, and are as well treated as the upper class of European horses. They have therefore thriven, and their stock is multiplied in the land; their inherent power of reproduction more than balances the amount of physical decay; and it is not, therefore, found necessary to import any fresh stock from abroad. In 1840 the number of slaves in the United States was not quite two millions and a half. In the year 1850 there were more than three millions. The increase in ten years had amounted to twenty-three and a half per cent.

The proportion of increase in different states differs, however, greatly. The slave system is in a natural way decaying out of some states, while, for assignable reasons, it is becoming concentrated in some others. Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and others, have already abolished the principle of slavery; but, amongst those states which retain it for the present, there are some that are not likely to retain it many years. In Florida the slave population has diminished by fourteen per cent., and has increased only one and a half per cent. in Maryland. In that part of Virginia which lies between the Alleghanies and the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky, the slave system is virtually abolished by the substitution of German and Irish free labourers for negroes. The climate, soil, and produce in that part of Virginia being suited to the industry of European labourers, proprietors have found it more to their interest to hire them, and to sell their slaves. In Virginia, on the other side of the Alleghanies, the chief produce is tobacco; and, although slave labour is used for that, the soil is not sufficient to supply with labour the whole negro population, and many people have betaken themselves to the task of breeding negroes, and exporting them into the sugar-cane and cotton districts, of which the development has been extremely great. In Arkansas, the increase of slave population has considerably more than doubled in the last ten years; the increase in Mississippi has been sixty-four per cent.; fifty-seven per cent. in Missouri; thirty-seven in Tennessee. In South Carolina the increase of population in the ten years was but seven per cent., and the increase has been very moderate in North Carolina and Kentucky. It appears, therefore, that the slave states of America do by no means hang together as a homogeneous mass. Slaves are being sold continually out of some states into others; and, where the cultivation is not of too tropical a character, the labour

of white men intrudes steadily upon the old vocation of the blacks.

This constant sale of slaves out of one state into another, implies, of course, the disruption on a large scale of family ties, and all those outrages upon domestic feeling which have been so vividly depicted in the history of Uncle Tom. We have said, however, that Uncle Tom, Aunt Chloe, and their friends are, perhaps, rare specimens of negro character. It is no mitigation of the inhuman character of slavery to say, that in the majority of cases, negroes have been depressed so far towards the state of simple beasts of burden, that they have acquired the hearts and brains of horses and of oxen. Rational education of their minds is jealously withheld. They are taught to regard, as the sole object of their lives, not the advance of their own souls, but the increase of their master's cotton. Every look they get, even the kindest, every tone they hear, confirms their knowledge of the fact that they are chattels. "A slave," says one of the codes, "is in the power of the master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing, but which must belong to his master." It is the greatest horror of the slave system to our minds, when men can live contented under so complete an abnegation of their manhood. Born to the system, bred to the system, degraded by being set to labour in sight of a whip, like the brutes, so working on a motive against which even a well-bred brute comes to rebel—thousands of negroes are content to be well fed and housed, occasionally patted on the head or played with, and, when their master finds it needful to reduce his stock, part with a mere transitory brutish pang from a contented wife in Maryland, perhaps, to lie down content with a new wife in a new stall in Tennessee. Burning alive, and all the tortures that were racked out of ingenious brains, are the most trumpery of wrongs compared with this treading of all things that are precious out of human hearts. It is pleasanter to think of slaves in Cuba flying before blood-hounds, than to know that the slaves of North America learn to identify themselves with their masters, and to lie down contented with their place among farm animals because they are well fed; and that in the year 1850, out of three million slaves only a thousand fled away in search of liberty: the greater part even of that thousand seeking not liberty for its own sake, but as a means of escape from the punishments incurred by theft and other crime.

The writer to whom we have already referred, illustrates from his experience the content with which negroes in North America remain enslaved. In a plantation in the parish of Saint James, in which he spent some days, he tells us that there were ten or fifteen negroes who had laid by more than enough to purchase freedom, but who would not purchase it. One of them when questioned on the subject, answered: "I am well treated and not overworked; if I am sick, I am attended to; if my wife bring me a child, they rear it; when I become old I shall be allowed to rest—and would you have me quit all this for an uncertain future?" Precisely thus, a horse or ox might talk, could there be offered to it the gift of reason, with full liberty to quit the stall, to think for itself, and to labour on its own concerns. "I have seen a lady, said M. Leconte, "about to leave America for France, taking a slave negress with her as the children's nurse. Arrived at New York, the negress so earnestly desired to be sent back to New Orleans, though the soil of France would give her freedom and New Orleans was her place of slavery, that the lady was compelled to grant her wish." Perhaps this negress had submitted in New Orleans to a slavery that chains the freest to one patch of soil. M. Leconte further tells us of a certain Doctor M——, who had brought three of his black domestics to New York. One of them, an excellent coachman, fell among abolitionists and left his master, who refused to use the power of the law for his recovery, saying, that if he could not be retained in his service by kind treatment, he did not wish him to be retained at all. After a time the fugitive returned and desired restoration to his old position. He was condemned to suffer five more years of liberty; at the end of the five years he might return or remain free as he pleased. He returned at the end of the term, and was a good slave ever after.

Why did he return? Did he find no rest for the sole of his foot among the free Americans, and did he flutter back into slavery, as the dove fluttered back into the ark? In truth, it must be acknowledged, that the free Americans, the very abolitionists themselves, are stout supporters of the slave system in act, whatever they may be in theory. In the free states of America the negro is no less forced down out of his just position as a man than when he works under the planter's whip. Even in an English drawing-room, the American who meets by chance a guest with negro blood marked in his forehead, feels like a cat upon whose domain some strange dog has intruded, and is not easily restrained by the rules of English courtesy from spitting. However respectable the position earned by a free negro—and, as Mrs. Stowe truly points out, free negroes know how to come by the respectabilities of money—though he be clean of body, neatly dressed, and by the colour of his mind a man of sense and honour: there is not a white fellow, black with dirt in his body, and black with rascality in his mind, who would not scorn to sit beside him on an omnibus; there is not a kitchen scullion claiming to be white under his grease and soot, who would not consider it an insult to be told that he must dine at the same table

with the negro gentleman. M. Leconte tells us that he travelled with a gentleman of high standing, who had been endeavouring to place at college, in a western state, a youth full of talent and intelligence, with a clear skin, yet with some flaw of colour in his mother's ancestry. A pupil who knew of this flaw, denounced the new comer, and it was found to be necessary to carry him to France, where he would be allowed to receive a college education unmolested.

Everywhere met by this spirit; taken from a half-barbarous condition and educated by the whites, for their own purposes, down into the ways of brutes instead of up into the feelings of developed men; with no high purpose in life ever set before them; with no higher motive of existence than the fattening of their white masters; insulted (if they only knew it) by a lurking contumely even in the kindest accents; the great mass of the negro population has become infected with the universal feeling, and has fallen so low as to accept and share the prejudice against itself. A negro woman in America will, in most cases, prefer dishonourable union with a white man to marriage with a black. Negroes learn to reproach each other for the colour of the skin, and to look up to the white man who rules them, with the same affection that a dog feels for the master to whose hand it has become accustomed. This prejudice against the negro in the free states of America powerfully aids in the support of the slave system in the south. A certain rich man, dying in Kentucky, left among his legacies freedom to each one of his slaves. Further, to assure the future peaceable enjoyment of the gift, he enjoined his executor to purchase in Ohio, a free state, enough land to yield allotments for them all, on which they might build dwellings and farm offices; there was to be provided, also, for them all, a stock, sufficient to begin with, of agricultural tools, seeds, and cattle. The conditions of the bequest were all duly fulfilled, the land was bought and parcelled out, the stock was purchased, and the executor set out with his party of freedom to instal them in their new homes, and put them in possession of their rights as citizens. When they came to the river Ohio, however, they found arrayed on the other bank the white population of the district, armed to the teeth, maintaining that they would not suffer "a vile colony of niggers" to be settled in the midst of them.

The slave population, thus pressed down below the level of humanity, has its spirit broken by the pressure. Uncle Toms and George Harrises are the exception, not the rule. Debased by education under a demoralising system, which acts as a blight on every wholesome growth in the slave's mind; the victim of a daily robbery—the robbery of his right to the labour of his own limbs; it is a mockery to ask the negro to be honest; theft and falsehood are begotten out of the slave system, as surely as stench rises out of filth. Degraded as they are, the negroes are still tender-hearted; they identify themselves with a master's interest; it is wonderful that they should not have fallen lower than they have fallen;—fallen they are, however; we know what we express in England by the word servility, we know how our hearts burn at the imputation of a slavish submission even to the highest power on earth. The slaves of America—speaking of them as a body—have, by a long course of depressing treatment, been made slavish in their spirit. We have already seen how few of them seek freedom in flight. We may note further, that while the treatment of negroes, when they are free and living in the free states of America, is such as no man with his spirit whole could bear, the negroes bear it. A home is open in Liberia to all free negroes who will accept citizenship there; on his arrival in Liberia the negro receives an allotment of land, and is supported in a republic of his own race for the few months that must elapse before the produce of his farm will feed him. Beyond the subsistence to which he is entitled, he may buy land to what extent he pleases; he may walk over the soil of his own African republic, encountering no look of reproach, and may help in spreading the light of civilisation among his race. The best hopes of a man it is in the power of every free negro to realise, by quitting the soil on which he meets with daily insult, and establishing a true home in Liberia. He does not, however, feel the daily insult; he is acclimatised to the atmosphere of wrong. At the last census there were found to be four hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and thirty-seven free negroes in the United States; while the negro population of Liberia, proceeding from America, has not yet reached ten thousand souls. Yet thirty years have now elapsed since, in obedience to high-minded councils, the black colony was established, and the town of Monrovia founded on Cape Mesurado. And it is twenty years since the Maryland State Colonisation Society planted the allied colony of Maryland in Liberia.

The negroes in Liberia consist of the few men whose energies resisted all the depressing force to which they had been subject in America, and of their children who have grown up under better rule. Small as their number is, the energy with which they have conducted their affairs, and the influence they have exerted on surrounding tribes, are undeniable. The colony has fought with many difficulties, and its promoters have been disappointed by the want of interest with which it is regarded by great numbers of the class for whose advantage it was planned. In 1847, in consequence of objection that had been made on the part of England to imposts levied upon British vessels in Liberia, and the assertion that such rights of levying duties

could not be conceded to a private association of men, however it might otherwise be worthy of respect,—the Colonisation Society of the United States decided on abandoning the land altogether to the negro emigrants, reserving only the space necessary for the further purposes of emigration, and a tax for the purposes of education. Liberia, therefore, on the twenty-fourth of August in that year, hoisted its own flag, and started with a constitution of its own in the character of a free negro republic. The Americans, the English, and the French, all heartily supported the new state. Conflicting accounts have been given of its present condition; it appears however, to be fairly established, and to prosper to the utmost of its means. The eight or ten thousand civilised negroes from America exert their influence upon three hundred thousand natives who are living on Liberian soil, consenting to the laws and customs of their civilised society. Fifty thousand have learnt English, schools abound, and the number of Christians is increasing every month. The Liberians grow coffee and cacao, export palm-oil, camwood, ivory, rice, gold-dust, and other things; their port of Monrovia being tolerably familiar with ships. There is, of course, room for much growth; their farms are at present little more than country gardens, and they are under the disadvantage of not yet having succeeded in the attempt to maintain horses or oxen in their country. The resources of the two colonies of Liberia, and Maryland in Liberia, have been so limited, that, little as they may have done, they deserve full credit for the achievement of remarkable results.

The Americans, moreover, deserve credit for having, in the first instance, established this Liberian outlet for the best class of their free negro population. There is spread widely in America a strong desire to do what is right; and we believe that a large majority of the proprietors in the slave states would cease to become slaveholders, if they could see their way clearly to the employment of free labour, and a due provision for the future life of the emancipated slaves. The money value of the slaves in the United States is considerably over a hundred millions of pounds, and we must not be surprised if we find men unwilling to pay that sum for the support of a principle in which their faith is weak. We think, too, that it is possible to combine with the duty of emancipation the not less important duty of undoing the evil that has been done to the slaves' minds, and of doing them some good service by way of atonement. When we have clipped men's minds and made them slavish, it is poor compensation that their bodies should be set at large. We believe that earnest and dispassionate inquiry among men experienced in all the details of the question, would lead eventually to a performance by America of the moral duty of emancipation in a way that might wipe out every reproach for the past treatment of the negroes, and reflect eternal honour on the stars and stripes.

The stripes! Though slavery be not abolished promptly, there can be no reason why stripes should not cease. Though there *may* be little of lashing and wailing in the slave system, as it is commonly administered in North America, yet men are degraded by being set to work by a coarse action on their fears, when the same men are far more capable of being stimulated by an excitement of their love of honour and reward. The negro has what the phrenologists would call love of approbation very strongly marked. Set him to work for the hope of distinction, instead of for the fear of blows. No doubt it has been true that negroes, set to work by any motive which called out their higher feelings as men, would become ambitious and acquire a thirst for freedom in the end. So it is, so let it be. Educate the negroes on plantations, make them intelligent men and women, let them imbibe in their full freedom the doctrines of Christianity. It has been true that it was not safe to give knowledge to men who were placed in a position which the faintest flash of reason would resent. We have been told by a Christian minister, who laboured in his way to elevate the minds of negroes in some North American plantations, that his permission to preach was clogged with many stipulations as to what he should not say; that he was expressly forbidden to teach anything which might induce a slave to question his position or wish to be free; and that, in consequence, he found himself unable to preach even man's duty to his neighbour. So it has been and must be; the slave who acquires education and religious principle must desire to be free: let it be so. Cultivate the slave's best feelings, teach him, awaken him to manhood; and do this fearlessly because you are determined that he shall attain what will become the object of his wishes. When you have taught him to desire his proper place among his fellows, let him take it; let him work for you as a free man, and be well assured that he will work. Negro labour will become every year less in demand as the number of Irish and other emigrants increases in America. The time is not far distant when the demand for negroes will be confined wholly to those districts in which the climate appears to be unsuited for field labour by white men: even to those districts whites will become acclimatised, but in those, for some time at any rate, negroes will be needed. It is not essential that the negroes should be slaves. If, step by step, the degraded race be raised, their higher impulses awakened, their minds developed, their moral ties religiously respected, there will arise out of the present multitude of slaves, by slow degrees, a race of free labourers far more efficient than the present gangs, while the yearly increasing surplus of black population educated into love of freedom would pass over to Liberia, and

form a nation on the coast of Africa, whereof America might boast for ewer. Americans might so abolish slavery as to produce with little or no cost—probably with profit to themselves—results incomparably greater than have been attained by England with a vast expenditure of money. Our cousins are capable of great works, and a great work lies at their door. Heartily glad shall we be when they shall begin to leave off whipping their negroes, and shall set steadily to work to whip the Britishers in the results to be obtained out of enlightened efforts to give to the slave freedom both of mind and body. This victory over ourselves America may win, and England shall be foremost in the celebration of her triumph.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF A DUTCH PAINTER.

Yellow, thumbed, devastated by flies and time, stained with spots of oil and varnish, broken-backed, dog's-eared—a scurvy, lazar-house copy which no bookstall-keeper would look at, and at which the meanest of buttermen would turn up his nose—I have a book which I love. It is the Reverend Mr. Pilkington, his Dictionary of Painters. You know it, oh ye amateurs and *cognoscenti* in the fine arts, seeking to verify the masters and the dates of your favourite canvasses. You know it, ye industrials of Cawdor Street, for it is your grand book of reference, when your *employé* Smith, painting a Holy Family and affixing thereto the signature (pious fraud!) of Dominichino or Zurbaran, runs the risk, if to the signature he adds a date, of making a slight mistake in chronology and dating his work fifty years or so before the painter's birth, or after his death. I have seen, ere now, an original Rembrandt (with a flourish to the R at which the boldest of sceptics would not dare to cavil), dated 1560. I know my Pilkington well, and of old, and I love it, for it is full of shadows. I can keep good shadowy company with it; now with the *élite*—the R. A's of the old masters: Titian in the Mocenigo Palace receiving his pencil from the hands of Charles the Fifth, with a condescending bow; Rubens riding abroad with fifty gentlemen in his train; Rafaelle lying in state with princes and cardinals around, and his glorious Transfiguration at the bed-head;—now, with the less prominent celebrities: jovial, clever, worthless Adrian Brouwer; Gian Bellini, so meek, so mild, and so pious; honest Peter Claes, so great in painting pots and pans and birch-brooms; stolid old Dirk Stoop the battle painter.

Turn again, Pilkington, and let me summon the shadow of Peter de Laar.

We are in Rome, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and twenty-three, and in a house in the Strada Vecchia. Light steals, with no garish glitter but with a chastened mellowed softness, through a solitary window into a grand old room. Not but what there be other windows, and large ones too: but they are all fastened and curtained up, that so much light as is needed, and no more, shall enter the painter's studio. Three large easels I see, and a smaller one, far off, in a corner, where a fair-haired boy is making studies, in chalk, from a plaster bust on a pedestal. There is old armour, old furniture, old tapestry scattered about, and, above all, an old painted ceiling, where a considerable contingent from the denizens of Olympus once disported themselves upon clouds, but are well nigh invisible now through clouds of dust and smoke from this lower earth. *En revanche*, the gods and goddesses have descended to the shelves, where, in plaster, and wanting some of them a leg or an arm, they are as beautiful, and more useful than above. The Venus of Milo stands amicably side by side with Actæon and his dogs, while in strange proximity is the horned Moses of Michael Angelo. There is a great velvet-covered silver-clasped book of "Hours" on a *prie dieu* of carved oak, and in an ebon cabinet, among strange poignards and quaint pieces of plate, are a few books: a copy of Livy with a passage kept open by an ivory rosary, some dog's-eared sketch-books, and a parchment-covered folio of St. Augustine's works, the margins scrawled over with skeletons and fragments of men with muscles in violent relief. Nor are these last the only muscular decorations of the apartment. One shelf is entirely devoted to a range of phials, containing anatomical preparations sufficiently hideous to the view; and there stands, close to a table where a serving lad with an eminently French face is grinding colours on a marble slab and humming an air the while, a horrible figure as large as life, from which the skin has been flayed off, showing the muscles and arteries beneath—a dreadful sight to view. It may be of wax or of plaster, but I would as soon not meet with it, if you please, out of a dissecting-room, or a charnel-house. A skeleton, too—the bones artistically wired together, and supported on a tripod—would evince that the occupant of the apartment was not averse to the study of osteology. This skeleton has no head, the place thereof being supplied by a mask, a cardboard "dummy" of a superlatively inane cast of beauty; the blue eyes and symmetrical lips (curved into an unmeaning and eternal simper), the pink cheeks, and silken dolls' tresses, contrasting strangely with the terribly matter-of-fact bones and ligaments beneath—the moral to my lady's looking-glass. This room might belong to a surgeon who is fond of painting (for there are more bones, and one or two real grinning skulls about), or to a painter who is fond of surgery; for the anatomical drawings which crowd every vacant place, which are scrawled on the walls and furniture in chalk and charcoal and red cinnabar, bear trace of a masterly eye and of an experienced hand.

If to a painter, however, he is no poet, no admirer of music, no gallant devoted to gay clothes, or delighting to serenade noble dames; for through the length and breadth of the studio I can catch no glimpse of lute, or plumed hat, or velvet mantle trailing on a chair—of sprucely bound volume of Ariosto or Boccaccio, of soiled glove, or crushed rose-bud, or crumpled ribbon. The painter, if he be one, must be a grave, sedate cavalier, and so, of a truth, he is. No one yet accused Messire Nicolas Poussin, to whom this studio belongs, of gallantry, or verse-making, or lute-twanging, or flower-seeking. He is a tall, well-made, personable gentleman, prematurely grey, and of a grave presence. He wears a *justaucorps* of black velvet, not quite innocent of paint-stains, and a well-worn cap of red silk sits on his crisp and curled locks. He has palette on thumb and pencil in hand, with which he is busily calling up, on the canvas before him, a jovial, riotous, wine-bibbing, dishevelled crew of fauns and satyrs, Bacchanals and Hamadryads, dancing, shouting, and leaping round a most disreputable-looking old Silenus, bestriding a leopard and very far gone in liquor.

Anon, the fair-haired boy quits the room, and, returning, announces that there is one below would speak with his master. The words are scarcely out of his mouth, when the stranger of whom it is question enters. With much creaking of shoes, and cracking of joints, and rustling of his brave garments, he advances to Poussin, and presents him with a packet of letters; which the painter receives with a grave reverence. This is Peter de Laar: here is his shadow.

Take Sancho Panza's head; blend in the expression of the countenance the shrewd impudence of Gil Blas, the sententious yet saucy wit of Figaro, and the stolid humour of Molière's Sganarelle, yet leave the close-cropped bullet skull, the swarthy tint, the grinning ivories, the penthouse ears and twinkling little eyes of the immortal governor of Barataria; mount this head on a trunk combining the strength and muscular development of Buonarotti's *torso* with the exuberant rotundity of Falstaff; plant this trunk on the legs of Edward Longshanks, of the celebrated Mr. Carus Wilson, or of that member of the Daddy Longlegs family, whose inability or disinclination to perform his orisons led to his being precipitated down an indefinite number of stairs. Add to all this, arms always placed at distressing and eccentric angles to the body; feet, the toes of which are always turned in the contrary direction to that which they ought to be; hands, with joints for ever cracking, with palms for ever smiting each other, with thumbs and fingers and wrists for ever combining themselves into strange gestures, into concentric balls of eccentric humour; a nose which, when blown, resounds like a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon; moustaches fierce as those of the Copper Captain, long as those of a Circassian chieftain, twisted upwards like those of Mephistopheles in the outlines of Moritz Retsch. Cover this strange, joyous, bizarre, humourously awkward, quaint and *goguenarde* frame with habiliments so strangely cut, so queerly fashioned, of such staring colours, bespattered with such fantastic embroidery, that you know not whether to call them vulgar or picturesque, ridiculous or pleasing. Balance me this notable figure in any position out of his proper centre of gravity; make him sit on tables, or on easels, or on wainscot ledges, till Master Poussin hath courteously designated an easy chair to him; and even then let him sit on the back, the legs, the arms thereof, rather than sit as Christians do. Let him do nothing as other men do; let him have a voice whose faintest vibration, before ever he utters a word, shall make you hold your sides with laughter; let him be born a low comedian, a mountebank, a merry-andrew, a jack-pudding, a *paillasse*, a live marionette, even as some men are born scoundrels, and some women queens. Let him have wit, talent, impudence (and monstrous impudence), good-humour and versatility; let him be a joyous companion, a firm friend, indifferently moral, questionably sober, and passing honest; let him have all those, and you have the shadow of Peter de Laar, the Dutch painter, better known in this age by the pseudonym given him by the Italians, with reference to his witty buffoonery, of *Il Bamboccio*.

Peter has come straight from dear old Amsterdam; from the sluggish canals, the square-cut trees, the washing-tub-like luggers and galliots, the parti-coloured houses, the clean flagstones, tulip-beds, pictorial tiles, pickled gherkins, linsey-woolsey petticoats, and fat, honest, stupid, kind Dutch faces of the City of the Dykes and the Dams, to Rome. He has come as straight, moreover, as the governor of the Low Countries, as the police of M. de Richelieu in France, as a slender purse, and an inveterate propensity to turn out of the beaten track wherever there were pretty faces, good wine, or good company to be found, would allow him to come. He is come to study landscape painting in Italy, and has brought letters of introduction to Poussin, from persons of consideration both in Holland and France. The great French painter receives him with cordiality. Wine and meats are brought in. Presently enter two friends of Poussin, both painters: Monsieur Sandrat, who has left but an unsubstantial shadow to us, and M. Gelée, whose real appellation has also been forgotten, but who will live, I trust, as long as painting lives, under the title of Claude Lorraine. Peter de Laar is introduced to them. They talk of things literary, of things pictorial, of the last scandal in the sacred college, of the last *bon mot* on the Corso, of the success of the Cavaliere Vandyck in England, of the probable jealousy thereat of the Cavaliere Rubens; of Gaspar Poussin

Nicolas's brother), and of his friendship with Alsario. They are grave at first, but somehow Peter de Laar makes them all laugh. Then there are more wines and more meats, and considerably more laughter. Suddenly, from no man knows where, Peter produces a fiddle. He plays once, and twice, and thrice, and again. He plays the good old airs of Holland, such as Teniers' frows dance to, and Ostade's boors nod lazily to, guzzling beer the while: such as the lady in the satin dress of Gerarnd Douw plays so sweetly to the cavalier in buff boots; such as the hurdy-gurdy players of Metzu and Jan Steen grind so piteously before cottage doors: such as bring the tears into the eyes of the good company in the old house in the Strada Vecchia, though Peter de Laar be the only Dutchman present.

Peter can paint, and paint well, besides playing on the fiddle. He has a pretty hand, too, for turning verses—the more satirical the better. He is a good classic and an inimitable storyteller, and a practical joker unrivalled for invention and audacity. He can smoke like a Dutchman, as he is, and sing madrigals, and do tricks of legerdemain wonderful to look at. He is come to spend three months among the beautiful Italian scenery, but how long do you think he stops? Five years. Soon the grave and sedate Nicolas Poussin, soon the saturnine Claude Gelée, yclept Lorraine, begin to find that they cannot do without the sprightly Dutchman. He fiddles, or touches the bass viol or the harpischordo, before they set to work of a morning; he sings to them as he and they paint, or, while a tint is drying or the sky is too overcast for him to paint the sunny landscapes by, he will throw his huge grotesque laugh-provoking limbs on a stool, and from one of the tomes in the ebon cabinet read forth in a bold strident voice the sounding prose of Livy that Master Poussin loves so well to listen to; or he will "lisp in numbers," and clearing away the dust and cobwebs from crabbed Basle or Haerlem Latin characters—call forth joy and merriment from Master Quintus Horatius Flaccus, and Master P. Virgilius Maro their repositories.

But when work is over (Peter can work well and play well), it is then that his supple joints, his joyous face, his great hearty laugh come into full play. It is in the posadas and the wine shops, among the merry crowds on the Corso and the Pincian Hill, in moonlight junketings among the ruins of the Coliseum, in the gloomy Ghetto among the Jews, playing them scurvy tricks, that he earns his surname of *Il Bamboccio*, that he becomes the idol and glory of the Italian jokers and hoaxers. We have been too much accustomed to look at the Italians, as a sentimental and romantic people; yet in pure fact, few nations possess so much of the *vis comica*. A glance at the memoirs of Baldinucci, at the glorious repertory of hoaxes to be found in the Decameron, at the infinity of pantomimes, farces, and burlesques to which the little Venetian theatres gave birth; or even at the buffooneries of that superlative literary blackguard, Peter Aretino, would prove the contrary. Punch came from Italy, so did Toby; so did harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon. Fancy the stealing of sausages and the animation of clock faces to have had their origins in the clime of Dante and Petrarch, oh, ye Della Cruscans, and readers of Rosa Matilda novels! If orchards were to be rifled, old ladies frightened, monks waylaid and enticed to drink strong waters till they went home intoning profane canticles to the great scandal of the monastic orders—who but *Il Bamboccio?* If tradesmen's signs were to be altered, names erased, obnoxious collectors of the *gabella*, or salt-tax, to be tarred and feathered, or any other achievements to be accomplished after the manner of that respected nobleman of modern times, who, if he ever reaped half the stock of wild oats he was supposed to have on hand to sow, must be able to undersell all the corn in Egypt for years to come—who but *Il Bamboccio?* Like, also, the aristocrat I have obscurely hinted at, Peter de Laar not only enjoys the fame of what he does, but of a great deal of what he neither does do nor has any hand in doing. All the hoaxes, all the satires, all the practical jokes, all the caricatures, all the *concetti*, are credited to his account. Though he strenuously denies it, he is set down for certain as the heir-at-law to the celebrated Pasquin. The statue of Pasquin, as all men know, was wont to be covered every morning with violent squibs and satirical pamphlets; and now, if ever a pasquinade appears against a Cardinal, an epigram on a *Monsignore*, a couplet on love, politics, or divinity—who but *Il Bamboccio* is fixed upon as the culprit?

Every evening, after the heat of the day, when the dust is laid and the cool breezes come in refreshingly from the Campagna, the *beau monde* of Rome come forth to walk on the Corso. Priests, gentles, noble ladies, *cavalieri serventi* and *patiti*, stately Cardinals in their coaches of scarlet and gold drawn by eight mules a-piece, walk, ride, flirt, or decorously amble up and down. There are smiles, and jests, and smart witticisms, and brilliant skirmishes of gallantry round the ladies. One Friday, in the year 1624, at the very height and fashionable time of the promenade, a huge elderly ape, a white-headed, vicious, bushy-haired, villanous animal, which would be, perhaps, were he to stand upright, nearly as large as a man, appears at the further extremity of the Corso. Gravely he marches, looking slyly at the ladies under their veils, and grimacing horribly. Some laugh, some shriek, some cry that he has escaped from a menagerie. All at once, with an appalling scream and a chattering such as man never heard before, he stops opposite a richly-dressed lady, called La Parqueria, and, in

defiance of all laws of politeness and etiquette, gives her a round of kisses in amazingly rapid succession; then turning on his tail, flies and is seen no more.

Now La Parqueria, I grieve to tell it, is rather more beautiful than good. Scandal, busy at Rome as elsewhere, says naughty things of her with reference to a certain Cardinal. Next day, on the statue of Pasquin appears a most abusive libel, called *il braccia-mento*, in which, in reference to the occurrence of the day before, his Eminence the Cardinal is likened to an old ape *(Noto pellato)*. The affair makes a furious noise in Rome; and our friend Bamboccio is generally believed to know more about it than he cares to aver. He drinks, and fiddles, and paints none the less, but he keeps his own counsel, goes home rather earlier of an evening, and never alone, and is heard to boast a good deal in public touching being cunning of fence. As for the poor Parqueria, so great is the hubbub and ridicule, that she is obliged to leave Rome. At this time of day it would scarcely bring Peter de Laar within the range of the batteries of the Holy Inquisition to say that he is the guilty party, the real monkey, and the author of the libel as well. There is an obstinate old woman in Rome who is of the same opinion, and who avers, that with her proper eyes she saw the monkey assume the shape of Bamboccio, mount a horse, and gallop away at the top of his speed; but she is at last persuaded that it was the devil she saw and not the Dutchman, and performs, in consequence, a Novena at the church of San Pancrazio.

Five years have nearly elapsed since Bamboccio's arrival at Rome, when he is one day agreeably surprised by the appearance of his brother, Roeland de Laar, who brings with him two more young Dutchmen (and famous ones), John and Andrew Both, who are come to study landscape under Claude Lorraine. Roeland has come with the intention of taking his brother back to his native country; but, after the manner of the hammer which was sent to fetch the chisel, and which, in turn, required the mallet to be sent after it, Bamboccio easily persuades his brother to stay in Rome, and the four painters agree to live merrily together. They take a roomy old house, and live for upwards of a year the gayest, most jovial, yet most industrious bachelor life you can imagine. Alas, for the clouds that are so soon to overcast this fair sky!

One day, on a sketching excursion, and during Lent, after having filled their portfolios with sketches, they sit down by a running stream to eat their afternoon meal. The pie is good, and the wine is good, and the ample and hilarious enjoyment thereof does them, so they think, good too. Not so, however, thinks a shaven monk with a white, cowled blanket, lashed round his waist by a greasy rope, feet very picturesquely sandalled, but leaving something to be desired in the way of cleanliness, a thin lip and an evil eye. He takes the artists roundly to task for eating meat in Lent, and threatens nothing less than to denounce them to the ecclesiastical authorities; whereupon Bamboccio abuses him with much humourous virulence.

"For a fellow," says Peter, "who recommends abstinence, you keep no Lent in wine, Father Baldpate, to judge by your ruby snout."

"Wine, in moderation, is sent by Providence for the use of man," answers the monk, sententiously.

"And water wherewith to dilute it," cries Bamboccio, with an ominous glance at the running stream. "Did you ever do penance, old shaveling?"

"When I sin, as you do," responds the monk.

"Well," says Bamboccio, "you must have sinned during the last two minutes, and you shall do penance now. What say you, brothers?" he adds, turning to his three companions, and glancing at the stream again.

A clamorous cry of acquiescence in his proposition greets him. The monk endeavours to beat a retreat; but Peter, with a great Dutch oath, swears he shall do penance, and, catching him by the cowl and waistband, throws him clean into the water.

"When he has washed a few of his sins out," he says, laughing, "we will fish him out."

But the current is rapid and the stream is deep, and the monk is never fished out again. He is drowned.

Bamboccio and his accomplices are in consternation; some counsel one thing, some another, but all at length agree to set off immediately on their return to Holland.

From that fatal day Peter de Laar becomes another man. The shadow of the monk is always before him. At Amsterdam, at Haerlem, at Dordt, at Utrecht, where his paintings are held in great request and are munificently paid for, he lives extravagantly, and is as boisterous a boon companion as of old; but his laugh loses its heartiness, and his eye grows dull and his cheek haggard. It is the monk. He avoids the companions and accomplices of his crime, even his favourite brother Roeland.

In the year 1650, Andrew Both drowns himself in a canal at Venice.

In the year 1660, John Both perishes in the water at Utrecht.

In the year 1663, Roeland de Laar, crossing a wooden bridge, the ass on which he is mounted stumbles: he is precipitated into the torrent beneath, and is drowned.

In the year 1675, Peter de Laar having come to be more than sixty years of age, a miserable, infirm, sombre old man, ruined in health by excesses, impoverished in purse, eclipsed in fame by the rising constellation of Wouvermans, is found drowned in a well at Haerlem.

So they that strike with the sword perish by the sword; and I shut up Pilkington and the Shadows fade away.

CHIPS.

HOARY ABUSES.

I DO not know anything that has struck me more forcibly in life than the longevity of nuisances; yet I am anything but disposed to take a sad view of things; for, like Voltaire, I think the world, after all, a very good world in its way. How does it happen, then, that this very good world, and all the many wise and good people in it, see a nuisance, feel a nuisance, hear of it, speak of it, and yet do not set about reforming it? If this be indolence, it is culpable; if it be want of public spirit, it is both culpable and silly; for each of us form part and parcel of the public, whose claims are thus set at nought. People, in England, are neither wrong-headed nor silly; yet any one as blind as a mole might point out a greater number of respectable grey-headed nuisances in Britain than in any other country in Europe; nuisances that other countries have corrected and exterminated utterly, before you or I were born.

Let any one read the accompanying extracts from a book published in 1767, nearly a century ago (Smollett's Humphrey Clinker), and then ask himself if it is not really wonderful that precisely the same abuses are here spoken of and condemned which still flourish in all their rank vigour, while we are penning these lines.

On the Milk of London in 1767.—"The milk itself should not pass unanalysed; the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails; carried through the streets in open pails..." Here follow some half-dozen ingredients which are positively now unprintable.

On Bread.—"The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or the baker is obliged to poison them and their families in order to live by his profession."

On Water.—"If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons used in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality."

On Lodgings.—"I am pent up in frowsy lodgings, where there is not room to swing a cat; and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would undoubtedly produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture; but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid, sallow looks that distinguish the inhabitant of London from those ruddy swains who lead a country life."

A little farther on, he attacks the watchmen and street cries—and how short a time have either been abolished? But he shall speak in his own vigorous way:—

On Wine.—"As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper that there were not above five gallons of wine to the whole pipe, which held above one hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto."

On Veal.—"The same monstrous depravity appears in veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings and other villanous arts."

On Vegetables.—"As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butcher's meat, and poultry, &c., so they insist on having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps you will hardly believe that they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true."

On Poultry.—"The poultry is all rotten, in consequence of an infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops in consequeuce of this cruel retention."

On Oysters.—"It may not be amiss to mention that the right Colchester are kept in slime pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of the metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum which rises to the surface of stagnant water."

On the Government in 1767.—"Ibrahim, the Ambassador, who had mistaken his Grace" (the Duke of Newcastle?) "for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect: 'Holy Prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of idiots!'—a series of men whom all good Musselmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration."

On Church Architecture.—After explaining that the church architecture, then coming into fashion, is unsuited to our climate, he continues:—"I never entered the Abbey Church at Bath but once, and the moment I stepped over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones. When we consider that in our churches, in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty; and safely aver that more bodies are lost, than souls saved, by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross nine months out of the year? I should be glad to know what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the House of God was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead? The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reason that can be given at the present day."

On Military Promotion.—"He (Lieutenant Lismahago) had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. 'I (says the licutenant) purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant according to my seniority. I had no money to carry to market, &c.'"

There would be no difficulty in continuing the catalogue indefinitely. If we open any other book of the same period, we shall find the same remarkable harvest of hoary abuses. See only, as examples, the language in which Roderick Random speaks of the improper treatment of surgeons in the navy, and the want of respect shown to them, or consideration for their improvement in their profession. See all that was said and written for centuries about our iniquitous law of debtor and creditor, so short a time defunct. Rummage up any heap of old books, and peep into them, any wet day that you have time, and you will find them full of angry or jocular tirades against pluralists and simony; against the miserably small incomes of the working clergy; against the abuses of universities and of charitable institutions; against the High Court of Chancery; against bribery and corruption in Parliament, and at elections; and against all that very self-same class of evils, which are still too faithfully presented to us, as not now even partially amended, in the works of modern authors who write with a purpose beyond mere story-telling.

OUR OWN TEMPERATURE.

Dr. John Davy, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, has read two papers before the Royal Society, one in 1845, and one last year, upon the temperature of man. His first experiments were on himself, a healthy man of fifty-five, in England. The mode of ascertaining the heat of the substance of the body was by thrusting the bulb of a delicate thermometer, constructed for the purpose, far back under the tongue, and holding it for some time in the centre of the closed mouth. The average temperature of the body in a healthy man of fifty-five, was found to be ninety-eight degrees and four-tenths of a degree. This temperature, however, is perpetually rising or falling, within the limits of about one degree on either side. On getting up in the morning in this country, the temperature of the body is above the average; because it has been, all night, under thick bed-clothes, by which radiation was impeded. It cools down to the average, and before bed-time—even in winter parlours, of which the heat has been augmenting every hour—the temperature of the body is as much below the average as it had been above it in the morning.

All this is the case in England; but Dr. Davy went between the tropics, and experimented on himself while he resided at Barbadoes. There the rule was reversed. He slept with only a sheet to cover him, and with his bed-room windows open. While he slept, his body cooled, and its temperature was therefore lower than the average on rising, and above the average at bed-time. The whole difference made also in the temperature of the body by transfer from an English to a West Indian climate, was to raise its average by about one degree. The difference between the heat of the substance of the body in England and the tropics may be summed up therefore very shortly. The body in England is coolest at bed-time, in the tropics it is coolest in the morning, and the average heat of the body in the tropics is higher by one degree than it is in England.

This difference the air makes: there are also differences made by our mode of taking air and by some other habits, which produce the same effects all over the world. Active exercise raises the heat of the body, but at the utmost does not raise it above one degree. The heat at the surface and about the hands and feet, together with the perspiration, do not indicate in themselves that the whole body is hotter: they occur because the increased action of the heart propels the blood more forcibly towards the surface and urges towards the skin the heat which collects,

commonly where it is most required, about the internal and deep-seated parts. After active exercise, the whole body is indeed hotter by some tenths of a degree, or at most by a whole degree; the many degrees of increased heat felt at the surface indicate at the same time no more than a change in the balance of the circulation. Active exercise—rapid riding on horseback, or brisk walking—raises the temperature of the body; passive exercise, however, even though in hot weather it may be attended with perspiration, lowers it. A slow walk, an amble on horseback, or a ride in a carriage, invariably causes a decrease of the whole heat of the body.

What is true of bodily, is true of mental exercise. Original writing or study, or any intellectual effort, raises the temperature of the body even more decidedly than bodily exertion. Doctor Davy never found his own temperature raised beyond a hundred degrees even in Barbadoes, except after the delivery of certain chemical lectures; while the most violent bodily exertion under a tropical sun produced a result, decided enough indeed, but not so striking. Again, as passive bodily exercise lowers the heat of the body, so passive mental exercise does just the same. After the passive work of writing from a copy, or of reading for amusement such light works as do not exercise the powers of the mind, the heat of the body is found invariably to have fallen. Balance gained or lost in this way will be soon recovered, for the temperature of the body fluctuates with ease. We should add that, while a light meal makes no difference, a full meal, followed by drowsiness, reduces the heat; which is reduced also by the use of wine. If the use of wine at supper or after dinner be at all in excess, the reduction of heat by it is very marked; the temperature, however, before breakfast next morning, by way of compensation, rises considerably, as all repentant topers know.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

In Eastern history are two Iskenders or Alexanders, who are sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkarnein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East and West, horns being an oriental symbol of power. One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon; the other, a conqueror of more ancient time, who built the marvellous series of ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog and Magog; that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the modern appellation of the Caspian Gates. See among other passages in the same work, the article, "Jedd Jagiong et Magiong," in D'Herbelot's "Bibliotheque Orientale." The story of the Trumpets, on which the present poem is founded, is quoted by Major Price in his Mohammedan History, from the "Pecorone" of Ter Giovanni Fiorentino.

With awful walls, far glooming, that possess'd
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set—huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed—when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there—like the thunder;
And so it was: for, when the winds blew right,
They woke the trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers;
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;
His walls but shadow'd forth his mightier frowning:
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirr'd,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marr'd the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touch'd the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings—
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great spirits that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he anger'd? Surely he still comes?
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gather'd in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbours, and those silent heights ascended;
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,
They met; though twice they halted, breath-suspended:
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps: but 't was the piled snow, falling;
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came, where still in dread array,
As if they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging;
But, from their brazen gulfs, only a sound
Of nestling came, to which the birds were singing:
Nests upon nests by thousands filled them all,
Barring the winds out with their gentle forces;
Great was Doolkarnein, but his might was small
Compar'd with Nature's least and gentlest courses.

Fear and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But heaven and earth abide their time and smile.

PEATAL AGGRESSION.

Once upon a time, no one can say how long ago, there were, if wise men say true, broad, shining lakes and smaller ponds in the middle of Ireland, where now there are no such lakes at all. The middle of Ireland is a mass of limestone, with heights and hollows, which vary its surface in all manner of ways, from sea to sea; from the Irish Channel to the Atlantic. How this stone foundation is covered now, we may see by and by. Let us first look at it under its ancient aspect, as far as our very scanty knowledge enables us to do so.

First—some thousands of years ago—we see from such a point of view as Kildare, ridge behind ridge of hills retiring to the north-west; and on these hills, thick forests of oaks, beeches, elms, ash, and fir. These woods are terrible places for wolves. In the vales there are fresh green pastures lying between the lakes and ponds; and here cattle are seen grazing by day, and swine come out from the woods at evening, to pass the night near the dwellings of men. These dwellings are a sort of box, open at one side. They are made of oak logs or thick planks; with the roof flat, and a sort of shelf laid all through the middle, dividing the house of nine feet high into two rooms, each four feet high. Nothing being known of nails as yet, grooves and holes are made with a stone chisel; and the pieces of wood are fitted together, so as to make a strong box of twelve feet square, where the people may sleep, and find shelter in bad weather. It is not a place for cooking; and that is the reason why we see a little path, paved with stones, leading away from the dwelling to some place behind, where a smoke is rising from the ground. This place is the family hearthstone, made of freestone slabs, nicely laid. There are logs of wood burning; and in the ashes are roasting, if we are not mistaken, acorns, and chesnuts, and roots. And what a quantity of nutshells one may see scattered about! It is late autumn, and the people are in a hurry, evidently, to get on with that strange work that they are doing in the middle of the water. What *are* they about, those strange little men, with their very small heads, and their dress of skins of beasts merely strapped about them, and their mallets—mere stones, with a wooden handle run through any accidental hole? Look at those two getting into their boat. Can one call it a boat—a mere skin stretched over a frame? Off they drift, like a couple of witches in a sieve. And what for? Are they beavers making a dam? They are driving in stockades, and plastering them with mud. They are certainly making an island: and there is a second artificial island! and far away, in the middle of that river to the north, there is a third. When they have made their circle of piles, they bale out the water and put in stones, and wood, and earth, till they have an island high and dry. Very odd! when they have hills and green pastures ready made to their hands! Winter is coming, and they are afraid of the wolves by night, and, perhaps, of foes by day. See how they settle themselves, huddled together on the island, with their boats hung up to dry on the stockades!

What now? Music? A procession? It is either a wedding, or a royal feast, or something of that kind. What a glittering of gold! Look at the diadems of gold, and the curious round plates as large as the palms of my hands, fitting close to the cheek-bones. It is a becoming head-dress, is it not? And so is the circle—like a twisted cord—of gold round the men's heads, and round their waists. Those ornaments, like cymbals, hung round their necks, and the heavy finger-rings of the same shape, and the neck-plates are all very well to show how much gold people can hang about them; but they are not very pretty. But you see these people have got hold of at least one metal. Of more than one? True! That man has a sword—a bronze sword—just like the old Greek. Their bronze will not bear an edge that will split or saw wood, I suppose; but it may give a very ugly thrust in a hand-to-hand fight. Has that little child got one? He seems to be flourishing a sword about. No; it is only a toy—a wooden sword; but it is just like the bronze one, at this distance. Now, they are going to feast. There are the roasted animals steaming away! To think that the smell should be wafted to our nostrils across this great space of centuries! What a pity they have no salt, though! They do not seem to miss it. They might find some, not so very far off, if they had any longing for it. Hark! how the wild beasts howl from the forest, as the scent of the feast is borne on the evening breeze, and the fires from the islands shine broad and red over the surface of the waters. See by that light how the revellers are making a clearance, throwing the bones and refuse into the water over the stockade. That is one convenience, to be sure, of living on an artificial island. But I should be afraid that something useful—tools, arms, utensils, even people—would slip over now and then, and go to the bottom.

Look at that long string of wild fowl winging their way to the south, showing clear against the last red light of the western sky. Listen to the bustle of the wild swans in the sedgy creeks of the lake. Is that the raven's night cry, ringing hard, as from a solid firmament? Peep into the covert, and see what is doing there. Here are deer crouched down in the withering fern. I wonder they can sleep, with foes so near. What shakes the ground, as with the tread of Goliath? It is not a giant, with a pine-tree for his staff,

that is coming from between the hills, but, as it were, a branching oak moving towards the water? Heaven and earth! What a creature! The elk of fable, beside which the cattle show like dogs, and the young fawns like mice. As it bends to the brink, what a shadow it casts far into the lake; and how the fishing-boats draw off to the further shore! Something humbler is it that you want me to see—something very small and mean? Is it the snake under the fallen leaves, or . . . It is under the water, you say. Is it the salmon, come up from the sea, lurking in its sandy cove under the shadow of the bank? Is it . . . Nothing of that kind, you say, but a very small thing, with a very small movement, which is destined to outlast and to bury all the living creatures we have seen, with their posterity, and even these oaks of a thousand years, rooted firm in the everlasting hills. And what is this very small thing? That little moss?—that tiny plant which the child with the wooden sword could pluck up with his finger and thumb? O yes; we will watch it;—for two or three thousand years, if you please.

Small and silent as it is, I see it does grow and work diligently. Here is where it began—here, where this water-hen's nest stopped the flow of this little drip into the cove. Here sprang the moss; and see how its filaments are now spread among all the vegetation on the bank, and how it is stealing out all along the margin of the lake, even covering its bottom for some way in. Already it intercepts and soaks up the smaller tributaries that feed the lake. Already it holds, as in a sponge, the water of the lake itself. By absorbing its supplies, and at the same time encroaching upon its bed, it is actually starving the lake. See, in half a century, it is perceptibly smaller; and, instead of the sandy and pebbly beach, which was so pretty and convenient, there is now a margin of wet sponge, which it is not easy to cross. There is a natural bridge—that fallen tree: it was the little moss that gave us that bridge. That yew stood firm, a few years since. The soaking of the sour water about its roots loosened them, and down it sank by its own weight. Yes—you promised me that the moss should bury everything; and I see that it is creeping about the fallen yew—growing up among its branches. At the rate of an inch and a half a year, is it growing? Then the poor yew will be soon covered up—away from human sight for ever. Not so? Are we to see it again? Well, time will show. But I see no oaks down, as you promised. Their turn is by and by, is it? Ay, I see that they are rooted differently from the firs and other inferior trees; they stand rooted each in its own hillock of gravel and firm soil: they may resist the moss for a good while.

But what is to become of this whole district, if the moss goes on unchecked? It is higher now than the surface of the lake. It is rising in the middle, and sending back the waters where there is no channel for them; so that they soak and loosen the soil far and wide. The cushion is climbing the stockade, and will quite cover the island soon; and nobody will resist this, for the place has long been deserted—there being no approach to it now but over a shaking bog, which is neither land nor water. The live cushion is creeping over the green sward where the cattle used to graze. Some of those strange old cattle, unwilling to give up their pasture, venture to pick their meals there still. There! there goes one poor animal, down to death! She was deceived by the greenness of that knoll, and, committing her weight to it, down she went—the deeper, the more she struggled in the slough, till the black mud closed over her horns. I am certain I saw that heavy oak shake. See! down it goes, with a snap and crash, and a plunging sound as it buries itself in the wet moss. Its roots are still firm, you see: it was the trunk that snapped, and now it lies along on its bed of sponge, ten feet thick. Now that one has gone, more will quickly follow. I see now how the little moss may lay low, and bury the mighty forest.

What now? What is all this? The little moss grows very greedy and impatient. What a slide there was! Half an acre of parasitic soil pushing on over what was once the track of the royal boats; and from the cracks and chasms a bubbling up of hideous black mud, rolling on and actually surrounding that old house that we saw building. The bog had long ago begun to grow up about it, but now it is to be buried in this pitchy stream of decayed vegetation. See how the mud fills up the house, and how it flows on to the hearthstone, and covers up everything, leaving only a level black surface, on which vegetation will soon again sprout and spread.

A century passes away, and the house is covered deep; and the oak is hidden, both the scraggy root and the fallen trunk. The mossy surface is strong enough now to bear the tread of small animals; and some one of them has dropped an acorn in a favourable spot, where it sprouts and grows; so that an oak strikes root on a level considerably higher than the old one, even directly over it. There is a new layer of firs, and more are tumbled down from their places on the hills. There is a new race of people in the land, who do not suspect that there was ever a lake occupying the space usurped by the ambitious and devouring moss. These people wear steel arms and curious dresses, and have come from abroad, and those unaccountable round towers which appear here and there must, one would think, have been built by them. Then comes in another race, with iron armour and utensils, and new wars and ways. How generation after generation, race after race, comes to the edge of the moss, and tries to set foot on it, and draws back, because it is a treacherous

slough! And how they pursue their enemies to the shelter of the forest, and slay them and the wolves together! And how, when this is found dangerous and troublesome, they fell whole acres of the woodland, to destroy the harbourage of man and beast; and the moss grows and spreads, and rises all the while, to receive whatever falls from the hills, and swallow up all that lies at their base! Ah! there is to be a new prey for the cruel moss in consequence of this felling of the woodland. Fugitives, outlaws, rebels, must have a place of refuge. The limestone hills are laid bare, and a rough grass, which affords no shelter, is soon the only covering of the ridges. See how the hunted fugitives learn by necessity to walk where wolf and wild-cat would not venture! First, they shoe themselves with light boards, or plates of wicker-work, and go fearfully into the swamp; but soon they learn how to pick their way from clump to clump of moss and heath, and can go best barefoot. They find out dry spots where they can hide their heads and kindle a sod to warm themselves, secure from being followed by armed men whose weight would sink them. One has ventured, and presently sunk, stifled in black mud: there sticks his body, without other burial. Another has tried, and perished at once—drowned in dark-brown water. Day by day, for scores of years, must their bones dissolve in the juices of the bog—the skull melting and evaporating, and the brain and muscle shrivelling up, and the skin turning to leather in this natural tanpit. The antique cattle are lying far below, the modern men near the surface,—the hazel with its nuts, the oak with its acorns, the yews and firs in successive layers, all tanning together in this mighty tanpit of four thousand acres, without break.

And what is to be the end of it? Is the moss to go on growing, till it has swallowed up all Ireland? Oh no; for a wall is enough to stop its growth; and there are strong rivers to stop it in more directions than one. This bog will not outgrow its four thousand acres; and indeed, if that space does not satisfy the ambition of the little moss, it is hard to say what would. The change is sad and dreary enough. Instead of forests, we see hills, carpeted, it is true, with oats and grass, but without a single tree. We see, instead of gleaming lakes and bright alluvions between, a dingy, brown expanse, tufted with hillocks, and... But what is this? What are these people doing?

What are they doing? They are visiting the little moss with retribution. It is very late, after thousands of years: but the hour of retribution has come at last. There are plenty of people engaged in undoing the work of so many ages, and beginning a new era on this spot which has seen so many changes. Which corner shall we look at first?

Here are men probing the bog, to find a good place to dig in on their own account. They trench deep; and, having pared away the loose fibrous sponge, near the top, find beneath a brown peat, which they know will be worth digging out. But below that again is a black peat of a closer grain; and this goes down and down, blacker and denser with every foot, from having borne the weight of more centuries, and the pressure of a thicker overgrowth. Into the trench dribbles and drips the black water, which has been imprisoned so long—too far below the sunshine to be evaporated, and too far away from any natural channel to flow down into any stream. It is hardly like water now—salt, astringent, and spirituous; but it will still reflect the blue sky from its surface, and it can run away down hill, as fast as ever. As it dribbles out and runs away, the banks of the trench sink, and the soil becomes more compact. The poor come to slice the peat away, and cut it into oblong pieces like bricks, and set the pieces on end in little groups to dry; and when they are dry, pack them into a sort of large hamper, which is fastened on a truck drawn by an ass or pony—the whole being dignified with the name of a car. There goes the train of cars along the road—the burial procession of the little moss, which is being carried to its funeral pile.

What is that group of buildings at the edge of the bog—the tall chimney—the brick houses—the curious range of metal pipes, dripping and splashing with water—and the yards, with sheds, and tubs of black liquor, and spirituous and pungent smells hanging all about, and men, bearded and begrimed, flitting about the place?

Why, this is the very centre of retribution, whence vengeance goes forth against the usurping moss. This is the head-quarters of those who have pledged themselves to the utter annihilation of the destroyer. These are the premises of the Irish Peat Company, of whose enterprise we have given some account before. They undertake so to deal with the peat moss as that it shall be utterly decomposed, and every part turned to use. They have taken in hand five hundred acres of this bog; and there, scattered as far as one can see, are one hundred labourers—men, women, and children. The trenches are so wide and deep as to be like little canals. The depth is already fourteen feet; and it is understood that it is to go down to thirty-two feet. To the eye, the mass of peat appears inexhaustible. There are the men, barelegged in the trenches, slicing the vegetable earth and throwing it up, to be caught by the "catchers" above, who, for sixpence a day, receive and deliver the sods. There are the women who, for sixpence a day, place or set up the sods, and turn them to dry. There is something picturesque in the wild scene; the brown waste in clear contrast with the blue hills; the lines and patches of sunlight, catching a bunch of yellow weeds or purple heather here—a little pool there—a group of women

or of diggers elsewhere. These people say that it was quite another sight last February, when the scene was wrapped in flame. They say it was a frightful sight; but it must have been, as a mere spectacle, very grand. A man had carried out a live sod into the bog with him, to light his pipe. It was far away from the Company's land: but fire observes no boundaries. The man piled up his little heap of fuel about his sod, and blew up the spark. It was a windy day; and the heap burst into flame, and the flame burst away to seize upon anything that would burn. The spikes of fire shot up the slopes of the turf stacks of the Company. The stacks (called clamps) were burned from the top downwards —no less than sixty-eight of them. The flame went leaping, running, and dancing towards the buildings, and threatened to devour them; but they were saved. It was the river that stopped the mischief at last, and not till six hundred pounds' worth of damage had been done. This was a great blow to the Company; though no triumph to the little moss. Fewer people have been employed since; the tone of the establishment is relaxed, and its spirits are lowered. But its demolition of the works of the little moss is as thorough as ever, within the scope of its operations. There is the great furnace, into which air is perpetually blown by the steam-engine. If we peep within certain slits in the furnace door, we see the gases alight, fuming and dancing—blue and yellow—keeping everything within reach at a mighty heat. Elsewhere there is the tar, oozing hither and thither: and the oils in casks, scenting the air; and the parafine, of which candles are to be made, but which now is seen in the form of yellow waxy cakes, blistered and unshapen, and lying between oily woollens. It has had some of its oil pressed out; but it is to be steamed and bleached, and squeezed in the hydraulic press, before it is fit to make such candles, as those which were lighted, as a specimen, on the table of the House of Commons. And there lies a lump of salt—salt got out of the vegetable decay of the spot where the ancient inhabitants ate their food without salt. There is not much in this salt, however, that would give a relish to food. It is worse than the flakes that whiten the shores of the Dead Sea. The minutest grain poisons the palate and throat for many hours. And there is a great heap of slag—the black, light, shining refuse of the small part of the peat that is actually burnt. Here is the little moss so treated as to come out, for human use, in the forms of sperm, oils, salt, spirit, and gases. This is being used up, with a vengeance.

The work, however, seems not to be carried on with altogether so much activity as the little moss used in building up its vast structure. It is said on the spot that all the declarations of the chemists have been made —d; that the most sanguine anticipations been proved reasonable; and there is talk of building more furnaces, which will employ more men; of employing forty or fifty men upon the Works (exclusive of the peat digging) instead of the fifteen who are at work there now. We hope that all this may prove soberly and accurately true; and that the success of this one only establishment of the Irish Peat Company may lead to the opening of others, and to the employment of plenty of Irish labour, and the creation of plenty of Irish wealth. But, at present, the impression on the mind of a visitor is not encouraging. The few people employed look as if they did not know what hearty work was. It appears that little or nothing of the matter is known in Ireland, and that the products are not sold in Dublin, but all go to London. It seems strange that there should be only one languid establishment among the three millions (nearly) of acres of Irish bog, if the bog itself be such a mine of wealth as the first estimates of this process led us to expect. Time will prove the facts. The furnaces once set up, and the products once in the market, the case is fairly on its trial, and must establish its own merits. It has everybody's good will meanwhile.

What is doing in that far corner of the bog, quite out of sight of the Peat Works? A man digging for fuel is carefully extracting sundry logs of wood. The scraggy roots and lighter branches he puts aside to dry; they are fir, and their fate is to be burnt, as people burn cannel coal in England, for the sake of the cheerful blaze in the autumn evenings. Why are the digger and his wife covering up so carefully those blocks of black wood? They are oak, those blocks, and worthy of so careful and gradual a drying as will prevent their splitting. If they split and crack, they will be good for nothing but the fire: if carefully and successfully dried, they will sell at a good price to the carvers. So yonder log is covered with damp sods; and the wife will come pretty often and look to it—turning it, and shading it, and, at last, sunning it, till it is absolutely dry, and so tough that it will not splinter under any treatment. And then it will go into the bare garret in Dublin, and some of it into the comfortless prison where the reckless artist who can make his two guineas a day is confined for debt. In such places, breathed upon by many sighs, will this Irish ebony be carved and perforated, and beautifully wrought, into forms of the extinct Irish wolf-dog, and the national oak, and shamrock, and round tower, and harp, and whatever is Irish. Beautiful ink-stands, and paper-knives, and snuff-boxes, and little trays come out of these long-drowned oak logs; and they are of an everlasting wear. A great number of wood-carvers make from ten shillings to two guineas a day as their share of the profits from the destruction of the fabric of the little moss.

But what now? See the people running from far and near, and clustering round the

ditch in the bog! On they come, in a sort of huddled procession, carrying something. A nummy! actually a mummy! but not swathed like those of Egypt, nor embalmed, except in the primitive antiseptics of the place. He is clad in the skin of a beast, and has a sort of sandal on his feet. He is a man of an ancient race. But we must not judge of the stature of his race by his. He is almost as light as a doll, and as small as a child of ten years old. Well he may be, for his bones were all gone, centuries ago—dissolved in the juices of the bog. His head is just as hard as the rest of him. He is a piece of stiff leather, through and through, from his wasted foot to his shrunk crown. He was one of the first persons murdered by the little moss—probably as he was coming home to his hearthstone from fishing in the narrowing lake, or hunting on the wooded hills. His lot now is to be made a show of in a Dublin museum; and there, alas! to have his leather limbs filched, bit by bit, by persons who believe mummy to be a fine cure for the falling sickness; till at length, to preserve any remains of this antique citizen, he is locked up carefully under the charge of learned men.

This is not the last of the treasures which the moss is compelled to yield up—not by many. Again and again, the surveyors and their men, who are exploring the land and deepening the rivers, gather about some new mystery or marvel. What is this brown floor on which the spades strike, at a depth of twenty feet from where the surveyor is looking down? The surveyor scrambles down to see. The edge of the floor is found, and they dig down nine feet further, declaring that they have found a cupboard twelve feet square. It is the old house, to be sure, that stood so prettily upon the green. They are finding the paved pathway to the hearthstone, and now the hearthstone; and now they are picking up the charred nuts that were gathered to be eaten thousands of years ago. Instead of being eaten, the destiny of those nuts was to lie in tan for tens of centuries, and then to lie on the shelves of a cabinet for successive generations to wonder at. Something more touching than that is going on at some distance. What can be a more transitory affair than a child's toy? We talk of childhood itself as transient, gone while we are admiring it; and its toys are childhood's experience of transience. Yet here is the toy—the wooden sword—that was wielded by a little hand hundreds of generations back. That hand, probably hardened in war and the chace, was dissolved ages ago; and here is the wooden sword, brown, polished, entire, singular in its antique shape, and mysterious as to a certain knob upon it, but otherwise fit to be made a toy again. No child is to have it, however. It has become a grave affair by lapse of time, and it is to lie among the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy for the consideration of the learned. Truly, here the great and the small have lain down together. The mock sword lay lightly, as if put down upon a cushion. Here is something so firmly bedded in, that it seems to be rooted in the rock below. Here are bones, but they are like gnarled limbs of a great tree. It takes a dozen men, with ropes and strong arms, to move the mass. Then up it comes—an awful head of an unknown beast. Can it be the head of a beast? Feel for the spine; dig down along the expanse of shoulder, and the depth of limb. It is the skeleton of an animal. When a naturalist sees a bone or two, he pronounces it an extinct elk; and when it is set up, men gaze up from below, and walk between its legs, and talk wonderingly of the days when the earth contained such gigantic creatures as these. The sea has them still; and in far climes there is the elephant; but that little Ireland should have been trodden by these hoofs—how eloquent it makes our philosophers about the olden time, when the elk came to drink at the margin of our lakes!

At different stages of the cuttings, the woods reveal themselves—some growing (as may be calculated) a hundred years under the roots of others. The compactness of the lowest soil may be judged of by this. In this compact soil lies a stem, its wood of the closest grain. It is the yew that we saw fall one of the first victims of the moss. Where is it last seen in the block? In a garret, where a young artist lays it across his bench and saws a slice off it laboriously, and indents it with his chisel to show a stranger from over the sea how fine is the chocolate-coloured grain, and how well-tempered are the tools required to carve such a rare piece of ancient yew.

If the natural lake and woods have been absorbed and devoured, it is no wonder that the artificial islands are dissolved. The stream is to flow here again, and the people are deepening the channel. In doing so, they come upon a curious variety of old treasures, scattered abroad. The more modern iron and steel weapons have been found on a higher level—such as were light enough to be borne up by the little moss. The heavier ones, and the most ancient bronze weapons, are found the last—sunk in the soil under the bog. Around are picked up bones—the bones of the cattle and game eaten at the ancient feasts; and skins which may have covered boats, or served as clothing. Last of all—down in the sand half buried in the clay, there is a shining of gold. Those old ornaments are there, once more glancing to the sun now that it is too late ever to know what was the race that wore them, and why they were shaped and worn as they were. Here are the cheek-plates, and the diadems, and the gorgets, and the heavy cymbals, and the strange rings, and the twisted coronals and belts. Here they are! and when they too are locked up in a metropolitan museum, we may

consider the little moss pulled up by the roots, and visited with its full retribution.

The long series of ages is past; the valleys have been filled up with sponge, four thousand acres large; and they are in course of being cleaned out again. What then? Will the lakes and ponds be brought back, and the woods made to spring afresh upon the hills? Will all things be as they were before, except the men who live there? No: such a restoration as that is a thing that never happens. We should like to see some woods in the hollows, and on the ridges; but there are none planted yet. Where the lake was, the soil is ploughed up, and drained, and fertilised; and the valley will in time be smiling with waving corn and green pastures. Where there were fish, there will be flocks. Where there were perishable islands, there will be human dwellings. Where there was the howling of wolves, there is already the lowing of herds. Where there were murderous conflicts with barbaric swords, there will be reaping and binding by men armed with nothing worse than the peaceful sickle. So we may hope it will be in the end; but there are hundreds of acres of desolation to clear away first. It is only in prospect and in purpose that we have yet plucked up the little moss by the roots.

MORE WORK FOR THE LADIES.

Having given a useful hint, by the instance of the female dentist, to those of our country-women who are deficient in pocket-money to exactly the same degree in which they are overburdened with leisure, I now add a few more like examples which have fallen in our way as we moved along our road.

In all French towns where any respectable concourse or transit of strangers is going on, there, a deadly rivalry, a fierce opposition of Daguerréotypists exists. It is not the two of a trade who cannot agree, it is a good half-dozen hungry hunters after the heads of man, woman, or child, who, in defiance of their opponents, stick upon their staring collection of trophies the motto, "No connection with the Daguerréotyper over the way." It is supposed, as of course, that every tourist passing through every one of these towns must be taken; the tug of war is, who shall take him, and add the newly arrived head to the previously decapitated victims.

As I never had been done—in this way—and as it was hopeless to run the gauntlet through the horde of Daguerréotypists with the least chance of escape, I looked out for the most generous enemy to whom to surrender a prisoner, in the hope of being dealt with on the most merciful terms of portrait-painting warfare. Among the hostile chiefs was a female warrior; and I beg to hand you her card, with an assurance that she operates upon her patients with the utmost humanity:—

"Mademoiselle Lebour, Painter in Daguerréotype, Pupil of M. Sabatier, of the Palais National at Paris, is at this time stopping at (wherever she may happen to be). If required, she Daguerréotypes ladies and gentlemen at their own houses."

I went, and was received by two ladies, one about twenty-five, the other perhaps fifty years of age. They had been doing some other people: a pretty, costumed, fish-woman, with her baby; a family party of English folks—for when you want a large dish of heads to be served, it only costs a trifle per head extra on the original plate. A middle-aged French officer had just descended from the *sanctum* in a pleasing state of expectancy as to how his weather-beaten face would look upon the smooth silver ground. The ladies pursued their vocation like workwomen; in and out at their dark closet, polishing the metallic panels for their portraits, handling their secret pickles, preserves, and pigments, giving a suggestion as to arrangement of dress, and chatting merrily on the gossip of the day.

They spoke no English, and some of their sitters spoke no French, which was awkward. From the table, on which specimen heads were lying, I picked up a scrap of paper, which I took for a talisman, or charm—as it was—to get over that difficulty. It was inscribed with short sentences, alternately in French and Magician's jargon. The jargon I leave unaltered, replacing the French by English; thus:—

"Quip your 'ed strait.
Keep your head straight.
Oui must bi gain et gain.
We must begin again.
Oh! peigne hieure haies.
Open your eyes;"

and so forth, unintelligible as *abracadabra*. Then came my turn to proceed to the mysterious apartment. With a fluttering heart I took a final glance at the looking-glass, and accompanied the ladies.

"It feels very much like going to have a tooth drawn," said I.

"You would have thought so, if you had been here the other day," replied the elder *artiste*. "An English lady became quite nervous when she sat down in the chair, and as soon as it was all over, she burst into tears, and threw herself into her husband's arms."

"The chair does look formidable with that head-rest fixed to its back, and might be taken for a milder mode of garrotting criminals. I will venture, nevertheless. Will that do, ladies?" I asked, trying hard to assume a careless countenance and an easy attitude.

"Oh, no! Monsieur; that won't do at all;" said the younger one, laughing. "Have the goodness to rise for one moment, and I will show you something better than that. *Voilà;* try if you can place yourself more naturally, thus."

I tried, and was approved of. "And now," continued the operator, producing a piece of black silk, "look at this, and don't be afraid. It must cover your shirt bosom for a while; then I shall come and snatch it away: but you must not budge an inch. Some Englishmen spoil their portraits, by jumping up when I have to do this."

The elder lady took a large looking-glass to illuminate, by reflected light, my right cheek, and ear, and whisker. The awfully effective slide of the *camera obscura* was drawn; in a few seconds the junior stole round and whisked the black silk away; and *presto!* the slide was shut again with a clap. "There!" said the senior; "your tooth is drawn, Monsieur, and I hope you have not suffered greatly."

When I paid for my portrait, I could not help wishing that a few pale-faced, under-fed, thin-clad English girls could see how cheerfully Mademoiselle Lebour was living by the practice of Daguerréotype. She seemed almost as happy and as independent as a first-rate governess at fifty pounds a year; if such a comparison will bear the making.

On a subsequent adventure, arrived at a railway station, we wanted to take our tickets. At the pigeon-hole or wicket, or *guichet*, as they call it, appeared a female clerk with an assistant of the same sex, doubtless her younger sister; both very business-like and very polite. A train was soon coming. Might we go on the platform and see it? No; as we were not going by that. But, if we liked, we might enter the clerk's *bureau*, and view it from the windows. Thence followed chat about Jerome Bonaparte, and reviews, and mad dogs, and spaniels (for the clerk's husband was a great sportsman, and had been keeper to Charles the Tenth), and about forest life among the Vosges, and sea-bathing in the gulf of the Seine;—interrupted by the tinkling of a little bell. Silence, all; for Madame looks at the dial-plate of her electric telegraph, handles its crinkum-crankums with the decision of a Faraday, concludes her message, and returns to the subject of wild boars under Charles the Tenth and Frascati's establishment at Le Havre. But I was spoiled for further talk; I could only mutter to myself, "If French women are clever enough to take Daguerréotype portraits, and to work electric telegraphs, and can get a comfortable living by such honest means, why should not English women do the same?"

Female labour of a humbler kind had previously furnished me with a hint to the benevolent. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the office of removing all passengers' luggage from the vessel in which they arrive, for inspection at the Custom House, is an old privilege of the widows of sailors and fishermen who have been lost at sea. It is instructive to behold them—a band of blue-stockinged, short-petticoated, warm clad matrons, some with their heads covered by black veils to indicate their recent loss, hauling and carting the chattels of lighter-hearted mortals. The bottle-green customs' men look on and walk beside the cargoes, but not a male creature is allowed to lay a finger on a package. At their head marches a sort of Queen of the Widows, who is their mouth-piece, their treasurer, and sometimes, perhaps, their order-keeper.

The Folkstone boat was due; and while it was entering the harbour, Her Majesty offered me a pinch of snuff.

"They are *des gueux* (beggars), these folks!" said she, with a toss of her head and a shake of her ear-rings.

"Why are they worse than the people from Dover or London?" I inquired, rather in surprise.

"Because when travellers go by the twelve hours' route, and their luggage is visited at Paris instead of here, it does not enter our Custom House, and the sailors' widows are robbed of their dues."

The boat approached, and Her Majesty sailed away to attend to her duties; but I could not help thinking that whoever watched the bill for the railway from Boulogne to Paris, might have stuck on some little rider in support of the vested rights of the bereaved portercesses. It was also a question to my mind, whether their sorrows were not as well alleviated by social hard work in the open air, as they would have been by the solitary indolence of an alms-house.

After this, when you read in a French paper the advertisement of an auction, when you go to the auction (say of wholesale fish held in the open air), when you behold a sharp, quick-witted auctioneer in petticoats conducting the affair with all the method, and more than the adroitness of a man, you must not be surprised. At least, I have seen one or two who might challenge George Bidder himself to calculate francs and centimes.

Instances in still humbler life are innumerable. At the corner of the street is a public shoe-black, who has two strings to his bow; for he is a *commissionaire* also, or runner of errands. But he cannot be in two places at once; so whenever he finds it his interest to drop the shoe-black and metamorphose himself into a light-heeled Mercury, his wife takes his place and flourishes the blacking-brush.

Our morning's milk is brought round, not by a milk-*man*—the women here would drown him in a hogshead of the skimmed and sky-blue article—but by a stout lass on horseback. She rides up the côte, or hill, on which we are perched; on each side of her is a large pannier filled with tin cans and pots close bunged for the customers; she, mounted in the middle, looks down upon the world, and distributes her favours with the serenity of a goddess.

Yesterday evening we went up to Madame Hanttot's, the farmeress's, to purchase some

new-laid eggs for breakfast, and a chicken for dinner to-day. Madame was out, but soon came back; she drove into the yard a one-horse cart, laden with wheat sheaves, which she had herself piled thereon: on the top of all was riding her little daughter, by way of make-weight. Madame unharnessed the horse, took it out, put it into the stable, and then filled our basket with eggs. The chicken had no mind to be caught, and Madame was obliged to run it down; it would be tenderer, she said, after being well *fatiguée'd*. It was then put somewhere out of the way to be killed and unfeathered as soon as she had milked the cow, and fed the horse, and got the wheat into the barn. And where was the *Sieur* Hauttot all this while? He was out for a "month of August," earning harvest wages of other people; and his own little farm at home seemed to be going on just as well without him, under Madame's industrious superintendence.

When you have read my gossip thus far, you will think to yourself, and perhaps you will say, "It is all very well for Frenchwomen to busy themselves about those sort of things, but you will never get Englishwomen to do them. They have neither the tact nor the courage for it. It would'nt come naturally to them."

I beg your pardon, and will instantly prove the contrary. I want to change a ten-pound Bank of England note, and must have French money for it—gold, silver, and, I hope, a few copper extras by way of premium. There are several exchanges of money at hand, but of course I shall go to Madame Lacroix. And why do I go to Madame Lacroix? Because she is an Englishwoman; and because it is right that English people abroad should try and help each other to get a living; and because the slightest additional item of custom must conduce to that highly desirable end. Madame Lacroix is married to a Frenchman—I am not positive that I have spelt their name correctly—who is a goldsmith and a dealer in money; but I have not seen him in the shop more than once, and that appeared very like an unusual accident.

I enter; the place glitters and glows with treasure. On the right, behind a counter, sits Madame Lacroix in a certain degree of state. The salutation made, I present my bank-note. It is looked at; but, though cut in halves, it is subjected to what seems a very short and slight inspection. Madame, however, is too quick and too practised not to have seen that all was right in half the time. She addresses her cashier, a neatly-dressed young woman, who turns out to be her daughter, and who steps behind the opposite counter on the left, and gives me what I want, according to the maternal orders of the lady superior. [By the way, I have to buy my French gold rather dear, in spite of California importations; but who on earth can carry about with him on his travels a great sack full of five-franc pieces? To be sure, French notes are to be had instead.] The bank from which my change is drawn lies exposed to the public (behind plate-glass and brass wire netting), and is enriched by contributions from all sorts of nations, and coinages, and paper monies—*assignats* excepted, which might injure Madame's credit. There are golden dollar pieces from America, big and little, Spanish *caroli*, French *billets de banque*, and English sovereigns: offering Victoria to our admiration alongside of brand-new five-franc pieces resplendent with the profile of the Prince President. The Republics, both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, here seem equally to belong to the past, when they take their places so quietly in the money-changer's window.

Well; with the respective values of all these, and more, Madame Lacroix, an Englishwoman; is perfectly acquainted. She would probably give you, if required, a lecture on Swiss coins, and display a tolerably competent knowledge of the currency of the cantons—an effort of the mind of which I must confess myself utterly incapable. She will immediately convert any one sort of marketable specie and notes into any other, subtracting or adding the little differences that have to be given, or received, or withheld, according to the state of the money-market, and the *direction* in which gold, silver, or paper pass to or from her treasury. And all is done quietly, with some dignity of manner, and with not an atom of the offensive priggishness which is now and then seen behind a banker's counter.

Now, suppose that M. Lacroix one morning were to come in, and say: "My dear wife, you have been kept at this sort of work quite long enough; you were never brought up to it in England, and your head must require a little rest after all those puzzles about sous, and centimes, and colonnati, and dollars, and zwanzigers, and groschen, and écus, and florins, and batzen, and the deuce knows what. They must break your rest at night, though I haven't discovered it; so I have felt it my duty to think about your future ease and comfort. We are rich enough to give Mademoiselle Lacroix a decent little marriage portion: neither she nor you shall be confined to the shop any longer. I have ordered our *salon* on the first floor to be re-furnished for you to sit in, and read novels, and do berlin work, and crochet; and I have engaged a couple of nice young men with pretty moustaches—excellent testimonials, unquestionable securities, and the genteelest of manners, to take your places here to-morrow morning."

Fancy Madame's astonishment at the promulgation of such an act of deposition as this! Would she faint and abdicate quietly, or would she really think that her husband was acting the part of a kind and considerate friend, to take so much trouble off her hands

for the rest of her life? She would do, I venture to hypothesise, neither the one nor the other. She would rebel; she would tell her husband he was a fool, and, that if he talked in that style a second time, she would get him put into a mad-house; and, as to the young gentlemen with pretty moustaches and unimpeachable characters, let them look out for a place in the customs or the coast-guard, or let them sell themselves for substitute conscripts, if they pleased; or learn to cook, and get an engagement at a *restaurant*—that indeed would be something respectable and manly. But no male cashiers or clerks should ever enter her doors, as sure as she was an Englishwoman born, and a French woman married. *Voilà!*

But I beg M. Lacroix's pardon for making so excessively absurd a supposition. He knows a great deal better than to dream of any household revolution of the kind.

My ten-pound note—soon may I look upon its like again—is changed. A proper and natural consequence of the fulness of cash honestly earned, is the desire to spend a little of it in reasonable pleasure. Most conveniently, a German-French operatic star, wandering in an eccentric orbit from Milan, is here for a little sea air, and will give one single representation—only one. She will sing *The Favourite*, and her proceeds will probably pay for her baths and her bill at the hotel. The native orchestra is admirable, and we anticipate a treat. Two ladies go under my wing, and I take them to the best place in the theatre—the *première gallerie* (a thing we have not in England), a sort of balcony jutting out just over the pit, and in front of the boxes. To get there, we have to traverse the same lobbies and corridors as if we were going to the boxes of that tier. At this theatre, my fair friends point out to me another unwonted employment of female heads and hands.

You will now, perhaps, suppose that, as women do so much in France, we found all the male characters in the opera, and in the vaudeville which preceded it, assumed by ladies: that we had female tenors, female basses, and female walking-gentlemen. No such thing; the French know better than that (though Mademoiselle Benita Anguinet, the first conjuress in Europe, advertises that she will *incessantly* give an evening performance there, which will make Anderson shoot himself, and Jacobs take poison). But the box-openers and attendants were all *respectable, decent* women. The only men-servants of the establishment that were visible, were two or three money-takers below, and the sentinels outside.

"Well," you will say, impatiently, "you don't recommend that arrangement for England, do you? How do such female box-keepers manage to perform their duties and maintain order among the unruly characters of their own sex, who frequent the lobbies of a theatre? They would insult decent women, as you say these appeared to be, and prevent them from retaining their situations."

To your surprise, I reply that none of the sad and shameless creatures to whom you allude, are suffered to annoy the public in such places, else I should not have taken two women whom I respected there. You may call it tyranny—here we think it only decency; but the authorities distinctly say to all vicious persons who make a trade of vice, "If you will pursue such courses we cannot prevent you; but we will prevent you from advertising and hawking about your viciousness in places where it can shock and corrupt the well-conducted portion of the population. Whoever here wants to indulge in vice shall have to seek it out in its dark and dangerous hiding-places. It shall not be forced upon the young; it shall not terrify and extort from the aged; it shall not repel and disgust the pure, debarring them from amusements, which we think it innocent and even wise to enjoy."

England talks loudly of her morality; but England cannot attain to this degree of mere common propriety. Mr. Macready, to his honour, set the example.

You are aware that nothing rejoices abandoned people so much as to pull down others to their own level; and, if they cannot do that, to annoy and insult them. And this holds more true of women than it does in respect to men. Now, if women, by leading a more active, business-like, and public life, are thereby necessarily brought into contact with unfortunates of their own sex, who envy their honourable position, and hate them for holding creditably what themselves have lost, there is an end of the matter; they will be driven from their post. For, individual men cannot interfere in the bickerings, and quarrels, and onslaughts of women amongst and upon themselves. But the authorities can and may interfere, and from their impersonality, carry out with ease many regulations which no one man can successfully enforce. If respectable women come forward and volunteer to take a heavier share of the labours of this life, they must be supported by greater politeness and respect from the men, and protected from all offence, by the seclusion of those who deliberately prefer a life of vicious idleness to one of hard-working decency. If your means or your income are so limited, that you are thankful to find in your helpmate and in your daughter your fellow-labourer, before they can fairly prove themselves so, they must first have a clear stage and no stumbling blocks; and that's the whole of it. English women must sit at home, or starve each other by competition for "genteel" employments, if, by going abroad, or by engaging in those which are "ungenteel," they are exposed to annoyances to which they ought not to submit. I do think that we may hit the nail

upon the head, by saying that when the common run of Englishmen are as polite, as respectful, as full of domestic affection—pray do not jump off your chair at the reproach—and as steady supporters of public morality and decent appearances as the same class of Frenchmen are—then and not before, Englishwomen will gloriously prove their capabilities, and have a chance of showing you what they can do.

LITTLE MARI'S BETROTHAL.

FROM THE DANISH.

I AM an officer in the Danish service, and was twice quartered in Angel, a place little known. Life in the house of my old host, Johan Lanesen, was free and easy. By means of the glass door which led from my room into the kitchen, the family were able to keep an eye upon my proceedings all the day long; and in the evening, when I lighted my candle, an inquisitive cow would put her head in at the low window to see what I was about. If my servant forgot to close the door of the bridal chamber—a large room in which he had taken up his abode among chests and wardrobes, and all kinds of woman's apparel, and linen and bedding destined for the dowry of the daughter of the house, and dried herbs and long strings of onions—a hen and her brood, who dwelt there with him, came tripping into my room, to pick up the crumbs that strewed the floor. The maid-servants never hesitated to come in to fetch anything they might want; although I might at the time be in a costume in which one does not generally appear before ladies. But, on the other side, it was not taken amiss if I passed through the "daily room," in the berths round which the whole household slept, and happened to find some one of the family in the deepest *négligée*. Such as the house was, we could keep no secrets from each other. Old Johan could see each time I took a dollar out of my trunk with a secret sigh; and I often saw him with a self-satisfied grin, pile dollar upon dollar in his oaken chest. He was well to do in the world, the old fellow; but no one would have guessed it by his appearance: his clothes were full of patches, and the bowl of his inseparable companion, his pipe, was maintained in a very precarious state of existence by the aid of a bit of cobbler's thread. His old farmstead was not without signs of decay, yet Johan Lanesen was the richest man in the village, and might easily have built a house twice as fine as any of his neighbours.

Johan was a widowor, and his family consisted of but one daughter, Little Mari, of whom he was not unreasonably proud.

"Do you see?" said he, "Mari is only nineteen years old; yet she manages the whole house quite as well as her mother did before her."

"But how long will you be allowed to keep her? No doubt the young men also think well of her."

Indeed, Mari was very pretty.

"Oh, no, there's no danger of that," said he, with a look as if he knew all about it. "To us they will not be likely to come; and if a good one should drop in—well, then, in God's name, I am very near three-score, and may take my rest now."

As to Mari, she seemed to be thinking of everything but love. In the morning, when I was wrapt in the sweetest sleep, I was awoke by loud voices, and the first thing I beheld, on opening my eyes, was the beam above my head shaking as if about to crush me. In the kitchen there was a beating, and pounding, and clattering of pattens, and singing. This was Mari, who fastened the churnstick to the beam of the ceiling, and was endeavoring to combine the useful and the agreeable, and to solve the difficult problem of churning and polking in pattens at the same time, to the music of her own voice.

In Johan Lanesen's house eternal good humour reigned. The maids sang to their work, and Mari stirred the dumplings to the tune of "Den tappre Landsoldat," (the brave land-soldier) which she had learnt from my servant. Once in a way the song was interrupted, and the dish rested on her knees, while she instructed the other maidens. Then the singing would recommence in lively strains, and thus it went on until the dumplings were ready and the pork soup dished up. Hans, Asmus and the other people were called in; and, with a smile that showed that she was pleased with her own proficiency in the culinary art, little Mari placed a bowl before me of melted pork fat, with dumplings of a size and consistency which would have made them dangerous missiles in the hands of an angry mob. After the soup came another dish which very nearly brought me to despair. "Well, this *is* fat!" I exclaimed, searching in vain for some fleshy fibres among the mass of yellow fat. "Ye-e-s," said little Mari, placing her arms akimbo, and looking at the roast with an air which seemed to say: "it is not bad!"

But it was not of Mari's singing and cooking I meant to speak, but of her betrothal.

It was Sunday, and she was returning from church. As it had rained, she had put on a pair of wooden shoes that contrasted strangely with her fine white stockings and the rest of her dress; which was of modern cut and of town fashion. All the young people had been at church; and my host, who had remained at home, had in the meanwhile received a visitor. The stranger was a tall man, in a long grey frock-coat, and with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth; he was leaning with both his arms on the table, speaking to Lanesen.

"No, Claus Tram," said my host; "that fellow is not a husband for Mari. Why, his stock cannot be worth more than a couple of

hundred dollars. And Mari is to have this farm."

"It is all very well with the farm," rejoined Tram, "but after all it is no such great things. Nay, you should see the house Karsten has built for himself; Mari might go over and have a look at it."

"Buten blank, binnen krank," (outside bright, inside poor,) answered Lanesen with a shake of his head. "What do you say to it, little Mari?" he continued, to his daughter who had just entered; "here is Tram who has come to ask you in marriage for Karsten Karstensen, who has but a bit of a farm with half a score of cows."

"Hm!" said Mari.

"Nay, he has twelve cows," said Tram.

"We bought the thirtieth at the last Brarup Fair," observed Mari, calmly, while putting by her bonnet and shawl.

The men discussed the matter some time longer, and at length Tram rose to depart.

"I see that there is no chance of our settling this bargain," said he. "Well, well, I dare say Karsten will get a wife soon enough, though he may not get your Mari."

"He! he! he!" laughed my host. "But can't you look in upon us another time, Tram?"

Claus Tram is a personage of no little importance. He has a nice little farm, with half a score of cows; and has a most extensive acquaintance for several miles around. He knows the exact amount of their fortunes, and keeps a list of all the marriageable young men and women. He can at any time procure a man a wife; and, if there be a widow who is looking out for another husband with a little money to set up the farm again, she need only apply to Claus Tram. For a consideration he will at once settle the affair, without the parties concerned being at the trouble of falling in love, or making calculations, or going through a courtship.

In Angel, "the great folks," *i.e.* the farmers, often prefer their suit by agency. The little folks are allowed to choose their own partners for life: in their case, there are not so many points to consider. With the owner of a farm, it is quite another thing. "Money will have money," or, as the Angles say, "silver coin sounds best when struck against silver coin;" and it would be a dreadful mis-marriage, were a rich man to marry a poor girl. In truth, the Angle has but one passion, and that is a passion for money—unless perhaps it be a passion for umbrellas.

Claus Tram took my host at his word, and not more than a fortnight afterwards the matchmaker again made his appearance at the farm. Johan gave him rather a sorry welcome; but, after they had conversed some time together in the "Pesel," they both came out into the kitchen with smiling countenances; and Lanesen said to his daughter:

"Yes, to-day there is some sense in Claus! He has been speaking for the rich Niels Skytte's son."

"I don't know him," said Mari.

"Well, well, little Mari, you may have a look at him," said Tram. "If you and your father would like it, we might come here on Sunday."

"That's right," said my host, and the matter seemed settled; but things were changed since Claus was last here. This day the matchmaker was made to sit down, and to drink I do not know how many cups of coffee; and when he left, Johan accompanied him off the farm premises.

Sunday came, and the whole house was turned topsy-turvy. The kitchen looked like an upholsterer's shop: there were all kinds of household utensils, saucepans, jugs, bowls, &c., and in the plate-racks double as many plates and dishes as usual, decorated with painted roses, and all kinds of figures, and with inscriptions, such as "token of love," "token of remembrance," "token of friendship," "for the birth-day," "Peter," "Doris." On the hearth blazed a bright fire, which was reflected by the polished copper and brass kettles, and the flames of which licked greedily the sides of two huge cauldrons, which were boiling over; while the cook, with the skimming-ladle in her hand, was having a gossip with the maid-servants. The sitting-rooms were freshly swept and decorated. The doors of the sleeping berths in the Dörnsk were thrown open, and disclosed mountains of red and blue striped feather-beds, reaching all the way up to the ceiling. The chests in the bridal chamber were only half closed, and the corner of a feather-bed, or the snippet of a sheet stuck out here and there; ticking for pillow-cases, linsey-woolsey, and new linen peeped forward from half-closed drawers; and round the walls hung Mari's wardrobe: fine dresses, linsey-woolsey shirts, cloaks, bonnets, umbrellas, in such profusion, that the suitor could not but feel easy as to the expense of his wife's wardrobe, during the first year at least. In the Pesel, a well-decked board was laid out; and, on many a dish, love lay deeply buried under butter, and friendship was eclipsed by bread. The door into the dairy was open, and allowed a view of the milkroom, on the red brick floor of which full milk-pans stood in close array, while, against the wall, stood a huge trough of new-churned butter.

The people of the farm were, of course, in their Sunday's best. Mari looked like a fine lady on a colossal scale; but she was, nevertheless, really pretty, with her fresh, blushing cheeks, and her good-natured, blue eyes, had she only not endeavoured to force the fingers of a hand, hardened by labour, into golden rings with coloured glass for stones. Her father went in and out with his long frock-coat and his short pipe: he had

washed and shaved himself, and had a white neckcloth on; so that really I hardly recognised him.

At length the looked-for time arrived. Two chair-waggons rolled into the yard, and from their broad seats descended three or four portly dames and as many long-coated peasants, near relatives of the suitor, whom they accompanied in order to stand by him in the important business of getting a wife. Claus Tram headed the procession. He walked into the kitchen with the look of a man who is aware of his own importance. He proceeded through the Dörnsk into the Pesel, the company following him. In the Pesel they found Johan and Mari, and some of their relative decency forbid their going out to receive their guests—it would look as if they were so set upon the match—but the reception was the warmer within doors, for, as the guests entered, two steaming tureens of soup were placed upon the table, and having interchanged but a very few words they sat down to table.

Claus Tram took the lead in the conversation. Now, he made an observation relative to Johan's thirty heads of cattle; then, he alluded to Niels Skytte's brick-kiln, which, he said, "could draw silver out of clay;" and then he laughed at his own wit. The conversation turned mostly upon agriculture and money; but it was kept up with difficulty. It was evident that some other subject was occupying the minds of the interlocutors. The young people did not interchange a word: they sat each at opposite sides of the table, and hardly glanced at each other. Otherwise the suitor was a rather pleasing young fellow, with his fair hair cropped round his head, and a red pocket-handkerchief, that rarely disappeared entirely in his large side pocket.

When they had eaten their soup, the men rose and filled their pipes. Tram stretched himself, and said, "We might take a little run out into the stables." And while the men were there the women took a survey of the interior of the house, lifted the feather-beds, looked narrowly at the linen, and tasted the butter in the dairy.

After some time the cook called them to table again. The meat on which the soup had been boiled, was now served with potatoes floating in butter; there were also on the table sugar-bowls with white sugar, the contents of which were indeed highly needed to sweeten the dark-red fluid which was poured into the glasses under the name of wine. The conversation now became more animated, and turned upon the farm and its stock. The guests could not be accused of untimely flattery; they only praised such things as were evidently good, and did not hesitate to find fault with the old dwelling house, and to calculate what it would cost to build a new one.

Then ensued another pause, another pipe, and another walk, until a leg of mutton, richly spiced with cloves, was put upon the table. They were gradually approaching nearer to their object, and now spoke freely of the state of their fortunes. While the company was taking coffee, which Mari forced them to drink in no small doses, the parties had come pretty near to a settlement; and when the bridegroom placed his spoon across his cup, to show that it would be impossible for him to drink a seventh cup, he and my host were agreed all to a couple of hundred dollars, which he thought Johan ought to add to his daughter's dowry. It seemed as if neither side meant to yield, and Tram was obliged to undertake several diplomatic missions from the one side of the room to the other, to negociate between the two parties, who had grouped themselves in opposite corners, openly discussing the matter.

At length a treaty was concluded, and Johan said, drily, "All right! What do you say, little Mari?" And Mari, who was busy taking away the things from the table, stopped a moment at the door, turned half round, and said, "Ye-e-s."

This settled the matter. The indefatigable Tram at once drew up the contract, which was no sooner signed, than the swain drew out his watch and said, "Methinks it's best we go home now;" and away went the company; neither bride nor bridegroom interchanging one tender word, nor even pressing each other's hand: but it would not be proper to be so familiar in the presence of others.

Eight days later, bride and bridegroom were seen walking, each with an umbrella under the arm and on opposite sides of the road, towards the parsonage, where they were going to be betrothed; and three weeks after that there was a great to-do in the village—the rich Niels Skytte's son was married to the rich Johan Lanesen's daughter. But I saw nothing of that festivity. I had, in the meanwhile, been removed; and when I returned, I found my old host sitting on the bench outside the "Abnahmet," with his pipe in his mouth, watching his son-in-law, who was busying himself about the farm as he used to do in his time. Little Mari was in the kitchen washing butter; her husband has bought another cow, and as she is now able to make a whole "Drittel" of butter every week, she cannot but be a happy wife in a country where domestic happiness is based upon the solid foundation of wealth.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CHEERILY, CHEERILY!

IF I had not been in London within the last month, and seen the wondrous tide of emigration setting out from the docks there; if I had not read in this journal of the Jeremy Diddler and its teeming cargo; if I had not passed through the port of Southampton lately, and gazed upon the Hampshire folk singing loud emigratory pœans, and departing by whole tribes for the Diggings, with cradle, mattock, and spade; if many weeks had passed since at Havre I saw the Grand Bassin crammed—choked with Yankee liners, with emigrant ships for the States, for California, and for Australia (some of which, I make bold to tell you in confidence, were in my private opinion no better than tubs); if I did not know that Plymouth, and Bristol, and Cork, yea, and the American seaboard far away (wheels within wheels) had each their exodus; that in remote South Sea islands, and Pacific inlets painted savages were packing up their wardrobes, consisting, I suppose, of a tomahawk and a toothpick, neatly folded in a plantain leaf; if I did not know that in swarming Canton and thieving Shanghae, and piratical little mud and thatch villages on the Yo-hang-ho and Yang-tse-Kiang, broad-hatted and long-tailed Chinamen were saving up pice and cash for passage-money and gold digging tools; if I did not know that, from Indus to the Pole, blacks, whites, tawnies, and mulattos, were baking human heads, and polishing skulls, and carving concentric balls, and weaving gorgeous shawls, and curing reindeers' tongues, and fermenting Champagne wine for the Australian market; that, wherever there were hearts to feel and tongues to express the fierce, raging lust for gold, the cry was, "Off, off, and away!"—if I did not know this, I say, I should be tempted to think that from Liverpool alone the great army of voluntary exiles was setting forth; that there, and there alone, was the Red Sea and the host of Israel, with their gold and silver and precious stones; there, the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud; there the prospect of wandering in a watery desert not forty, but one hundred days: for, verily, all Liverpool seems to be off.

"A king stood on the rocky brow
That looks o'er seaborn Marathon . . ."

But I, poor, penniless plebeian, with never a regal bend in my scutcheon, stand on the stones of mud-born Liverpool; every stone of whose docks, and every brick of whose warehouses was wont to be cemented, according to Mr. George Frederick Cooke, "by the blood and sweat of the enslaved and murdered African;" and from the brows of Prince's Dock, and Canning Dock, and Bramley Moore Dock—from the brows of that unequalled line of basins, reaching from the shore opposite Eastham to below Bootle and Waterloo—I gaze on the "ships by thousands," and the "men in nations," that lie below.

Oh, cheerily, cheerily! is the anchor-song, morning, noon, and night in the great docks where the vessels from the coast of Africa lie, which have come home laden with gold-dust, and palm-oil, and elephants' teeth, and which are off again, ere many days, with huge packages of Birmingham hardware and Manchester goods, coral necklaces and gimcrack ornaments for Mumbo Jumbo and Ashantee fetishes, slop rifles and cutlasses for the King of Dahomey's amazons. Bright blue or bright green, with brave streaks of white, are these vessels painted—hulls, masts, and yards: whether that the rays of the African sun fall less fiercely on them than on a black surface, or whether to dazzle and bewilder the simple savages with harlequin colours, deponent sayeth not. A strong, a very strong odour of palm-oil scents the breeze, pervades the decks, breaks out in a rich oleaginous dew on the apparel and faces of the bystanders. Here is a gruff mate, seated on a water-cask, teaching a parrot to swear, who is all oil—clogged and sticky with the luscious product. Talk of the Hull whalers! what are those train-oil-indued vessels to these greasy ships and greasier men? Gigantic tubs and casks of palm-oil, worth, they tell me, from thirty to forty pounds each, are being hoisted on shore, rolled about the quays, guaged by the vicious-looking boring tools of the Custom-house officers, and carted away in greasy vans.

Empty casks there are also, and in plenty, which are to be conveyed back to Africa; then, brought home full of oil again. How many voyages have these ill-coopered tubs made since they were hammered up by swarthy, black Kroomen, in some sweltering barracoon on the Guinea coast? What

raging suns, what blustering hurricanes, what soaking deluges of rain, what legions of winged locusts and mosquitoes, must have shown, and blown, and battered against those crazy old staves, since they first held palm-oil! Coopered, too, by slaves; worked at to the music of cowhide whips, or paid for in drams of rum, or lacquered buttons and scraps of red cloth. And yet, consoling thought! how many thousand pounds of candles and bars of soap have been made from the yellow grease these casks have held, and how little we reck, seeing them kicking about on this Liverpool Quay, of what the Kroomens' cooperage and the greasy sap of the African tree have done for civilization and for Christianity. As I muse, come a flying horde of ragged wretches to scrape with oyster-shells and long nails what portions of coagulated oil yet adhere to the insides of the casks. But a stern dock policeman falls upon them, and smites them.

If you think to cross that bridge leading from one dock to the other, my friend in the bombazine dress, the black triangular bonnet, and the big, flat, checquered basket like a wicker draught-board, you will be disappointed, as I have been. For, while I was lingering on the Palm Oil Quay, underground machinery was at work, strange noises were heard, some cog-wheels moved, and the bridge, gravely parting in the middle, disappeared into the dock walls like a trick in a pantomime. A bold baker made a flying leap on one half, just as the water-parted operation took place; and he gained the opposite side, somehow, but how I know not, and now stands there exulting, though confessing that it was a "close shave." A dreary gulf flows between him and me; but a big ship is coming out of dock, they tell me, and I must make the best of it, and wait till she has passed, and the bridge is drawn to again.

A disappointment! No big ship is here, but a little leg-of-mutton-sailed, squat, grubby barge, full of—mercy on us!—chairs and tables. The Saucy Sally of Lancaster, Flachey, master. There are chests of drawers for'ard, and four-post bedsteads aft; and the captain (five feet of tarpaulin, with a yellow oilskin hat, in the midst of which his brown face glows like a gigantic blister) commands his crew from a Pembroke table. The Saucy Sally is not too proud to remove goods in town and country, and to enact the part of a spring van on the salt seas. Some Hegira from Liverpool to Lancaster is she favouring now, though I cannot, in connexion with the railway and this Pickford and Chaplin and Horne era, discover the advantage of the long sea for so short a period of transit. I am reminded of that dear but old-fashioned friend of mine who, to this day, insists on coming from Margate by the Hoy! A hoy from Margate in 1852; shade of Charles Lamb!

The Saucy Sally has dropped down into the river, the captain bearing with phlegmatic composure some jocose criticisms on his singular cargo. But now, following her, comes the big ship in good earnest: the Zephaniah W. Caucus, of New York, fifteen hundred tons, bound for Port Philip. It may appear strange to you that an American vessel should carry British emigrants to a British colony, but stranger still will it seem, when I inform you (as I am informed by a politician with an umbrella and a shockingly bad tongue in the way of statistics, behind me) that British vessels can in no wise attempt the carrying trade in the American sea-ports, and would convey emigrants from New York to San Francisco at their peril. At which the statistical umbrella-carrier gets quite purple and inflamed with indignation against free-trade without reciprocity; so much so, that I move out of the way, being of the free-trade way of thinking.

The Zephaniah W. Caucus, was a large cotton ship once; but, no sooner did the exodus to Australia commence than she became suddenly, and without any prior training, one of the Blue Peter line of packet ships, which, as the whole world knows, are all A 1's at Lloyd's, are all copper-bottomed and copper-fastened, all carry experienced surgeons, and all offer peculiar and unrivalled accommodation for cabin and steerage passengers. The three-quarter statuette of Z. W. Caucus—probably a great transatlantic ship-owner, or law-giver, or speculator in town lots, or orator, or wild-beast tamer, or something famous—stands proudly, in wood and whitewash, at the head of the ship, surveying the hawse-holes with the eye of a monarch, and defying the bowsprit as he would an enemy. Looking at him I am fain to confess the very great family likeness between figure-heads generally. They all seem to have been chiselled from the same models, designed in the same train of thought. Caucus now, with the addition of a cocked hat and epaulettes, and minus an eye and an arm, would be twin brother to Admiral Nelson, bound to Singapore, close by; with a complete coat of gold leaf, a fiercely curled wig and a spikey crown, he would do excellently well for King Odin, screw steamer for Odessa; with an extra leer notched into his face, his whiskers shaved off, and in his hand a cornucopia resembling a horse's nose-bag, twisted and filled with turnips, he would pass muster for Peace or Plenty; while with a black face, a golden crown and bust, and a trebly gilt kitchen poker or sceptre, he would be the very spit and fetch of Queen Cleopatra. Distressingly alike are they, these figure-heads, with the same perpetual unmeaning grin in their wooden faces, the same eyes, coats, hair, and noses in salient angles; the same presumptuous attitudes, as though the forecastle, save the mark, were not good enough for them, and carrying, all, the same

pervading expression of impertinent inanity—so much so, that I could find it in my heart, almost, to strike them. Among other departments of the Fine Arts as applied to practical uses, figure-heads stand specially in need of reformation; and some day or other, when Sir Edwin Landseer has taken that zoological abomination, the Royal Arms, in hand; when Mr. Grant or Mr. Thorburn have turned their attention towards the pictorial amelioration of the Marquisses of Granby and Heroes of Waterloo in the possession of the Licensed Victuallers; the Government will, perhaps, commission Mr. Bailey or Mr. Lough to apply the long neglected principles of ornamental statuary to the works of our nautical sculptors; and, rivalling that great benefactor who first reformed our tailor's bills, reform our figure-heads.

But to the Z. W. Caucus. Her accommodation. Well; I grant the copper bottom and copper fastenings, the experienced surgeon and the unrivalled cabins, but the steerage, the commonalty's cabins—humph! I look on the deck of the big ship, and I see it alive with fevered, dusty, uncomfortable emigration at sixteen pounds a head:—a desert of heads, and tossing, struggling legs and arms with an oasis of poop, where the cabin passengers smile blandly from beneath their *tegmine fagi*, and peer with spy-glasses and lorgnettes at the crowded fore-deck, as they would at a curious show. Why don't the steerage folk go down below instead of cumbering the decks, is a question you will very naturally ask, and which has been asked, too, several times within the last ten minutes by the captain and his mates, with sundry energetic references connected with comparative anatomy, and the invocation of strange deities. Why don't they go below? Well, poor creatures! do you know what the below is they have to go to, and to live in, for four months? Erebus multiplied by Nox, divided by Limbo, multiplied again by a chaos of trunks, and casks, and narrow berths, and bruised elbows—of pots, pans, kettles, and children's heads, that seem to fulfil the office of the hempen fenders on board steamboats, and to be used to moderate the first sharp collision between two hard surfaces—a chaos of slipping, stumbling, swearing, groaning, overcrowding, and—no, not fighting. Let us be just to the poor people. There is more law, and justice, and kindly forbearance, and respect for age and feebleness in the steerage of an emigrant ship, than in the Great Hall of Pleas all the year round, with the great door wide open and all the judges ranged. Men find their level, here, in these darksome wooden dungeons; but man's level, gentlemen, is not necessarily brutality, and violence, and selfishness. I have seen kindness with never a shirt, and self-denial in rags; and down in noisome, sweltering steerages there is, I will make bold to aver, many a Dorcas ministering barefoot, and many a good Samaritan who has but what he stands upright in.

Smile away, gentlemen passengers on the poop. You have but to smile, for your passages are paid, and your prospects on arrival in the colony are bright. Smile away, for you will have fresh meat during a great portion of the passage, and preserved provisions during the remainder. For you are those crates of ducks and geese, those festoons of vegetables, those hundredweights of beef, and veal, and mutton packed in ice. Smile away, for you have cosy, airy little state-rooms, with cheerful holes in the wall for beds, an elegant saloon, an obsequious steward, books, flutes, accordions, cards, dice, and book-learning. You can, if you have a mind, write your memoirs or a novel, during the voyage, compose an opera, study navigation, or learn the key bugle. If you *must* be sea-sick, you can retire to your state-rooms and be ill there comfortably and elegantly. But, down in the steerage, how are the poor folk to while away the weary time? Fancy the honest creatures during the first three days after the Z. W. Caucus has sailed. Everybody ill, everybody groaning, all the women whimpering, all the children crying. Everything unpacked, but nothing "comeatable." Heavy trunks, chests of drawers and washhand-stands, breaking away, and becoming bulls of upholstery in ship-board china-shops. Knives and forks and plates running wild, and drinking-horns going clean out of their mind. "That 'll be it, sir," says a sailor, who has been "out foreign," to me; "but bless you, when they have been well shaken up for two or three days, they'll settle down comfortably enough." Ah! when they have "settled down," and are bearing straight away across the great ocean, what dreary days and nights they will pass! How bitterly grandfather will regret that he is "no scollard," and that he didn't "take to his larning kindly;" and how little boy Ned, who has thriven at school, reading from a torn and yellow copy of the Weekly Blunderer (more prized there than the newest, dampest, third edition of the Times on London breakfast tables), reading to a delighted gaping audience of greybeards and matrons, babes and sucklings, will become for that and many succeeding days a wonder and a prodigy! Then, on fine Sunday evenings, they will lean quietly over the bulwarks, and watch the rapid course of the good ship; or, shading their eyes from the sun's rays, look wistfully ahead and speculate where land may be, far, far away beyond the waste of blue. There will be gay fellows aboard who will sing songs and crack jokes; there will be storytellers as indefatigable as that prince of barbers who had the seven brothers; but, I am afraid also that there will be many score passengers in that narrow steerage who will be insufferably bored and wearied by the voyage: who will count the time from breakfast to dinner, and so to supper, and so to

bed, wishing the good ship and her passengers, several times during the twenty-four hours, at Jericho.

Still glides the Z. W. Caucus out of dock, somewhat slowly, for she is heavily laden, and lies deep in the water. A portion of her crew are busy at the capstan-bars—sallow, Yankee fellows mostly, with elf locks and red flannel shirts and tarry trowsers. As they pace, they spit; and in the intervals of spitting they sing, or rather moan in chorus a dismal ditty, that hath neither tune nor words, but which means something, I suppose. Anon the strains are wild and fitful, like the wailings of an Æolian harp; anon they rise to a loud and vengeful *crescendo*, like a Highland coronach. Not all the crew, though, are joining in this mysterious chant; a very considerable portion of them are down below in their berths, sleeping off a surfeit of rum and tobacco; and not a few will be brought on board, while the Z. W. Caucus is in the river, also affected by rum and tobacco, and affectionately guarded by a boarding master, or proprietor of a sailors' lodging-house (whom I should be sorry to say was two-fourths crimp and the remainder extortioner) who has the greatest interest in bringing sailors aboard, seeing that he is paid so much a head for them in consideration of certain advances he has made, or is supposed to have made to them, and which are duly deducted from the pay of the unconscious mariner.

Nearly out of dock, and the commander, Captain Paul W. Blatherwick, of Forty-second Street, New York, who is standing amidships, turns his quid complacently. The captain wears a white hat, with a very broad brim, and an obstinate and rebellious nap, refusing pertinaciously to be brushed or smoothed. He has a shirt of a wonderful and complicated pattern, more like a paper hanging than a Christian shirt, and with a collar which looms large, like the foresail of a yacht. He has a profusion of hair and beard, and very little eyes, and a liberal allowance of broad black ribbon and spy-glass. Captain Blatherwick is part owner as well as commander, and has therefore a paternal interest in his emigrants; but he is rather pre-occupied just now, for two of his very best hands—A. B.'s, stalwart, trusty reefers and steerers—are absent; and although he has searched all the low lodging-houses and all the low taverns in the town, he has been unable to find them. Just, however, as he has made a virtue of necessity, and, giving them up for lost, has shaped a fresh plug of tobacco for his capacious cheek, there is a stir and bustle in the crowd; its waves heave to and fro, and parting them like a strong steamer, come two men. One has his hammock on his head, large gold ear-rings, and his "kit" in his hand. He flies like the nimble stag celebrated in Mr. Handel's Oratorio; but he is pursued by a Dalilah, a Circe, an enchantress, with a coral necklace, dishevelled hair, and a draggle-tailed dimity bedgown. She clings to his kit; she embraces his hammock; she passionately adjures him to leave her, were it only his ear-rings, as a souvenir. But he remembers that England (represented, for the moment, by his Yankee captain) expects every man to do his duty for fifty shillings a month and his victuals; and shutting his ears to the voice of the charmer, he leaps on board. I say leaps, for there are ten good solid feet of muddy water between the quay edge and the side of the Z. W. Caucus; yet you have scarcely time to shudder and think he will be drowned, ere he is scrambling among the shrouds, as a playful kitten would skip about, if kittens wore red shirts and ear-rings. His companion is equally rapid in his motions—more so, perhaps, for he is impeded by no luggage, and clung to by no Dalilah. He has little wherewith to lure Dalilah; for, of all the notable equipments with which he landed at George's Dock, fifteen days ago, he has now remaining—what think you? a blanket! As I stand here, nothing but a sorry, patched, tattered, blanket,—nor shirt, nor shoe, nor rag else. He wraps it about him sternly though, as though it were a toga; and, with a hurrah of defiance, a yell from the crowd, and a cheer from his shipmates, vaults on board. Then he falls down a ladder, very drunk, and I see him no more. They *will* be skinned, they will be fleeced, these foolish Jacks. They won't go to the admirable and palatial Sailors' Home. They *will* go down to Wapping, and Paradise Street, and fall among thieves. Who is to help them if they won't help themselves?

Oh, cheerily, cheerily! The big ship is fairly out of dock. The ropes are cast off, and she stands down the river, towed along by a steamer; the poor emigrants crowding the decks, the tops, the yards even, to take their fill of England, home, and beauty, seen for the last time. He who knows all things knows alone if they, or their children, or their children's children, will ever see the beloved land again.

The bridge will not be down for half an hour yet, for the King Odin, Czernicheff master, screw steamer for Odessa, is coming out laden with boiler plates for the Czar's arsenal, and to come home again with wheat. She needs no "tug," but steams out stolidly on her own end, and with her own screw. There is another Yankee liner at anchor off Egremont, and just on the point of sailing. Shall we slip on board this grimy, uncouth, useful tug steamer, and board her for a minute?

The Elizabeth Scradgers, eight hundred tons, Captain Peleg J. Whittlestick, is a genuine "liner." She is bound for New York, with forty cabin passengers and two hundred steerage ditto. Sixteen guineas are demanded for the after-passage, the sum of two pounds ten is the ticket for the steerage

multitude. And such a multitude? Three-fifths Irish, one-fifth Germans, and a timid, irresolute, scared, woe-begone fifth of English, who look as if they had gone to sleep in Liverpool and had been knocked up in the Tower of Babel. A confusion of tongues, a confusion of tubs, a confusion of boxes. A flux of barbarous words, a tangle of children, settling on bulkheads and ladder-rounds like locusts. And an odour! ugh! let us go on deck, whither all the passengers follow us; for the muster-roll is being called, and as the authorities verify the name and passage-money receipt of each emigrant, the Government Emigration agent ascertains that there are no cases of infectious disease among the passengers; no lame, halt, and blind; no paralytics and no bedridden dotards. Andy O'Scullabogue of Ballyshandy, County Cork, is turned back for having a trifle of five children ill with a putrid fever. Judith Murphy can by no means be passed, for she is appallingly crippled. Florence M'Shane is sent on shore because he is blind, and Terence Rooney, because his mother has only one leg. These poor wretches have been scrambling and scraping their passage-money together for months. The two pounds ten have come, sixpence by sixpence—nay, penny by penny, from the peelings of diseased potatoes; from the troughs of gaunt, greyhound-like pigs; down long ladders in hods of mortar, in London or in Dublin; out of damaged oranges in Saint Giles's and Bethnal Green. They are the economies from relinquished gin glasses and eschewed tobacco; the savings of denied red-herrings, and half rations of potatoes. Some of the emigrants have begged their passage-money; some, are about to emigrate at the expense of the parish, and some have had their passage-money remitted to them from their friends in America.

While the ceremony of "passing" has been going on on deck, the crew of the vessel have been below, searching for stowaways—unfortunate creatures too poor to pay the necessary sum, who have concealed themselves in out-of-the-way holes and corners, thinking to escape detection in the general confusion, and to be conveyed across the Atlantic free of expense. But, they are mistaken. You must get up very early in the morning if you would essay to get on the blind side of an American sailor; and not many minutes have elapsed before two ragged women are discovered in some hideous crevice, and a wretched dwarf, clutching a fiddle under his shrunken arm, is detected in a cask, his heels upwards, and coiled up into a perfect Gordian knot of deformity. I do not exaggerate, and I libel no one when I say, that after they have been well hustled and bonnetted on the deck, these forlorn beings are kicked over the side by the chief mate, a gigantic mariner in a tail-coat, raised in Connecticut, and with a huge brown fist, so hard, so horny, so corrugated with knotted veins, that it looks like the fist of that slave-dealer alluded to by the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—as if it "had grown hard in knocking down niggers." "For," says the mate, jerking a jet of tobacco juice and an explanation to me across his shoulder, "you must just ketch 'em up sharp, you must, these Irishers, and that's a fact. It's a word and a blow here, and no flies." And this latter axiom the chief officer religiously carries out in all his dealings with the steerage passengers, anathematising the eyes of any refractory emigrant for the first offence, and knocking him down like an ox for the second.

I stumble aft, as well as I can for luggage, human and inanimate, and take a peep into the saloon, where there is a negro steward in a white jacket, and where there are soft carpets, emollient couches, gaily decorated panels, comfortable state-rooms, silken hangings, and a regiment of spittoons carved and gilt in the Louis Quatorze style, and quite gorgeous to behold. A passenger I find below seems so delighted with his bed, that he is continually lying down on it, then jumping up, falling back half-a-dozen paces on the bright Brussels carpet, and regarding the trim couch with rapt ecstasy—rubbing his hands meanwhile with the anticipation of quite a surfeit of luxuries for his sixteen guineas. But, a little bird which has accompanied me, whispers that the Elizabeth Scradgers will be no sooner out of the river than the bright carpets will be rolled up and the painted panels unscrewed, and the silken hangings, and mahogany fittings, and soft couches disappear, to be replaced by bare boards, and scrubby horsehair, and hard beds—the luxuries being reserved for the next departure from port. What else the little bird would tell me I know not, for at this moment comes Captain Peleg J. Whittlestick from his cabin, with loud and nasal injunction for all strangers to "clear!" He is as like in voice, person, and dress to the captain of the Z. W. Caucus as two cherries are like each other. The Government emigration agent, the surgeon, the broker, the captain's friends, and I who write, step on board the tug. "Cheerily, cheerily, oh!" begins that dismal windlass chorus as the anchor is being hove up; the emigrants give a sickly cheer, and another ship-load of humanity is off.

The mysterious agency which whilom removed the dock bridge from beneath my feet, has slowly ground it (with a rusty grumble as of iron chains in torture) into its place again, and I cross over to the other side.

Dock upon dock, quays after quays, "quay berths," loading and unloading sheds, long lines of bonding warehouses, barrels, bales, boxes, pitch, tar, ropes, preserved provisions, water-casks, and exodus everywhere! Whole tribes of north-country people, and west-country people, and all sorts of country

people, darting off to the Antipodes with an eager, straining rush. As for New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, those seaports are only considered as being "over the way," easy little trips across the water, to be accomplished with a carpet-bag and a hat-box, and with as little fuss and ceremony as a ride in one of the little ferry steamers that ply between Liverpool and Birkenhead, or Seacombe and Tranmere. Gentlemen go coolly off to Melbourne and Port Philip in Alpaca coats and wide-awakes; ladies, to Adelaide and Geelong with blue pokes to their bonnets, and lapsful of crochet work, as though they were going picnicking. Sunburnt captains, bound for the other side of the world, set off in their shirt-sleeves, and tell their smiling and cheerful spouses just to mind the baby, and have dinner ready at four o'clock in about eight months time or so. Oh, cheerily, cheerily! Cheerily, oh! A thousand hammers coopering water-casks take up the cry; a thousand shovels shovelling potatoes into the hold for stock re-echo it. Stand out of the way there! Here is a waggon-load of preserved provisions: mock-turtle soup and stewed mushrooms in tin cases hermetically sealed; green peas and fresh mint, to be eaten under the line. Make way there for the live stock for the emigrant ship, Gold Nugget—sheep, poultry, and a milch cow. Mind yourself! a bullock has broken loose from the Jack Robinson, for Sydney. He is a patriotic beast: England, with all its faults, he loves it still; and, if he is to be made steaks of, he prefers being eaten on this side of the equinoctial line. Stand from under! a giant crane is hoisting blocks of Wenham Lake ice on board the Melbourne packet Bushranger. They are all pressed for time, they are all going, cheerily, cheerily; they are all, if you will pardon me the expression, in such a devil of a hurry.

But the trunks, my dear Sir, the trunks! Can you, sensible, cautious, discreet as I am sure you are, forbear, when you gaze on these trunks, forbear holding your head with your hands, or leaping into the air with a short howl, in sheer frenzy. The trunks! Roods, perches, acres of land covered with great sea-chests, trunks, bonnet-boxes, chaise-boxes, portmanteaus, valises, trunks of piebald leather, calf-skin, marble paper, morocco, Russia leather, oak, mahogany, and plain deal. Avalanches of trunks, with surely sufficient literature pasted inside to set up the schoolmaster abroad in Australia for years to come. As for such small articles as carpet-bags, desks, hat-boxes, writing-cases, and railway rugs, they are as plentiful as ratafia cakes, twenty a penny. Children of tender years stagger by with trunks; stalwart porters carry piles of them, as waiters at eating-houses carry the tin dishes and covers. Grim spectres hover about, moaning weird complaints of phantom boxes lost or mislaid, and point with skinny fingers to invisible crockery-ware packed in straw. I come upon the lone female in the bombazine dress and the triangular bonnet. She sits forlorn, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," inexpressible misery on her wan face, stranded high and dry on a band-box. Her "things" have departed from her; an oak chest has been shipped bodily for Montevideo, and three mattrasses and a palliasse went out to the best of her belief in the King Odin. She is going to Celebes. Now what can this good woman be going to do at Celebes? I puzzle myself mightily with this question, staring like one distraught at this lone woman, sitting under the Dock shed like a Banshee on a band-box, till the edge of a hard-hearted oaken chest coming violently on my toes sufficiently admonishes me to mind my own concerns.

Still cheerily, cheerily to all parts of the deep waters whither ships go, till I stroll down to a remote quay to change the scene, and see the Irish packets come in. Yet even here 'tis but the old song to a somewhat fresher tune, for the mobs of poor Irish who are landed, pell mell, from the Dublin, and Belfast, and Cork steamers, are off again for America to-morrow or the next day. Tumbling ashore they come—ragged, dirty, draggle-tailed, and (to trust their looks) half-starved. Gaunt reapers and bogtrotters in those traditional blue body-coats, leathern smalls, and bell-crowned hats, that seem to be manufactured nowhere save in Ireland; grizzled old women, bent double with age and infirmity; children who seem to have sprung up like some crass fungus of decomposition rather than to have been born; and slatternly girls with shawls huddled over their heads. Some of the men have thick shoes, passably holey, but three-fourths of the females and all the children have neither shoes nor stockings. Some of the women carry heaps of what, at first sight, you might take for foul rags, but which, moving and crying suddenly, you discover to be babies. Their luggage is on their backs, or in despairingly small and dirty bundles slung on sticks. They have a plurality of nothing save children. They may have money, some of these miserable objects—the bare price of their passage to America—sewn up in tattered petticoats and sleeve linings; but, whether they have or not, they have no sooner set foot on the quay than they fall a-begging, tendering the hand for charity mechanically, as a snuff-taker's finger and thumb would seek his nose. They sit down stolidly on posts, or crouch on the bare ground, staring around with vacant listless eyes, as though they had landed in the Moon and didn't know the way to the mountains in it. And, poor souls! for aught they know of the land they have now set their weary feet upon, they might just as well be in the Moon, I trow. Presently come to them some of their own countrymen in darned coats and patched smalls, keepers of styes called lodging-houses and dens called taverns. To these

are they consigned and carried away; and if they have anything to be robbed of, and are robbed, they have, at least, the satisfaction of being robbed by their compatriots.

These woeful travellers have been gently pushed and hustled on shore by hundreds, and when the last bell-crowned hats have passed the gangway I am about departing, when I am informed that there is yet more live stock to be landed. More! What more can remain, after all this misery and all these rags, and all these walking typhus fever and small-pox hospitals?

As I have asked the question, I must answer it. There is a great deal more on the deck of the steamer yet. Pigs more. Cattle more. Sheep more. Stand on the extreme verge of the quay and peep over on the deck of the steamer. Do not turn sick and rush away in horror, but look. Look at this Smithfield in miniature; Smithfield, but infinitely more crowded in proportion; Smithfield, but ten times dirtier; Smithfield, with more cruelty, and wanton neglect, and shameful filth, than you would find any Monday or Friday morning, between Cock Lane on the one side and Barbican on the other. Are you a Common Councilman? If so, snuff up the balmy, piggy, beefy, muttony gale with a relish. Are you a slavery abolitionist? Look on these beasts so scientifically geometrically packed for economy of space, that every sheep's leg fits into its fellow's eye, and every bullock has a sheep between its horns, and you will have a very apt idea of how herrings are packed in a barrel, and how negroes are stowed for the middle passage. Are you a statist? Speculate on the exact amount of suffering, the nice quota of torture, the justly balanced ratio of maddening thirst these miserable animals undergo during a twelve, a fifteen, or a twenty hours' passage. Are you a plain man with a plain English tongue? Lift it up, and with a will, against the shameful cruelties of the cattle transit system; against that monstrous inconsistency which can make governments and municipalities argus-eyed to petty nuisances, and stone blind to these abominations; which can make mayors, and corporations, and police authorities, strain at the gnat of an orange-woman or a halfpenny candle sold on a Sunday, and swallow this enormous camel. To look at these dumb creatures panting with agony, their tongues hanging out, their eyes dilated, their every muscle throbbing; staggering on their legs, wallowing in filth, too stupefied with agony to low or bleat or squeak, too sick to move, too cowed to struggle: is enough to rouse a man of adamant. Some of the animals are so wedged and packed together that they are suffocated, and, not able even to lie down and die, die standing. Here is a wretched bullock—luckier than its fellows, for it has some two inches space on either side of it—lying desolately by the funnel, with its eyes piteously turned up, and seeming to entreat slaughter. Nor will slaughter be long in coming; for the deputed slaughterer, nice in such matters, and knowing to a hair the power of endurance in the beast, kills it just before it would otherwise die. The dead carcase would be unsaleable, or at best would have to be surreptitiously disposed of; but, slaughtered alive, it is genuine imported meat, and fetches its price.

Cheerily oh, cheerily!

THE ENGLISH PASSPORT SYSTEM.

About thirteen years ago, a Quaker was walking in a field in Northumberland, when a thought struck him.

Well! what of that? There are men walking in fields in Northumberland every day; and there are Quakers walking in fields everywhere in England, at all times, and all with some thought or another in their heads. What is the wonder of that particular case, thirteen years ago?

Why, the idea was a noticeable one. It has produced some rather important results—results which make that walk in the field a matter of considerable consequence to everybody who reads this page.

The man who was walking was named Thomas Edmondson. He had been, though a Friend, not a very successful man in life. He was a man of integrity and honour, as he afterwards abundantly proved, but he had been a bankrupt, and was maintaining himself now as a railway clerk at a small station on the Newcastle and Carlisle line. In the course of his duties in this situation, he found it irksome to have to write on every railway ticket that he delivered. He saw the clumsiness of the method of tearing the bit of paper off the printed sheet as it was wanted, and filling it up with pen and ink. He perceived how much time, trouble, and error might be saved by the process being done in a mechanical way; and it was when he set his foot down on a particular spot in the beforementioned field that the idea struck him how all that he wished might be done by a machine:—how tickets might be printed with the names of stations, the class of carriage, the dates of the month, and all of them, from end to end of the kingdom, on one uniform system. Most inventors accomplish their great deeds by degrees—one thought suggesting another from time to time; but, when Thomas Edmondson showed his family the spot in the field where his invention occurred to him, he used to say that it came into his mind complete, in its whole scope and all its details. Out of it has grown the mighty institution of the Railway Clearing House; and with it the grand organisation by which the railways of the United Kingdom act, in regard to the convenience of individuals, as a unity. We may see at a glance the difference to every one of us of the present organised system—by which we can take our ticket from almost any place to any other, and get into a

carriage on almost any of our great lines, to be conveyed without further care to the opposite end of the kingdom—and the unorganised condition of affairs from which Mr. Edmondson rescued us, whereby we should have been compelled to shift ourselves and our luggage from time to time, buying new tickets, waiting while they were filled up, waiting at almost every joint of the journey, and having to do with divers companies who had nothing to do with each other but to find fault and be jealous. If we remember what the Railway Clearing House is, and what it does; if we remember that what it does is precisely what it saves travellers and merchants the trouble of doing; if we remember that the two hundred clerks of that establishment dispose of above fifty millions of matters of detail in the course of a year, we shall see that Mr. Edmondson's idea has saved a good deal of trouble to a good many people besides himself.

It was thought a fine thing, and justly, when one railway was complete, for a short distance. It was thought a splendid thing that railways should be opened in various parts of the country; and when it was arranged that some of them should meet at certain points, people asked whether so grand a thing was ever heard of before. But there was something grander to come: a plan by which a dozen Companies should unite to carry a passenger and his carpet-bag as far as he wanted to go, and save him the trouble of dividing the fare among them by doing it themselves. In the central spot at the Euston Square Station where the Clearing House may be found, the railway companies have their mutual charges computed and the balances struck and cleared, day by day, from the twelfth part of a schoolboy and his box to the charges on "horses, carriages, and corpses," which, the orders declare, "are not to be included in the parcels" transmitted during the day. It would be cruel to torture the reader's imagination with a precise account of what the business is that is accomplished by that courageous band—the two hundred clerks of the Clearing House. It is enough to say that they examine and record the business of (we believe by this time) a thousand stations, with all their complications. Now, if we consider what these complications are—that, for instance, for passengers alone, without regarding the transmission of goods, the changes on a single line of thirty stations may amount to six thousand nine hundred and sixty, we shall shrink from looking more closely into the bewildering business of the Clearing House. The letters received and sent off amount to many thousands per day, and there is a staff of lads whose business it is to open and sort them.

Some of us who have travelled on very short, or very insignificant out-of-the-way lines may have seen, up to yesterday, paper tickets—yellow, blue, or pink—printed in ordinary printing-presses. There are a few such; but they are now quite exceptional. The little cards—blue, for the most part—which gentlemen stick in their hats and ladies carry in their gloves, are Mr. Edmondson's tickets; and they are now well-nigh universal in the United Kingdom, and familiar in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, the West Indies, and Peru. It is rather confounding to the imagitation, in the first instance, to see, as we did the other day at the patentee's office in Dublin, the boxes of cards, that had arrived from Delarue's, to be printed. A square deal box, such as would nicely hold a lady's bonnet and be light enough to be carried by the lady herself, is, when packed with these cards, a heavy load for a porter, and a fatiguing sight for unaccustomed eyes. It is fatiguing to think of the crowd that would be formed by the railway passengers who will be transmitted by means of this one boxful of cards. Assembled in Hyde Park or on Salisbury Plain, they would be very alarming in the eyes of the Pope or Louis Napoleon. There are cards of six colours; and of a few more devices. It would be convenient to the printers to have them all alike; and it is no matter of rejoicing to them when any Company falls in love with some parti-coloured device, requiring double printing, or other special management. There is so much convenience, however, in certain cases, in the tickets being distinguishable at a glance—as the Scotch by a thistle at the back, and different Scotch lines by a different grouping of the thistle—that the pattern-book of the patentee will probably always have, as now, a few pages filled with specimens of devices.

We are now to see these tickets printed. But we have first to dispose of our surprise at seeing how circumscribed and quiet is the agency by which so vast a work is accomplished as the providing of the passports of all Ireland. We would not, for all the benefits of travel, exchange our passport system for that of any country on the continent. Here is no staring in one's face, as if one were a criminal, to note the colour of hair and eyes, and the shape of one's visage. Here is no dismal anticipation of future annoyances, of bearded inspectors, of dirty-fisted hirelings, who will turn over one's clothes in one's trunks, and inspect a washing-bill, as if it contained treason and insurrection. Here we have a moderate-sized apartment, fitted up with little besides the apparatus, and tenanted by two neatly-dressed, cheerful-faced, kind-spoken Friends—young brothers who quietly work out here the invention of their honoured relative. It is in this one room, and by that bright, clean, handsome apparatus, that millions of railway passports are prepared. There is a larger establishment at Manchester; but here this modest one is all-sufficient, as it is easy for one pair of hands to print two hundred tickets

per minute, and possible to print three hundred.

The first thing about the machine which catches the eye is an upright mahogany shaft, about two feet high, large enough in the inside to contain a pile of blank tickets, laid flat upon each other. Hidden within the machine is a little form of type, containing the names of the places to be printed, and the class of carriage. The practice of printing the fare is now nearly abolished, it being found to occasion great loss and inconvenience in case of the fare having to be altered; which must now and then happen. The type is inked by a saturated ribbon, which travels over a wheel, and is brought into contact with the form. A feeder withdraws the blank tickets incessantly, one by one, from the bottom of the pile, and passes them under the form of type, which is pressed down upon each as it proceeds to the opening where it presents itself, face uppermost, to the printer who is working the lever, so that he can see that each is right and complete, before it falls into its place in the receptacle below. As we have said, two or three hundred can pass under his eye every minute that he is at work. But each one of these tickets bears a different number, from 0 up to 10,000. Two brass banded wheels, so close to each other as to look like one, and each bearing raised figures, revolve at different rates with the working of the rest of the apparatus, the distance of one figure at a time for the units, and the second wheel, the distance of one figure at a time for the hundreds: so that the tickets present a numbered end to the eye of the printer, as he works his lever. Lest there should be any mistake, however, through a moment's lapse of attention on the part of the workman, there is a Checking Machine—also the invention of Mr. Edmondson—by which the printed tickets are finally tested. They are piled in a shaft, and dropped, one by one, by the turning of a handle which turns also an index, numbered; so that the number turned up and the ticket dropped should correspond. This process is so easy that six hundred per minute can be disposed of.

There are specimens in this room of all the receptacles for tickets invented by Mr. Edmondson; the Issue Cases, of various prices and constructions, from the small one needed at a little rural station or on board a steamer, to the great cupboard required at any central railway station. There are the shafts or columns which are to be kept supplied with tickets, the undermost of which tickets is to be drawn out by the touch of a finger-tip; and there are the slips of slate on which the clerk is to note down the number of the ticket with which he begins his issue for the train then in hand. There are drawers or cases, with compartments, with similar slips of slate for humbler uses. There is also a more important little machine than any other but the printing-machine—the Dating-press. We are all familiar with the click of the sort of bottle-jack which stands on the counter of every booking-office; that machine into which the clerk pushes one end of the ticket he is selling, and from which it comes out dated. This is Mr. Edmondson's convenient dating-press, which does its work without any further trouble to the clerk than his changing the type the last thing at night for the next day, and seeing now and then that the ribbon is duly saturated with the mixture which is to ink the type. Let us see—what is there besides in this quiet little Dublin office? There is the box of type, in the slits of which are the arranged types—the names of the stations, all ready to be transferred to the form in the machine. And there is a neat mahogany slide or case, in which the printed tickets are marshalled, to be tied in packets of two hundred and fifty; and whence they are taken to be packed in their proper drawers, in readiness for the orders which will certainly be coming in soon. In the general directions issued, in the form of a pamphlet, to all clerks-in-charge on railways, it is the first order that they are to be incessantly careful to keep a sufficient provision of tickets from their own station to every other to which passengers are booked; and especially when fairs, or other incidents, are likely to cause an increased demand; and next, that the tubes are to be duly replenished with tickets, the lowest number being at the bottom. Each clerk had need be careful to watch lest any of his stock should be misplaced; for, if too high a number gets abroad, he must account for all below it. The rule is, that the clerk must make good all deficiencies, and pay over all surplus money. This is no hardship to an able and honest clerk, who will not get wrong in his accounts; and it is a necessary rule, if the vast host of railway clerks is to be kept in any order at all. But it renders a sharp look-out a matter of indispensable self-defence to the official who lives under such an ordinance. After the closing of the hatch in the booking-office, the account of the passengers just despatched has to be made out; and this is done by means of the numbering on the ticket. The closing number that went away by the preceding train is booked; and at the bottom of the tube is the lowest number remaining; the number between the two is that which has now to be accounted for—that, of course, of the passengers who are now whirling away to their several destinations. The clerk has to record twice the closing number of the tickets for each train; that is, in the compartments at the station, and in the proper column in the passengers ticket-book, which is ruled and printed for the purpose. There are returns, in a puzzling number, to be filled up daily, several of which are connected, more or less, with the records involved in the delivery of these wonderful tickets. We will not perplex ourselves with

custom, on a little piece of bread resembling a penny trumpet, and some detestable coffee; and therefore eagerly replied to the question of my friend in the affirmative, dreading, however, rather, to find myself thrust in among the hot, noisy, detestable assembly of a German *table-d'hôte*. My friend, however, is a man of some importance in the town, being Herr Deputy-sub-assistant-auditor to Herr Undersecretary to a local and independent branch of the railway. He was, indeed, far too great a man to dine at a *table-d'hôte*, since the English have made them dear and unfashionable. He presented me, therefore, to two of his colleagues. Who they were, does not matter; for, to judge of a man's character from his profession, is to be wilfully misled. Some of the quietest and steadiest men I have ever known were consistent supporters of the opera and the turf, and some of the flightiest and lightest-hearted, men of letters. The jolliest person beyond all question I ever met with was an undertaker; one of my most cheerful friends was a Presbyterian clergyman; and the sternest, a comic actor.

Enough, therefore, that the Herr von Schmidt and his two friends, accompanied by their beards, their cigars, and myself, adjourned from the railway to dine at the principal inn. It goes by the name of the United Germany; and, on the sign-board, is painted a lively and appropriate representation of the historical cats of Kilkenny. Let the reader transport himself to the first inn of a provincial town in England—neither at a watering-place, nor in the immediate neighbourhood of a fashionable pack of hounds—and ask himself calmly what he would be likely to get for dinner? It is a question to which I could hardly venture to reply. In my hunting days it used to be chops, and steaks, eggs, and bacon—bacon and eggs, steaks, and chops, and so on, ringing the changes as often as you like; but, as I have little inclination for any of these delicacies, I very seldom found anything that it was possible for a London appetite to digest, and I have been haunted with the ghost of a tough country steak, and an abominable inky fluid the waiter was pleased to designate as ketchup, or some such name, for twenty-four hours after it ought to have been laid for ever.

Let me, as a contrast, transcribe the dinner provided at half-an-hour's notice under the sign of the United Germany for our party of four. We had a clear (strained) soup of exquisite flavour, accompanied by powdered cheese for those fond of strong stimulants. Then craw-fish, and black bread and butter. Then a fillet of beef *(piqué)* with a sauce of truffles and Madeira. Then some red cabbages, stewed apples, and mashed potatoes; some cutlets of fresh pork, and some cold tongue; some eels in asparagus jelly; some hashed venison, garnished with rice; some young chickens with Perigord sauce; preserves and salad; a plum pudding; dessert, and fruit ices.

This dinner cost us just three shillings a head. We had, moreover, napkins, a spotless table cloth, and finger glasses. I am not at all vaunting the choice of Herr von Schmidt's dinner, which is, perhaps, the worst taste, but only the number, quality, and price of the dishes.

Let the country solicitor who paid ten shillings for his dinner yesterday in a dingy room in Bishopsgate Street, ask himself if he dined anything like so well as we did for three? and let any one of the unlucky diners-out in London condemned to a three-shilling dinner, compare their bill of fare with this.

Why it is, or how it is, that everything should be dearer in England than in the whole world over, it is not at present our province to inquire; but the fact, as it undoubtedly exists, is extremely unreasonable, since every single article we consumed in the dominions of His Serene Highness the Prince of the Towering Taxes, with the sole exception of the truffles, can, with proper management, be obtained cheaper in London, from the cheese (Chester, by the way,) to the ice;—and the fuel with which our dinner was cooked is beyond all comparison dearer than in England. The simple secret was in the judicious division of the contents of the various dishes into proper portions, just enough for the consumption of the people for whom they were provided, and no more, instead of giving them an equal quantity of one thing; the cunning of the cook, and the number of diners-out having brought the art of providing small dinners into a state of great perfection. Many a dozen workmen at the same factory, who carry their clammy, unwholesome dinners in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and bolt the unsavoury mess with a pint of beer in the tap-room of a public-house, might, by merely clubbing the price of their separate meals, though but a few halfpence, and dining together, conduce considerably to their own comfort and the advancement of the noble science of cookery. There is an excellent workman's dinner in Paris, provided for threepence; and most of the officers' messes throughout Germany are served according to contract, and very well served too, at from fivepence to sixpence a head.

ALICE'S POSIES.

An old house, very old, so that decay
Made a most visible progress day by day;
The very pigeons from its moss-grown roof,
Full of forebodings, seemed to keep aloof—
As even their light weight might serve to bring
Down toppling ornaments, so tottering
As the stone carven vases duly set
At intervals along the parapet.
Yet, on the very summit of the roof,
A group of poppies year by year gave proof

Of summer's influence, and flaunting grew
Unmatched in beauty and unbleached in hue,
So rich in colour and so wondrous fair,
Men marvelled how such garden-flowers came there.

Little Alice idly sitteth
In a casement high and deep,
And her cunning garland knitteth
From a freshly-gathered heap;
She is called—and nurse will chide it,
So, ill brooking all reproof,
She flung forth her wreath to hide it,
Up, upon the slanting roof.

Little Alice grew a lady,
And her garland also grew.
In a nook secure and shady,
Far from reach yet full in view.
She, like them, held men at distance,
Very calm, and proud, and fair.
Who can tell what cold resistance
Loving hearts encountered there?

Once she said—perchance 'twas lightly,
Or to hold such friends aloof:—
"See my poppy wreath, how brightly
It is waving on the roof;
Knights of yore refused no trial,
Knew no peril, spurned all pain:
He need never fear denial,
Who brings me yon wreath again."

Near that mansion, many-gabled,
Lived a student, loved her well,
And his busy fancy fabled
All good gifts with her must dwell.
Struggling onward, poor and lowly,
Still he watched her from afar;
As, to pilgrim—image holy;
As, to pilot—guiding star.

All day long her posies gleaming
Wooed him from their lofty crest;
All night long his fevered dreaming
Saw him of the wreath possessed.
(Surely they were magic flowers
Blooming on such verge extreme,
And they shewed their mystic powers
By their influence on his dream.)

Lo! one midnight from his casement,
Crept the sleeper to the roof;
Those who saw him, in amazement,
Marvelled what was his behoof.
'Twixt that mansion's outer gable
Props extend, his home to meet—
Frail, and old, and sore unstable,
Hang they o'er the narrow street.

Fast the gazers' hearts are beating—
The roof slants so straight and steep;
There's no rest, and no retreating,
Should aught chance to break his sleep.
But they watch him softly, steady,
Creeping on his prize to gain:
Did that high and haughty lady
Dream no dream of grief or pain?

Back in safety, back he passes;
Anxious crowds have filled the street—
And, from all these breathless masses,
Shouts his safe returning greet.

Wakened up, he graspeth tightly
Flowers late blooming on the roof;
Through his web of fortune, brightly
Silver threads pervade the woof.

At that moment, Lady Alice
From a festive scene returned,
Guest of late in yonder palace
Where the lights still brightly burned,
From her carriage steps the beauty,
Marvelling what crowd is there;
And they stand aside in duty,
Giving place to one so fair.

On her threshold stands the student,
Crowns her with her poppy wreath;
Had not love, the young imprudent,
Snatched it from the jaws of death.
Into tears of strong relenting,
Trembling cold, with sudden fright,
All her wilful pride repenting,
Chose she him her lord that night.

Happy student! Happy lady!
She, it seems, had marked him long,
And her woman's wit was ready
To do other suitors wrong.
For a hope had scarce existed
Very vague, and wild, and vain,
As that mortal, unassisted,
Could that poppy wreath attain.

But his peril won her over
To a sudden burst of tears:
Tears, her inmost heart discover—
Heart, she had concealed for years.
Pride retreated, all unequal
To a further course pursue.
To their lives' end runs the sequel—
Love reigned warm and fond and true.

This is the strange old story that they told
Of a deserted mansion, very old,
That, in the centre of my native town,
Looks on its humbler neighbours proudly down
And should you doubt it, is there not a proof
In the bright poppies glowing on the roof?—
Where still they flourish, though for many a day,
Both Alice and her lord have passed away.

DEAD, OR ALIVE?

GREAT heroes and great malefactors lay such hold of the popular imagination, that it is difficult to believe in the reality of their decease. Though they are slain in battle, or cast off from a scaffold in presence of a thousand spectators, whispers soon begin to spread that the death-wound was not fatal, or that the culprit escaped strangulation by wearing a silver pipe down his throat. Harold survives the Battle of Hastings; and Fauntleroy is a merchant in New York. Kings have the same presciptive tenacity of life, whether they were culprits or heroes. Richard the Second of England, James the Fourth of Scotland, and Sebastian of Portugal, lived in the belief of their respective nations long after their brains were out. The peasantry of Alsace are in expectation at this moment

of the re-appearance of Napoleon, and Russian serfs are said to talk mysteriously of the return of Alexander from his retirement at Taganrog. We can fancy a meeting between uncle and nephew, and also between the Tartaric brothers, which would be rather embarrassing to all parties. A snug little club of post-funereal monarchs might easily be got up; and here is the history of a candidate, who, we trust, runs no chance of being black-balled by the firmest stickler for divine right and hereditary power. An objection, to be sure, may be raised, that by the very terms of this account he forfeits his qualification as a member of a society of the deadly-lively, seeing that he is finally settled and decently buried at last; but who knows but that the settlement may have been as unsubstantial, and his coffin as empty on this occasion as on the first? If a man comes to life once, why not twice or any number of times? At all events, it will be agreed that up to the year 1830 he would have been an eligible candidate; for it was only in that year that any well-authenticated narrative of his (real) death was given to the public.

A French officer, who had served with distinction in the wars of Napoleon, found himself and his sword growing equally rusty in a land where golden epaulets and a silver scabbard were more valued than the bold heart or steel blade. Year after year passed on, and Major Grasigny found his moustachios getting greyer, and his purse emptier —without a hope of a rejuvenescence of his hair, or replenishment of his pocket. What was he to do? He had heard from a regimental chaplain that it was strongly recommended to convert certain implements of warfare into ploughshares, and he determined to follow the advice; but, as he had no land on which to exercise his agricultural skill, even after the transformation had been effected, he resolved to leave France to the most pious and gluttonous of kings, and betake himself to a country where a stout arm and firm resolve might keep him, at all events, from poverty and contempt. So Major Grasigny, of the second battalion of the Imperial Guard, collected the small remainder of his wealth, shook off the dreams of fresh campaigns that had haunted his pillow ever since he had been borne down by the last charge at Waterloo; left off his military strut; studied "Books of the Farm" and the "Dairyman's Guide," and embarked at Dieppe, to settle in the backwoods of America.

The journey from New York to the Pacific is now a matter of every-day occurrence; it is so common indeed, and everybody has heard so much about it, that everybody knows all the stopping-places as well as his way to church. Unfortunately, the Major was not a great geographer, and knew nothing of natural history; so his contribution to the stores of our useful information was neither extensive nor valuable. He climbed an infinite variety of mountains; was nearly drowned half-a-dozen times in crossing nameless rivers; was, of course, swamped three or four times in canoes; narrowly escaped twice from a prairie on fire; encountered wild Indians; had a fight with forty buffaloes; and, in short, went through the usual adventures of an emigrant in search of a home.

Faintly and wearily the way-worn traveller saw the end of his journey approaching at last: and also of his possessions. A few dollars were all that remained to him when he arrived at the district in which he proposed to set up his staff. The name of it has never been exactly discovered, the Gallic pronunciation being unfavourable to geographical identification; but, as nearly as it could be made out, it was the township of Squash-bash, beautifully situated on the bank of the River of Salt. The Salt River, as it is more familiarly called by Anglo-Saxon tongues, was at that time almost the utmost limit of what is called civilisation: the said civilisation consisting in a superior knowledge of rifle shooting, and large importations of gin. The major had walked on in advance of the humble vehicle that conveyed his goods, and rejoiced to find himself once more restored to the bosom of a Christian society; for in the course of his walk, he came upon the body of an Indian recently shot, and nearly stumbled over the person of a gentleman from Kentucky who lay across the pathway, immensely drunk. Encouraged by these sights he hurried forward; and, on emerging from the forest, the settlement of Squash-bash met his eyes. In more senses than one it was the settlement of his hopes. He didn't know the richness of that virgin soil, the advantages of that glorious river, the healthful alternations of that delicious climate from the black hole of Calcutta to the top of Caucasus. He saw nothing but what positively met his eyes. A primrose to him was nothing but a primrose, whether it grew by a river's brim, or hung from a dandy's button-hole, It was a dull, dead, uniform plain, overgrown with coarse reeds and traversed by a vulgar, sullen-looking stream, which recalled to him neither the luxuriance of the Rhine, nor the glories of the Danube. There was no sign of human habitation wherever he turned his eyes. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he was not the monarch of all he surveyed; for he had not sat down many minutes to rest himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, when he heard the whizz of a bullet close at his ear, and the sharp crack of a rifle at no great distance. A thin wreath of smoke revealed the spot whence the assault proceeded; and, jumping to his feet, the major ferociously placed his right hand on his left-hand pocket, as if in instant expectation of feeling the hilt of a sword, and advanced rapidly to where his

enemy had taken up his position. The rifle still pointed towards the inoffensive stranger, and was held by a gentleman with a remarkably long nose and small eyes, and a thin, lanky figure enveloped in a suit of loose, flowing nankeen, and surmounted by a sombrero of enormous breadth. At his belt, also, he wore a brace of double-barrelled pistols, and a couple of thick-handled daggers; for he was a justice of the peace, and had formerly been employed as a missionary among the native tribes.

"I'll larn yer to dismolish my household furniture, you Hivite and Perizzite," he said. "Do you think Hirampolis is a captured city, that you kick about my tables and chairs in that ere owdacious manner?"

The major knew very little English; in fact, his knowledge of that language was limited to the short prayer or adjuration with which our countrymen, from an excess of religious enthusiasm, are in the habit of interlarding even their secular conversation. He therefore gave utterance to it as a sort of Shibboleth, which was to show he was no hostile intruder into the land. But Hiram Blotts, for such was the name of the worthy magistrate, was not entirely satisfied by the address, but continued his objuration—

"You swearing Canaanite, I've a good mind to fine yer a dollar for that 'ere oath launched at an officer of the States in the execution of his duty. Why did yer sit down on my 'hogany table, you insolent French Jebusite with the dirty beard? Get out of Hiramopolis, or I'll send you to jail for three months as a rogue and vagabond."

And as he spoke, he pointed in a threatening manner to a little rise of the ground about a hundred yards to his left, as if to call the major's attention to the city prison, which figured in that position on the plan of the future town. There was something in the tone of Hiram's voice which jarred on the Frenchman's feelings, and he was on the eve of taking his chance of the marksmanship of his opponent, and coming to close quarters, when a person who had hitherto been lying in the reeds at Hiram's feet, to all appearance sound asleep, lifted his head and asked, in a tone of surprise, what the quarrel was about.

"Drop it, Abinoam," said Mr. Blotts, "and let me settle the besieger. He's been and took possession of all my moveables—sofas, chairs, and tables, as if he had bought 'em out of a 'polsterer's shop."

Abinoam, in a sort of French unknown either at Paris or Stratford-le-Bow, explained the cause of his friend's indignation; and the major was surprised to learn that in sitting down on the fallen tree, he was supposed to have attempted to infeft himself in all the articles which the proprietor had intended to manufacture out of it. With an eye of prevision that saw many weeks into futurity, Hiram beheld on his lot—which he had modestly named Hirampolis—all the glories yet to be:—the town-hall, the gaol, the market, and a rich and flourishing population owning him as their founder and exemplar. Mahogany tables, rosewood chairs, and oak-posted beds were all present to Hiram's inspired glance in the trunk and branches of the gigantic elm tree on which the major had taken a short repose.

But the sound of his own language, even in the perverted pronunciation of Abinoam, repaid him for all his fatigue and danger.

"Where did you learn French?" he inquired. "Is there any one near here who understands it?"

Abinoam nodded his head, and pointed down the river.

"I've helped the Pasher of Egypt with his crop of maize, and larned his lingo by hearing of him talk."

The major was greatly disappointed. He thought Abinoam was trying his tricks upon travellers by referring him to the Pacha of Egypt, and looked for information to the justice of the peace, who still played doubtfully with the cock of his rifle.

"We calls his location Egypt 'cause of the flesh-pots; and he's such a tarnation grand old file, we always names him the Pasher."

"But he's a Frenchman for all that, and the kindest and justest old gentleman as ever I see," added Abinoam.

"Then at last I have found a friend!" exclaimed the major. "Lead me to where he lives."

"He scarcely lives nowhere," said Abinoam, "for he's a-dying."

"If I had known you had been a friend of his'n, I wouldn't have given you this here reception," said the potentate of Hirampolis, dropping the cock of his gun; "for there ain't a braver or truer soul, no part of this world nor any other, than the good old Pasher, and no mistake."

"Is it far from this place?" inquired the major; and after Abinoam had conveyed the import of the inquiry to his companion, that individual shaded his eyes and began to look very attentively into the sky at an angle of about sixty degrees; and having at last obtained a view of the imaginary church-clock which was to form the central ornament of his future capital, he said, "I guess you'll get there afore six o'clock on them 'ere legs as you trust your body on. I could walk there in two hours, and 'Binoam shall show you the way."

"A countryman!" thought Major Grasigny, "in this wilderness, and to find him dying! At all events, I will cheer his last hours with the sound of the old familiar tongue. A French voice, even in a tone of unkindness, would be music to my ears." The way was not quite so long as Hiram had prognosticated, or perhaps the major's legs were not so inefficient; for, just as the sun

rested his broad disk on the top of the enormous forest on the western bank of the river, Abinoam pointed to a low thatched cottage, made of rough unbarked trees, and intimated that that was the palace inhabited by the Egyptian Pasher.

"Go along," he said, "and lift the latch. He don't like many folks at a time, so I won't go in to intreduce yer. I must be off to old Hiram to help lay the foundation stone of the town-hall, or he swears he won't give me a lease of the principal hotel in the city—the Hiram Arms."

The major bestowed a gratuity on the expectant landlord, and gave him instructions for the bestowal of his luggage when it arrived; and, occupied with many thoughts and anticipations, he proceeded towards the hut. It was surrounded with more signs of civilisation than he had yet encountered in the back-woods. There were large tracts of pasture and corn land partitioned into fields; a farm-yard well filled with stacks gave evidence of the fertility of the soil; while long lines of stables and cattle-sheds gave farther proof of agricultural wealth. The major walked quietly up to the door of the cottage. A low, almost noiseless knock received no answer, and he at last lifted the latch and stood upon the smooth clay floor.

"*Sang de San Gennaro!*" a voice exclaimed from a corner of the room. "I hear a soldier's step? Who goes there?" The voice proceeded from a low truckle-bed without curtains, almost hidden from view by the depth of the recess it occupied.

"A friend," answered Grasigny, in the language in which he had been addressed, advancing towards the bed and gazing compassionately on the wasted features of his evidently dying host.

"This is too much happiness," exclaimed the latter, in a feeble voice. "I never expected to hear the dear old sounds again. You are a soldier?"

"I was a soldier," replied the major, "when swords and courage were of more value than ribbons and genealogical trees."

"Where have you served?" again inquired the sick man.

"Everywhere — Italy, Egypt, Germany, Russia—"

"And I—and I—! What arm?"

"The Old Guard—Our last fight was Waterloo."

"Give me your hand; I was at all—except the last. Oh! would I had had the fortune to have charged on that day, the event might have been different! Who knows? You remember the Pyramids?"

"Aye. I was wounded by a Mameluke spear. I was in Desaix's division, and a sharp fight we had of it."

"You were pushed by the cavalry on all the sides of the square. I saw your need—"

"We owed our victory to the gallant Murat. Never shall I forget the noble charge that drove the enemy into the Nile. I see the white plume yet in the tempest of dust and smoke—ever foremost, ever unsullied—then his war-cry sounded louder and more inspiring than a trumpet, and his generosity was equal to his valour. There has been no such Frenchman as the King of Naples since the days of Bayard."

"You recall many things to my recollection which in this hour were perhaps better forgotten," said the dying man with a sigh. "Do you intend to return to Europe?"

"Never!" replied the major. "The old countries have no use for a man like me."

"The time will come," said the other after a pause. "The eagle will have another flight, and you may live to see the spreading of his wings. When that moment comes, all the true sons of France must be found at their posts. You will press once more the soil of our noble land; you will bear from me a message; you will say that, living or dying, there was but one thought in my heart—will you do this? Promise it to a brother-soldier and a dying man?"

A closer grasp of the hand he held was the major's reply; and, gratified by his consent, the invalid closed his eyes and in a few moments was asleep. The company of his countryman had a wonderful effect in renewing the old man's strength. Day after day passed on in the midst of recollections of their campaigns; a friendship such as only exiles in a foreign land can know, sprang up between them. Pierre Laverdy could not bear Grasigny to be absent a moment from the side of his bed. He called in the services of our friend Hiram Blotts, and made a will in favour of the major, leaving him all the property he possessed. All legal formalities were gone through, and Pierre seemed contented to die now that a countryman and old fellow-soldier was to succeed to his effects. Grasigny was grateful, as befitted a person who derived so much benefit from the affection of his friend; and a hundred times a day repeated the promise he had given to be his benefactor's messenger to his relatives in France, and to convey to them the memorials of their friend's recollection. This repeated promise appeared to give increased satisfaction, when the salutary influence of Grasigny's presence lost its effect, and the disease under which he suffered made alarming progress. He felt at last that a few hours would bring his course to a close, and one night when a single candle was dimly illuminating the litle chamber, he had himself propped up upon his pillow, and with his hand pressed in the major's, thus began:—

"I have not told you, my dear Grasigny, who I really am. Pierre Laverdy is an assumed name; but, though a vow of silence on that subject seals my lips, you will learn my history when you go back to Europe. That you have seen me will not even be

rise to the major from the past, like fragments of wreck from the depths of the sea. He touched the motionless hands with more respect as he crossed them upon the breast. A sacred something had filled him with reverence when first he had heard the tones of the voice; and now, when he lay before him in that wild solitude—so far from France, so unknown to all the world—he felt that he had only renewed an acquaintance with the noble spirit whom he had admired and followed so long; and again and again he knelt beside the bed, and wondered if it indeed could be. Doubt took possession of him from time to time, till a glance at the grand features and sublime repose of the departed restored his belief. The few preparations were soon made.

In a deep dell near the river, under a clump of wild magnolias, the body was committed to its rest; and Grasigny devoted himself to the fulfilment of his benefactor's command.

In the year 1848 there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, in Paris. A glittering escort accompanied the Chief of the State, who was still the unperjured governor of a free and gallant people. Near his side rode an officer without any decorations, to whom, however, more respect was paid than his military rank required. His name was shouted out with expressions of admiration as he rode along the Boulevards, gracefully reining in the fiery Arab he rode, and bowing graciously on either hand. A grey-haired man, who stood at a corner where he could see the whole procession close at hand, as he approached, examined him minutely. There was something in his air that struck him. There was a high and noble brow, firm manly lips and eyes that told of the proud spirit within. There was a military look in the gray-haired man which commanded attention; a cross of the Legion of Honour was on his breast.

"Monseigneur," he said, as the cavalcade passed, "I desire a word with you."

The fiery Arab was checked in a moment, and the rider stooped to his saddle bow.

"My name is Grasigny, major—second battalion, Old Guard."

The horseman touched his hat and smiled.

"May I call on you to-night at six? I think I have a communication to make to you with which you will be pleased."

"To see a soldier of the Old Guard will please me at all times," said the courteous cavalier, and galloped off.

Grasigny was true to his appointment. The officer received him graciously. With chisel and hammer the major undid the lid of the wooden case, lifed from it a sword, carefully enveloped in a brilliant sash—held it to the light, and read a few words inscribed upon the gold plate of the handle.

"Monseigneur, my suspicions are confirmed," he said, and handed the sword to the officer, who started on seeing the inscription, and then covered the blade with kisses, alternating with tears. The words of the inscription were these:—

NAPOLEON TO JOACHIM MURAT,
AUSTERLITZ,
2ND DECEMBER, 1805.

THE GUANO DIGGINGS.

THREE rocks, without a blade of grass upon them—their brown surface cracked by a hot sun, whose beams are rarely intercepted by a cloud—rocks upon which no rain has fallen since the Deluge—yield at present the chief riches of Peru. They are the Chincha Islands. Ships are ever gathering about them to bear off the fatness covering their ribs; that is to say, the guano, which shall fertilise the overtaxed and wasted fields of distant countries. To this guano district may now be added that of the Lobos Islands, to which Peru lays a disputed claim; but, I believe that the deposit of guano in the Lobos Islands falls far short, both in quantity and in quality, of that on the Chinchas, from which all the Peruvian guano brought into Great Britain has been taken.

My starting point for the guano diggings was Port Philip, or Victoria, as it is now called; but we are now going gently, if you please, before the south-east trade winds, just opening out the bay of Callao, the sea-port of Lima. For the last few hours we have been gliding slowly along the coast, gazing upon scenery which I should like to describe, but dare not; for though, like most sailors, a pretty good hand at painting a lower masthead or a topsail yard, I can make nothing of a sketch in pen and ink. Paint for yourself, therefore, the huge masses of rugged brown mountains, rising in steps from the green sea, and the white surf at their base, until the pure blue sky seems to be resting on their distant peaks, where the harsh contrast between earth and air is softened, less by distance than by the dim glitter of the everlasting snow. A fleecy bank of cloud ascending from some unseen valley belongs also to the picture.

Though we are bound only for the Chincha Islands, yet we come to an anchor at Callao; we have already passed the islands once. Here I may say a word on what is a great annoyance to all masters of ships visiting Peru, and a source of additional expense to English ship-owners and charterers. Every guano ship is compelled to enter inwards and outwards at Callao; thus, in the first place, sailing about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the islands to reach the port; then,—always against a head wind—beating the hundred and fifty miles back again to Pisco—a small port close to the Chinchas. Here she anchors, and goes through some formal performance or other, remaining sometimes two or three days. Then she sails back again nine or ten miles to the islands, where she loads and

afterwards returns to Pisco. Then she goes back to Callao, and finally passes the islands for the fifth, and happily, the last time, on her homeward passage. Over all this battledore duty a ship often wastes nearly a month, besides generally losing some of her hands from desertion in Callao. Certain it is, however, that there is invariably more formality in petty principalities and dwarf republics, than in states which are more able to enforce respect. Peru is by no means a tremendous power, and it is a token of good in the way of civilization, that the huge merchantmen should let themselves be bullied by her, when the whole fleet of the golden republic might be sailed off with in one parcel, quietly stowed away on board a Cunard liner. It consisted, when I saw it, of the steamer Rimac, two guns; the brig Gamarrez, eight guns; and a little schooner of four guns; the latter stationed at the islands to enforce respect from some sixty or seventy vessels of all nations.

And now up comes the anchor from its berth amongst the ruins of the old town of Callao, over which our ship is floating. A long low point still shows the remains of the last meal made by the earthquake, which, like a dragon with the stomach of an ostrich, has so frequently snapped up tit-bits of town, that the inhabitants appear to have declined providing stone fruit for it. The present houses of Callao are mere sheds of cane and mud, which, in case of a disturbance, yield no heavy brick-bats to be cast down on the heads of their inhabitants. Tall houses built of any heavy material are not eligible residences in an earthquake district.

After five days tacking against the trade wind we round the large island of San Gallan, which forms part of the Chincha group, but contains little guano. We anchor then before the town of Pisco—a little Callao in point of size, but greater than Callao in the points of dirt and drunkenness. It gives its name to a kind of white brandy well known in the South Seas. It is also especially noted as the residence of an English butcher, who supplies his countrymen with all manner of provisions, from green turtle to red-herrings. I have little doubt that his prices are remunerating, as he has the shipping trade all to himself.

Again the ship is in motion, and in an hour the proximity of the guano islands is evident to all but the most nominal noses, for though still five or six miles to windward, the scent of the guano becomes stronger at every ship's length. The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one instance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we loaded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the main land, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of this precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano having gradually filled up the valleys and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet to merely a few inches. Though the islands are not large—their average circumference being about two miles—the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity, must, on account of the varying depth of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducing therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and, at its English value—which, after deducting freight, is about five pounds per ton—would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quantities which have been used by the Peruvians themselves.

A recent traveller in the country asserts that guano was used in the time of the Incas, and that the Spaniards learned its use from the Indians, who employed it constantly. It is chiefly applied in Peru to the cultivation of maize and potatoes. The mode of applying the manure differs from that generally adopted in England. After the plants appear above the ground, a small trench is opened, in some cases round each root, in others, along the lines. In this trench, a small quantity of guano is placed, and slightly covered with earth; the whole field is then laid under water, and allowed to remain in that condition for a certain number of hours—from twenty to twenty-four. The water is then drained off, and the effect of the process is soon manifest in the rapid growth of the plants. Where a sufficient supply of water cannot readily be procured, other means of irrigation are adopted, but the guano is never sown broadcast as in England. The name itself is Indian, originally huanu, signifying the excrement of animals, but altered to huano by the Spanish Peruvians; and, owing to their strong aspiration of the h, the English have taken the word from their lips in the shape of guano. It is found on all parts of the coast of South America, even so far south as Cape Horn; but that obtained from the Chincha

Islands is the most highly prized, probably for its extreme dryness, as the islands lie within those latitudes in which — on that coast—rain never falls.

And now, having anchored between the north and middle islands, at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck heap. Pulling half round the island to the landing-place, we step ashore on a narrow slip of sandy beach, which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience. Our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping have driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these every instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but, after a plunge, he is soon seen rising to the surface with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch. Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano-birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower edge of the island—member of a pretty numerous convocation—stands the penguin, the parson-bird of the sailor, whose good name is fairly earned by his cut-away black coat, white tie, and solemn demeanour. His short legs planted far back, and his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently in such deep absence of mind, that passers-by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and a hand is already stretched out to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head again about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped. Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and at the next step, in it up to our knees.

The guano is regularly stratified: the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red colour, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honeycombed by the birds, which scratch deep, oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The egg-shells and the bones and remains of fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.

Having with some difficulty and the loss of sundry inches of skin from our legs, reached the summit of the island, we descend the side leading to the diggings, and soon arrive at the capital. It stands on a small space cleared of guano, and consists of twenty or thirty miserable shanties, each formed by four slender posts driven into the ground, with a flat roof of grass matting and pieces of the same material stretched on three sides, the other side being left open. Scarcely an article of furniture do these town residences contain, except a few rude benches, two or three dirty cooking-pans, and some tin pots. In one or two of the huts stands a small "botiga" (a curiously shaped earthen jar) filled with pisco, the spirit before mentioned. The beds are simply thin mats, and only a few of the inhabitants possess the usual red blanket of the Peruvian.

Clothes seem to be almost discarded: an old poncho and a ragged pair of calico trowsers, form the dress of the aristocracy, but many are all but entirely naked. One hut of greater pretensions than the rest is occupied by two English sailors, who have taken a fancy to the island, and call themselves pilots, as they profess to moor and take charge of the ships during the business of loading.

Close to the town is a rough and steep path to the sea, up which are brought the provisions and water, the latter supplied by the shipping in turns. On the north island is a similar but larger collection of dwellings; there, too, resides the commandant, a military-looking old gentleman—one of the high aristocracy, for he lives in a house that has a window in it. On the north island are about two hundred men, on the middle about eighty, usually; the number varying with the demand for guano. These people are nearly all Indians, and appear to be happy enough in their dusty territory; though everything about them, eatables included, is impregnated with guano. They earn plenty of money, live tolerably well according to their taste, work in the night and smoke or sleep all day. To get rid of their wages they take an occasional trip to Pisco, where they spend their money much in the same fashion as sailors, substituting pisco and chicha (maize beer) for rum and ale, and the guitar and fandango for the fiddle and hornpipe.

In getting the guano, the diggers have commenced originally at the edge of the precipitous side of the island, and worked inland; so that the cutting now appears like the face of a quarry worked into the side of a hill. The steep, perpendicular face of the

rock, which rises from the sea like a wall, and the boldness of the shore—there is seven fathom water close in—have afforded great facilities to the loading of ships. On the top of the cliff is a large enclosure formed of stakes, firmly bound together by strong chains passed round the whole. This enclosure is capable of holding four or five hundred tons of guano. It is made wide, and open at the upper end, and gradually slopes down to a point on the extreme verge of the precipice, where a small opening is left; exactly fitting which is a large canvas shute or pipe, which hangs down the face of the rock, nearly to the water. The ship, having taken in by means of her boats enough guano to ballast her, hauls in to this shute, the end of which is taken aboard and passed down the hatchway. The guano is thus poured into the hold in a continuous stream, at the rate of about three hundred and fifty tons a day; the enclosure being filled by the Indians during the night. They carry the whole of the guano down on their backs in bags, taking about eighty pounds at each journey.

Some are employed in pushing the guano down the shute, at the mouth of which is stationed an Indian, who, by tightening a rope passed round it, regulates or stops the descent of the manure. To various parts of the long pipe ropes are attached, which lead to the different mast-heads of the ship, and thence on deck, where each rope is tended by a man who, by successively hauling on and slacking it, keeps the shute in motion, and thus hinders it from choking. This choking, however, now and then occurs; and it is then a difficult and tedious matter to set right again, as the pressure binds the guano into a compact mass, which can sometimes only be liberated by cutting the shute open. Birds are frequently carried down into the ship's hold; and at one of the islands, an Indian, accidentally slipping in, was forced through the shute, and taken out at the other end quite dead. On each island there are two enclosures and two shutes, one much smaller than the other, being used only for loading boats.

After making ourselves fully acquainted with all the economy of the island, we retrace our painful path to the boat, and pull off to the ship, where, the day being Sunday, there is no work going on, and we can amuse ourselves with the scenery around us. Every little hollow in the islands has been gradually filled up, until the surface is nearly levelled; the general dark brown hue singularly broken by scattered projecting crags, white with *huanu blanco*—newly-deposited guano. Round the base of the islands little rocky peninsulas jut out, bored through in many places by the constant washing of the Pacific, whose gentle waves have insinuated themselves many yards into the solid rock, and have formed caverns which are the resort of numerous sea-lions. The time of these hermits seems to be divided between dozing in their gloomy-looking cells, and making hungry irruptions on the shoals of little fish which frequently pass through the channels. I have often watched these little fellows—packed in such dense masses that they seem to have scarcely room to swim in—moving rapidly along, a spray of them every moment leaping from the water and glittering for an instant in the sun; all evidently ignorant of the neighbourhood of any enemy. Suddenly, in the very middle of the party, rises a black, ugly head, and instantly all is confusion—a dozen unfortunates are swallowed at a mouthful. Other heads, equally ugly, pop up in unexpected places, and you can distinctly hear the snapping of the sea-lion's jaws as he works through the flying shoal, and finishes a dinner worthy of a cardinal in Lent. It is not, however, all small fry; whales often come gambolling between the islands, rolling and playing in the sun, and sometimes leaping clean out of the water, into which their huge bodies descend again with a crash that seems to shake the sea itself, and turns the surface into one great frothy washing-tub, amidst the suds of which the giant slowly sinks, throwing up his broad black flukes as if in derision of the lookers-on.

But now our work begins in earnest. Ballast is hoisted up and thrown over the side, and the long boat is busily employed in bringing guano to replace it. Most unpleasant work that is. I was one of the boat's crew, and, since of course much rivalry exists between the ships, that all desire priority in trading, we were at work night and day, leaving our ship at night and remaining under the shute until morning, so as to obtain the first load for our boat. I shall not soon forget the dismal hours we passed there. Close to us—every surge of the boat sending her into its mouth—was a dark cavern, into which the sea poured with one continuous roar. A few fathoms distant stood an isolated rock, every wave dashing boldly up it, and then falling back in sheets of foam, and scattering all around it showers of heavy spray. On our right, moored to the rocks, lay a loading ship, her warps and cables slacked for the night, leaving some twenty feet of dark water between her and the huge black cliff; the base of the cliff marked by the bright line of light which ever glitters on the broken wave of the Pacific. Glancing aloft, we saw, rising and falling with the ship's motion, the long white shute, like a fairy footpath up the rock; whilst, drawn upon the clear blue sky, were lifts, and braces, bowlines, stays, and all the maze of rigging so familiar to the sailor. And there, beyond, lay the dark sister island; her shores, too, lighted by the white ocean-fire, which, in a long dim surf-line, marked the more distant coast of the great continent itself, from which rose in the moonlight the stupendous masses

of the Cordilleras. Before morning, the heavy dew and heavier sprays had thoroughly diluted the romance of our position, and when day dawned, we were glad to get the shute into the boat, and cheer ourselves by shouting, in horrible Spanish, to its Indian guardian to let go the guano. In a few minutes down came the shower, and eyes, mouth, and nose were filled with the pungent dust, which continued to pour in until the boat was loaded to the water's edge, and its occupants looked like a portion of the cargo. One old salt, whose bushy black whiskers and long hair contained enough manure to satisfy a small farm, very energetically cursed all the farmers in the world for employing sailors to do their dirty work, instead of coming themselves and carting home the guano in their own broad-wheeled waggons. The boat being loaded, we pulled her slowly off to the ship, where our cargo, having been filled into bags, took the place of the discharged ballast. This sort of work continued for about three weeks, before our turn to haul under the larger shute arrived.

Our bill of fare aboard would have attractions for some people. Turtle was our commonest dish, as the skipper found it cheaper to give a dollar for a turtle weighing fifty or sixty pounds, than to supply us constantly with the contractor's beef from Pisco. Our turtle soup, however, would not have passed muster at Guildhall, though thick enough for sailors. Then we had camotes, a sort of sweet potato, which attains a very large size and is generally liked by Englishmen; yuca, a root resembling a parsnip; frijoles, fish, mutton-birds; plenty of seasoning, such as tomatoes, Chili peppers, and aji; and abundance of fruit—melons, grapes, bananas, chirimoyas, alligator pears, &c.; the meat boat being always well supplied with articles of this kind. It brought also, occasionally, a few bladders of pisco, which, being contraband, were smuggled with the due formalities.

At length, one of the English sailors living on the island came off and took us alongside, seeing that we were moored in a proper position for receiving cargo. With him came half a dozen Indians; cholos, we call them—that is, a name applied by sailors to all the different coloured races in Peru, though it is the special property of one tribe only. The duty of these men is to trim the guano in the ship's hold, as it pours out of the shute. The nature of their work may be imagined. The hatchways are quickly choked up, and the atmosphere becomes a mere mass of floating guano, in the midst of which the trimmers work in a state of nudity: the only article of dress with some of them being a bunch of oakum tied firmly over the mouth and nostrils, so as to admit air and exclude the dust. They divide themselves into two parties, one relieving the other every twenty minutes. When at work, they toil very hard, handling their sharp pointed shovels in a style that would astonish even an English navigator, and coming on deck, when relieved, thoroughly exhausted and streaming with perspiration. But in this state they swallow a quart of cold water, qualifying it afterwards with a large dose of raw rum or pisco, and then, throwing themselves down in the coolest part of the ship, they remain there until their turn comes to resume the shovel.

The ship's crew is employed in tending the bowlines attached to the shute, and, though working in the open air, the men are compelled to wear the oakum defences, for the clouds of dust rising from the hold are stifling. The ship is covered from truck to kelson; the guano penetrates into the captain's cabin and the cook's coppers—not a cranny escapes; the very rats are set a-sneezing, and the old craft is converted into one huge wooden snuff-box. The infliction, however, does not last long, three days being generally sufficient for the loading of a large ship. At the end of three days, right glad was I to see the hatches on, the mooring chains hove in, and the flying jib-boom once more pointing towards Pisco.

Here we stayed another three days, which we employed in washing down and trying to restore the ship to her original colour. When we left the Chinchas, yards, masts, sails, rigging, and hull, were all tinted with one dirty brown. This cleansing finished, we again tripped our anchor, passed the north island, receiving and returning the cheers always given to a homeward-bound ship, and with studding sails on both sides, ran merrily down before the steady trades, reaching Callao in thirty hours. There the hands who shipped merely for the coasting voyage were discharged, and we who remained were soon overhead in one of the many little streams which water the pampas lying between Callao and Lima, eager to wash out the alloy of guano with which our skins had been amalgamated at the diggings.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

THERE is nothing in which the English generally are more deficient, than in what may perhaps be called, for want of a better term, the art of being happy. Engaged, either from inclination or necessity, in grave and earnest pursuits of ambition or money getting, they are apt to look too constantly at the realities of life; they regard the play of fancy, the luxury of harmless imaginations, as idle and trifling; and, busy with tilling the field and gathering in the harvest, will seldom turn aside to revel in the perfume of a flower. They look upon life as a rough journey, and have no indulgence for dalliance by the way. It is not that we have not as keen an appetite for enjoyment as Continental people, but that we do not know how to gratify it. We push on along our journey,

often footsore and weary enough; but we pass the pleasant streamlet that would woo us to half-an-hour's repose upon its banks; and, keeping our appetites for the banquet which we fancy spread in the far Temple on the hill, which we may perhaps never reach, we scorn to gather the wild fruits upon the road-side, which might renew our strength, and send us on our way rejoicing.

I was wandering the other evening, with a cigar just lighted, along the streets of a quiet little German town, in the dominions of our old friend, His Effulgency the Margrave of Schwarzwurst-Schinkenhausen, while indulging in this train of thought. The first shadows of evening where just lengthening along the old-fashioned streets, and the light labours of a German workman's day were already at an end. If you looked through the open windows of any house you might pass (I am speaking of the poorer quarters of the town), the housewife had already prepared for the return of her husband, and was weaving and singing at the door. There is something always very soothing in this coming on of evening; and, after the fierce heats of the long summer day, the cheerful babble of the little streams that hurried along the streets, sounded as refreshing as the fall of fountains in the palaces of kings. Let me explain this. In the town of which I am writing, there is one of the simplest and best sanitary arrangements for carrying off the impurities of the city, that I can remember to have seen. Every street has a slight ascent, and on each side of it a gutter cut tolerably deep, and rather more than a foot broad. Down these gutters flows a swift current, supplied by fountains running into them at certain intervals, sometimes two in a street. The descent down which this current flows, added to its natural force, makes it run very briskly. The water is so plentiful that it looks always clear and sparkling in the light either of the sun or the moon, and babbling over the inequalities of the stones. It is one of the prettiest features of the town. Into it all impurities are cast, and immediately carried away by the brisk current—I fear, to the river; but, the result is, that the streets and the pavements are almost as clean as in the little village of Broeck, near Amsterdam, whose precincts have never been sullied by a wheel.

The measured tramp of soldiers and the fine music of a German military band, roused me from my musings; and when I inquired where they were going, a good-humoured burgher took his pipe out of his mouth to inform me, that His Effulgency the Margrave was expected that evening to pay a visit to their town, and that his faithful troops were marching to receive him with military honours. I followed them; and, shortly afterwards, His Effulgency came in sight. The cannons boomed out at long and irregular intervals rather laughably, and as if there was something not quite right about them. Some half-dozen people tumbling one over the other, and three in the Margravial uniform (brown and yellow), raised a faint hurrah; and a rabble rout of carriages and four and one carriage and six, some dozen of horsemen, grooms, and equerries, riding pell-mell and very much at the mercy of their cattle, straggled in; and His Effulgency, with his wife, a good-natured body, and a regular Margravial family party full of the flutter, fuss, cackling, and importance of German royalty, alighted at the palace.

There was His Excellency my Uncle, looking the very picture of Mr. Harley as Lord High Everything in a pantomime, every inch a courtier—wonderful for his talent for walking backwards, and keeping his countenance under what would have been to his degenerate nephew very trying circumstances indeed. There was the first Maid of Honour, all verjuice and bottled-up scolding; and the Mistress of the Robes, not yet quite recovered from her dismay at the false diamonds given to her in a ring by the Monocrat of all the Tartars. There was the second Maid of Honour, a sad, pale-faced lady, leaving girlhood behind her, and suspected of a penchant for that stiff-backed equerry with his long mustachios and dunder-pate, full of court titles and pedigrees. Poor Maid of Honour, poor fading flower, fading fast!

The hubbub died away. The fussy pageant had passed, impressing every one but a roving Englishman like me, with a grand idea of the splendour of His Effulgency's court; and I lit a fresh cigar and continued that luxurious thoughtful sauntering which has grown into a habit with me. I had not gone far, however, when I perceived a large room brilliantly lighted up, and gaily, but simply, decorated with green leaves and garlands. Presently company began to arrive. Humble folk mostly. Men full-dressed in wonderful handkerchiefs, buttoning behind and sitting all awry, with what we call cut-away coats, of all colours in the rainbow except red and yellow, and of which the sleeves were too long, and the collars too high, and the skirts too short. The toilettes of the ladies I am not clever enough to describe. They seemed a thought too glaring, perhaps; and the younger of them have got into a shocking habit of wrenching all their hair to the back of their heads, till the roots start in a manner that must be quite painful. I believe they call this "*Coiffure à la Chinoise*" (a Chinese head-dress), but it has very much the appearance of the preparation which a determined person might make previous to washing the face when it was excessively dirty—a comparison unfortunately often suggesting itself too naturally.

I had watched the pleasant scene some time from a little archway on the opposite side of the road, which screened me from observation,

when a bustle at the other end of the street, the rattle of wheels, and the yellow and brown liveries, told me again of the approach of the important little court of his Effulgency. The carriages drew up at the house where the festivities were going on "over the way," and the whole court, who seemed to have enlarged the borders of their garments for the occasion, descended from their carriages. The band, playing the National Anthem of Schwarzwurst-Schinkenhausen, immediately afterwards gave notice that the Margrave had entered the ball-room.

Wondering what might be going on, and knowing the simple habits of the petty German princes often take them to public places of no very select or exclusive character, and that they frequently live with their subjects in a manner almost patriarchal, I crossed the street with the intention of finding out if the usual twopence or threepence sterling would make me also a partaker in the homely revel. Although the time has long arrived for me to think large assemblies of any kind the most weary things under the moon; yet not so profitless but that we may learn a lesson of life, sometimes, in seeking them.

My surmises, however, did not prove correct. The little festival was given, I learned, in honour of the Golden Hochzeit (golden wedding) of the burgomaster of the town; and this functionary having rendered most important services to the court during the recent troublous times of '48, his Effulgency the Margrave—being, as the reader already knows, in the town—had resolved to honour the feast by his august presence.

I was just going away, with my indolence half gratified, to escape back into the air of the summer evening and my own desultory thoughts, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, turning round, I saw little Snapsgeldt the Göttingen doctor, with whom I have so often talked mysticism and ethics, and discussed riddles that might have perplexed the Sphinx, over coffee and pipes, during my visit to His Excellency my Uncle.

Under his protection, and being dressed for the evening, I immediately obtained admittance; and I think that a more touching scene I never witnessed, or one which affected me so strongly, and had about it such a genuine air of real pathos. We all know the pretty legend of the "Flitch of Bacon," as the prize of the rustic couple who could live together happily for a year after their marriage; but I had never before heard of the custom which prevails, I believe, throughout Germany, and of which I was then accidentally witnessing the celebration. When a pair have been wedded fifty years, it is usual for them to be married again, and this is called the Golden Wedding. There is another custom, too, called the celebration of the "silver wedding," which takes place after twenty-five years of wedlock; but it is not of such universal observance. The priest pronounces a simple blessing over those who have lived through good and ill so long together, and seldom fails to improve the occasion by a short but fitting exhortation to his flock to avoid evil courses, and to go and do likewise. The whole ends by a dance and a supper, to which all the friends and relations of the parties are of course invited. It is a time when old rancours and bickerings are forgotten, when the scapegrace is forgiven and the prodigal received back into his father's house, when daughters are portioned, and sons and grandsons started in life. When I entered, the marriage ceremony was over, and His Effulgency the Margrave and his court were full of condescension and congratulations, and loud empty talk, which made up by its noise for its want of meaning. They all seemed, as Germans of all ranks always do seem, to be not a little alarmed for their own dignity and importance, but through the whole flowed a vein of very great kindliness; and a tear of pleasure at the notice of his sovereign was in the hale old man's eye, as he stood up with his partner of fifty years to lead the dance once more, followed by his children and his grandchildren. I could see that his grasp tightened on his wife's hand when they stopped after the dance was over, and both their hearts were very full. Perhaps they were thinking of the time when he was young and friendless in life, and of their long courtship, and how it seemed at one time so hopeless, till energy of purpose, and honesty of heart, and hard work did for them what wealth and friends do for others; and slowly they had won their way upwards to honour, dignity, riches, troops of friends—honours and dignities which to us may seem of little worth, yet which were to them the height of their simple ambition,—and now this was the crowning and well won triumph of their lives. The beautiful spirit of Burns' "John Anderson my joe, John," rose up instinctively in my memory: I could fancy the good wife's eyes were singing it, as she looked so proudly and fondly at her husband, and they stood there hand in hand; and surely, surely, he might have answered her true heart in the sweet and tender lines of Cowper—

> "To be the same through good and ill,
> In wintry change to feel no chill,
> With me is to be lovely still,
> My Mary."

I would not sell the impression of enduring truth, and faith, and love, which this simple scene has left upon my mind for the baldric of an earl.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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HOW I WENT TO SEA

How many years ago is it, I wonder, when resenting some boyish grievance, deeply and irrecoverably irate at some fancied injury, wounded and exacerbated in my tenderest feelings, I ran away from school with the hard, determined, unalterable intention of going on the tramp and then going to sea? The curtain has fallen years ago, and the lights have been put out long since, on that portion of my history. The door of the theatre has been long locked and the key lost where *that* play was acted. Let us break the door open now and clear away the cobwebs.

About that time there must have been an epidemic, I think, for running away at Mr. Bogryne's establishment, Bolting House, Ealing. "Chivying" we called it. We had three or four Eton boys among us, who had carried out so well the maxim of *Floreat Etona* at that classic establishment, that they had flourished clean out of it; and—whether it was they missed the daily flogging, (Mr. Bogryne was tender-hearted) or the fagging, or the interminable treadmill on the *Gradus ad Parnassum* (we were more commercial than classical)—they were always running away. One boy "chivied" in consequence of a compulsory small-tooth comb on Wednesday evenings—he wouldn't have minded it, he said, if it had been on Saturdays. Another fled his *Alma Mater* because he was obliged to eat fat, and another because he could not get fat enough. Spewloe, our biggest boy, —who was the greatest fool and the best carpenter of his age I ever knew—caught the chivying disease of the Etonians, and was continually absconding. He was always being brought back in a chaise-cart at breakfast-time, and spoiling our breakfast with his shrieks (he was fifteen, and bellowed like a bull) while undergoing punishment. They beat him, and he ran away the more. They took away his clothes, and he ran away the next day in the French master's pantaloons (crimson crossbars on an orange ground), and the knife-boy's jacket. They tried kindness with him, and fed him with large blocks of plum cake and glasses of ginger wine, but still he ran away. They rivetted a chain on him with a huge wooden log attached to it, as if he had been a donkey; but he ran off next day, log and all, and was found browsing in a hedge, like an animal as he was. At last they sent for his uncle, a fierce Being connected with the East Indies in a blue surtout and white duck trowsers; so starched and stiff and cutting, that his legs looked, as he walked, like a pair of shears. He took Spewloe away; but what he did with him I know not, for he never revealed the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him again, years afterwards, in a cab, with a tiger; his foolish face decorated with such tight whiskers and moustaches, such a tight neckcloth, such tight boots and gloves and stays, that he could scarcely move. I believe he went into the army and to India, to fight the Affghans. I hope they proved less terrible to him than Bogryne, and that he did not run away from them.

I think, were I to be put upon my affirmation relative to the cause of *my* running away from Mr. Bogryne's establishment, and going on tramp, that I should place it to the account of the Pie. There was a dreadful pie for dinner every Monday; a meat pie with a stony crust that did not break; but split into scaly layers, with horrible lumps of gristle inside, and such strings of sinew (alternated by lumps of flabby fat) as a ghoule might use as a rosary. We called it kitten pie—resurrection pie—rag pie—dead man's pie. We cursed it by night, we cursed it by day: we wouldn't stand it, we said; we would write to our friends; we would go to sea. Old Bogryne (we called him "old" as an insulting adjective, as a disparaging adjective, and not at all with reference to the affection and respect due to age)—old Bogryne kept Giggleswick the monitor seven hours on a form with the pie before him; but Giggleswick held out bravely, and would not taste of the accursed food. He beat Clitheroe (whose father supplied the groceries to the establishment, and who was called in consequence "Ginger") like a sack, for remarking, sneeringly, to the cook, that he (Bogryne) never ate any of the pie himself, and *that he knew the reason why*. Candyman, my chum, found a tooth in the pie one day—a dreadful double-tooth. Who was going to stop in a school where they fed you with double-teeth? This, combined with the tyranny of the dancing-master, some difficulties connected with the size of the breakfast roll, and others respecting the conjugation of

the verb τυπτω, I strike (for, though we were, commercial, we learnt Greek, hang it!), and the confiscation of a favourite hockey stick—for which I had given no less a sum than fourpence and a copy of Philip Quarll—drove me to desperation. I "chivied" with the full intention of walking to Portsmouth, and going to sea. Lord help me!

One bright moonlight night I rose stealthily from my bed, dressed, and stole down stairs. I held my breath, and trod softly as I passed dormitory after dormitory; but all slept soundly. The French master—who was wont to decorate himself hideously at night with a green handkerchief round his head, and a night-garment emblazoned like the *San benito* of a victim of the Inquisition—gurgled and moaned as I passed his door: but he had a habit of choking himself in his sleep, and I feared him not. Clitheroe, who slept under the last flight of stairs, was snoring like a barrel-organ; and Runks, his bedfellow, who was the best story-teller in the school, was telling idiotic tales, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, to himself in his slumbers. I crept across the playground cautiously, in the shadow of the wall. The play-shed; the brick wall against which we were wont to play "fives;" the trim little garden, three feet by four, where we cultivated mustard and cress, and flowering plants which never flowered; somehow seemed to glance reproachfully at me as I stole out like a thief in the night. The tall gymnastic pole on which we climbed appeared to cast a loving, lingering shadow towards me, as if to bring me back. The sky was so clear, the moon was so bright, and the fleecy clouds were so calm and peaceful as they floated by, that I half repented of my design and began to blubber. But the clock of Ealing church striking, called to mind the bell I hated most—the "getting-up bell." The pie, the tooth, the dancing-master, the diminished roll, and the Greek verb, came trooping up; and, my unquenchable nautical ardour filling me with daring, I got over the low palings, and dropped into the high road on my way to sea.

Nobody was in my confidence. Such friends and relatives as I had were far away, and I felt that "the world was all before me where to choose." My capital was not extensive. I had jacket, waistcoat, and trousers with the etceteras, half-a-crown in money, a curiously bladed knife with a boat-hook and a corkscrew by way of rider, and an accordion. I felt that, with these though, I had the riches of Peru.

To this day I cannot imagine what the New Police could have been about, that moonlight night, that they did not pounce upon me, many-bladed knife, accordion and all, long before I got to Hyde Park Corner. Nor can I discover why Mr. Bogryne pursued me in a chaise-cart and sent foot runners after me up and down all roads save the very one I was walking quietly along. I must have looked so very like a runaway boy. The ink was scarcely dry on my fingers; the traces of yesterday's ruler were yet fresh on my knuckles; the dust of the playground adhered to my knees.

A bed next night at a London coffee-shop; a breakfast and a wild debauch on raspberry tarts and ginger-beer, very soon brought my half-crown to twopence, and I felt a lowness of spirits and the want of stimulants. A penny roll and a saveloy brought me to zero. The accordion was a bed the next night, and a sausage-roll by way of breakfast, the next morning. The many-bladed knife produced a mouthful of bread and cheese and a half-pint of beer for dinner. Then, having nothing, I felt independent.

By some strange intuitive education, I felt myself all at once a tramp, and looked at the journey to Portsmouth quite philosophically. Curiously, when the produce of the many-bladed knife had been consumed and forgotten, and the want of another repast began to be very unpleasantly remembered; it never once occurred to me to turn back, to seek assistance from any friend or friend's friend or boy's father with whom I had spent a holiday in London. It never struck me that if employment were to be found at sea, there were docks and ships in London. I was bound for Portsmouth—why I know not—but bound as irredeemably as if I had a passport made out for that particular seaport, and the route was not by any means to be deviated from. If the London Docks were situated in New York, and if Blackwall were the port of Bombay, they could not, in my mind, have been more unattainable for the purpose of going to sea, than they were, only a mile or so off. I was not afraid of Mr. Bogryne. I seemed to have done with him ages ago. I had quite finished and settled up accounts with him; so it appeared to me. He, and the days when I wore clean linen, and was Master Anybody, with a name written in the fly-leaf of a cipering book; with a playbox, and with friends to send me plum cakes and bright five-shilling pieces, were fifty thousand miles away. They loomed in the distance, just as the burning cities might have done to Lot's wife, very dimly indeed.

It was Saturday afternoon. I well remember loitering some time about Vauxhall, and wondering whether that hot, dusty road—with the odours of half-a-dozen bone-boiling establishments coursing up and down it like siroccos—could be near the fairy establishment where there were always fifty thousand additional lamps, and to which young Simms at Bolting House had been—marvellous boy!—twice during the Midsummer holidays. After listlessly counting the fat sluggish barges on the river, and the tall dusty trees at Nine Elms (there was no railway station there then), I set out walking, doggedly. I caught a glimpse of myself in the polished plate-glass window of a baker's shop, and found myself to be a very black grimy boy.

Vagabondism had already set its mark upon me. I looked, so long and so earnestly, in at the baker's window that the baker—a lean, spiky Scotchman, whose name (McCorquodale, in lean spiky letters above his shop-front) looked like himself, appeared to think I was meditating a bold border foray on his stock in trade, and rushed at me so fiercely round his counter with a bread-tin, that I fled like a young gazelle. I plodded down the Wandsworth road, blushing very much as I passed people in clean shirts and well-brushed clothes, and pretty servant-maids, dressed out in ribbons like Maypoles, laughing and chattering in the gardens and at the doors of suburban villas. I had a dreadful qualm too, on meeting a boarding school for young gentlemen in full force, walking in procession two and two. As I passed the master—a stout man genteelly garotted in a white neckcloth, and walking severely with the youngest pupil as if he had him in custody—I shivered. Bolting house and Mr. Bogryne loomed, for an instant, not in the distance, but close upon me. Good gracious! I thought—What if there should be some masonic intercourse between preceptors, relative to the recovery of runaways; some scholastic hue-and-cry; some telegraphic detection of chivying? But the schoolmaster passed me in silence, merely giving me a glance, and then glancing at his boys, as if he would say, "See, young gentlemen, the advantage of being boarded, washed, and educated in an establishment where moral suasion is combined with physical development (Times, August 20). If ever you neglect your use of the globes, or sneer at your preceptors, or rebel at pies, you may come, some day, to look like that." The last and biggest boy, in a checked neckcloth and a stand-up collar, as I made way for him on the pavement, made a face at me. It was so like the face I used to make at the ragged little boys, when Bogryne's boys went out walking, that I sat down on a dog's meat vendor's barrow and cried again.

By some circuitous route which took me, I think, over Wandsworth Common, and through Roehampton and Putney, I got that evening to Kingston-upon-Thames. The sun was setting, as I leaned over the bridge. I was tired and hungry; but, dismissing the idea of supper, as something not sufficiently within the range of possibility to be discussed, I certainly began to feel anxious concerning bed. Where or how was it to be? Was it to be barn, or hay-rick, or outhouse—or simply field, with the grass for a pillow, and the sky for a counterpane? My thoughts were interrupted by a stranger.

He was, like myself, a tramp; but, I think I may say without vanity, he was infinitely more hideous to look at. Short and squat and squarely built, he had the neck of a bull and the legs of a bandy tailor. His hands were as the hands of a prizefighter. They were so brown and horny that where the wrists joined on to his arm you might fancy the termination of a pair of leather gloves. His face was burnt and tanned with exposure to sun and rain to a dull brickdust colour; purple red on the cheek-bones and tips of the nose and chin. Both hands and face were inlaid with a curious chequer work of dirt, warranted to stand the most vigorous application of a scrubbing-brush. His head was close cropped like a blighted stubble-field, and his flabby ears kept watch on either side of it like scarecrows. He had pigs' eyes of no particular colour; no eyebrows, no beard save a stubbly mildew on his upper lip like the mildew on a pot of paste, a "bashed" nose, and a horrible hare-lip. He had an indefinite jacket with some letters—a W, I think, and an I—branded on one sleeve, a pair of doubtful trousers, and something that was intended for a shirt. None of these were ragged, nor could they be called patched, for they were one patch. Finally, he had a bundle in his hand, a cap like a disc cut out of a door-mat on his head, and something on his feet which I took to be a pair of fawn-coloured slippers, but which I subsequently found to be a coating of hardened mud and dust upon his skin.

He looked at me for a moment half curiously, half menacingly; and then said, in a shrill falsetto voice that threw me into a violent perspiration:—

"Where wos you a going to?"

I replied, trembling, that I was going to bed.

"And where wos you a going to sleep?" he asked.

I said I didn't know.

He stroked the mildew on his lip and spoke again:—

"I s'pose now you'd be a young midshipmite?"

I am certain that I must have looked more like a young sweep, but I contented myself with saying that I did not belong to His Majesty's service;—yet.

"What might you be a doing of, now?" he demanded.

It was a dreadful peculiarity of this man that when he spoke he scratched himself; and that when he didn't speak he gave his body an angular oscillatory wrench backwards and forwards from the shoulder to the hip, as if he had something to rasp between his jacket and his skin; which there is no doubt he had. I was so fearful and fascinated by his uncouth gestures that he had to repeat his question twice before I answered: then, not knowing what to describe myself, (for I could not even assume that most ambiguous of all titles, a gentleman), I said, at hazard, that I was a tailor.

"Where wos you a going to-morrow?"

I said, hesitatingly, to Portsmouth.

"Ah! to Portsmouth," resumed the man, "to Portsmouth, surely! Have you got thruppence?"

I replied, humbly, that I hadn't.

"No more haven't I," said the tramp conclusively; "not a mag."

There ensued an ambiguous and, to me, somewhat terrifying silence. I feared that my companion was indignant at my poverty, and that, on the principle of having meal if he couldn't get malt, he would have three-pennorth of jacket, or three-pennorth of waistcoat, or three-pennorth of blood. But I was agreeably disappointed; the villanous countenance of my companion cleared up; and he said, condescendingly—

"I 'm a traveller."

"And a very evil-looking traveller, too," I thought.

"If you had got thruppence, and I had got thruppence," he went on to say, "I knows a crib down yonder where we might a snoozed snug. But if you ain't got nuffin, and I ain't got nuffin," the traveller continued, quite in a didactic style, "we must turn in at the Union. Do you know what the Union is?"

I had heard of the repeal of the Union, and the Union Jack, and one of our boy's fathers was a member of the Union Club. I had an indistinct notion, too, of an Union workheuse; but my fellow tramp had some difficulty in explaining to me that the Union was a species of gratuitous hotel; a caravansary kept by the Poor Law Commissioners for the special relief of the class of travellers known in ordinary parlance as tramps and in the New Poor Law Act as "casual paupers;" and where, in consideration of doing an hour's work in the morning, I could be provided with supper and a bed.

We walked together to the house of the relieving officer to obtain tickets of admission. The functionary in question lived in a pretty little cottage, with a shining brass door-plate much too large for the door, and a fierce bell; which, every time it pealed, shook the little house to its every honeysuckle. The parochial magnate was not at home; but a rosy girl—with an illuminated ribbon and a species of petrified oyster as a brooch, and who was his daughter, I suppose—came to a little side window in the wall in answer to our summons; and, scarcely deigning to look at us, handed us the required tickets. Ah me! A twitch, a transient twitch came over me when I thought that there had been days when Master Somebody in a prodigious lay-down collar and white ducks, had walked with young ladies quite as rosy, with brooches quite as petrified, and had even been called by them, "a bold boy."

Misery, they say, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but shall I ever again, I wonder, sleep in company with such strange characters as shared the trusses of straw, the lump of bread, and slab of Dutch cheese, that night, in the casual ward of Kingston workhouse? There was a hulking fellow in a smock frock, who had been a navigator, but had fallen drunk into a lime-pit and burnt his eyes out, who was too lazy to beg for himself, and was led about by a ragged, sharp-eyed boy. There were two lads who tramped in company: they had been to sea and were walking from Gosport to London. My fellow, the man with the wrench, had been born a tramp and bred a tramp; his father was a tramp before him, and I dare say his children are tramps now.

"Yer see," he deigned to explain to me, after he had dispatched his supper, "I likes change. I summers in the country, and winters in London. There's refuges and 'ressipockles,'" (by which, I presume, he meant receptacles) "in winter time, and lots of coves as gives yer grub. Then comes spring time; I gets passed to my parish—the farther off the better, and I gets a penny a mile. When I gets there I goes 'cross country, on quite another tack. I knows every Union in England. In some they gives you bread and cheese, and in some broth, and in some skillygolee. In some they gives you breakfast in the morning, and in some they doesn't. You have to work your bed out. Here, Kingston way, you wheels barrows; at Guildford you pumps; at Richmond you breaks stones; at Farnham you picks oakum; at Wandsworth they makes you grind corn in a hand-mill till your fingers a'most drops off at yer wrists. At Brighton now, they 're a good sort, and only makes you chop up firewood; but Portsmouth's the place! You 're a young un," he pursued, looking at me benignantly, "and green. Now, I 'll give you a wrinkle. If you 're a-going to Portsmouth, you manage to get there on a Saturday night; for they keeps you all day Sunday, and they won't let you do no work; and they gives you the jolliest blow-out of beef and taters as ever passed your breastbone. The taters is like dollops o' meal!"

With this enthusiastic eulogium on the way in which they managed matters at Portsmouth, the traveller went to sleep—not gradually, but with a sudden grunt and jerk backward. The blind navigator and his guide had been snoring valorously for half-an-hour; and the two sailor lads, after an amicable kicking match for the biggest heap of straw, soon dropped off to sleep, too. There was an unsociable tinker in the corner, who had smuggled in a blacking-bottle full of gin, notwithstanding the personal search of the workhouse porter. He gave no one, however, any of the surreptitious cordial, but muddled himself in silence; merely throwing out a general apothegm to the auditory that he preferred getting drunk in bed, as "he hadn't far to fall." He did get drunk, and he did fall. I was too tired, I think, to sleep; but none of my companions woke during the night, save an Irish reaper who appeared more destitute than any of us; but whom I watched, in the dead of the night, tying up some gold and silver in a dirty rag.

Next morning was Sunday—a glorious sunshiny, bird-singing, tree-waving Sunday.

They turned us out at eight o'clock with a meal of hot gruel, and without exacting any work from us. The hereditary tramp and I walked together from Kingston to Esher. The navigator stopped in Kingston, having a genteel begging walk in the environs: and the Irishman sallied forth London-ward with a slipshod wife, and a tribe of ragged children, who had slept in the women's casual ward. With them went the two sailor lads; one of whom, with a rough kindness that would have made me give him a penny if I had possessed one, carried the Irishwoman's sickly baby.

"Why don't you chuck them ere shoeses off?" asked my friend as we plodded along. "They wouldn't fetch nothing, to sell, and they're only a bother to walk in, unless you was to put some wet grass in 'em. Look at my trotters," he continued, pointing to his feet, and tapping the sole of one of them with the blade of his knife, "they'se as hard as bricks they is. Go buff-steppered—that's the game."

Some remnants of Master Somebody's pride in his neat Bluchers must have lingered about me, for I declined the invitation to walk barefoot.

"When shoes is shoes," pursued the tramp argumentatively, "they'se good for those as likes 'em, which I don't; but when they're 'crab-shells,' and leaky and gummy in the soles, and lark-heeled, the sooner you get shut of 'em the better. There's togs, too," he pursued, looking with proper pride at his own attire, "the sooner you peels off them cloth kicksies the better. There ain't no wear in 'em, and they'se no good, if you ain't on the flash lay. My jacket's Guildford jail. My trousers is Dartford Union; and my flannel shirt is the Society for the 'Ouseless poor. When I can't patch 'em no longer, and they gets all alive like, I tears up. Do you know what 'tearing up' is? A course you don't. Well, I goes to a Union a night, and I rips up into bits every mortal bit I has upon me. Then they comes in the morning, and they puts me into a sack, and they puts me in a cart and takes me afore the beak. Tearing up is twenty-one days, and quod meals, which is mind ye reglar, is good for a cove, and freshens him up."

Here he sat down on a milestone; and, producing a remarkably neat housewife case, proceeded to overhaul all parts of his apparel with as much care and circumspection as if they had been of purple and fine linen, catching up any stray rents and "Jacob's ladders" with a grave and deliberate countenance.

How long this man and I might have kept company I am not prepared to say; but we soon fell out. He descried, or fancied that he could descry, something in my face that would be sure to attract the sympathies of the benevolent, and loosen their purse strings; or, as he phrased it, "nobble the flats;" and he urged me with great vehemence, not only to beg pecuniary relief from all passers by, but also to diverge from the high road, and go "a grub cadging," *i.e.*, to beg broken victuals at small cottages and gentlemen's lodge-gates. Finding that I was too shame-faced, he felt himself, I suppose, called upon to renounce and repudiate me as unworthy his distinguished company and advice; and, telling me that I warn't fit for tramping nohow, he departed in great dudgeon down a cross road leading towards Reading. I never saw him again.

I walked that day—very slowly and painfully, for my feet had begun to swell—to Guildford. I was very hungry and faint when I arrived, but could not muster courage enough to beg. I had a drink or two of water at public-houses, going along, which was always readily granted; and I comforted myself from milestone to milestone with the thought of a supper and bed at Guildford, where my ex-mentor had informed me there was a "stunning Union." But, woeful event! when I got to Guildford, it was full nine o'clock in the evening. The good people of that pleasant market-town were taking their walks abroad, after church service; good, easy, comfortable, family folk—fathers of families—sweethearts in loving couples—all, doubtless, with cosy suppers to go home to, and snug beds—and knowing and caring nothing for one poor, soiled, miserable tramp, toiling along the highway with his fainting spirit just kept breast high by the problematical reversion of a pauper's pallet and a pauper's crust. I soon found out the relieving officer, who gave me my ticket, and told me to look sharp or the Union would be closed; but I mistook the way, and stumbled through dark lanes, and found myself, weeping piteously and praying incoherently, in quagmires; and when I did get at last to the grim, brick, castellated Union-house, the gates were closed, and admission to the casual ward was impossible. The porter, a fat, timid man, surveyed me through the grate, and drew back again as by the light of a lantern he scanned my gaunt, hunger-stricken mien. He thrust a piece of bread to me between the bars, and recommended me to seek the relieving officer again, who, he said, would find me a bed. Then, he wished me good night, and retreated into his little lodge or den with the air of a man who has got rid of a troublesome customer.

Good night! It began to rain, and to menace a thunderstorm; but I sat down in a ditch, and devoured the bread. It was eleven o'clock, and I was wet to the skin; when by dint of dodging up and down dark lanes, and knocking up against posts, and bruising my shins over milestones, I got to the relieving officer's again.

The relieving officer lived up a steep flight of steps; and, as I approached the bottom thereof, was peeping out of the door to see what sort of a night it was. He shook his

head, either at the dirty aspect of the weather or at that of your humble servant, and was just about closing his door, when I ran up the steps and caught him by the coat-tail.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer, when I had explained my errand to him, "dear-a deary me!"

This was perplexing rather than encouraging; and I waited some moments for a more definite communication. But, none came, and the relieving officer kept staring at me with a bewildered expression, twitching nervously at a watch ribbon meanwhile, and then whirling it round as if he intended presently to sling the seals at my head; but I made bold to tell him what the porter had told me about his finding me a bed.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer again, dropping the threatened missiles; but, this time, with a shake of the head that gave solemn significance to his words. "Where am I to find a bed?"

This was a question that I could not answer; nor, apparently, could the relieving officer. So he changed the theme.

"There *isn't* such a thing as a bed," he remarked.

I don't think that he meant to deny the existence of such a thing as a bed, taken in the light of a bed; but rather that he intended to convey the impossibility of there being such an institution as a bed for such as I was.

"You must go further," he said.

"Where, further?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I'm sure I can't say," replied the relieving officer; "you must go on. Yes," he repeated with another stare of bewilderment and clutch at his watch appendages, "go on—further—there's a good lad."

Whatever I may have found inclination to respond to this invitation, was cut short by the relieving officer shutting the door precipitately, and putting up the chain. So I did go on; but not much further. I wandered down to the banks of the canal, where I found a coal-barge just unladen. It was very hard, and black, and gritty; but I found out the softest board, and, in that barge, in spite of all the rain and the coal-dust, I slept soundly.

From Guildford to Farnham next day, through Alton; where, if I remember right, the ale is brewed. My feet were terribly swollen and blistered; but, with a sullen pride I kept to my shoes. I have those shoes to this day in a neat case. Such crabshells! It was just one o'clock when I walked into Farnham, Hants; but, I was so tired out that, pending the opening of my hotel, the workhouse, I turned into a field, and slept there, under a hedge, until nearly eight o'clock.

I may remark as a note-worthy feature of the frame of mind I must have been in during my tramp, that although I was a sharp boy, with a taste for art and a keen eye for the beauties of nature, I observed nothing, admired nothing—nor smiling landscapes, nor picturesque villages, nor antique churches. I saw, felt, thought, of nothing but of the mortal miles I had to walk. The counties of Surrey and Hampshire were to me but vast deserts of coach-roads, diversified by oases of milestones, with a Mecca or Medina, in the shape of an Union workhouse, at the end of each day's weary travel. I met wayfarers like myself, but they were merely duplicates of the sunburnt tramp, the Irish reaper, and the drunken tinker. There was, now and then, a stray Italian boy, and an Alsacian broom-girl or so; and once I met a philanthropist in a donkey-cart, who sold apples, onions, pots and pans, red-herrings, Common Prayer-books, and flannel. He gave me a raw red-herring—if, being already cured, that fishy esculent can be said to be raw. Raw or cooked, I ate it there and then.

I never begged. Stout farmers' wives, with good-humoured countenances, threw me a halfpenny sometimes, and one pleasant-spoken gentleman bade me wait till he saw whether he could find sixpence for me. But he had no change, he said; and, bidding me good evening in quite a fatherly manner, rode away on his dapple gray steed. Has he change, now, I wonder?

When I woke up I went straight to the workhouse. Farnham did not boast an Union, but had a workhouse of the old school. The master was a pleasant old man, with a large white apron, and gave me a liberal ration of bread and cheese. I happened to be the only occupant of the ward that evening; and, being locked up early, I had time to look about me, and select the cleanest and softest-looking truss of straw. The whitewashed walls were covered with the names of former tramps; their poetical effusions and their political sentiments were scratched with nails or scrawled in charcoal. John Hind had laboured hard to rhyme "workhouse" with "sorrow;" but, although he had covered some six feet of wall with his efforts, he had not succeeded. Some anonymous hand had scrawled in desperate Roman capitals "God help the poor;" to which I said Amen. Mr. Jack Bullivant had recorded, in energetic but untranscribable terms, his disapproval of the quality of the cheese; and J. Naylor had given vent to his democratic enthusiasm in "Hurrah for uni"—something which looked like unicorn, but was intended, I fancy, to mean "universal suffrage." Chartism was the great wall-cry in those days. Close to the door was the sign manual of "Paul Sweeney, bound to London with Fore Kids." Motherless, perhaps.

There had been one "casual" in before me; but he was taken so violently ill immediately after his admission, that he had been removed into another outhouse, on to a truckle bed; the rules of the establishment not permitting his being transferred to the infirmary. The poor wretch lay groaning piteously, as I could hear with painful distinctness through the thin wall that separated him from the casual ward. His groans became at last so appalling that

they worked me into an agony of terror; and I clung to the locked door (in the centre of which there was a largish grating) and beat against it, to the great disgust and irritation of the porter; who, with a lantern at the end of a pitchfork, came in to look at the moribund occasionally, and who made a rush at me at last as he would have done at a young bull. "It's all over with him," he said to me in remonstrance; "so where's the good? The doctor's gone to a birth; but we've give him a bottle of stuff till he comes, and made him comfable. So lie down."

Whatever the "stuff" was—doctor's stuff, kitchen stuff, or household stuff—the miserable man continued "moaning of his life out" as the porter said querulously, until it was almost morning. Then the doctor (a pale, over-worked, under-paid young man with tight trousers, and spectacles, always in a chaise and a perspiration) came; and I heard him tell the porter that the man would "go off easily." He presently did.

They let me out at eight o'clock—sick, dizzy, and terrified. "I told you so," the porter said with apologetic complacency, "he went off quite 'comfable.'" This was his epitaph. Who he was or what he was—where he came from or whither he was going—no man knew, and it was no man's business to inquire. I suppose they put him in the plain deal shell, which I saw the village carpenter tacking together as I turned down the street, and so lowered him under ground. They might have written "comfable" on his tombstone, for any purpose a word would serve—if they gave paupers tombstones; which they do not.

But, this poor dead unknown man did me a service. For, whether I was superstitious, or whether my nerves were unstrung, or whether repentance at my obdurate folly came tardily, but came at last, I went no farther on the way to Portsmouth, but thought I wouldn't go to sea, just at present, and tramped manfully back to Ealing, determined to take all Mr. Bogryne could give me, and be thankful. But I did not get what I expected and what I deserved. I found anxious friends just on the point of putting out bills of discovery as for a stray puppy; I found a fatted calf already slaughtered—kindness, affection, forgiveness, and *Home*.

There was but one drawback to my happiness. With some strong preconceived notion of the dreadful company I must have been keeping, and the horrible dens I must have sojourned in, my relations and friends found it to be their bounden duty to wash me continually. When it wasn't warm bath, it was yellow soap and scrubbing-brushes; and when it wasn't that, it was foot-bath. I was washed half away. I was considerably chafed, and morally hustled too, by good pious relatives in the country; who for many months afterwards, were for ever sending me thick parcels; which, seeing, I thought to be cakes; which, opening, I found to be tracts.

I have walked a good deal to and fro on the surface of this globe since then; but I have never been to sea—on similar terms—since, any more.

THE GARDENS OF RYE.

If I lived in Piccadilly, I believe that I should not be tempted to Hyde Park by the grandest review of drums and guns, and cartridge-boxes that was ever held, though Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria, sent their Field-marshals and their picked troops to eke out the show. Living not very far from Piccadilly, I was, however, tempted a short time ago to journey off to the remote neighbourhood of Romney Marsh, attracted by the announcement that a grand field-day was to be held, and that a review of regiments of turnips, carrots, pumpkins, and such brave supporters of the country, was to take place under the auspices of field labourers from Playden, Peasmarsh, Iden, Northiam, and other places, who would bring contingents to the field.

There had been sent to me a bill of the performance of the Rye District Cottagers' Horticultural Society, advertised to be presented in spacious marquees on a promising day at the close of August in the present year. The programme lies before me now, a sheet as large as half-a-dozen London playbills, and offering a proportionately large combination of attractions. There are set all over the paper, apples, for cooking; apples, for eating; pots of honey; ripe fruit; scarlet runners; and many other equally old favourites, which were all announced to appear together in their finest characters. I thought that an assemblage of them in considerable force was worth going a good way to see. Little enthusiasm as I feel about the tented field, commonly speaking, I thought that there might be something that would cause my heart to warm a little when I got among the tents of the horticulturists, and saw the flags of the cottagers of Sussex floating victorious over the soil they had conquered and which they had compelled to pay to them heavy tribute.

I took the first train for Hastings on the appointed day, and, quitting Hastings instantly again, proceeded on to Rye. It was one of the cheerful days which autumn has in her youth before she takes to sighing, weeping, and the wearing of russet. She wore a very gay dress—green and golden—on the day in question, prettily trimmed, I observed, with festoons of hop; and she had on a magnificent blue cap, upon which there floated a few ribbons of cloud. Mistress Autumn does not wear her best clothes when she is in town, but it is different when you go to see her in the country.

The sea looked its bluest as we swept away upon our flight like birds; and the Downs, with the remains of Hastings Castle on their summit, were drawn over the waters

like a glorious curtain. The field of glory that I had come out to see was not far from the railway station. I saw the fluttering of flags, and, turning into a lane called the New Rope Walk, which the Corporation of Rye, by placards, particularly requests that nobody will injure—I am sure I feel great pleasure in making their wish public—I came to the very spot which, like a loadstone mountain, had exerted its influence on me, nailed to London, and, drawing me with a strong wrench from a bookshelf to which I have there been habitually fastened, whisked me away to Sussex. Only there was a ditch of very muddy water which still parted me from the spot to which I had been flying. Being a bachelor of fifty, partial to nankeen and wearing pumps in summer, it may not be regarded as a weakness that I am particular about my feet and legs. I could not cross that ditch. It being obvious, however, to my capacity, that the ladies, the true bloom of Rye, who would be coming up that rope-walk to get into that field, would not be called upon to wade to the tents of glory through that ditch, I made a narrow search for means of passage, since no bridge was readily to be discovered. While I was thus engaged, a buxom damsel walked into the ditch and over it, and displayed, as she ascended on the opposite bank, a perfectly unsullied pair of stockings. Pictures may wink and images may walk, but a young woman of her size, I thought, could not get over mud or water without sinking.

I was right. A load or more of cut grass had at one particular point been thrown into the ditch; and over that—as soldiers cross a moat over the bodies of the slain—we were to march to where the banners had been lifted. They had been lifted in a large and pleasant meadow, much shaded by clumps of old trees. They consisted chiefly of union-jacks, which had braved frequently the breeze, and had been hung out often, I suppose, in dirty weather. Within a space, parted from the rest of the field by a light wall of fishing-nets, rose a broad white hillock of tent completely covered in, and completely covering in also the vegetable portion of the exhibition. Of the human portion, groups were scattered about the field; but as I had arrived upon the spot when the day's sun had reached its noon, and as the noon of triumph to the horticulturist was not to blaze until two o'clock, the groups were few, and the business transacted by two merchants in ginger-beer, gingerbread, and Brazil nuts, was not of a kind likely to call for greatly increased exportations from the Spice Islands, or to give much impetus to the Brazilian trade.

Having seized the hand of the Rye Cottagers' Society, that is to say, having seized its secretary, I was introduced at once among the mysteries within the tent. Remembering, as I now do, how that tent appeared when it was dressed for company at two o'clock, and how elegant it was declared to be, I do not know that it is requisite for me to betray the secret of the toilet, and to tell how it appeared at half-past twelve, while the great business of dressing was in progress.

I strolled away, to take a look at the town of Rye—once a sea-port; now, only a Cinque Port. The sea in it is not very much seen, because the harbour choked itself some years ago, and is defunct. I believe there is a new channel, and a way by which the tide can come up to give the town a little daily kiss, but it must be, I think, a very little kiss, and no such hearty smack as the waves gave to Rye, when, for example, Rye was the town to throw nine ships at a time upon the ocean's lap, as contributions to King Edward the Third's equipment for a French invasion. Even now, however, Rye must be a town of enormous importance, for it has the privilege of returning men to assist in holding the canopy over sovereigns of Great Britain at their coronation. And a town that is privileged to throw a king into the shade should be a town worth looking at. It is in a fertile district; and its gardens have in them vigour enough and its gardeners have in them wit enough, to reproduce the biggest bomb-shells in their pumpkins, to grow mock bullets of all sizes in their peascods, and to shed the richest blood from the black hearts of cherries. As for vegetables, they are growing on the broad marsh (waste as it looks), broken only by its trenches. The shrewd people have drained it. Leap the drains and you may gallop dry over that marsh in winter-time. One would not wish to live upon it though one may work upon it, and I see no houses on its surface; only one house in the distance, sacred to One and visited of many, with a slender spire that points from the reclaimed earth to heaven.

A quaint and pleasant old town, with true life in its heart, I think to myself as I return to the marquee. I pause before the door of an old store-house, which, I am told, was once upon a time—before the wars with France—a monastery of Augustine Friars. A half defaced bill on the door, remaining from the last election, calls upon the men of Rye not to be trampled under foot, to rally round a tried friend, to secure for Great Britain the glorious triumph of a great principle, and remember the mighty din of the tremendous battle in the classic streets of their famous town when the false traitor John Atrox would have led them all into a pitfall. Rally, cried the old monastery door to the electors, rally round Free Trade!

"A band of music will be in attendance." The bill which made this promise held out no false baits; there is the band under a shady tree—nine gloomy men who sit about a deal table, and prepare at this moment to blow. Blow, fiends, and crack your cheeks! "Let fall your horrible pleasure." Ah, well, well! not so unpleasant after all. Although, outside my window in London where I

have been poring over my book, musicians, measuring with deliberate malignity some twenty paces from my ears, have often blown the brains nearly out of my head; yet here, under the trees and autumn sky, with the sea breeze upon my cheeks, I can receive even you into my large heart and enjoy the produce of your windy industry. My large heart has also room for admiration of these fresh-complexioned daughters of Rye. For the first time in my existence I enjoy the contemplation of Rye faces. I enjoy this double-distilled essence of all maidenly gentility, which looks so comical with limp hair and a curly lip; this fine mass of blue satin. I should like to see this resplendency feeding pigs on a washing day in her print dress, with her sleeves tucked up; her elbows kissed by the suds. She looks contemptuously at my nankeen and pumps as I sit quietly upon a bench by which she floats. She leans upon the arm of a decided agriculturist, whose pigs she will feed hereafter when they are a happy couple. They are not a happy couple now; for I can see that the young lady is flirting.—Here, in the wake of a portentous portly gentleman, come two buttercups of daughters. There is a blue-bell with a bended head. Poor blossom! born in vain among the dairies; smell of cows will never cure her; only death can ever dim the fatal lustre that is in her eye. The throng increases—reverend gentlemen, country gentlemen, bankers, tradesmen, millers; all with wives and daughters. Outside there hang the lookers-on. They are receiving with great joy notes to an incredible amount scattered recklessly among them by the band. I cease to share this joy. I plunge into the tent.

A writing on the wall, which spreads over its whole surface, traced in the divine material of leaves and flowers, faces me as I enter. "The Earth," it says, "is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." So my eye falls from this upon the fruits and flowers which surround me, formed in quaint patterns and wreaths, while human holiday faces shine among them, each hung with its own wreath of smiles. This is the thing I came to see, or at least part of it. In this first tent, the fruits and flowers are exhibited by gentlemen and ladies for subscribers' prizes, which are simply cards; cottagers receive cards of the same kind with money. There are more devices on the walls tastefully and laboriously executed: there are Cupids in baskets; there are temples built of flowers. There is also a colossal pair of scales made with plants, having in one scale an admirably disposed group of real vegetables, and in the other scale a group of flowers and fruit; the turnips and carrots being represented—with a due regard to the moral of a cottage garden-show—as outweighing the nectarines and roses. Much time and thought must have been spent upon this, as upon many other of the contributions of subscribers. Well done; I understand this and I like it. I have nobody to talk to, but I think to myself very much as follows:—

This rustic Horticultural Society is established to promote habits of industry, economy, and management among the labouring cottagers. It offers—together with a card of honour that may be suspended from the cottage wall—prizes of money for the best specimens of the most useful vegetables:—for the best sent from each parish, and for the best produced in the whole district. It offers similar prizes for the best specimens of less important vegetables, of useful fruits, of inexpensive cottage garden flowers, and of bees'-wax and honey. Such Societies are common in this country, and their shows, when they are well managed, form wholesome incidents in English rural life; they are among the pleasant, peaceful features of this autumn season. I have visited such gatherings before, but have not always come away from them exactly satisfied. Money prizes are acceptable enough by the competitors, considering the rate of income among rustic labourers. In this instance—as is usual and right—the cottage competition is confined to men holding not more than a quarter of an acre of ground; agricultural labourers, mechanics, and others in trade—not being master-men—whose weekly wages do not exceed an average of seventeen and sixpence. The danger in all these cases is the adoption of a wrong tone by the gentry who undertake to patronise the cottage horticulturists. What I like about these laborious inscriptions done in leaves and grasses, and these floral temples, scales, and basketed Cupids, is the plain fact which they reveal to the cottagers, that it is not they only who have looked forward to the show-day, but that the ladies and gentlemen have plunged into its fascinations with as true a good will as themselves: that they also have spent their wits on the production of a something that shall win applause and be a credit to the exhibition. What I like in this Society is, that the rich and poor co-operate in exhibiting; all equally desirous to obtain the card of honour, common to all classes. The money prize with which the card of the cottager alone is gilded or silvered, may be given in this way with a good grace, and need not take the form of supercilious encouragement.

In this tent there is a table spread with produce that has been sent in by servants of the South-Eastern railway, residing on that portion of the railway which is contained in the Rye district. The South-Eastern Railway Company deserves credit for its little vote of a few guineas for the maintenance of efficiency on such a branch line as horticulture. To promote a taste for flower-pots in its servants is to keep within moderate bounds a taste for pots of beer, and it moreover testifies a kindliness which excites to faithful service,

when the Company enables its men to go down to the distant show, to add themselves to its attractions, and to obtain their share of its prizes, without being beholden to its funds.

When I have penetrated through this antechamber to the great marquee, and have passed the pair of massive, handsomely bound Bibles, on their stand of harvest sheafs, I come to the real exhibition tent, in which the glories of the gardens of Rye inspire me with a new enthusiasm. Covent Garden me no Covent Gardens. You must go to Rye if you would see potatoes. There is a long table down the middle, upon which are laid out French beans, turnips, cabbages, sweet herbs, apples, plums, hollyhocks, dahlias, nosegays, marigolds, and honey in which the prince of all the flies might drown himself after a minute of joy that was worth twenty times his principality. The produce on the centre table consists of articles in which the whole district competes together. The sides of the tent are lined with tables subdivided into parishes. Here is the parish of Peasmarsh, occupying an area of one hundred square feet. Its vegetable productions are potatoes, parsnips, onions, and carrots. The finest may be known by the skewer that is stuck into them supporting the inscription on a label—"Parish Prize." In the district competition, you may know which articles are considered, by good judges, to be best, and second best, and third best, because there are three prizes, indicated by three tickets, for each kind of flower, fruit, or vegetable that has been fetched up out of the treasure-chambers of the earth. Earth has been conquered and taxed handsomely. The union-jack may well fly overhead, and the band may well cease blowing Roast Beef of Old England through the canvas. Greens and potatoes such as these, look too provoking as they are; it is not meet to add to them a hint of beef.

At the end of the tent, under another elaborate amateur inscription, are the baskets of vegetables or of fruit sent in for competition. Exhibitors find their own baskets. Wherefore clothes' baskets preponderate: there are a few single hand-baskets, and some little work-baskets. This is the quaintest corner of the show. The different degrees of taste, shown in the arrangement of the articles, betoken very different degrees of natural ability. Much acquired knowledge, Heaven help our legislators, is not yet brought to bear on anything among field labourers. Here is a large clothes' basket, the contents of which might be painted as they stand. Turnips peep bashfully from under cabbage leaves; carrots lie where their colour is wanted; French beans are dashed in with the touch of a master, and the whole contents connect themselves with the great golden pumpkin, as the central point towards which they must all refer themselves in the true spirit of unity. Whoever filled that clothes' basket with produce had a mind busy within his skull; but I suspect it was some labourer's daughter, who will blush presently with pride to see that her home-garden is honoured with a prize. Here is another basket, into which pumpkins, cabbages, turnips, and parsnips have been put—simply put; there was a hand to lift them up and put them in, there is no sign of a head. But, if ambition be a sign of mind, there is ambition enough of a sort familiar in the ways of literature, and in many other ways. Ten ordinary French beans, two tenth-rate cucumbers, a common cabbage, and an undersized carrot have been put into a basket and sent in, no doubt with the decided expectation of applause. I thought of many of the new books I had read; some of them written even (if I may venture to reveal the fact) by lords, and it is odd, to be sure, that I should have been reminded of them by the dressing of this basket. Then, in the way of fruit, there are such basketsful as autumn herself might not disdain to send in as a sample of her English cottage produce; yet what have we here? I do not invent an absurdity; here we have sent in to the rustic show, by some extremely sanguine fellow, a small basket of which these are literally the contents:—a score of small and ill-conditioned hairy gooseberries, six plums of the kind seen on barrows in the streets of London on sale at twopence a quart, and as many bunches of black currants as would go into a saucer of the size of a crown-piece. I have met with such hairy gooseberries and plums and currants among the intellectual produce of some friends of mine whom I won't name. My abstruse friend Wilkins, and my facetious friend Tomkins, more especially after dinner, have repeatedly obtruded upon society hairy gooseberries of their own cultivation, with the air of men who produce something handsome. These baskets excite melancholy recollections; I will look no more.

The polite company who crowd the tents at Chiswick, fill the air with the five words Beautiful, Exquisite, Sweet, Lovely, and Charming—each of which is multiplied by the three degrees of comparison; so that, altogether, fifteen forms of critical remark may be said to exist among polite attendants at a horticultural exhibition. The last time I was at Chiswick Horticultural Show, I met the raptures of a maiden sister, who was my companion, with two hundred and fifteen beautifuls, ninety-one exquisites, five sweets, and a nice; which latter I threw in on my own responsibility—I counted the goods as I delivered them. Having no lady with me now, I feel malicious pleasure in observing those who have, until, becoming hot, I travel out again into the sun.

The tents are emptying, and the gay people promenade on the fresh grass, or sit under the trees. Silken dresses shine under the bright sun; there is no wind, but a band blows constantly. It will soon be half-past three, and all the cottagers know what's

o'clock; they all await the time of entrance in a mighty army outside the camp gate. I stand by the gate. The word is given. In they march. Husbands and wives, with children—very old men, whose whole faculties seem to have run into the one no-faculty of deafness, leaning on younger arms most willing to be burdened—raw, vegetable faces, animal faces, human faces; in they pass. I must go in with them. These are the exhibitors; and all who have thoughts (some evidently have none) are eager as exhibitors at the Academy to go in soon, and see how the placing committee may have dealt with their productions. It is not, in this case, only a desire to see how they will look. The cottager who wants to know whether one of his contributions has obtained a prize, must now go in and see. If he knows his cabbages again, he must look out for them and ascertain whether they have been ticketed. It is, however, a wise cottager who knows his own cabbage; and, if he be puzzled to recognise it, marked only with his number, he must wait until the formal distribution of the prizes takes place presently. I go in with the second crowd, for whom the tents have been vacated. We are all directed to flow in one stream. The crush is immense, and some desire to stop, some to go on; each enters with a special object of his own. The hearts of some are upon cabbages; the thoughts of others rooted among carrots; others desire to run over the beans, or to dilate on pumpkins, or to find the wax and stick to it.

At the entrance, a square exhibitor, who has made me acquainted with his own weight by balancing himself upon my toes, inquires of me, while I am dancing in my pumps:

"Which be the nighest way to the tearties, Masser?"

He has evidently given hostages to fortune in the shape of ten potatoes, which, from the very bottom of my toes, I hope are not the "best ten." The excitement in this crowd is quite enlivening; there are no more delightfuls and charmings—everybody has an object in his, or her, or its eye. I say its, for babies in arms enter; and the babies have their eyes about them, and make sudden plunges after anything attractive. One of them, near to which I was fastened in a stoppage, busied its fingers innocently in my whiskers, which are of a winning colour. A neat young maiden asks of a matronly companion with more anxious timidity than becomes sisterly interest, "Where be Will's beans?" The matron does not know, but Will is not far off—a frank young fellow in the whitest smock.

"Will," says the matron, "which be thy beans? Has thee got anything?"

Will scrutinises many beans in many dishes with the look of a Champollion at work on half-obliterated hieroglyphics.

"If I only knowed my number, Sally," Will says, answering the girl who never asked him any question. "If I only knowed my number?"

"Yaw-haw, Will!" cries a crony from afar, struggling against the stream to get at him. "Thee basket's ticketed a prize." The girl's cheeks are crimson in a minute. Oho! methinks I know the basket, and who put the vegetables in.

"Thee'll see the number on the basket," says the prudent matron; "then we'll know the beans." The maiden takes the hint and pushes off to gain the information; Will follows to help her; but the matron, like a solid person, stays to see the solution of the bean question before she moves another inch.

Excitement is great about the cucumbers; two or three of that habitually awkward family are continually hooking themselves into garments, and being swept down by the crowd. A highly critical and intelligent lecturer in velveteen is pointing out, "Now you see it isn't the biggest that gets the prize; you see here's a little un, now."—"But this un," says a sceptic, "as ha' got a prize, is big, to be sure; but then he's old. I dusna cut cowcomers a' that age." A woman of fifty, with the happiness of fifteen in her face, is telegraphing across the table to another woman, and pointing to a cucumber. "Has thee a prize?" says her neighbour. "Yes, yes, my man—second prize:" and all her fingers twitch and dance together with the restlessness of sudden pleasure. The perfect content with which failure is accepted is extremely noticeable. There is no reserve among the men in telling one another of defeats, and no tone of mortification. The prizes are, in fact, more numerous than the exhibitors; and while some obtain honours in half-a-dozen things, few cottagers of average intelligence need be entirely plucked. Here is a man with a shrewd Yankee look puzzling all by himself over the cabbages. He don't know his own cabbage, for there are fifty in a row, all very much alike; all very fine. The whole show of vegetables is indeed peculiarly fine. I was introduced to the President just now; and desiring to express my appreciation of the quality of the garden produce, and to show myself a little of a judge, lauded "a splendid specimen of the squash or vegetable marrow;" but, being told in bland accents that it was very fine, but a pumpkin, I declined committing myself any farther.

"I've a prize, Tom!" cries one acute man to another, who belonged to the same parish.

"Han yer? so have I. What be yourn?"

"Taties."

"Tairties! Well, so be mine, tairties."

"Sure?"

"Shooer. I nawed my tairties by a slug as narred one on em, so I had to gi' un a cut near one or 'is eyes this marn, and so I nawed un."

"Then you'n got the prize for taties, an not I? Well, sure, I thowt em was my own. Well, I'm glad you'n got him, anyhow."

"Maybe I'm wrong," says Tom; "we'll see at the giving away, presently."

Spite of the rude faces and rude accent, there was the most refined politeness in the whole spirit and manner of this little confabulation—a politeness not assumed, but bred of natural good feeling. I wished prizes to them both most heartily.

Giving-away time was at hand as I went out again into the sunny afternoon. A temporary throne had been made for the President upon the grass. Judges and committee formed a group behind the chair of state. The treasurer was there with funds, the secretary with his cards of honour. For the best kept cottage garden in each parish the money prize added to the card was a half-sovereign, and for the next best a crown-piece. To decide upon these garden prizes, the seven judges, men of rank and standing qualified for their voluntary task, had undertaken an aggregate of travelling equal to four hundred miles. Forms are brought out, and a gay host of ladies, glittering under the sun in an arch before the chairman's seat, create for once a rainbow without any cloud. Gentlemen, and cottagers, and curiosity seekers of all grades, press down over the circle from without, while children, licensed law-breakers, tumble about upon the sacred space through which the prize-winners are to march up under a bright fire of eyes to take their honours. No less than one hundred and forty-five prizes are to be distributed, and each prize-holder has to be found and summoned, often by as many shouts from mouth to mouth as call a witness into the Old Bailey. John Tom is wanted. John Tom!—John Tom!—after a long pause there prances into the ring a stout old lady, with two large umbrellas in one hand, and a basket in the other. "Are you John Tom?" "Yes, sir," she answers, with a curtsey. It is understood that she is John Tom's mother, grandmother, or sister, and she takes the prize on his behalf.

Old men come up—young men come; wives come in place of husbands, mothers represent sons. Some shamble up; some run up; some who receive cards of commendation without money stand stock still when they are up, and cannot be made to understand the card without a coin upon it. Stupidity abounds; the acuter men take more than one prize; the same faces often reappear. In 1850, when the Society began, there were one hundred and fifty-six competitors, and a hundred and four prizes were awarded to the best out of five hundred and eighty-seven productions. The year after, among a hundred and four competitors there were distributed one hundred and twenty-four prizes, the highest total netted by one man being then one pound ten shillings. This year Stephen Gadd, of Northiam, has the second best garden, the best parsnips, the best parish onions, the best basket of vegetables, the best district onions, the best district basket of vegetables, the best runner beans, and the best district cake of wax, for which he receives in money on his prize cards thirty-five shillings and sixpence, together with a costly Bible;—one of two awarded to the two foremost men. So prosperous is this year's show, I am told, that it is contemplated next year to take a whole day for the exhibition, and to fetch in a skilful gardener to scatter hints about on the occasion. The number of competitors for the garden prizes has risen this year from forty to seventy-five, and the healthy influence exerted on the cottagers in this respect is very marked. One whole parish, which could not show last year a cottage garden worthy of award, this year contains gardens which not only obtain prizes, but which are fit to compete with those of any gentleman in the same district.

The Gardens of Rye then flourish; and long may they flourish. I can't wait for the end of the distribution, because the last train from this remote and rural spot leaves for London at twenty minutes past five. I shall miss the President's closing address, and I am told that I shall miss one of the most agreeable annual events of Rye. The President is evidently popular. I cannot help it. I must go. It is but a short walk down to the station; and as I wait there, I look back and see the tent, the flags, the gay and silent group about the presidential chair upon the grass. Here and there a lady and a child or two are coming down the Rope-walk, on their way home, I opine, to tea. The autumn sun, already casting evening shadows, throws a rich light over them all. The train carries me off, and, as it passes quite close to the field, I point out to a fellow-passenger the rustic festival. "It is a happy scene," he says; and I agree with him.

THE TOWER OF THE SEINE.

'Twas in the old times, and the fierce Normans lay
All baffled and chafing in sight of their prey;
A few strips of plank and a fortress of wood
And courage, betwixt them and Paris there stood.

That rude tower covered the champions of France,
So few, the foe counted the band at a glance,
Those men, were they many as brave, there, I trow,
The Norman that host might have counted till now.

Lo, swift from the city a messenger sped,
And scarce gathered breath till his errand was said:
"Return, ye brave knights, ere the morrow comes on,
The foe may in mockery bid ye be gone.

"Come back, ye have gallantly done your devoir;
Our traitorous river doth rise to the roar,
And struggling to span the full waters in vain,
Yon frail bridge, ere nightfall, will sink in the Seine."

One glance at the Normans, one gaze on the Seine,
Then spake they their vow as one man to remain:
"Tell Paris 'tis joy with her foemen to stay,
While e'en our dead bodies can block up their way.

"Shall we, craven watch-dogs of France, hurry back
To our threshold, and leave them the same open track?
No! Death will be triumph, while Paris, we know,
If *we* may not reach thee, no more can the foe!"

With locked hands the pledge to each other they gave,
With courage grand, silent, and deep as the grave,
That in its still glory like summer eve shone,
More calm, more intense as its sunset drew on.

They shook hands with life without shudder or sigh,
They loosened their hounds and their falcons let fly:
Sent farewells to hearts that ere night should be rending,
But the firmly-set lips never shook in the sending.

But why to that slender youth talking alone
That grey-haired old knight? They are father and son,
And the spirit that time in the one cannot smother,
Hath not waited for time to grow strong in the other.

With pride and fond yearning the father's eyes rest
On the young face that blooms o'er the steel-covered breast,
And turn from the brow in its maiden-like snow
To the manhood that burns in the dark eyes below.

Then spake he: "And must the first hue of thy fame
Be red with thy young life, oh, last of my name?
Too soon for its glory, too soon not to shun
The death that is born of fierce vengeance, my son!

"For me it is little: I dread not their rage;
Life painlessly drops from the loose grasp of age,
But on thee are its strong hands, its honours untried,
High deeds are before thee, my hope and my pride!"

"I leave thee not, father! the country that gave
My place 'mid her bravest, then chose me my grave,
And lived I for ever, Fame's highest could be
No higher than this;—that I fought beside thee."

"Thy mother, God help her! sits grieving alone,
No child's voice e'er gladdened her ear, save thine own
And what, when she hears it is silent for aye,
Oh, what when she's reft of us both in one day!"

"Thinkest thou she could welcome the recreant son,
That left thee, her dear lord, here to perish alone?
Could I bear her to wish, in her agony wild,
That she never had looked on the face of a child?"

"Then think of the bright love so precious to thee,
Betrothed while fair infants ye played at my knee;
All lonely that golden-haired maiden will pine—
Not long: for her sweet life lies hidden in thine."

The gallant boy's visage flushed up to the brow,
And the words of his answer were shaken and low:
"I think of her most—my life she *might* spare;
But a blot on my name the true heart could not bear.

"And, father, I know she will tenderly come
To share with my mother her desolate home.
Bereavement that she could not soften were sore;
Father—beseech thee—O, tempt me no more!"

Much moved was the father, but silent his tongue,
At the firm and full pulse of a spirit so young.
Hand folded with hand; and no lover's fond clasp
Held ever more love than that eloquent grasp.

The small silver shield of betrothal that bent
O'er his true heart, with few words and tender he sent;
Then each knight, kneeling low, his prayer solemnly saith,
As befits men that tread on the shadow of death.

The messenger left them at length. He had need,
For the bridge sank beneath the hind feet of his steed;
And, truly, it told of no generous foe,
That a long yell of triumph shrieked up from below.

The pride of the youth from his bosom burst out,
While he stood in their view, with an answering shout;
But the fair head fell back ere its echo's last breath,
On the stout breast, whose heavings gave motion to death.

He had stood in the light; and an arrow shot fair
Through a sunbeam that gilt the dark curls of his hair;
That sunbeam might seem, falling slant from on high,
The track of so noble a soul to the sky.

The father bent o'er him, and sighed to behold
How the lifeless hand crushed a rich ringlet of gold.
But none from that passionless face could have guessed
How father and warrior strove in his breast.

They arm for the Norman. Why tarries his ire?
Oh, horror! the fortress is girdled with fire!
And what are the brands of that smouldering pile?
The planks of the bridge—their own safeguard, erewhile.

Once spake the old knight: "Oh, thou barbarous foe!
I thank thee at least for one merciful blow;"
And on the cold forehead he leaned his grey head—
Thus waiting their burning the living and dead.

"MOVING."

MAN is, undoubtedly, not given to "abide in his den" for any length of time; but is always peering out of his quarters in search of better, or rather, novel accommodation. When he is in a Terrace, he has an insatiate longing for a Crescent; once removed to a Crescent, he feels that existence is only worth having in a Square. He never moves into a new house without declaring that here he will abide to the end of the chapter; but he never pays a quarter's rent without expressing his thanks that three more months of the lease have expired. Every house that he takes is his beau ideal of a residence until he has "moved:" from which time it rapidly descends in his estimation, and he feels irresistibly inclined to migrate to a mansion in every respect the opposite of his present abode. He is in a house in a Square. The house—to an ordinary observer—is a very good house. The rooms are large and well-proportioned. Mr. Chadwick himself could find no fault with the drains; the rent is remarkably moderate; the landlord is

obliging; the air is good; the inclosure is handsomely variegated with flowers; and the supply of water is pure, abundant, and cheap. Yet Homo cannot endure it. Ask him to particularise the faults of his house or the sins of the Square, and he becomes very voluble indeed. The window on the first landing-place opens,outside instead of inside; the sun never shines upon the back attic window, owing to an intervening stack of chimneys; there is a board of the second-floor front room perceptibly loose. And then look at the pump in the Square. Sir, why it can only be worked by the left hand. These things are not to be borne by a sensible man; therefore Homo is looking out for a cottage in the suburbs—a cottage with bow-windows. Why bow-windows? Because his present abode has the ordinary square windows. The cottage in the suburbs must have two drawing-rooms communicating by folding-doors. Why "must?" Because in his mansion in the Square the drawing-rooms are permanently separated.

Homo finds a cottage with these peculiarities. Forthwith he engages a man who advertises on several spring-vans, that Goods are carefully moved in town and country. His household gods are about to be translated from his old Purgatory in the Square to his new Elysium in the suburbs. His tables look gouty swathed in bands of hay; his last night in the Square is passed in a room destitute of carpet. In the morning the towel-horse, he finds, has already taken to the road, having started with the first van, and his brushes are in the lower recesses of a box at the bottom of the loaded van still at the door. But when Homo compares these temporary inconveniences with the dungeon from which he is now emancipating himself, he bears them with a light heart.

The miseries of moving, however, are not insignificant trials. In the first place, several days before you perceive any necessity, your wife orders the curtains to be removed from your study, and your Turkey carpet to be carried away on the back of a sturdy fellow who promises to beat it. A little square of drugget is provided, just sufficient in extent to protect your feet from the floor, provided always that you concentrate your attention upon the position of your toes throughout the morning. For one day you feel no other annoyances—as yet, you have only caught an ordinary cold; but, if you expect to get through the business with this slight inconvenience, you are unreasonable. On a succeeding day you descend quietly, as usual, to the breakfast-table. A tool basket lies in your arm-chair, and a chisel is placed conveniently (for the plumber) upon a bunch of wax-fruit; the glass of which has been carefully packed up long ago. The presence of the carpenter is painfully suggested by a strong perfume of saw-dust. But you have made up your mind to leave the abominable house, and you still deter to make the best of matters. You endea to say a cheerful word or two to the work (who appear to be making a hasty brea of tin-tacks), and sit down to consume roll and rasher. You look about for Times; yonder carpenter has perched it u the top of his ladder, as a convenient tra his nails. Probably you try to go out for day after this experience. Where is your The hat-stand has been carefully move spring van, and there is nothing in the but two fish-kettles and a boot-jack. favourite umbrella (of course, being "movi day, it rains) is nowhere to be found; were it not that your wife has preserved the wreck a cast-off hat by stuffing it ful children's boots and bundles of tradesm receipts, and that the cook accommodates with her gingham parachute, you woul obliged to remain at home, and to stand day, like Byron, with your Household G shivered about you.

In the evening you return home earl the hope of having a quiet hour or before bed-time. Of course you knock t times before you are heard, and the strange head from an upper window obl you by an inquiry, "Is that you, Joe?"— being one of the bright company engage effect your removal to the villa paradise the detestable town-house. Not being you make no reply; but, on effecting entrance with an air of sufficient dignity, narrowly escape a fall over the hall which has just been taken down, and carelessly deposit your hat upon an oil- These are trifling matters, especially w weighed against the happy emancipation are about to effect. You enter your st thinking of the cozy hours you have s there; of the thoughts—the bright thou that have been with you there; of the world with which you have been on inti terms there for years; of that head of Pa over your book-case which has been long eye-rest; of your favourite corner which have always kept in confusion, and which have always meant to set in order; an twenty other familiar nooks and corners to you in your thoughtful, your quiet, best and brightest hours. Wretched ma pot of glue stands upon your favourite c of Tennyson; your oft-pored-over char the Arctic Circle (in search of Franklin crunched round a silver candlestick; carved and cherished paper-knife which brought from Lucerne sticks dangero up out of your waste-basket full of crock with a super-stratum of old slippers. silver inkstand, "presented as a m &c., &c.," has totally disappeared; and— traction!—your pet corner of confusion been put in order. You think you will spite of all these disturbances, write—wit crushed pen plunged at every dip feather-d into a quart ink-jar—a few letters; but

top has been removed from your writing-table, and is rolled into a corner. In despair, you take up an odd volume, and seek solace in your wife's sitting-room. Here, at least, you expect comfort. On entering, you find two maids, with outstretched arms, folding window curtains in lengths; the table is covered with a variety of finger-plates, curtain-bands, screws, and bunches of gilt grapes from the ends of the curtain-rods, scattered upon a thick layer of brass-headed nails. You express a decided conviction that this is a little too bad; but you are sternly reminded that if you wish to see the heavenly villa at all comfortable within a week after your arrival therein, you must bear these preliminary proceedings. As you have made up your mind to live and die in the heavenly villa, you comfort yourself with the reflection that this is the last time these nuisances can come within your experience. You go to bed; perhaps a little sulky. About six o'clock the following morning, you are aroused from your sleep by a noise as decided as thunder: you are informed, in explanation, that it is, only a window-cornice which has tumbled down and smashed a Sèvres vase of great value.

Presently you hear a knock at your door: the maid wishes to know whether you will be good enough to get up soon, as the upholsterers are ready to take your bedstead down. Painfully you reflect that you have another night to pass in this horrible house; and you wonder how and where you will next night take your rest. You would not be surprised, after your past experience, if you were shown to a door-mat. This morning you discover that all that is left in your wardrobe is a faded bunch of lavender sticks.

To chronicle all the miseries of "moving," would be to draw a picture too harrowing. From the hour when the parlour curtains are taken down, to that when you are requested to take your last meal in the old house upon a hair trunk, the lot of man is misery.

In this age—when mansions, replete with every comfort for a highly genteel family, are to be had any fine morning at a merely nominal rent, "the present tenant having been ordered to Madeira;" when a thousand gentlemen have larger houses than they require, and will, therefore, admit you to the best part of them for any odd change you may happen to have in your waistcoat-pocket; when a substantial house, of moderate size, with a fine view of the Surrey hills (which have long been a blessing to metropolitan landlords), and a large garden well stocked with fruit-trees, can be rented for thirty pounds a year and when house-agents require no fees—it is not astonishing that, as every Quarter-day approaches, we are afforded glimpses of the legs of various chests of drawers packed between feather-beds, and surmounted with stacks of chairs, passing slowly about our London streets.

Well, *we* know what "moving" is; and we wish all who may be sleeping on the floor to-night, preparatory to a removal to-morrow, a hearty night's rest, and health in that earthly paradise—the new house.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

If the world were some day to become too proud to be amused, what device would it hit upon for causing circulation of the coins that carry life with them in all directions? A very large class of people in all ranks depends for bread and meat on the world's willingness to take some wholesome recreation in the intervals of toil. It is our present purpose to show how money paid for an Opera-box, or deposited at the pit-door of a theatre, if it can be spared fairly by him who spends it, is not spent in waste. There cannot be too many honest occupations in the world, for every one tends to prevent wealth from remaining idle, and helps to cause those very necessary bits of silver or of copper, which are taken in exchange for meat and bread, to find their way into the many pockets of the hungry.

There has been published in Paris, during the present year, the result of an elaborate inquiry into the statistics of the theatres. They have facilities in France for finding out the details of such matters, which are not likely, for a long time, to be afforded to inquirers in this country. The general details of a theatre are, however, in all countries alike, and what is true of theatres in Paris, may be regarded as, in the main, true also of theatres in London. In London the prices of admission are generally higher, and the payments made behind the scenes are larger. The London Operas find work for many more people than the single Opera of Paris; but, in Paris, on the other hand, the actual number of theatres is greater than in London, and the proportion of theatre space to population is, of course, very much greater. In Paris, for a population of one million and fifty or sixty thousand, the number of theatres provided is twenty-six, including some that are small and some that are habitually unsuccessful. In London there are provided, for a population of two millions, not more than twenty-three theatres, and to make up so large a number as twenty-three, we must include such temples of the drama as that which is attached to the Eagle Tavern, and must count, of course, as a theatrical establishment, the vacancy in Drury Lane.

The Parisians, therefore, are evidently a more theatre-going people than the Londoners. The aggregate of space provided in the theatres of Paris is calculated to accommodate thirty-four thousand play-goers, one in thirty-one of the whole population, from the great grandfather—if towns contain such things—down to the babies. The largest of these

places of amusement, the Circus of the Champs Elysées, affords space for three thousand five hundred visitors. Next in size are the National Theatre (the old Olympic Circus), which will hold two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine, and the Theatre of Port Saint Martin, holding about two hundred less. The Opéra Comique has space for an audience of two thousand, but the Grand Opéra of Paris will not accommodate more than eighteen hundred and eleven. The Comédie Française and the Odéon are within two seats of equal size; one able to accommodate fifteen hundred and sixty, the other fifteen hundred and fifty-eight. Two of the theatres, which hold more than a thousand (Beaumarchais and Saint Marcel), were closed in 1851. Six of the theatres hold numbers varying between a thousand and six hundred; and one (the Spectacle d'Arcole) is calculated to admit not more than two hundred and fifty visitors to each of its entertainments.

To the theatres of Paris there must be added a hundred and fifty-six places of public amusement; namely, twenty *cafés* offering the charms of song, six offering dramatic entertainments, concert and dramatic halls, public ball-rooms and *guinguettes*. These are frequented daily by an average of about twenty-four thousand visitors. If we add these, therefore, to our former calculation, it will appear that there exist means in Paris for affording nightly public entertainment, in the way of drama, dance, or song, to no less than one in every eighteen of the inhabitants of Paris, which number of course includes the aged, the sick, the infants, and the destitute.

Amusement on a scale like this is by no means provided to the Londoners, and, as it is, managers lack support in England. How is it in France? We have supposed in the above calculation that all the Paris theatres are open at one time; that, however, never is the case. The supply, in Paris, of theatrical amusement is kept too frequently ahead of the demand; disasters among managers are quite as common with the French as with the English, and the cost of producing the amusement treads so closely on the heels of the remuneration offered for it by the public, that Paris would not, by any means, appear to be the Paradise of managers. This cost, however, is not waste; it drops in the shape of bread, as we have said, into a great many mouths. In precise terms it may be stated, as will be shown in detail presently, that the theatres of Paris—without counting the work given by them to upholsterers in the town, washerwomen, bill-stickers, and others—provide an actual subsistence for four thousand seven hundred individuals, upon most of whom, it is of course to be understood, that families or relations are depending for support The toll levied in the box-office or at the pit-door, therefore, if it can be spared, is justly paid. The economic housekeeper, who finds that the mind's vigour is not best supported by a course of labour from which hours of recreation are excluded, may satisfy his heart by feeling that, in more than a mere selfish sense, the money spent upon a reasonable participation in the amusements of his fellow-townsmen is not thrown away.

The French Government has, however, for a long time been of opinion, that as entertainment is a luxury, so the people who spend labour in providing entertainment for the public, are the very people whose abundance must be taxed. Wherein the abundance of a player or scene-shifter consists, we have not yet discovered; nor do we know why the receipts derived from poetry and music should especially be mulcted on the score of luxury. Corsets are unnecessary luxuries—why not tax milliners? Bon-bons are unnecessary gratifications—why does not the Government of France take for the poor a tenth out of the tills of the confectioners? We do not understand these things. We can only say that the theatres of Paris and all places of public entertainment are required to pay a very oppressive tax, under the title of the Right of the Indigent. It was paid in old times as a voluntary alms, and was made by Louis the Fourteenth in 1699—who fixed it at the modest amount of a sixth of the receipts—payable to the credit of the general Hospital. In 1716, a distinct and extra payment of a ninth was claimed in favour of the Hotel-Dieu. This Right of the Indigent has, since that date, been variously modified; even, at one time, abandoned for a few years at the beginning of what used to be called *the* Revolution. The abandonment of the claim, however, was but of brief duration, and since 1817, its produce has been annually comprehended in the budget. It amounts now to about an eleventh part of the gross receipts, and yielded, in 1851, nine hundred and ninety-three thousand francs. This tax, of course, scrapes a great deal of butter from the bread of all who work behind the scenes of the theatres in Paris. Revolutions also, which may at least be expected to occur in France as frequently as we have in England dissolutions of our Parliament, play sad work with the cash-box of the Paris manager and with the cupboards of those who depend upon him for employment. In the last ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe, the yearly receipts taken at places of public amusement in the capital, rose from seven to eleven millions of francs. From eleven millions taken in 1847, the receipts fell suddenly in 1848 to less than seven millions, and from that point they have been gradually rising, so that last year they had again risen to ten millions and a half. We shall be curious to see the figures for the current year when it is closed. Although the temporary manager of France deals largely himself in fireworks and pageants offered gratuitously to the public; yet his spectacles have, for the most part, failed through so much adversity of wind and weather, that the

traditional doom of Vauxhall seems to be upon him; and, after all, the legitimate drama may not have suffered greatly through his competition.

But it may be said, that if the French Government picks the purse of the theatres, it is accustomed also to make compensatory presents to them, and to help them out of difficulty by subventions. It takes indeed money from all, while there are only five to whom a portion of their money is returned. The five theatres rejoicing in the privilege of such artificial support rendered by the State are, in the order of their official precedence, the Grand Opéra, the Comédie Française, the Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Italien, and the Odéon. This compound system, therefore, of help and hindrance offered by the Government interfering with the theatres of Paris, cramps their energies and meddles seriously with their profits.

A king of France has even thought it worth his while to undertake the active management of the Grand Opéra, to order yards of satin for costumes, to let boxes, to monopolise the right of giving free admissions, and to keep, as his own private affair, debtor and creditor accounts of the concern. The laws regulating theatres were, by statute made and provided, framed with the same legislative pomp and exactitude as the whole code of civil law. One of the articles propounds "That the theatrical year shall commence with the calendar year." The code defines every duty, and awards every degree of fine and imprisonment. It took years to complete, and it did not receive the imperial assent until 1812; when Napoleon signed it amidst the smouldering ruins of Moscow. In London, now that patent rights have been abolished, theatres suffer no further special interference from the State than the censorship of the Chamberlain; which, being a ridiculous thing itself, is, we are happy to say, ridiculously exercised; and will, in time, go the way of all nonsense. With this exception, English theatres are suffered to stand or fall by their own merits, and have free liberty to make exertions and enjoy whatever profit they can get. This difference having been duly taken into account, we will now proceed to details upon matters which belong to the routine of every theatre. We should not omit to state, however, that the twenty-five theatres of Paris upon which the succeeding calculations have been founded, are the theatres of Paris strictly, and do not include eight that are established in the liberties, or the three theatres of Saint-Denis, Sceaux, and Choisy-le-Roi.

There are in the provinces of France eighty-five dramatic companies, covering a body of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five actors; eleven hundred and five men, and seven hundred and sixty women. In the theatres of the department of the Seine, omitting those of Paris, there are eighty actors and sixty actresses. In Algeria, there are thirty-six French companies of actors, having, on an average, fourteen actors and eleven actresses in each. Finally, four hundred and thirty-eight actors, and three hundred and fifty-five actresses, are attached to the theatres of Paris.

There appear also upon the stage of Paris, in addition to these more isolated artists, five hundred and fifty-two of a gregarious kind: members of choruses and corps de ballet, or pupils, and six hundred and ninety-eight supernumeraries. The total number, therefore, in Paris, whose bread is earned behind the curtain but before the scenes, is two thousand and forty-three, of which number one thousand one hundred and forty-two are men, and nine hundred and one are women. The payments made to all these people make on the whole a sum, expressed in English money, of one hundred and forty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-one pounds. This money is distributed, of course, in payments varying extremely in amount; from about forty pounds a week to a star at the Opéra, down to four shillings a week to a supernumerary at the Théâtre Rollin.

The payments made to singers in Paris, although very high, and very much higher than they used to be, are small in comparison with the price paid to the same artists in London. The whole rate of admission to the theatres of Paris is lower than in London, and the scale of salaries is lower in the same proportion. The dearest place in any Paris theatre, whether in the Opéra or the Théâtre Italien, costs at the box-office not more than eight-and-fourpence. The cheapest place, in the second gallery of the Théâtre du Petit-Lazari, costs three-halfpence. A seat in the pit at the French or Italian Opéra costs three and-fourpence, instead of from seven to ten shillings, as it is with us; at the Comédie Française, or the Opéra Comique, it costs two shillings and a penny. A pit seat at the Vaudeville, Variétés, or the Gymnase, costs one-and-eightpence, and at the Odéon, one of the theatres supported by subvention, only a shilling and a halfpenny, or one franc twenty-five centimes. French managers, who have, moreover, the Right of the Indigent to pay in the shape of an eleventh of their gross receipts, cannot afford London salaries. In the case of the Grand Opéra it is also to be taken into account, that it not only charges lower prices, but accommodates a smaller audience than either of the Operas in London.

In 1713, a chief singer at the Opéra in Paris received a salary of sixty-two pounds ten shillings a year. Between 1782 and 1786 the payment was from two to six hundred guineas yearly; under the Empire, from seven to eight hundred. The salaries now range between two thousand and three thousand pounds a year, passing sometimes to a few hundreds beyond. Madame Saint Huberty, a prima donna much applauded seventy years ago,

received a salary of one hundred and sixty guineas yearly. Madame Castellan, in 1849, received the same sum monthly. La Guimard, a fascinating dancer who delighted Paris seventy years ago, when she was in the full height of her success and her beauty, received a yearly salary of a hundred and eighty guineas. In 1849 Charlotte Grisi was paid more than twice that sum for her exertions during a quarter of a year. The permanent principal tenor at the Paris Opéra, who is engaged for four years, dating from April, 1851, receives three thousand a year as his fixed salary.

Salaries have also risen at the Comédie Française, of which M. Regnier is known in England as a worthy representative. The members of the Comédie Française, however, are content to receive salaries below the market value of their talents, considering the loss of income more than compensated by the honour that belongs to their position, and the prospect of a retiring pension. Of such pensioners the Comédie Française has twenty-five, the Opéra sixteen, making in all forty-one people whose bread is taken at the theatre door, in addition to those that have been already mentioned.

The pay of a supernumerary varies from about three pounds seven shillings to three pounds fifteen shillings a month for men, and to women it is about half the former sum, or one pound thirteen and sixpence. Casual service is also done by labourers, water-carriers, artists' models, and others, who are paid by the evening according to their fitness, at rates varying from twopence-halfpenny to one shilling and eightpence. Sometimes leave is obtained to employ soldiers as supernumeraries in military pieces in the Théatre National. At the Opéra, under Louis the Sixteenth, supernumeraries were systematically chosen from among the soldiers of the French Guards.

It has been said, that there were in Paris seven hundred and ninety-three of the more individual performers—artists, as our neighbours call them. That was the number in the beginning of the year 1850. On the first of January in the present year, although two considerable theatres were closed, the number of performers in Paris had increased by twenty; we reckon their number now, therefore, at eight hundred and thirteen, and they may be grouped in the manner following:—

Eighty-four (namely, forty-four men and forty women) devote themselves to tragedy and comedy. Two hundred and eighty-four (one hundred and forty-four men and one hundred and forty women) act in vaudevilles, The contrast in the numbers is instructive. The irregular drama is supported by eighty-six sons and fifty-one daughters, being one hundred and thirty-seven in all. There are one hundred and forty-six children of song, ninety-two being singers and fifty-four songstresses. Fourteen gentlemen and forty-three ladies are artists in dancing. Forty men and twenty-four women act in pantomime, vaudeville, or any miscellaneous way. Twenty-one men and twenty women are performers on the backs of horses. These make up the whole number of eight hundred and thirteen.

Chorus singers, and members of the *corps de ballet* have also increased in number during the last two years. According to the account taken in January 1852, excluding a hundred who are stage pupils, their number is five hundred and seventy-five, among whom the men are in a minority of twenty-five. Of the whole number, men and women, one hundred and twenty are attached to *corps de ballet*, and four hundred and fifty-five are chorus singers.

We now quit the people who are living by their toil upon the space between the curtain and the scenes; for very many others have to be considered. Before the curtain is the orchestra. To the musicians there is paid yearly in Paris, a sum which a little exceeds twenty-five thousand pounds. Including the conductors, the whole number of musicians living on this fund is six hundred and thirty-nine.

We have next to take into account the persons employed in the service of the theatre, at the box-office, money and check-takers, small officials, keepers, and superintendents of various kinds, sweepers and scourers, lamplighters, and others. Offices like these find occupation for about five hundred and twenty men and fifty-five women, for whose livelihood provision is made by payments which amount to an aggregate of about fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty pounds.

In the preceding calculation account is not taken of the box openers. These, in the French theatres, are generally women. In the twenty-five theatres of Paris, four hundred and sixty-seven women, and six men, serve as box-keepers. Except in the Comédie Française and the Lazari, they receive no other pay than the gratuities of the public. At the Comédie Française they buy the appointment, paying for it eighty-three pounds, six and eightpence. The salary they receive is at least equal to the interest of their money, at most twelve pounds ten shillings a year. The average income derived by each boxkeeper from the gratuities of the public in one of the largest theatres of Paris does not amount to more than twenty-five pounds a year, though in busy years some lucky women have obtained as much as eighty or ninety pounds.

Still before the curtain we have higher officials—stage managers, secretaries, cashiers and others—one hundred and twenty-five in number. To these we may add prompters, and copyists of music and manuscript, to the number of fifty-five. These draw from the theatres for their livelihoood a sum of sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds.

Now we will go behind the scenes. Our figures deal with twenty-one theatres only; for we drop two as insignificant, and two also whose work is supplied wholly through the agency of contractors. The rest have work-people of their own exclusively employed on their account, and in this way the theatres give occupation to one hundred and forty costumiers, tailors, &c., one hundred and sixty machinists, eighty joiner-machinists, twenty-five locksmith-machinists, thirty upholsterers, thirty-five painters and decorators, one hundred and fifty milliners and seamstresses, and ten women engaged upon upholsterers' work. That is to say, one hundred and sixty working women and four hundred and seventy working men. Some of these are paid by the year—most of them by the month; and the annual amount distributed among them for their maintenance, out of the receipts taken from the playgoers, is twenty-four thousand five hundred and forty-two pounds. They earn simple livings. The chief machinists get from forty-two to seventy-five pounds a year, workmen from twenty-five pounds a year to forty. Carpenters, joiners, &c., have about the same salaries as the machinists. Seamstresses are paid yearly between twenty-three and twenty-seven pounds; but they commonly work by the day, receiving for the day's work a sum varying between a shilling and one and eightpence, after which many remain during the evening to serve as tiring-women, and they who do so earn an extra tenpence. All these people, at work for salaries varying between seventy-five and twenty-three pounds a year, know how to read and write; are active and industrious; toil with a good will on behalf of the theatre by which they are supported; and, when a new piece is in preparation, often spend nights in labour without thinking of complaint. If the new piece be a spectacle, of course many fresh hands are employed: those of which we have here spoken are the ordinary staff of labourers who hold a permanent position in dependence on the stage.

Then there are the keepers of coats and bonnets, sellers of play-bills, letters of opera-glasses, holders of refreshment stalls, &c., whom it will suffice to mention. We have still to add to the list of people whose industry is set in action by the theatres of Paris. There are painters at work for them outside their walls, who add to the previous calculation about fifty men. There are the hair-dressers and wig-makers, of whom it is only known concerning seventeen theatres that they employ, in those capacities, forty-seven men and two women, who divide among themselves two thousand pounds.

These are the people who receive direct employment. Indirect employment, by the hiring of occasional labourers, and by the purchase of silks, velvets, and other bravery, it would, of course, be impossible to calculate. It will be curious, however, to observe the comparative cost of various articles of garniture, used in the way of costume. Costume is cheaper than it was seventy years ago. Though there are more bodies to dress, there is less to be paid now for the dressing. In 1849, the cost of dress material at the Paris Opéra for a company of two hundred bodies was four thousand pounds. Out of this sum, the cost of silks, velvets, and ribbons, represents eighteen per cent; dress for the feet fifteen per cent., and for the head eleven per cent.; woollen and cotton fabrics nine per cent.; lace, embroidery, and mercers' ware nine per cent.; armour and arms seven per cent.; gloves, &c. four per cent.; and two per cent. on the cost was incurred for flowers and feathers.

Passing from the persons of the actors to the garniture upon the stage, we find that, in eight theatres, including the Opéra, the expense on account of paint and material used in stage decoration, exclusive of the workmen's salaries and wages, amounted to nine thousand, one hundred and sixty-six pounds. Other accounts are also fragmentary. The cost of gas, oil, and other light is known only for seven of the theatres, the Opéra included; in these it amounts to thirteen thousand, three hundred and seventy-five pounds. The cost of warming is known only for six theatres, Opéra included, and amounts in these to seventeen hundred and fifty pounds. Some managers have also to pay rent for the theatres they occupy; it is known only of four such rents that they amount to ten thousand four hundred pounds.

It will be evident from the above sketch that theatres are not, as they are sometimes called, temples of idleness, but mines of industry, in which the miners work hard at extremely modest wages to produce their glittering results.

When we sum up the annual expenditure of the theatres—two hundred and thirty thousand pounds in salaries and wages, one hundred and twenty-five thousand in cost of materials and accessaries; adding to these the forty-one thousand, three hundred and seventy-five pounds taken from them in the name of the poor—we arrive at a total expense not very much under four hundred thousand pounds, and only about sixteen thousand pounds under the whole receipts. The receipts are, however, artificial. The amount of subvention granted to the five privileged theatres is greater then the tax taken from the whole twenty-five in the name of the poor. The theatrical till in Paris is robbed by the State with one hand, and replenished with the other, only the robbery is endured by all, and the replenishment enjoyed by five. The subvention to these amounts to a trifle more than fifty-two thousand pounds. The poor, therefore, would be benefited were this money paid to them; and the stage would be the better if it were not, after this clumsy fashion of protection, knocked

down by the State with one fist, and then dragged up with the other.

Many directors of the Paris theatres swell their receipts by balls or concerts. Of these no account has been taken in the preceding estimates; but it will presently be seen that, without some devices of this kind, it would not be easy for an average manager in Paris to obtain for himself a decent living. We left the theatres just now with a gross balance in their favour of about sixteen thousand pounds. We have not, however, yet finished the account of their expenditure. They, of course, have to pay authors for the pieces they perform.

There are in Paris eight or nine hundred authors or composers who have had one or more of their works presented on the stage; but the number of authors or composers of the new pieces represented in Paris in a single year is about two hundred and fifty. Paris is much more prolific of new pieces than London, and the payments made by the stage of Paris on account of authorship form a considerable item in the year's expenses. The year 1851 may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. In that year the two hundred and fifty authors owned two hundred and seventy-three new pieces, of which number one hundred and eighty-six were vaudevilles, and thirty-two were pieces produced by the theatres enjoying part in the subvention. The method in which French authors are to receive payment for dramatic works has been practically subject to much fluctuation, and great discussion has been held upon its theory. The rights of authors, in the case of the Opéra, the Comédie Française, and the Opéra Comique, are now established upon a system fixed by authority. For other theatres, a scale has been fixed by the Association of Dramatic Authors, and generally accepted by the managers. The following are now the author's dues upon each night's performance of his piece. We express the larger sums of money in round numbers, by addition or subtraction in each case of a few odd shillings.

At the Opéra. For an opera in five acts: for each of the first forty representations, twenty guineas; for every subsequent representation, eight guineas. For an opera in three acts, the two rates of payment are fourteen pounds and seven pounds. A ballet in three acts, seven pounds, and then two pounds. A ballet in one act, four guineas, and then one pound five:

At the Comédie Française. A twelfth of the gross receipts (after deducting the Right of the Indigent) for pieces in five and four acts; an eighteenth for pieces in three acts. A twenty-fourth for pieces in two acts or one act:

At the Opéra Comique. After deducting the tax for the poor, an eighth-and-a-half, that is to say, two-seventeenths of the receipts, for pieces in three acts:

At the Odéon, Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase, and Palais Royal, twelve per cent. on the gross receipts. At the Gaîté, Ambigu, and Porte Saint Martin, ten per cent:

At the Théâtre National, one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence nightly for a long piece, and one pound ten shillings for pieces in three acts, during the first twenty-five representations, and one pound for each subsequent performance. Fifteen shillings a night for pieces in two acts; ten shillings and tenpence for pieces in one act.

At the instigation of Beaumarchais, the dramatic authors had combined before 1791 to exact their dues of the players. A society was formed in 1794, afterwards reconstituted, and, finally, in 1829, there was formed the existing Association of Dramatic Authors and Composers. The Association protects its members, collects through special agents—charging moderate commission—authors' dues, and sets aside a charitable fund, for aid of decayed members, or of widows and orphans of those who are deceased. The whole amount received by authors from the stage of Paris is about twenty-eight thousand pounds a year. The whole stage in the provinces yields to them about seven thousand more. In addition to this they have, of course, the copyright of their manuscripts, certain fees called *primes de lecture*, and the right of signing—every night when their plays are acted—a fixed number of free admissions, which are sold at a price lower than that of the tickets issued by the theatre, and produce an additional fund of profit to the authors, which is not by any means to be despised. It adds to their aggregate of payments no less a sum than sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year.

To the credit of the actors we should not omit to say, that they have established among themselves a most prosperous benefit society, in the shape of an Association of Dramatic Artists, to which even the poorest actor of the provinces endeavours to contribute. By means of this Association, the French actors snatch their poorer brethren out of debt and difficulty, extricate their clothes and property from pawn, assist the weak, pension the aged, and do all that can be done by the most earnest exertion to alleviate the burdens incident to a profession that is in few cases well paid, and liable in all cases to much uncertainty. Of this Association there were, in May 1851, two thousand five hundred members. It has now an income of five thousand a year, derived partly from subscriptions, partly from gifts, a ball, participation in a lottery, a small Government allocation, and such other ideas as an active committee can suggest. The members of the committee—who are at the head of their profession—do not grudge time or labour, but meet as often as seventy or eighty times in the year.

There is no idleness in all this. There is abundance of good feeling, abundance of hard

work; there is a minute division of the proceeds of the public patronage among industrious people in all ranks, giving to each a living, and to very few more than enough. Truly, then, we may pay our money for amusement at the theatre with a sincere good will, if we will only think of the results that are obtained out of a little figuring upon the stage.

CHIPS.

A TIGER'S JAWS.

GRICE (a man of the 26th, stationed here) and I obtained two-and-a-half months' leave on purpose to kill tigers, panthers, and bears. Having made our preparations for the jungle, we started on the nineteenth of March with a fine band; consisting of one big drum, one big bell, four small drums, and a pair of pistols always loaded with coarse powder, and being continually let off. The noise of this concert was sufficient to frighten any animals out of the jungle; and, when it was not, we had also some twenty or thirty men to set up a supplementary yell. I should like you to have heard our band turning a corner amongst the hills! Our battery consisted of ten double guns—some rifles, the others smooth-bored—and two brace of pistols. We did not commence shooting until the twentieth, when we began at about nine in the morning; our plan being always to go some half-a-mile before the beaters; and, having placed ourselves in some likely spot, to sit quietly, and (if possible) concealed, until they had beaten up to us. Owing to rain, we saw nothing until the twenty-second; when, having walked some five miles, we perched ourselves, guns and all, on a small tree and put the beaters in. We had been in the tree about twenty minutes, when Grice whispered to me "Tiger!" I saw her almost at the same moment: we fired four barrels, all of which took effect. She charged with frightful speed right under the tree in which we were sitting, and was into the jungle in a moment. Immediately after this, a peacock began calling, a sure sign of a tiger being near; and, sure enough, in another minute out came a small cub about the size of a dog; this, Grice shot. We then began the ticklish work of "following up," generally done on elephants; but, not being rich enough to sport them, we were forced to go on foot. We traced our prey about half a mile into the jungle, which was so thick that one could not see more than ten yards ahead. I separated some six or seven yards from Grice, and was in the act of looking down close to the ground, when I heard a frightful roar; and, before I had time literally to cock one barrel (I had imprudently gone into the jungle with my piece on half-cock), I felt myself jammed in the brute's jaws. She carried me about ten yards. My face, I believe, was touching her cheek, when Grice, with the most wonderful presence of mind, put two bullets into her ear. She dropped, but still held me. Grice ran up, and before she was actually dead, pulled me out of her mouth.

I am told that there was not two inches of space between my head and the spot where the bullets hit. Had Grice's hand shaken, I should probably have been shot through the head, as he had a very small mark to fire at. I was perfectly conscious when pulled out of the brute's mouth.

The skin, of course, I keep as a trophy—it is nearly twelve feet long. The accident occurred fifty miles from camp; and if it had not been for Grice, God knows how I should ever have been taken back; but he is well known by the natives; in fact they are afraid of him (his nickname is "Tiger Grice."), and he told them they would be well paid if they carried me to the next town, Jaat, about twelve miles off. After some little arrangement, they carried me on my bed to Jaat, where Grice is almost worshipped, on account of having last year killed a tigress which had at different times killed twenty-four of the villagers, and at the time Grice shot her, she was in the act of eating an unfortunate woman. Twenty-four men were sent out from camp with a palanquin, to meet me. Grice rode all night by my side, and accompanied me till within two miles of camp, when he went back again to go on with his sport. It is more than a month since he has been heard of, but I hope he is all right. I suffered great agony, from the moment I was bitten. My mother was always anxious about all her children's constitutions; well, a very clever doctor told me that if I had not had an iron constitution it would have gone very hard with me. I am perfectly convalescent, walk about, and go out every evening in a kulkee; the wounds are healing, but it is irritable to have one's arm continually slung up. I should like very much to send the skin to England, but it is very large, and would be difficult to pack up; otherwise, it would make a nice rug.

LLOYD'S LIST.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the statement in the article on Underwriting, in our number of the 4th inst., that the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the Committee of Lloyd's, is incorrect;—that gentleman possessing, he writes, a volume for the year 1740, commencing with No. 560, dated Friday, January 2, 1740, and concluding with No. 658, Friday, December 25, 1741, wanting one number to complete the year. These all bear the following heading: "This List, which was formerly published once a week, will now continue to be published every *Tuesday* and *Friday*, with the addition of the Stocks, Course of Exchange, &c. Subscriptions are taken in at three

shillings per quarter at the Bar of Lloyd's Coffee-House in Lombard Street. Such Gentlemen as are willing to encourage this Undertaking, shall have them carefully deliver'd according to their directions."

BELGIAN BRISKNESS.

Lately it was my duty to proceed to Belgium on a mission, the nature of which rendered it necessary that I should transmit frequent despatches to London the instant they were written. My avocations did not commence, however, for a week after my arrival, and meantime I had full leisure to see how railways were managed in the Low Countries: not by any means for the first time, but with more care and closer scrutiny—arising from the business I had to undertake—than I bestowed on such matters while travelling merely for pleasure. There was at the time a regular glut of English railway murders. As sure as Galignani or The Times arrived, there was a diurnal report of death and inquest. Locomotives appeared to be eternally waiting round corners to drop into antagonistic trains. Ash-pans, and driving wheels, and connecting gear were continually indulging in vagaries, generally ending in the destruction of human life; and when that mechanism failed, guards, drivers, stokers, and pointsmen seemed to have entered into a grand conspiracy for the promotion of murder and its usual sequence, suicide. It was enough, therefore, to make the slow pace of the Belgian trains pardonable, when it was seen how higher velocity on the English railways was productive of insecurity for life and limb. A vast proportion of our countrymen have travelled over these Belgian lines on their way to the Rhine or to the glorious old city of Flanders. Nearly every one is familiar with those smooth, straight roads running between the everlasting rows of poplar and ash, by fat rich meadows and corn fields—striking through swampy hollows, across black-looking canals or rivers which seem to have very serious thoughts of stopping in their course every moment, and skirting by white villas with the uniform vista opening between the trees to a fine view of a tow-path or towing-path, or huge towns sleeping over the thoughts of their ancient power and renown, and reposing quietly, like dead giants, under the shadow of their noble cathedrals. We are all familiar with the warlike looking guards—all moustache, goldlace, and wonderful initial letters in embroidery—who blow their horns with military gusto to salute a mile to the hairy engineers; and on rare days we have been astonished to see a station turn out in cocked hat, with sword by his side, and spurs and trousers enough to constitute a Lord Mayor's Marshalman. We have grumbled over the chance of carriages (in constant exposition of tickets and the abstraction of our baggage to be covered all over with little bits of yellow tickets. Much, too, no doubt, have most of us lamented over the disappearance of the little counterfoils, the production of which will alone enable us to effect a meeting with our property, and denounced the formalities of the authorities, which lead, however, it must be confessed, to great security in transmitting articles of value. But did any of your gentle readers ever try to send a parcel by rail? Were his or her temper as placid as Patient Grisel's, it would be very soon roused out of all gentleness; for, assuredly, a system so tedious and annoying as that which has been devised by the wisdom of the Belgian State in that respect, never drove men into petty treason against the powers that be, and to the use of forcible, but unseemly, expletives. For the guidance and warning of my good countrymen, I will give them a specimen of Belgian briskness, by describing how, according to my experience, they send parcels in that slow-going country.

In England it is usual, in certain cases, to forward important despatches as parcels by the fast trains instead of sending them as letters, because the delays incidental to the post-office are obviated, and a small gratuity ensures a much earlier delivery than if the despatch was put into a letter-box. This, moreover, also leaves more time to write before the departure of the train.

All that any person engaged in such business as mine would have to do in England would be, to book his parcel at the station a few minutes before the train started. Acting on the notion that things would be managed much in the same way in Belgium, I repaired about half-an-hour before the starting of the evening train to the office, where I was horrified to learn that my parcel could not be sent by that despatch.

"Why?—am I not in time?"

"Certainly not! By the regulations, this parcel ought to be here six hours before the train starts; indeed, it is safer to have it here a clear day before."

It was in vain that the nature and the importance of the parcel was explained to the *chef du bureau*. He stroked his moustaches, and placidly appealed to the regulations. So at last, I slunk back into town, convinced of the superiority of the post in Belgium, although there was still some time to be saved if I could send off the parcel by the early morning train, at six o'clock.

In order to make all sure about the six hours' law, I resolved to book my unlucky parcel that night, and went accordingly to the office to which I had been referred by the *chef* for the conveyance of ordinary parcels. Imagine my horror, on being angrily told by the very counterpart of the other clerk, that it was quite impossible to book it. I had recourse to

the bad habit which our men were prone to in Flanders, according to Toby Shandy, before I collected myself to inquire the reason why. I was clean dead against the regulations. The *chef de la station* could not have known I had not procured my papers when he referred me to the *chef du bureau*. If Monsieur would kindly look to the wall behind, he would see what were the conditions under which parcels were to be conveyed by railway. I turned, and there indeed was a manifesto in French and choice Flemish, with as many *considérants* in it as if it had come from the pen of the President, or from a Prefet bullying a newspaper editor, implying that M. Van Vogelbeke, Minister of the Interior, being greatly impressed with the general utility of railways; believing that they facilitated intercourse, and that locomotives were faster than mail-coaches; thinking it desirable to let people travel thereupon, and being also persuaded that it would be advantageous to the public if they were allowed to send small parcels by fast trains, had, under some two dozen heads, devised and invented certain regulations there following, for the speedy and safe transmission of such small parcels. With much painful study did I master the substance of M. Van Vogelbeke's regulations; and, turning back again to the civil clerk—who evidently thought I ought to murmur out my applause of the sagacity of the minister, and the excellence of the regulations—I demanded the papers: which as I learned from the Vogelbekian Code, were absolutely indispensable, under the most terrible penalties, before the tiniest parcel could be received at any Belgian station.

The clerk presented me with the documents, and I immediately returned with them to my private room in the hotel, locked my door, trimmed my wax-lights, and applied myself to study their purport. How the time passed I know not; but it was with a pale and haggard face that, several hours after, I rose from the perusal of these sybilline leaves. They were only two in number; but they were as full of horrors as a page of the Newgate Calendar. I seriously think of forwarding them to the Cambridge Examiners, to be used for the wranglers; I quite despair of describing them, but, in pity to my fellow-countrymen, I will make the attempt.

Know then that these papers are about one foot long, and eight inches broad. The first is called the *Déclaration*. It *is* ruled in twelve spaces, with headings in French and German, and is dotted all over with little letters and numerals—*Zug no.; train no.*, &c. All the blanks after "*no.*" (for *numéro* or number) to be filled up in the most rigid way. It is headed *Chemin de Fer, Transports Internationaux*, &c. First, you must fill up the station from which your parcel is to be forwarded, next that to which it is to go. Next comes a statement for the Custom-house "concerning the merchandises hereafter designated, sent the —— day of ——, at —— o'clock, by the train No. ——, of —— o'clock, along with the paper numbered ——." In one column you put the name of the sender (*Empfänger*); in another, the number of parcels, singular or plural, written at full length; in another, the quality of the parcel; in another, the marks upon it; in another, the designating number of each parcel, to be selected by the sender at discretion; in another, the weight of the parcel. The same process is to be performed in a less minute space in the next two columns for Goods (*Güter*). Then come three more columns, devoted to the description of the waggons, French, Belgian, or Rhenish, by which the hapless parcel is to be conveyed; and then comes a large column for "observations" (*Bemerkungen*)—which, certainly, would not have been very complimentary in my case. Having filled in all these particulars, made your *Bemerkungen*, and written your name and the date at the end of the sheet, you must get sealing-wax and place your seal over the name, said seal to correspond with that which is on your parcel. You must then number and mark your parcel in accordance with the account in the declaration. Thus ends process number one. Paper No. 2 is the same size as the former, printed in blue also, and ruled in nine columns. On the back of it is a most uninteresting extract from the *Livret réglementaire*, relating to the transmission of parcels, baggage, and merchandise. This is headed *Bordereau d'expédition*, and is printed in French only, but is quite as full of little marks and letters as the other. Well; first you must fill in the name of the sender; then that of the receiver. Then come *Documents à la suite de l'expédition, Passavants, acquits à caution*, &c., each one to itself on a separate line. After this is a column of *Détail de frais et port*, with three little subdivisions for items; another column for the designation of the parcel; another for the marks; another for the number of parcels; another for the private number marked on each parcel. Then comes a column for merchandise; another for the weight, and another for a total. Having filled up these, you clap your seal in the centre of the paper, direct it at bottom, sign your name, and your labours cease for the time.

When mine were over, I repaired to the Chief Office. It was closed; but the polite clerk was smoking a powerful cigar on the door-step, his head enveloped in a magnificent cream-coloured cap, with a gold band and patent-leather peak; his feet endued with gorgeous slippers, and his person covered with a graceful, but rather unclean, blouse. He informed me it was quite "contrary to the regulations" to take in a parcel after the office was closed; in fact, it could not be done; and, though sensibly afflicted on my account, grieved, indeed, to the bottom of his soul, he could

not, dared not, take in my little miserable Coli, which, by this time, I began to look upon with loathing unutterable.

As I was retracing my steps to the hotel in despair, he called after me, and gave me to understand, that though he could'nt take the parcel at the office, it was probable, if I went down to the railway station half an hour before the train started, I might prevail on the *chef* to send it for me; "though," he added, "it is quite contrary to the regulations." The train started at six o'clock in the morning. The station was outside the ramparts. In order to be there at half-past five, it was necessary for me to get up at half-past four at farthest. Could I depend on the servants to call me? Alas, experience answered sharply and decisively, No!—I knew how often I had been "marked" for six and called at nine—not by the waiter, but by the bell for breakfast—and I remembered that no one ever was awoke when he desired at a Belgian hotel, unless he was going to leave early, and they feared he would run off without settling the bill. There was nothing for it, but to sit up over strong coffee and cigars. And so, to while away the hours, I opened my parcel and interpolated my despatch till it was unreadable, and then had to write it over again, by which, and sundry other expedients, I managed to keep awake hour after hour till the chimes of the cathedral warned me it was time to sally forth. Stealing out of the great *porte-cochère* I passed through the silent streets—deserted by all save the little lads in soldiers' clothes glaring out with goggle sleepy eyes from their sentry-boxes by the great white jail-like looking houses belonging to Government departments, and watching for their "reliefs,"—and crossed the drawbridge and *porte* of the octroi, where the Custom-house people had just been roused into life by the approach of a cabbage cart, which they were drawn up to receive in hostile array.

It was a little after five when I arrived at the station, Coli in hand, and, with the exception of two more little soldiers propped up by their big firelocks, and regarding me as though I was going to run off with a locomotive, not a soul was visible. In vain I flattened my nose against the glass of every accessible window till I was warned off by the irritated infantry—no one was stirring. So I took a meditative stroll by the moat of the town, watched the little eels wriggling through the mud, and made acquaintance with a few Belgian ducks of dignified demeanour, though of familiar habits, and then returned to the charge.

This time I was more fortunate, for I caught a glimpse of a man through a window, and knocked at an adjoining door until it was opened by a very cross-looking personage, with scrubby moustache and dirty face, who told me he was clerk in the very department I sought. When led to his bureau I briefly stated my business, and produced my Coli and accompanying credentials. Judge again of my horror when, after a cursory glance at them and me, the fierce clerk, in an abrupt tone, informed me the "Coli could not be forwarded by that train—it must wait till the afternoon, when it would be forwarded by Ostend." To all my entreaties, expostulations, and explanations, the fierce clerk had one answer: "It was contrary to the regulations." But he added that his *chef* would be at the office speedily; and if I liked to wait I could see what he would do. Very soon after, the *chef* made his appearance; but, alas! he only confirmed the decision of his clerk—My Coli couldn't go by that train.

"But it is the only train I want it to go by."

"*Cela fait rien.* Monsieur must know that it is contrary to the regulations to send a parcel to England by any route but the Belgian one of Ostend."

"But surely, when I tell you the sole object I have is to send it by Calais, you will allow me to forward it by this train, which goes on to Calais."

"Impossible; we have no convention with France for the carriage of anything but mails."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that my Coli will be stopped at the French frontier?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell, Monsieur; but it cannot—according to the regulations—go by this train, as we have no convention for the carriage of small parcels with France."

"Could he not let it go to the frontier?"

No, he was bound by the regulations, and it would be contrary to the eternal regulations. Meantime the train was ready to start. I waxed eloquent. I appealed to him as a man, as a Christian, as a cosmopolite, as a Belgian, as a *chef*. He was impregnable. He was a fellow who would have laughed at Demosthenes. He bowed to me. He took snuff. He blew his nose. He gazed at me with a calm, vacant self-possession during my finest passages. I offered two hundred francs to any one who would take my parcel to Calais, and to pay his expenses.

"It was a noble, generous, princely offer; but, alas, no one could accept it—Ah! pardon! Mathieu! Ma-thieu! Ma-a-thieu!" And here the *chef* ran across the line after a delinquent official, with whom he speedily grappled in warm controversy. The guard blew his cracked horn, an answering blast came from the front of the train, and off went the carriage, while I was left lamenting. I was stopped at the octroi.

"Had Monsieur anything to declare?"

I offered them my parcel. They gracefully, but decidedly rejected it. On reaching my hotel, driven from despair to recklessness, I put my parcel in the fire; though, half an hour before, I would not have done so for fifty pounds.

And this is the brisk way in which they deal with express parcels in Belgium.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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OUR BORE.

It is unnecessary to say that we keep a bore. Everybody does. But, the bore whom we have the pleasure and honor of enumerating among our particular friends, is such a generic bore, and has so many traits (as it appears to us) in common with the great bore family, that we are tempted to make him the subject of the present notes. May he be generally accepted!

Our bore is admitted on all hands to be a good-hearted man. He may put fifty people out of temper, but he keeps his own. He preserves a sickly solid smile upon his face, when other faces are ruffled by the perfection he has attained in his art, and has an equable voice which never travels out of one key or rises above one pitch. His manner is a manner of tranquil interest. None of his opinions are startling. Among his deepest-rooted convictions, it may be mentioned that he considers the air of England damp, and holds that our lively neighbours—he always calls the French our lively neighbours—have the advantage of us in that particular. Nevertheless, he is unable to forget that John Bull is John Bull all the world over, and that England with all her faults is England still.

Our bore has travelled. He could not possibly be a complete bore without having travelled. He rarely speaks of his travels without introducing, sometimes on his own plan of construction, morsels of the language of the country:—which he always translates. You cannot name to him any little remote town in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland but he knows it well; stayed there a fortnight under peculiar circumstances. And talking of that little place, perhaps you know a statue over an old fountain, up a little court, which is the second—no, the third—stay—yes, the third turning on the right, after you come out of the Post house, going up the hill towards the market? You *don't* know that statue? Nor that fountain? You surprise him? They are not usually seen by travellers (most extraordinary, he has never yet met with a single traveller who knew them, except one German, the most intelligent man he ever met in his life!) but he thought that YOU would have been the man to find them out. And then he describes them, in a circumstantial lecture half an hour long, generally delivered behind a door which is constantly being opened from the other side; and implores you if you ever revisit that place, now do go and look at that statue and fountain!

Our bore, in a similar manner, being in Italy, made a discovery of a dreadful picture, which has been the terror of a large portion of the civilised world ever since. We have seen the liveliest men paralysed by it, across a broad dining-table. He was lounging among the mountains, sir, basking in the mellow influences of the climate, when he came to *una piccola chiesa*—a little church—or perhaps it would be more correct to say *una piccolissima cappella*—the smallest chapel you can possibly imagine—and walked in. There was nobody inside but a *cieco*—a blind man—saying his prayers, and a *vecchio padre*—old friar—rattling a money box. But, above the head of that friar, and immediately to the right of the altar as you enter—to the right of the altar? No. To the left of the altar as you enter—or say near the centre—there hung a painting (subject, Virgin and Child) so divine in its expression, so pure and yet so warm and rich in its tone, so fresh in its touch, at once so glowing in its color and so statuesque in its repose that our bore cried out in an ecstacy, "That's the finest picture in Italy!" And so it is, sir. There is no doubt of it. It is astonishing that that picture is so little known. Even the painter is uncertain. He afterwards took Blumb, of the Royal Academy (it is to be observed that our bore takes none but eminent people to see sights, and that none but eminent people take our bore), and you never saw a man so affected in your life as Blumb was. He cried like a child! And then our bore begins his description in detail—for all this is introductory—and strangles his hearers with the folds of the purple drapery.

By an equally fortunate conjunction of accidental circumstances, it happened that when our bore was in Switzerland, he discovered a Valley, of that superb character, that Chamouni is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. This is how it was, sir. He was travelling on a mule—had been in the saddle some days—when, as he and the guide, Pierre Blanquo: whom you may know, perhaps?—our bore is sorry you don't, because

he is the only guide deserving of the name—as he and Pierre were descending towards evening, among those everlasting snows, to the little village of La Croix, our bore observed a mountain track turning off sharply to the right. At first he was uncertain whether it *was* a track at all, and in fact, he said to Pierre, "*Qu'est que c'est donc, mon ami?*—What is that, my friend?" *Où, monsieur?*" said Pierre—"Where, sir?" "*Là!*—there!" said our bore. "*Monsieur, ce n'est rien de tout*—sir, it's nothing at all," said Pierre. "*Allons!*—Make haste. *Il va neiger*—it's going to snow!" But, our bore was not to be done in that way, and he firmly replied, "I wish to go in that direction—*je veux y aller.* I am bent upon it—*je suis déterminé. En avant!*—go ahead!" In consequence of which firmness on our bore's part, they proceeded, sir, during two hours of evening and three of moonlight (they waited in a cavern till the moon was up), along the slenderest track, overhanging perpendicularly the most awful gulfs, until they arrived, by a winding descent, in a valley that possibly and he may say probably, was never visited by any stranger before. What a valley! Mountains piled on mountains, avalanches stemmed by pine forests; waterfalls, chalets, mountain torrents, wooden bridges, every conceivable picture of Swiss scenery! The whole village turned out to receive our bore. The peasant girls kissed him, the men shook hands with him, one old lady of benevolent appearance wept upon his breast. He was conducted, in a primitive triumph, to the little inn: where he was taken ill next morning, and lay for six weeks, attended by the amiable hostess (the same benevolent old lady who had wept over night) and her charming daughter, Fanchette. It is nothing to say that they were attentive to him; they doted on him. They called him, in their simple way, *l'Ange Anglais*—the English Angel. When our bore left the valley, there was not a dry eye in the place; some of the people attended him for miles. He begs and entreats of you as a personal favor, that if you ever go to Switzerland again (you have mentioned that your last visit was your twenty-third), you will go to that valley, and see Swiss scenery for the first time. And if you want really to know the pastoral people of Switzerland, and to understand them, mention, in that valley, our bore's name!

Our bore has a crushing brother in the East, who, somehow or other, was admitted to smoke pipes with Mehemet Ali, and instantly became an authority on the whole range of Eastern matters, from Haroun Alraschid to the present Sultan. He is in the habit of expressing mysterious opinions on this wide range of subjects, but on questions of foreign policy more particularly, to our bore, in letters; and our bore is continually sending bits of these letters to the newspapers (which they never insert), and carrying other bits about in his pocket-book. It is even whispered that he has been seen at the Foreign Office, receiving great consideration from the messengers, and having his card promptly borne into the sanctuary of the temple. The havoc committed in society by this Eastern brother is beyond belief. Our bore is always ready with him. We have known our bore to fall upon an intelligent young sojourner in the wilderness, in the first sentence of a narrative, and beat all confidence out of him with one blow of his brother. He became omniscient, as to foreign policy, in the smoking of those pipes with Mehemet Ali. The balance of power in Europe, the machinations of the Jesuits, the gentle and humanising influence of Austria, the position and prospects of that hero of the noble soul who is worshipped by happy France, are all easy reading to our bore's brother. And our bore is so provokingly self-denying about him! "I don't pretend to more than a very general knowledge of these subjects myself," says he, after enervating the intellects of several strong men, "but these are my brother's opinions; and I believe he is known to be well-informed."

The commonest incidents and places would appear to have been made special, expressly for our bore. Ask him whether he ever chanced to walk, between seven and eight in the morning, down St. James's Street, London, and he will tell you, never in his life but once. But, it's curious that that once was in eighteen thirty; and that as our bore was walking down the street you have just mentioned, at the hour you have just mentioned—half-past seven—or twenty minutes to eight. No! Let him be correct!—exactly a quarter before eight by the Palace clock—he met a fresh-coloured, grey-haired, good-humoured, looking gentleman, with a brown umbrella, who, as he passed him, touched his hat and said, "Fine morning, sir, fine morning!" William the Fourth!

Ask our bore whether he has seen Mr. Barry's new Houses of Parliament, and he will reply that he has not yet inspected them minutely, but, that you remind him that it was his singular fortune to be the last man to see the old houses of Parliament before the fire broke out. It happened in this way. Poor John Spine, the celebrated novelist, had taken him over to South Lambeth to read to him the last few chapters of what was certainly his best book—as our bore told him at the time, adding, "Now, my dear John, touch it, and you'll spoil it!"—and our bore was going back to the club by way of Millbank and Parliament Street, when he stopped to think of Canning, and look at the houses of Parliament. Now, you know far more of the philosophy of Mind than our bore does, and are much better able to explain to him than he is to explain to you why or wherefore, at that particular time, the thought of fire should come into his head. But, it did. It did. He thought, What a national calamity

if an edifice connected with so many associations should be consumed by fire! At that time there was not a single soul in the street but himself. All was quiet, dark, and solitary. After contemplating the building for a minute—or, say a minute and a half, not more—our bore proceeded on his way, mechanically repeating, What a national calamity if such an edifice, connected with such associations, should be destroyed by—— A man coming towards him in a violent state of agitation completed the sentence, with the exclamation, Fire! Our bore looked round, and the whole structure was in a blaze.

In harmony and union with these experiences, our bore never went anywhere in a steam-boat but he made either the best or the worst voyage ever known on that station. Either he overheard the captain say to himself, with his hands clasped, "We are all lost!" or the captain openly declared to him that he had never made such a run before, and never should be able to do it again. Our bore was in that express train on that railway, when they made (unknown to the passengers) the experiment of going at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Our bore remarked, on that occasion to the other people in the carriage, "This is too fast, but sit still!" He was at the Norwich musical festival when the extraordinary echo for which science has been wholly unable to account, was heard for the first and last time. He and the bishop heard it at the same moment, and caught each other's eye. He was present at that illumination of St. Peter's, of which the Pope is known to have remarked, as he looked at it out of his window in the Vatican, "*O Cielo! Questa cosa non sara fatta, mai ancora, come questa*—O Heaven! this thing will never be done again, like this!" He has seen every lion he ever saw, under some remarkably propitious circumstances. He knows there is no fancy in it, because in every case the showman mentioned the fact at the time, and congratulated him upon it.

At one period of his life, our bore had an illness. It was an illness of a dangerous character for society at large. Innocently remark that you are very well, or that somebody else is very well; and our bore, with the preface that one never knows what a blessing health is until one has lost it, is reminded of that illness, and drags you through the whole of its symptoms, progress, and treatment. Innocently remark that you are not well, or that somebody else is not well, and the same inevitable result ensues. You will learn how our bore felt a tightness about here, sir, for which he couldn't account, accompanied with a constant sensation as if he were being stabbed—or, rather, jobbed—that expresses it more correctly—jobbed—with a blunt knife. Well, sir! This went on, until sparks began to flit before his eyes, water-wheels to turn round in his head, and hammers to beat incessantly thump, thump, thump, all down his back—along the whole of the spinal vertebræ. Our bore, when his sensations had come to this, thought it a duty he owed to himself to take advice, and he said, Now, whom shall I consult? He naturally thought of Callow, at that time one of the most eminent physicians in London, and he went to Callow. Callow said, "Liver!" and prescribed rhubarb and calomel, low diet, and moderate exercise. Our bore went on with this treatment, getting worse every day, until he lost confidence in Callow, and went to Moon, whom half the town was then mad about. Moon was interested in the case; to do him justice he was very much interested in the case; and he said, "Kidnies!" He altered the whole treatment, sir—gave strong acids, cupped, and blistered. This went on, our bore still getting worse every day, until he openly told Moon it would be a satisfaction to him if he would have a consultation with Clatter. The moment Clatter saw our bore, he said, "Accumulation of fat about the heart!" Snugglewood, who was called in with him, differed, and said, "Brain!" But, what they all agreed upon was, to lay our bore upon his back, to shave his head, to leech him, to administer enormous quantities of medicine, and to keep him low; so that he was reduced to a mere shadow, you wouldn't have known him, and nobody considered it possible that he could ever recover. This was his condition, sir, when he heard of Jilkins—at that period in a very small practice, and living in the upper part of a house in Great Portland Street; but still, you understand, with a rising reputation among the few people to whom he was known. Being in that condition in which a drowning man catches at a straw, our bore sent for Jilkins. Jilkins came. Our bore liked his eye, and said, "Mr. Jilkins, I have a presentiment that you will do me good." Jilkins's reply was characteristic of the man. It was, "Sir, I mean to do you good." This confirmed our bore's opinion of his eye, and they went into the case together—went completely into it. Jilkins then got up, walked across the room, came back, and sat down. His words were these. "You have been humbugged. This is a case of indigestion, occasioned by deficiency of power in the Stomach. Take a mutton chop in half-an hour, with a glass of the finest old sherry that can be got for money. Take two mutton chops to-morrow, and two glasses of the finest old sherry. Next day, I'll come again." In a week our bore was on his legs, and Jilkins's success dates from that period!

Our bore is great in secret information. He happens to know many things that nobody else knows. He can generally tell you where the split is in the Ministry; he knows a deal about the Queen; and has little anecdotes to relate of the royal nursery. He gives you the judge's private opinion of Sludge the murderer, and his thoughts when he tried him. He happens to know what such a man got by such a transaction, and it was

fifteen thousand five hundred pounds, and his income is twelve thousand a year. Our bore is also great in mystery. He believes, with an exasperating appearance of profound meaning, that you saw Parkins last Sunday? —Yes, you did. — Did he say anything particular?—No, nothing particular.—Our bore is surprised at that.—Why?—Nothing. Only he understood that Parkins had come to tell you something.—What about?—Well! our bore is not at liberty to mention what about. But, he believes you will hear that from Parkins himself, soon, and he hopes it may not surprise you as it did him. Perhaps, however, you never heard about Parkins's wife's sister?—No.—Ah! says our bore, that explains it!

Our bore is also great in argument. He infinitely enjoys a long humdrum, drowsy interchange of words of dispute about nothing. He considers that it strengthens the mind, consequently, he "don't see that," very often. Or, he would be glad to know what you mean by that. Or, he doubts that. Or, he has always understood exactly the reverse of that. Or, he can't admit that. Or, he begs to deny that. Or, surely you don't mean that. And so on. He once advised us; offered us a piece of advice, after the fact, totally impracticable and wholly impossible of acceptance, because it supposed the fact then eternally disposed of, to be yet in abeyance. It was a dozen years ago, and to this hour our bore benevolently wishes, in a mild voice, on certain regular occasions, that we had thought better of his opinion.

The instinct with which our bore finds out another bore, and closes with him, is amazing. We have seen him pick his man out of fifty men, in a couple of minutes. They love to go (which they do naturally) into a slow argument on a previously exhausted subject, and to contradict each other, and to wear the hearers out, without impairing their own perennial freshness as bores. It improves the good understanding between them, and they get together afterwards, and bore each other amicably. Whenever we see our bore behind a door with another bore, we know that when he comes forth, he will praise the other bore as one of the most intelligent men he ever met. And this bringing us to the close of what we had to say about our bore, we are anxious to have it understood that he never bestowed this praise on us.

WHOLESALE DIVING.

The first of September! All the world is gone out a sporting this morning, for the purpose of killing time and partridges; though the Restaurant has given us the latter for the last two or three days, and though most of us complain of the shortness of human life. The weather is magnificent; but, alas! I am no shot. Having once in my life blazed away at covey after covey the livelong day without touching a single feather, the birds would be insulted by being popped at by such a bungling hand as mine. But, never mind; other resources are at hand. The waters are blue and calm under a gentle breeze, so we will go a fishing instead; and I promise you such sport as you cannot light upon every day. Not that I am any great adept in that art either; but I delight to see it practised, especially on a great scale, or in a remarkable locality.

To give you some idea of what to expect; our haul this morning *might* be a sunken ship's cargo, a forgotten piece of old-fashioned ordnance, a waggon-load of pearl oysters, a few bushels of coral, or, if you like it better, a genuine sample of Cancale oysters, which now are honestly and truly edible seeing that the month has at last got an *r* in its name. I say, we *might* catch any of these, but shall not on the present occasion, because our fishing tackle happens to be engaged on special service. Dr. Payerne says that he must first finish his job of stubbing up rocks at Chantereine; but he kindly adds, that if we like to walk with him and take part in that amusement, we are perfectly at liberty so to do.

Thanks, good Doctor. I could run full gallop to the spot; but that would rather prevent our chatting by the way. And those men, these nine reckless fellows, are they really going to the bottom of the sea, maintaining no communication whatever with the upper air?

Yes, certainly, at nine o'clock the boat plunges, and they are only awaiting our arrival.

And have they no apprehensions about the consequences? Have you no difficulty in getting hands?

At that moment, for answer, a man advances to the Doctor, takes off his hat, and begs for a job of work in the Diving Boat. He is not wanted: the list is full. A few steps farther bring us in sight of the wonder, which lies floating in the sea, ready to perform its duties.

Chantereine, I ought to tell you, is a suburb of Cherbourg—the Plymouth of France—occupied by dockyards and arsenals, which is said to owe its name to the circumstance of the Empress Maude "singing out" in a storm at sea, and building a chapel here afterwards in obedience to the vows made during her fright. The mouth of one of the basins opening into the sea is obstructed by submarine rocks. It is in the task of removing the rock at this spot that Dr. Payerne's Diving Boat is now employed; and that is the day's fishing which is offered to your acceptance.

The Auguste—the name of the first Diving Boat, and therefore worthy to be recorded—the Auguste lay, on the first of September in this present year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, moored by four anchors

exactly over the point on which her crew were to continue their work of excavation. The sea was calm; and, though a certain buoyancy was perceptible in the vessel, there was nothing approaching to heaving or tossing. You will first want to know what the Auguste was like. I answer that she had a resemblance to nothing so much as to some strange sea-monster come up from the abyss of the ocean to take a breath of air and a glimpse of sunshine, and then go down again—a simile which will not give you a very clear idea of the object of your curiosity. Therefore, to be more precise and homely in my comparisons, the Auguste in colour is bright red, like a boiled lobster. As to shape—take two boiled lobsters, remove their heads clap the two decapitated portions together, contrive to float them in the sea, back upwards, in such a way that only the thicker part of the body is above water; of course, greatly magnify them in idea—and you have the best notion I can give you of the Auguste lying at anchor. She is built entirely of iron, and the joinings of the pieces and the bands encircling the structure increase her lobster-like appearance. The windows—small circular plates of inch thick glass, here and there let in as firmly as iron can fix them—are not noticed at a distance; but, when you are walking on the surface of the Plunger, they remind you of the green glimmering eyes which a magnifier will show you upon a spider's back. In short, M. Payerne has invented a new species of marine crustacean, which is naked and worm-like externally, having neither claws nor fins; but, which is provided internally with an air-bladder like that of many fishes; with lungs which are reservoirs of air as those of the camel are reservoirs of water; and with spiracles and siphuncles capable of producing various effects, an imitation of the functions they would perform in the entrails of the nautilus and the ammonite. Fins and claws, or legs and feet, a screw tail for locomotive purposes, or perhaps, wings even—for who can tell?—may one day sprout through the shell of the Auguste. In which case she must be considered at present as a mere *larva* or grub, or at most only in the chrysalis state, from which the perfect full-fledged insect is to burst forth some bright sunshiny morning.

I ought to mention that the Auguste, though called a Diving *Bateau*, or Boat, has not in herself the means of progressive motion through the waters, as by sail or oar, which the word "boat" suggests to the mind. She can sink; and she can rise to the surface without assistance. But, in order to arrive at the spot where a descent is proposed to be made, she has to be towed through the waves by a steamer or a sailing vessel. Therefore, those nervous persons who are groaning over the invention, fearing that a force of a dozen men may secretly invade our coast, or, entering our docks in the disguise of flounders, may blow up, or sink, our navy from below, are quite premature in their apprehensions. The apparatus has to be considerably amended and enlarged before the French can play us such tricks as those, even supposing that they wished to play them.

The only things which interrupt the surface, or grow out of the hard smooth shell of the Auguste's back, are: Firstly, a ring, on what may be called the croup of the creature, behind, and another on the back of its neck, before; these are for the purpose of towing it; they are button-holes in which to fix its leading-strings when it is sent out from its home pond, like a trained hippopotamus, to perform its task under water. Secondly: quite in the middle of the back, there is a small rectangular hole or trap-door, which might be called in French either a *porte* or a *trou d'homme*—this is the place of exit and entrance for the crew. Over it springs an arch of bar iron, about five feet high and two or three inches thick, which is technically styled a *potence* or gallows; only in the place where a strangled man should be suspended, there hang a pulley and ropes, that can be attached to the trap-door, for a purpose which you will understand by and bye.

The entire length of the Auguste is thirteen *mètres*, a *mètre* being somewhat more than an English yard. Call it a vessel forty feet long. The internal chamber, or hold, or submarine work-place, is nearly five *mètres*, or fifteen feet long. Nine men go down in it comfortably; a dozen find themselves a little crowded. The two extremities, that is to say, the whole remaining space, are employed for the double purpose of reservoirs of condensed air, and hydrostatic regulators of equilibrium. These last words may, perhaps, sound a little hard, but they shall soon be made considerably plainer. The extremity—which we may call the tail—of the crustacean is hemi-spherical, or rounded off in a circular form; the front or snout end is conical, or very bluntly pointed, with, however, a tendency to bulge outwards. The apparatus at each extremity is similar; and outside, close to certain pumps at each end of the chamber, are the Auguste's breathing holes or spiracles—tubes fitted with valves for the discharge of water mainly, but, sometimes, of air.

Suppose, then, the Auguste lying at anchor in diving trim, waiting for nothing but the bold crew who shall man her. The inventor pushes off in a boat, in company with his inquisitive visitor; we soon reach the Plunger vessel, and I jump on board, and am taken into the interior through the little square trap-door. The air reservoirs are indeed charged; for the Doctor, in proof thereof, touches a screw, and out whistles a blast worthy of the imprisoned winds of Æolus. The floor of iron is also an entire trap-door, into which other smaller ones are let, to be opened, as most convenient, at the bottom of the sea

wherever search is to be made, or work performed. Many of the present details, however, may be considered as not final, but as temporary arrangements; for, almost every day suggests improvements in an invention which is at once so novel and so bold. The grand principle alone must remain unchanged.

You will not suppose that the cabin of the Auguste (for it has only a single apartment) is a very luxurious retreat; that it is panelled with mahogany and looking-glass, hung with festoons of muslins and silk, or strewn with cushions of velvet padded with down. The first submarine boat is as far from the thought of such superfluities, as was the first surface-going steamer. It is of no use calling for the steward to bring you an ice, a pint of Champagne, or a new-laid egg warranted never to have known the touch of *terra firma*; nor are you put to the inconvenience of puzzling your brains as to which of the Waverley novels you shall take down from their stylish bookcase. In the first steamer, the stoker's apartment would be the place of honour, and perhaps almost the only place; on board the Auguste, the wind man's and the bellows man's cabinet is everything—quarter-deck, fore-cabin, aft-cabin, state-room, kitchen and all. You find yourself in a low apartment in which you cannot stand upright after the awful upper trap-door is closed; but, that does not matter, because you have not time to be cramped, and, as soon as you get to the bottom, you open the trap in the floor, cause the waters to retreat by the force of your condensed air, and find yourself standing on the actual bed of the sea—on rock, or sand, or shingle, or whatever else it may be. The walls, too, are iron, and round them runs a low divan, likewise of iron, on which the company seat themselves until they commence their aquatic labours—their water-works, if I may so denominate them. The only decorations observable, are sundry screws and cocks and pump-handles and pipes, the necessary agents for the manœuvre of the vessel; the only furniture, a pailful of thick creamy whitewash, and a large pair of bellows.

Be it remembered that we, *Bateau Plongeur*, and all, are on the surface. The men are now ready, and put off from the shore in another boat. Like miners, they have changed their usual dress for coarse, shabby clothing, more suitable to the bottom of the sea. We get out of the hole, and into our boat; while they leave their bark (in which a tenth man remains), and prepare to drop, one by one, through the *trou d'homme*, into the hollow entrails of the red-shelled and cannibal Auguste. I marvel to behold them:

> "Alas! regardless of their doom
> The little victims play!"

That is to say, they laugh, and seem to care no more about the matter than if they were going down into a wine-cellar, to fetch a bottle of Bordeaux a-piece for their own private drinking. There is no symptom of any horrible drownings, after the fashion of Nantes, being either designed or anticipated: nor, have they the look of those desperate men who habitually risk life to gain a livelihood, and who exist in the constant consciousness that they are so risking it. I could not observe in any one of them the aëronaut's expression of countenance.

Well; these nine sane and healthy men voluntarily entered their iron floating den, without grimace or trembling; and—it made me gasp—their foreman (a sleek-skinned, jolly-looking fellow, with a straw-coloured military chin-beard), shut the trap-door with a hearty slam. There they were, and no mistake, unless some legerdemain trick had been played, as when the conjuror puts your watch into his mortar, and afterwards pounds a watch to pieces. And now we learn the use of the *potence*, the gallows and pulley. The tenth man outside clenches the foreman's slam of the trap-door, by hauling it even more tightly up, which he does by fastening the rope of the pulley to a ring on the door. When he has done his best, he quietly sits down upon the shell of the Auguste. And then you hear a rapping, and a tapping, and a hammering inside. What is it? They are absolutely screwing and bolting themselves in; or rather, they are screwing and bolting the water out: for water is a terribly violent housebreaker, when you have twenty or thirty feet of it above the highest ridge of your roof. And now they have finished. A few knocks are given to warn the tenth man to jump off Behemoth's back, unless he has a mind to go to the bottom too. He kneels down, peeps into one of the spider's eyes, knocks in answer, shouts a few words which seem to be audible within—for a muffled groan is heard in reply—jumps into his boat, and goes ashore. His part of the performance is played; he may now go home to breakfast. We, however, continue to linger at hand in our skiff, to observe the disappearance of the Auguste as closely as possible. The men are working away at the pumps, taking in water as fast as they can; she will soon vanish.

It has been already stated that the Diving Boat, composed entirely of iron, floats by means of the compressed air contained in the reservoir at each end, aided by the air in the central chamber. If that compressed air is still further diminished in bulk, after the hold has been made safe and water-tight, it is clear that the specific gravity of the whole machine will be altered till it sinks. Accordingly, into these air reservoirs, the imprisoned men inject water by means of a forcing pump, until they have thus taken in as much additional ballast as suffices to sink them. It is the principle of ballooning applied to the ocean, instead of to the atmosphere.

Dr. Payerne obligingly pointed out that

they were pumping away, or loading the boat with water, first at the tail of the vessel; which, in consequence, gradually sunk, till it scarcely floated above the surface of the sea. Then the front portion was similarly loaded, and became submerged. And then—it was quite as exciting as the first sight of a balloon ascent; it was more fearful than seeing the kraken plunge into the depth below, after you had mistaken it for an island; —then, down went the scarlet-mailed monster, with a decisive dip which had all the air of a voluntary and muscular action. And the boiling waters, and the white streaming mass of bubbling air, which those desperadoes left behind them on the surface! Oh! Gracious Heavens! Can I believe my eyes?—that there, down below, and out of sight, nine living breathing men should be cheerfully at work, though hidden from our view by the waves of the sea! And not exactly hidden; only veiled. The waters here are clear, their bed being of rock, and I can perceive a reddish gleam, with a brighter point in the middle, which is the top of the *potence*, struggling through the blue-green medium in which those nine wretched lost men lie entombed. Survive they cannot, short of miracle! Lucky that none of their wives or children were here to witness that fearful descent.

> "Full fathom five thy father lies:
> Of his bones are coral made:
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:

The "father," however, quotes responsively,

> "—— but for the miracle,
> I mean our preservation, few in millions
> Can speak like us."

The men are safe, thanks to Payerne's ingenuity. They have much more air with them than they will require during their stay below; they can regulate the supply at pleasure, and this will give them sufficient oxygen. But, by breathing they throw off carbonic acid, and this must be got rid of, or they will suffer inconvenience, and, perhaps, be injured in health. They, therefore, take down with them a bucket containing about six (French)pounds of first-rate quicklime, with a small portion of potash; it is mixed with water, and, as soon as their feelings tell them what is wanted to be done, one of the number takes a pair of bellows having the rose of a garden watering-pot fixed on its snout, and with this simple implement dipped into the alkaline solution, he blows away, until the air is sufficiently purified by the passage through it, to be again wholesome to the lungs. For those who doubt the healthiness of house-cleanings and whitewashings, here is a lesson that the human body throws off a something, whose ill effects are neutralised by lime.

Dr. Payerne has made many experiments on the purification of air—some, in the diving bell at the London Polytechnic Exhibition, ten years ago—and has published on the subject. But, the Diving Boat has led to the discovery of an unexpected means of clearing air of an excess of carbonic acid. The Bell cannot be worked in a strong current; the boat works best there, for this reason. It is known that carbonic acid is very soluble in water, much more soluble than atmospheric air; that is, it is taken up by it in combination, like sugar or salt: or, as they are both fluids, it might be better to say that water and carbonic acid unite together like spirits and water, instead of remaining separate, like water and oil. Now, it turns out that carbonic acid combines so readily with water, that when the Diving Boat is working in a strong current, the men have no need to use their lime solution, nor to work their bellows at all. The water running beneath their feet attracts and carries off with it the carbonic acid, as fast as they produce it. And, fortunately, carbonic acid is so much heavier than atmospheric air, that it naturally sinks to the bottom of the boat by its own weight. It is only in still waters that they are obliged to have recourse to the bellows and the alkaline air-filter; and the more the water changes from the condition of stillness, the less need have they of that acid. We may hence deduce the fact, that fountains and running streams in the midst of populous cities are not only pleasing to the eye, but are healthful to the constitution, by carrying off, while they seem to be only idly sparkling to and fro, many an unseen, impalpable, and unsuspected impurity.

Another difficulty with the Diving Bell is, that the deeper it descends, the higher the water rises within it, from the compression of the included air by the superincumbent mass of water; so that the adventurer finds himself half-flooded and seriously hindered both in investigation and in work, long before a depth impossible for human lungs to bear has been reached. But, the Diving Boat, by making use of the internal spring of its store of compressed air, is always able (by letting out an extra supply, as profounder depths are arrived at), to keep the water-surface quite at the bottom of the internal walls of its chamber.

It seems at first sight a little paradoxical to learn that it costs much less trouble to make the Auguste float on the surface, than to cause her to sink to the bottom of the sea. But, a very slight change of equilibrium or alteration of specific gravity is sufficient to produce the tendency to float. If you sink a bladder full of air in a tub, by means of a small bag-full of shot just enough to keep it at the bottom, it is surprising how few shot have to be subtracted, in order to make it mount; just as, in a nicely balanced balloon, the shaking out of a small sand-bag causes it to mount steadily. And so the Auguste, by discharging a little water through the spiracles of its iron shell, makes itself lighter, and

rises buoyantly. The idea is beautifully simple, and would be perfectly novel if similar contrivances had not been observable in the structure of certain marine animals. Human ingenuity sometimes has the good fortune to hit upon means similar to those employed by the Great Author of Nature; and is then most sure, as well as most successful.

The descent of the Auguste, on the other hand, is effected by a laborious injection of water into the reservoirs of compressed air; and, of course, the greater the store of breathable provision, the harder work it is to cram and force upon it so unyielding an intruder as water is—the least squeezeable of things. The air does yield at last to the impudent invasion, but with a very bad grace, and after proving itself to be somewhat heated by the contest. Moreover, for convenience sake, a greater excess of floating power is usually maintained at the surface, when the Auguste lies at her moorings, than of sinking power at the bottom, when she wants to lie steady at her work.

It is good, for the safety of the crew, that this should be the case; namely, that it should be less trouble to float the *Bateau Plongeur* than to sink her. But Dr. Payerne has superadded a very beautiful and simple contrivance, by which, if the pumps should fail to perform their duty, the *Bateau* can, by a few touches, be instantly brought to the surface. It is a proof too, how little complex the whole management of the machinery is, that the workmen who dive conduct it with perfect confidence, and, Dr. Payerne says, quite as well as himself.

We left the men at the bottom of the sea. The master had returned to his scientific labours, and I had gone home to put on paper something of what I had seen and heard. Having been present at the imprisonment of the nine martyrs, I was anxious to assist, as the French say, at their escape. They went down at nine in the morning (or a little after, for my visit caused a short delay), and they were to emerge about one in the afternoon. I returned at the time appointed, and was just too late to see the Auguste rise, like a Venus with the scarlet fever, from the sea; but the living cargo was untouched and unadulterated: the tenth man was beginning to untackle the trap-door and clear the ropes from the pulley and gibbet. At last the hole opened [it just comes into my head that it is very like the hole in a humming-top, which admits the wind, and causes the music; or still more like the enlarged bung-hole of a cask], and one by one they lifted themselves out. There was no struggling or fighting who should get away first, as must have been the case had they been pent up for four hours in a real and true black hole of Calcutta; the exit was made quietly, and even a little lazily. The first word which I heard from their mouths, was not "Thank God, here we are, above water again!" nor "Catch me at the bottom another time, if you can!" but the foreman, turning towards the dock-wall on which we were standing, asked, "*Sommes-nous bien descendus?*" "Did we make a good descent?" Think of the fellow's coolness in caring about the style of the performance! I almost believe that he purposely made the last plunge a little more precipitately than usual, simply to show what a high-mettled Triton his Auguste could be on occasion.

The other men toddled off to their dressing-room, not a bit more beaten than miners whom I have seen returning from their work. To say that they were as cool as cucumbers and as neat as if they came out of a band-box, would not be true. But, they were to get a hasty snack of dinner, and go down again in the afternoon. The air reservoirs contained sufficient for that day's consumption, without any more being pumped into them. Next morning a fresh stock would have to be laid in. Eight hours, divided into two spells, is the usual day's work at the bottom of the sea; but, sometimes, when the boat drops nicely, in a convenient position, a shorter stay enables them to satisfy themselves and others as to the quantity of rock removed. The fragments detached are brought up in the Diving Boat.

These things are only the beginnings of wonders. What Dr. Payerne longs for, is additional mechanical power to work his invention, which he feels certain of gaining when he has obtained additional capital. He proposes to make a submarine steamboat, which, however the reader may stare, is as actual a possibility as the Auguste is an existing fact. But expense is the present stumbling block; experiments cannot be made for nothing.

The submarine steamer would have two fires; one for the surface, and another for the deeps. Up above, it would burn air; but air is too valuable to burn in the abyss below. Heat must there be generated by means of nitrate of potash, though the process is much more costly.

The first descent was made in the Seine at Paris; and it showed the confidence which the inventor placed in his apparatus. Inclosed in an iron cage at the bottom of a river, he could not have been very easily raised to the surface either dead or alive, if the effect calculated on had not been produced by the means employed. But, a trial in the sea at the time of high water, and at a point above low water-mark, would have insured him some sort of succour in case of need, if he patiently waited in his den for three or four hours, and had only air enough to breathe.

The greatest depth to which Dr. Payerne has yet descended, is seventy-five French feet—a trifle more than English. But, many valuable cargoes lie sunken deeper than that, and are well worth the fetching up again.

He believes that a man is capable of sustaining the pressure resulting from a depth of a hundred and fifty feet; but, to attain that result, he would require to use steam-engines as his air-compressors. Manual labour is incapable of the effort; and he has not at present sufficient pecuniary means at command to make the necessary outlay.

Whether the invention is to halt where it is, or progressively to grow into the marvel of a submarine locomotive steamer, the name of the man who has already dared and performed so much ought to be enrolled on the list of the world's notables. And therefore, I venture to propose that the words, Diving Boat, or *Bateau Plongeur*, be now for the last time used in England; and that henceforth, when we wish to mention this admirable result of mechanical skill, we call it simply—A PAYERNE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT is a question not, I think, beneath the dignity of the philosopher and psychologist to discuss whether, supposing our dear old friend Robinson Crusoe to have lost count of a few days during his stay on the Island of Juan Fernandez, he would have been enabled to correct the notches on that dear old post—Heaven's blessing upon it, how it stands up in the plain of my childhood, sun-lighted for ever!—by intuitively knowing Sunday as soon as it came round. My theory is that he would: my opinion is, that there is something in and about the aspect of the Sabbath so contra-distinguished from other days, so perfectly *sui generis*, that, the wide world over, the cognizance and recognition of Sunday are innate and intuitive. It is not like other days; the air, the stillness, the noise, are not like those of other days. There is rain on a wet Sunday, and rain on a wet Monday; but they are not the same rains by any means. The Sunday sunshine and the Saturday sunshine both light us and warm us and cheer us; but the sunny Saturday is far different from the sunny Sunday.

I do not hold with Sir Andrew Agnew. I do not row in the same boat as the crusaders against Sunday oranges and Sunday orange-women. I cannot pin my faith to the statute of King Charles the Second (a pretty fellow to force sours on Sunday as on vegetables that are none the better for pickling). I cannot see perdition in a Sabbath-sewed-on shirt-button; the bottomless pit in a Sunday-baked pie; Tophet in the boiler of a Sunday steam-boat. I do not feel inclined to blacken the reputation of my friend the Pot because he enjoys himself on a Sunday, seeing that he, in his turn, might say something severe of my mamma the Kettle. If we "maunna wheestle on a Soonday," my friends beyond the Grampians, we "maunna" drink quite so much whiskey between services. I cannot, in conclusion, see any reason why, because it is Sunday, a man should half throttle himself with a white neckloth; turn his eyes all ways save the natural one; and put on a look of excruciating wretchedness and anguish when he is naturally inclined to be cheerful. Excuse me if I use strong language, but I feel strongly; and, do not think me scoffing or irreverent, if, acknowledging my respect for missionary enterprise and perseverance and sincerity, I confess my inability to believe in the conversion of that New Zealand chieftain, who, having been educated at a missionary station, was in after years questioned by one of his reverend friends as to his spiritual progress, and, on being pressed, avowed that he had not been quite able to give up cannibalism, but that he "nebber eat him enemies on a Sunday, now."

Sunday morning in town and country: let me essay, with my blunt pencil, to sketch some Sunday morning draughts.

What sort of a Sunday morning could that have been of the 18th of June, 1815, when the two great armies of the English and the French lay opposite each other (after couching uneasily in their muddy lairs all Saturday night), like wild beasts, ready to rend each other in pieces presently? Gunner and Driver number seven, as he pushes and labours, and toils and moils at the wheels of yonder great piece of ordnance, overhauling and sponging out the creature's mouth to see that it is ready for roaring and biting, does he think of the bloody Sunday's work he is upon,—that it was on a Sunday morning that the great Untiring Hand yet chose to rest from the labours of Creation? Gunner and Driver number seven, as, wiping the sweat from off his anxious face, he scans the trees and farms and cottages as well as he can for a rainy mist,—does it ever strike him that the grey church of Waterloo yonder was meant to be something else than a mere "position"—than a place to hold or defend, or to assault and attack—than a thing to batter and rear great guns against, and throw red-hot shot into, or may be, after the battle, to establish an hospital or litter down troop horses in? Comes there ever a thought across this rude fighting man that there are villages and village churches in his own land of England?—notably a little, grey, ivy-coloured fane "down in his part of the country;" a church with a leaden spire and a thatched roof, and little lozenge casements glistening like diamonds; a church with a rebellious sea of churchyard, all stormy waves of turf, crested with breakers of white tombstone, surging up viciously against the church, and threatening to break through its Gothic windows, and quite submerge that smug Corinthian porch the last vicar (who had a pretty taste for building, confound him!) raised, rolling its verdant billows to rocks ahead of family vaults, and the low encompassing stone wall. Here he played years ago, before ever he thought of 'listing, or of being a Gunner and Driver, or of fighting anybody

on a Sunday morning; were it not, indeed, Tom the blacksmith's son, or Toby Crance who lived "along a Saunders," which last—the self-styled cock of the village—he, the embryo Gunner, met on a Sabbath morning and "paid," knocking him from his cockish eminence, crowing, to the very bottom and foundation of a muck-midden, where he lay howling amongst the ordure; for which exploit he (Gunner) was sorely scourged next morning by the schoolmaster, a learned man, who could talk like a book, and had a wonderful property of boxing your ears, sitting the while at his desk, were you ever so many feet off. Many a Sunday morning has he, Gunner, sat in the free-seats close to the squire's pew, wondering why the brave gentlemen and fair ladies on the brasses always crossed their arms like scissors, and held their heads askew; why the mailed knights with tin pots (in marble) on their heads, always went to sleep with their feet resting on little dogs; spelling out that quaint marble tablet setting forth how Sir Roger Bielby died in the Civil Wars, and wondering what wars were like. Those Sunday mornings: how drowsy, how distressingly somnolent they were to him! That weary litany! that still more sleepy sermon! There was a sharp zest or relish thrown in to relieve the monotony of the former in the shape of the publication of marriage banns, and a neat peppery little prayer about the French and the Pope and a certain "bloodthirsty usurper," whose "casting down" was hebdomadally supplicated; but no such zests enlivened the dreary waste of sermon. Page after page of manuscript was turned over with a lullaby of rustling foolscap, and the drooping, sleep-oppressed spirits of the boys would have given in, have knocked under entirely, were it not for the thought—the mighty thought—the bark riding on a sea of joy with twenty anchors of Hope at the bows—the thought of the gathering round about the baker's shop after church; the glad symposium of boys and girls with snowy napkins waiting for the baked dinners; the gastronomic Bourse—where a rumour that Starling's pie was spoilt, that Bailey's over-cake or puff-paste rider to her pie had been devoured by a buccaneering baker, was sufficient to throw a gloom on the market, and cause apples and marbles to be quoted at nothing at all. And, when the Sunday bakings did come forth, what glorious sights they were! Gunner and Driver number seven, you have had commissariat beef, and commissariat biscuit, this Sunday morning; but in those days you were entitled to a share in a dish in which there was brown, hot meat with streaky fat—a dish so brown, so streaked with white itself, so encompassed with savoury crispness that you fancied you could eat it, as well as the meat, for all it came from Staffordshire and was but a potsherd. Nor was this all; for in another compartment of this edible dish there lurked in a greasy nectar, potatoes—so crisp, so exquisitely done, so yellow, that they looked like the golden apples of the Hesperides, or that the shepherd gave to Venus. Who would mind sermons with such fruits in store? Old days, those, Gunner and Driver number seven, quiet days, timid days!

Sunday morning at Doctor Tweep's Classical Seminary, Kilburn, Middlesex. Classical was Doctor Tweep's. There were talismanic "*adsums*" and "*licets*" and "*placets*," used in playground, and class, and refectory. There was Smith *major* and Smith *minor* and Smith *minimus;* and the boy who had charge of the birches, hang him! was *præfectus*. When we saw Doctor Tweep coming, we cried "*Cave*,"—when he gave us permission to go "down street," on half-hours, he granted us an "*exeat*." Everybody was classical save the writing-master, who pretended to be, but wasn't; and who, wishing to bestow a mark of approbation on one of his pupils one day, called him *bonus puerus* (thinking, good man, that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander) and was then and there discharged by Dr. Tweep "for poisoning," as he elegantly expressed it, "the pure stream that flowed from the Aonion Mount." Select, also, was Doctor Tweep. At least we had room for forty, but only numbered twenty, which did not hinder our impartial preceptor dispensing among us the full allowance of flogging for two score.

Sunday morning at Kilburn is marked in my recollection with three white stones. One stands for tea at breakfast, the next for letters from home, the third for Greek Testament. The tea was a great thing. We had milk and water during the week—"sky-blue," as we ironically called it—and bitter jokes we made about the chalk supposed to form one of its component parts, and the preposterous share the pump-handle had in its manufacture. But, on Sunday mornings we had tea, not in mugs, mind you, but in real cups, mind you. It was curious tea—somewhat resembling thin broth, not unlike very weak sago, with a smack of diluted colewort and a dash of camomiles, and a pervading, sickly flavour, half saccharine, half "clothy," that gave it quite a relish. It was of a light liver colour, and had a thin marbled scum of skim milk a-stop, and left a residue of thin leaves of a strange shape and colour, with a great quantity of short stiff stalks, that, when you swallowed any of them by accident, made you cough and sputter a great deal. Our head satirist and poet, who was thrashed about five times a week for inability to scan the humorous Virgilian line ending with "*vox faucibus hæsit*," and who always got the quantities right in his sleep and forgot them when he woke—Mufflinhard he was called,—who is now, I believe, a professed "funny man" and diner-out, declared that these stalks were chopped birch-brooms. He ought to have known; for no boy had a more intimate acquaintance with the twigs of the tree of knowledge than he had.

Letters from home were always delivered to us at this Sunday tea-time—open: after having undergone an ocular quarantine at the hands and eyes of Doctor Tweep, to secure, I imagine, their not containing unlawful playthings, fire-works, notions on education unsuited for our years, or "cribs" for our Latin exercises. If they conveyed serious intelligence, such as births, deaths, or marriages, we got them without delay; but, in ordinary cases we had to wait the Sunday morning delivery; till which time, though we knew of their arrival, on the previous Monday, even, we were compelled to wait. Agonising suspense for those who were anxious to know how the poney was, or what Bob Burns had done with the last batch of puppies; when the next plum-cake and silver crown were coming, and whether Mr. Park's stock contained any more "Red Rovers of the Ocean," for tinselling!

Greek Testament also came on Sunday mornings, between breakfast and church times. Of all the gallons of tears I must have shed over the Hellenic language, the fewest, I think, the sparsest drops were poured forth over Testament. Digging up Greek roots as we did at other times, like pigs hunting for truffles, and scratching at the horny bark of the appalling tree of Greek verbs till we felt inclined to hang ourselves on the branches, we went smilingly and joyfully to Testament. The master was an Oxford man, too poor to keep the necessary amount of terms, but hoping manfully to save a few pounds yet, and go back, and come out a Fellow. He had such a winning way, and easy power of explanation and illustration, and such a deep, rich, bass voice, that we used to sit with rapt ears and eager faces listening to him. And Tommy Brooks, from Smyrna, whose father was supposed to be a "dragon," an impossible profession, but was really, I opine, a "dragoman;" Tommy Brooks—who used to stumble over *en arche en o logos*, as if the words were made of wood with rusty nails in them—grew so excellent a Greek scholar that at the half-yearly examination, being entrusted with the recitation of the ode of Anacreon, beginning "*Thelo legein atreidas*," he broke into such a flux of Attic, Ionic, and Doric intermingled, that they were obliged to stop him, thinking that he was in a fit. Moreover, it was in a comfortable little slice of a study in winter, and in the garden, a shady place, under laurel bushes in summer, where our class met. I would I were there again with Mr. Bidloe (drowned going out to the Cape) listening, "under the laurels," to the magnificent gospel of St. John.

Sunday morning in London streets. The pavement seems to have its Sunday coat on, as the pavement treaders have. The omnibusses, though working, poor vehicles! look spruce and "Sundayfied." The horses have bunches of ribbons in their ears, and the coachmen carry pinks or dog-roses in their button-holes, or in their mouths. The drivers and conductors have some degree of smartness in their attire, not always, I am afraid to say, displaying clean linen; but, always mounting—on the part of the driver—a pair of fresh gloves, and on that of the conductor an extra polish to his boots. The cabmen, unused to frequent fares on Sunday mornings, snore peacefully on their boxes, or improve their minds with the perusal of cheap periodicals; or, seated on the iron door-step of their vehicles and puffing the calumet of peace, hold mystic converse with other cabmen, and with the waterman on the stand.

Town-made little boys, with caps between Lancers' shakoes and accordions, pick out the cleanest spots on the road to cross, lest they should soil their bright highlows. Policemen lounge easily past, whistling softly, as if to say that, with the exception of orange baskets, they war against no human thing today. Cooks and housemaids peep slyly over area railings and out of second-floor windows; for it is their "day out," and they are anxious to ascertain what the weather looks like, and whether it is within the limits of reason to risk and throw on the clemency of the skies that gorgeous thing I know of in the back-kitchen and a band-box—that boomerang, which is to strike terror and dismay into the heart of "Missus," and then, recoiling, seat itself triumphantly on the head of Jane or Ann Elizabeth—the Sunday bonnet. But see, the door of this genteel residence opens, and forth from it comes Missus herself in her Sunday bonnet (with not half such splendid colours or so many ribbons as Jane's in the bandbox), and Master, and young Master, and Missey, and the children, all bound for church. Master has a broad-brimmed hat, and such a shirt-collar, neckcloth, and frill, as only the father of a family conscious of his moral responsibility can boast. His boots are the boots of a man with five hundred a year, who owes his baker nothing, or, if anything, can pay it, sir, at Michaelmas when he sends his bill in. His double eye-glass has respectability, paternity, morality in it. He is a Church man, I can see, by the complete Church Service in a small portmanteau of blue leather, which young Master (bound in a cut-away coat, turned up with check trowsers, and gilt lettered) is carrying.

Ring out, ye bells, from the great spire of Paul's; from the twin towers of St. Peter's Westminster; from lowly St. Margaret's, with its great stained window nestling close by. Ring out from St. Pogis-under-pump, where the rector is non-resident, and the mild young curate has a hankering after candlesticks on the communion-table. Ring out from the dozy chapel-of-case, where the very crimson cushions seem to slumber; from the bran-new Puseyite bazaar—I beg pardon, church—where a wax-chandler's shop seems to have broken into the main avenue of Covent Garden market, and, having stormed

the Pantheon in Oxford Street, to have sat itself down among the ruins; tinkle from St. Hildeburga's, the sly little Romish chapel; —call your flocks together, Zoar, and Enon, and Ebenezer, and Rabshekah;—Howlers, Jumpers, Moravians, Johanna Southcotonians, and New-Jerusalemites. Ring out, ye bells—for this is Sunday morning.

And, ring out, oh bells, a peal of love, and kindness, and brotherhood. Ring Tolerance into preachers' mouths and men's hearts, that while they pray they may forbear to thank Heaven that they are not as other men, or even as "this Publican" who is their neighbour!

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

John Wilde of Rodenkirchen was standing on a hill
Of the far-off Isle of Rügen, on a morning bright and still;
And, as he looked about him, he saw a little shoe
Of glass most strangely fashioned, that glitter'd like May dew.

No foot of mortal creature such a little thing could wear:
John saw it was a fairy's shoe, and took it up with care,
For he knew that the dwarfish owner, who lived in the cave below,
Until he regained his slipper, on one bare foot must go.

John kept his treasure safely; and, in the dark midnight,
He went up to the hill-top, alone, without a light.
To the ground he put his mouth, and he gave a loud halleo;
"John Wilde of Rodenkirchen has found a tiny shoe."

Straightway he heard a murmur far down within the hill,
Like the swarming of a flight of bees and the clacking of a mill;
Straightway he heard a pattering of little feet hard by:
But John was very cautious, and homeward did he hie.

Next morning came the fairy, like a merchant rich and gay:
"Have you got a little crystal shoe you could sell to me to-day?"—
Quoth John, "I have a slipper, of glass so fine and small,
That only one of fairy size could put in on at all."

Said the merchant, "I will give you a thousand dollars new,
From the mint all freshly shining, for this wonderful glass shoe."
But John was avaricious—a grasping hand had he:
He laughed out in the merchant's face with loud and scornful glee;
And vowed by all things holy, no less sum would be take,
Than a ducat for each furrow that ever his plough should make.

The merchant writhed and twisted, but saw that he must yield:
So he swore that in each furrow John made within his field,
Yea, of what length soever his life might chance to be,
A heavy golden ducat he should not fail to see.

John knew right well that fairies to their oaths are always true:
So away the elf has taken the little crystal shoe,
And away John Wilde has hurried into his field to plough:
"Without," thought he, "a single seed, I shall soon have crops enow."
Anon he drove a furrow—a furrow broad and deep;
And at once a golden ducat into his hands did leap.

He jumps about and dances, to be sure 'tis not a dream:
Then, shouting like a madman, again drives on his team.
Oh, now 'twould seem a devil has entered into John!
From furrow unto furrow he goads his horses on;

From furrow unto furrow he urges them amain;
And still the golden ducats spring up like golden grain.
Faster and ever faster, he tears across the land;
And fast the yellow ducats come glittering to his hand.

The sun rides up the heavens; the noon is fierce and dry;
Yet still John drives his horses, beneath the bright bare sky.
The sun rides down the heavens; and, hastening to his bed,
Shuts out the eastern moonlight with cloudy curtains red:
Yet, till the valley darkness, he ploughs the dusky loam,
John does not stop his labour, nor turn his face towards home.

The thirst for gold has seized him; each day is now the same:
His blood is all on fire, his heart is like a flame.
For ever, ever ploughing, ever running to and fro,
Driving random furrows, with ne'er a seed to sow.

Still ploughing, ever ploughing, through all seasons of the year!
In the seed-time, in the harvest, in the winter bleak and bare.
He scarcely thinks of resting;—in the early morning's cold,
While the night yet fills the valleys, and the mists are on the wold,

His wife beholds him rising out of his weary bed,
With eyes like staring marsh-lights, in the hollows of his head;
When the night is at its noon, and the stars have mounted high,
He reels home with his horses, like one who straight must die.

Poor wretch! his work's not ended!—he has a feeble light,
And o'er his chest he hovers in the shadow of the night:
Over his chests he hovers, to count his lovely gold;
Counting, counting, counting, till the sum is fully told.
He crawls to bed, and slumbers, yet still at work he seems—
Still ploughing, ever ploughing, through dark and tangled dreams!

John Wilde grows thin and haggard—he mumbles with his mouth;
His eyes are fixed and arid, like one consumed with drouth.
It is the dead of winter—his hands with cold are sear'd;
The sweat is on his forehead, but the frost is in his beard.

Still ploughing, ever ploughing! though the sleety mists environ,
And the plough goes through the furrows, like iron into iron.
Still ploughing, ever ploughing—but see! he cannot stand;
There is darkness all about him; he has fallen upon the land!

The horses come home early; but their master—where is he?
Some neighbours go to seek him, where they know that he must be;
And there they find him lying, all stiff and stony-eyed,
Stretched full-length in a furrow—and a ducat by his side.

Oh, wretched fool! what matter how fast the plough he drave?—
In ploughing up his ducats he was digging his own grave!
John Wilde of Redenkirchen died many a year ago:
Still many for gold are delving, whom gold will soon lay low.

BLIND SIGHT-SEEING.

It was travelling on the railroad from Orleans to Amboise, that I first met Monsieur and Madame Faye, who were returning from Paris to Tours. There was a little bustle, just as the train was starting, in consequence of late comers. The only wonder is how any Frenchman manages ever to be ready, considering the immense amount of talk and leave-taking which seem a part of their existence,—and I, amongst others, put out my hand to help in an apparently infirm man, whose agitation seemed to prevent him from knowing where to take his seat. I pointed to that next to me, pulling his coat to force him into it, that we might not all be inconvenienced by his lingering. He bowed and smiled, and continued to talk to a female who followed him; and who began to stow away numerous baskets and bundles which she was tightly embracing, thanking us, all the time, for our politeness to her husband. In a few seconds they were seated, and we then had leisure to remark the appearance of the new travellers. The gentleman was rather past middle age, good-looking, neatly dressed. He had a cheerful, pleasant countenance and soft mild eyes, which he directed towards those to whom he spoke, although we afterwards found they possessed no speculation. The lady was anything but tidy in her style; indeed, so much the reverse, as to be surprising in a Frenchwoman; but her story, when it was told me at our next meeting at Tours, explained the peculiarities which made her at first an object of somewhat disrespectful observation.

We soon became good friends. Monsieur Faye was blind, and had been so from childhood. His cousin, Mathurine, had *proposed for him* when they were both about five and twenty, and had, from that time, devoted her whole life to attend on him.

"I should not," she said, "have asked him; but that my brother, who required my services because of his lameness, determined just then to marry; and therefore, as I had a substitute with him, and poor dear Hector here was too modest to ask *me*, what else was to be done?"

I found, on further acquaintance, that Hector was a remarkable personage in his way: a bit of a musician, a philosopher, an antiquary, and a great reader of or rather listener to history; for it was his little, lively, untiring wife, who read to him from morning till night; and sometimes, when he could not sleep, from night till morning.

I found Mathurine incessantly occupied with the well-being of Hector. She might have been pretty at the period of their union, probably some twenty years before; but her small, slight figure was rather awry, in consequence of having, for so long a time, served as a prop to her tall husband, who always leant on her shoulder as he walked. She seemed indeed altogether out of the perpendicular; her bonnet never sat straight, owing to its being pushed aside by his arm; her shawl had the end anywhere but in the middle; her gloves were generally ragged at the fingers, while I observed that his were carefully repaired—it being evident that my friends were obliged to practise economy; her shoes were shabby, with the strings often untied. "What would you have?" she once remarked laughingly. "I have no time to attend to these trifles; which, after all, don't signify; for I am not *coquette* and he does not see me. I catch up the first thing that comes to hand, and he fancies I am quite a *belle*."

Hector had the strangest voice I ever heard; it would begin *contralto* and run up to *alto* in an incredible manner when he was excited; and then fall down again to the gruffest bass, his little brisk wife's treble accompanying so as, she imagined, to soften the sharp effects he produced.

She had managed to learn several languages in order to read to him the authors he admired in the original; and odd enough her versions were; but, as he perfectly comprehended the jargon they had studied together, her plan succeeded admirably.

Amongst Monsieur Faye's peculiarities was that of being an inveterate sight-seer. There was no object of interest near the places he visited that he had not, as he said, seen; and no sooner did he hear a description of a castle or a cathedral than he

became restless to make its acquaintance. I happened one day to speak of having, in former years, gone to the strange old castle of Loches, about thirty miles from Tours; and, struck instantly with his usual desire for exploring, he proposed a journey to the spot, inviting me to be his guest and guide.

I have always observed that the French, although by no means what we call rich, are very generous, according to their means, and if they cannot do a thing in grand style, they do it equally well on a small scale. Hector had long wished to give a treat to his hostess and her family, and this he felt was a good opportunity. Our party, therefore, was formed of Madame Tricot, a black-eyed little widow; her sister Euphrosine and her young lover the militaire—just arrived on leave to visit his betrothed—and Achille, the widow's eldest son; a sharp boy of thirteen, distinguished by his half-military college uniform, more perhaps than by the progress he was making in those studies which Madame Tricot felt sure would lead him to immortality; and which she herself superintended with unwearied zeal, forcing her refractory pupil to rise before daybreak every morning and repeat his Greek and Latin lessons to her previous to school hours, although, when I questioned her with surprised awe, she replied by saying with a knowing nod:

"No, no, I do not understand all this; but Achille imagines I do; and, at all events, he is obliged by this means to learn his lessons. They are very severe at college, and he is such a *gamin!*"

As I had seldom seen Achille occupied, in his leisure hours, in the absence of his mamma, in any other way than teazing a peculiarly uproarious parrot whose discordant shrieks regularly awoke me from early slumber, I could easily believe that some difficulties lay in the way of the future hero's advancement, had he been left entirely to his own plan of pursuing knowledge.

Seven persons, large and small, besides the driver, one fine October morning filled the large rumbling vehicle which Madame Faye had engaged for our expedition to the old ruined castle of Loches; and very merry we all were as we saw the baskets of eatables stuffed under the seats, and wedged ourselves inside and out preparatory to setting forth, which we did at last in the midst of a shower of precautionary words from Madame Tricot, sent after the two staring, laughing, rosy-faced maids who stood helping and enjoying our prospect of a *fête*, and flirting with our smart driver up to the very last moment. At length we rattled away along the leafy avenue of the Boulevard Heurteloup, at Tours, and were soon on the long level road which conducts to the old town, which we made our gaol.

Situated just at the entrance of the luxuriant garden of Touraine; full to overflowing of grapes and melons, and plums and peaches, of incredible size; on the banks of the river Indre (here spanned by several pretty bridges) rises the craggy hill, on the sides of which was built, at a period too remote to be ascertained even by a hand-book, the rugged, stony, impassable, confused, fossil-looking town, crowned at its extreme summit by the grimmest, strangest, oldest, and most inexplicably constructed castle that exists in France. Probably its like would be sought in vain in Europe. Such another series of towers, and spires, and long and high walls, terraces, battlements, staircases, and dungeons, was never brought together by the hand of man. The castle was constructed by order of a certain Count of Anjou, named Foulques Nera, to become—long after his valorous fame had passed away or had merged into the reputation of an ogre—a ponderous plaything.

The inn where our party stopped at Loches, is very characteristic of the place; for it is, though modernised and beautified outwardly, a maze of galleries, and corridors, and turrets, and secret staircases, and rooms with vaulted ceilings, so that the world of the present day seems shut out the mament the façade is lost sight of. It has an odd effect in such a place to see smart handmaids flitting about, and a chattering hostess coming out to welcome guests to her antique dwelling, which has all the trouble in the world to look young and inviting, in spite of the paint and frippery in which French taste has striven to disguise its feudal reality.

We very soon arranged ourselves and our repast (with but little addition from the larder of our nevertheless civil hostess) on a sort of platform, on the walls of what is now a terrace, and was once no doubt a war-like spot, where if people "drank the red wine," it was probably "through the helmet barred." The hostess merrily uncorked our bottles of Loire wine, observing candidly that it was much better than her cellars produced; and, addressing herself to me, adroitly began a eulogy on the character of the English in general, remarking, that it was astonishing how many of my countrymen made her hotel their home for six months together.

A ramble through the streets showed us that it was market day at Loches. From the lower range of rugged walls to the rocky summit where the castle toppled over,—comprising the narrow, high street, which ascends through the whole length, winding and twisting like a snake pursued—was one mass of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, whose bright hues, and the gay colours of the vendors' dresses, contrasted strangely with the lofty houses with overhanging roofs, frowning down on the groups that dared to disturb the solemn gloom which had been theirs for centuries.

Monsieur Faye stopped every moment to talk to the market women, to cheapen melons, and to accept bouquets from girls whose bright

eyes he praised. On he went, chuckling that his defective sight had not been discovered: his little wife winking to us meantime with an air of entire satisfaction. Madame Tricot endeavoured to excite Achille to study the *güide pittoresque* and make himself acquainted with the notable objects of the place. The lovers, who had doubtless much zeal in the same cause, proposed to him that they should all three mount the hill at a quick pace, and find out the points of view ready for us on arrival at the top. By a curious chance we never managed to find the couple again until our return; and Achille reported that he had not seen them since he observed them to have "joined their heads" over the tomb of Agnes Sorel, the chief lion of the spot.

It seems that Charles the Seventh came to Loches to hunt, when he was visited by the disconsolate wife of the troubadour King René of Anjou, who came to solicit his aid in favour of her imprisoned husband. Agnes was in her train—one of those dangerous maids of honour whose eyes have done such fatal mischief to the susceptible hearts of incautious monarchs—but when the duchess quitted Loches, her beautiful companion accompanied her not, she remained in the service of Mary d'Anjou, the wife of Charles the Seventh.

It would be curious to know in what chamber of this wild old castle the love tale was first told which has furnished France with a ceaseless romance. All that remains of Agnes now is her white marble tomb, on which she lies with her hands clasped on her breast, her beautiful, delicate, and expressive head guarded by two winged kneeling cherubs, and her draperied feet supported by two lambs. The tomb is in perfect preservation, and is one of the most exquisite *morceaux* in France. Agnes was the châtelaine of the castle, and loved to live here above all other places, although the munificence of her lover gave her the choice of several abodes.

Here, it is said that the ill-natured Prince Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, performed an act very much in conformity with his usual brutality. In one of these saloons he struck the beautiful favourite of his father; but he who could beat his own chosen little effigy of the Virgin Mary, because she refused some of his requests, might well begin his career by an outrage like this. Happy, no doubt, were both the angry beauty and her royal lover, when they saw the last drawbridge of the castle of Loches fall and shut out for ever from their presence the gloomy prince, who disapproved of their luxuries, and who spurred his steed onwards, nor stopped till he had reached the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis came back eventually, however, to these walls, and either late repentence or a sense of justice caused him to respect the tomb of Agnes, which he refused to let the monks of Loches remove.

Monsieur Faye was very anxious to ascertain —for he was rather a phrenologist—the form of the celebrated beauty's head, and felt it through the bars which protect the lovely marble statue to his heart's content, discovering bumps which would have disclosed the whole of her character, had history been silent on the subject. There was, besides, not a cornice nor a balustrade in the building that he did not feel; his hand being guided by that of Mathurine. I was amazed at the accuracy of his notions of the places we inspected; and more so at the unwearied patience of his guide; who had no enjoyment which he did not feel, and who had acquired a habit of description so accurate that I felt at last inclined to let her see for the whole party.

The towers of the castle rise above a hundred and fifty feet from the gigantic rock upon which they are built. Some of them appear light and graceful at a distance, although really massive. The castle is divided into two unequal portions: in one is a huge church, the spires of which peer up between enclosing turrets in a way quite original: the other is chiefly composed of a huge tower, which looks like the spiteful ogre of a fairy tale, bending over a mountain and watching to snap up unwary knights or merchants who ventured near his stronghold. Century after century this grim old place has been the abode of personages famous in the romance of history. Joan of Arc came here on a visit; Anne of Brittany and her two husbands made it their favourite abode, and her oratory still exists, covered with ermine spots and *cordelières* in stone, which encrust the walls, and were very sensible to the touch of my blind friend. Mary Stuart here tuned her lute; and here, several ages before, our John Lackland feasted and revelled; here Philip Augustus came to receive the castle as a bribe for the assistance he was to render him against Cœur de Lion, who afterwards besieged and took it. Here Jean of France resided, before the great battle which sent him the prisoner of the Black Prince to England, and in the fine Lady Chapel—whose delicate columns Monsieur Faye felt with his hands—was instituted a perpetual mass for the souls of the identical King John of France, and all the Kings and Dukes that had preceded him here. Here Francis the First and the fair and inappropriately named Diana, lived and loved a great part of their hours away.

When one sees the dark, dreary, gloomy, rugged walls, it is difficult to fancy Loches a dwelling for beauty and love, and it would require loads of bright tapestry and gilt furniture to fill up the black and blank nooks which yawn on all sides. In these chambers, however, once all was revel and luxury, as the court of the profligate Medici could testify; and the be-puffed and be-hooped ladies, and the be-slashed and be-jewelled lords, danced many a *branle* and *pavane* over the dungeons, where howled and groaned the victims of their tyranny and cruel luxury.

It is said that one of the towers descends as deep into the earth as it rises above it, and terrible are the approaches to these frightful spots. A tradition exists that one of the later governors of the castle, being curious to know the extent of these gloomy places, set forth one day on an exploring expedition, and found several passages closed by iron doors; these he had forced open, and found himself in new passages, cut in the depth of the rock, on which the castle is built. Another door arrested his progress, which was also broken open, and he entered a long alley, still in the rock, which he followed for a considerable time, till at length it led him to a subterraneous chamber, where, seated on a huge block of stone, with his head leaning on his two hands, sat a very tall man. Monsieur de Pontbrillant, the enterprising governor, was amazed at this vision; but, scarcely had he looked upon it, when the current of air striking the figure, it fell away into dust at his feet. Beside the unfortunate prisoner stood a small wooden coffer, in which still remained several articles of linen, very fine, and carefully folded. The skull and bones of this corpse were long shown at the castle, and were looked upon with awe by those to whom this story was related; but who the prisoner was was never known. In more than one of the old castles of France are still to be traced these horrid dungeons, where captives of all ranks were confined, immediately beneath the pleasure chambers of the lords and ladies.

The governor of Loches was always a very great man, which perhaps accounted for the fact of our having to wait a long time for the keys of the great tower, which a messenger had gone in search of at the present governor's lodgings. While we waited in an outer court, we were civilly invited by the portress to walk into her parlour, and there we sat some time talking to her, and hearing the gossip of the place. Beside the large fireplace, guarded from the draught of the open door by a huge wooden screen, sat the grandmother of the establishment—generally a cherished member of the humblest family circle in France—who, old as she seemed, got up and made us a reverence, resuming her cosy seat by the fire, which was directly piled with enormous pine cones and sent up a resinous flame, the perfume of which spread through the room. Monsieur Faye was placed near her, and as she went on with her ceaseless knitting, she was soon busy in cheerful converse with her new acquaintance, while I was listening to a history of a lately escaped convict from this apparently secure retreat; the castle being the country prison.

"You see," said the portress, "you would not have been obliged to wait so long for the keys but for this; we used, till three days ago, to keep them here, but since that event they are sent up to the governor's house, and my husband, the guide, who shows you over the dungeons, is obliged to go and get them—but he will soon be back."

"Do they keep prisoners in dungeons now-a-days?" I asked.

I was told that the escaped culprit, who had robbed a hen-roost, had been put in a room above the dungeons—of which there are three stories beneath the ground level—and had contrived to hook up a plank, by which means he descended, with intent to rise the easier, having swung himself down till he could jump across a certain black abyss, which we afterwards shuddered to see, and gain a broken staircase where a door led to a corridor conducting to the outer court. With an iron nail he had displaced a huge stone in the steps, had crept through that, displaced a second in the same way, and thus arrived at the passage. Here he hid himself in a dark corner on the chance of the jailor-guide coming that way with visitors before long. As it happened, that event occurred, and the jailor was just preparing to light the candle which serves to illumine the gloom, having left the outer door open till the process was accomplished, when the ready adventurer leapt from his hiding-place, overturned the guide, and amidst the screams and cries of the affrighted visitors rushed out, with them, pell mell into the outer world. As his blouse was the same costume as that worn by many of the affrighted strangers—for all ranks make the dungeons a lion—he passed unnoticed in the crowd, and excited no surprise as he "ran violently down the steep hill" with the rest and got fairly off. I could not regret that so ingenious and fearless a personage had baffled the vigilance of the guardians of Loches, but I felt a little nervous at the chance of a similar adventure occurring as we began our exploring expedition in the same quarter. I was assured, however, that there was no chance of such a thing, all the prisoners now detained, to the number of four, being at that moment smoking their pipes in a pleasant sunny little court which we had to cross before we reached the low door which gave entrance to the dungeons.

There was nothing formidable in the aspect of these worthies, whose crimes were not of a deeper die than that of having got drunk and committed damage to the citizens in their cups; and we passed amongst them, returning the salutes they made with their night-caps, quite without alarm.

In the great court before this enormous and sinister-looking tower, one of the most splendid and the most worthless of the ancient governors of Loches paused before he entered, attended by three hundred gentlemen of high family, all probably "as wicked as himself," and all bent on turning the good fortune of their friend and patron to the best account. This governor was the famous favourite of the infamous Henry the Third of France, the gorgeous Duke d'Epernon, and during the time he passed in these walls, the gold of the

kingdom was no more spared by him than by his master. But a change arrived—two reigns had intervened—and a second time he visited these walls, more as a prisoner than a prince; he was then a grey-headed, gloomy, morose, miserable man, deserted by all the former companions of his profligacy whom the axe and the sword had spared, and here he came to hide himself from a court which his vices had disgraced.

Marie de Medicis, the prisoner of her son at Blois, also arrived here, in night and silence, escaped from her captivity, and entreated shelter of the old favourite, who had been suspected of knowing more than was honest of the murder of her husband, Henry the Fourth.

It is a strange reflection, and one that might well intrude while one stands before the door of the great tower of Loches, waiting till its rusty key turns in the lock, how unequal is the fate of those who have acted remarkable parts in the drama of the world. In spite of the mutations of fortune, mortification, neglect, disgrace or discontent, in spite of the overthrow of ambition, the wreck of hope, the struggles and turmoils that d'Eperon had gone through, he could not get rid of the burthen of life till the age of eighty-eight, when he died in the Castle of Loches, unregretted, and at once forgotten.

A story is told relating to him, which proves that men are not to be frightened by tyranny and power out of their natural wit and sarcasm. While this favourite of the contemptible king was in the enjoyment of his greatest favour, the public criers were accustomed to carry about a huge book, which they announced as "The high acts and deeds of valour and virtue of the most noble Duke d'Eperon." These books, eagerly purchased, were found to contain blank paper. I fear that these historical recollections did not occur to Achille as he descended the rugged steps, green, and slimy, and steep, which led, from stage to stage, to the hideous dark holes in which these heroes of middle-age romance were accustomed to place their vassals or equals, as the case might be, when once in the power of their vengeance. Our guide, the jailor, was a good deal interrupted in his customary story of the place by indignation at the devastation committed on his steps and apartments by the late fugitive. Not attempting to smother the indignation awakened in his bosom, as he reviewed the ruin caused by the nail of the man of expedients, he mixed up his historical records with allusions to the damage in something like the following terms:—

"Here you see the dungeon where the great monarch Louis the Eleventh (confound his impudence!) confined his minister Cardinal Balue in an iron cage—(I wish there was one here now and Jacques le Pochard was in it!) This is the place where the Grand Duke Sforza was lodged, and you may see where he painted the walls all round to amuse himself—here, where the flame of my candle touches the roof—(it 'll take me a whole day to mend the bottom of that door—the villain!) This is the dungeon where criminals were fastened to that iron bar in the middle of the chamber, and were only able to move from one end to the other by slipping a link of their chain along—mind the step! it leads through the dark passage to the next flight. (I had no idea the rascal had done so much harm to my steps! if ever I catch him again, I'll flay him!—the brigand!)"

Nothing could equal the delight of my blind friend, at finding that he could touch the damp roofs of these horrible boudoirs for the favourites of princes with his hand, and that he could make out the patterns sketched by the unlucky Duke of Milan on the walls of the chamber with three rows of bars to the window, through which the duke found light enough to pursue his passion for art.

We had seen or felt all at last, and I was glad to return to the last corridor leading to daylight, when suddenly our guide exclaimed that he had left the key in the lock outside, and that some miscreant in the court had shut the door upon us. This was startling intelligence, and we began to feel anything but satisfaction in the adventure, while our guide, placing his lips to the huge gaping key-hole—through which a long line of sunlight streamed, as if in mockery—roared lustily to those without. Presently we heard suppressed tittering, and, after a minute or two of altercation between the old man's voice and that of a young girl on the other side, the key was replaced, turned, and we hastily emerged to day and freedom.

"I ought to have known," said the old grandfather, laughing in spite of his anger, as a pretty, saucy-looking girl of twelve bounded across the court and took refuge in the porter's lodge, "that that young hussey would never let an opportunity slip of playing me a trick—*brigande!*"

Achille seemed more amused with this last episode than any of our adventures; and it was with much gaiety, and highly satisfied, that we descended the stony street, no longer filled with sellers and buyers, for the market was over. We had been four hours exploring! and nothing interrupted the stillness of the dreary old town but the ringing laughter of our young companions, and the pleasant exclamations of the whole party.

It was beyond midnight when we drove merrily up to the Boulevard Heurteloup, and found the same two watchful maidens on the look-out for our return. They did not appear to have been dull in our absence, nor did they seem afraid of solitude, probably feeling secure in the opportune presence of the sentinels on guard, whose measured tread still sounded along the avenue leading to the railroad station hard by. Monsieur Faye remarked that we were fortunate in a moonlight night

and observed that he had seldom seen the stars so bright as they had been all the way from Loches.

PIC-NICS IN THE PRAIRIE.

A YOUNG Englishman, Mr. Edward Sullivan, who, according to his own phrase, has been enjoying rambles and scrambles in North and South America, has brought home a cheerful budget of small talk from various regions of the New World; some from the Ojibbeways, the Sioux, and the buffaloes; some from the presence of the Victoria Regia, up the Essequibo. His small talk is published for the common good, and about some of it we now propose to gossip; that is to say, about so much of it as may refer to Indians, and prairie life in North America.

From St. Paul's—which is a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, some two thousand miles up the Mississippi—Mr. Sullivan started in the middle of September, with two fellow-travellers of his own party; Mr McLeod, a trader, two Sioux half-breeds, one Creole half-breed, and three Indians in their paint and feathers. Being in a feverish state, he was relieved on the first night by Doctor Nature, who prescribed a bleeding from the nose; a circumstance which placed it in the power of the Indians to call him Bloody Nose; his two friends being Water Rat, and Big White Man. Crossing the Arrow Prairie, and picking up by the way the bit of information concerning Indians at home, that they are much subject to diseases of the lungs and throat, the travellers swam the St. Peter River, and rested at the lodge of a half-breed Scotchman, a descendant of Claverhouse, whose squaw prepared for them a feast of ducks and tea. Indians who dropped in to buy powder and shot looked upon the strangers as curiosities; and the old men, very strictly speaking, looked upon them—watching them gravely by the hour together, but without impertinence, the young men only being troublesome. The young Indian, like the young European, is apt to break out as a dandy. He paints and greases himself with studious care, and dallies elegantly with his pipe and tomahawk. He aspires to possess a looking-glass, and when he gets one, dresses by it more than seven times a day. It is, however, not only a vain thing—it is serviceable to him in the prairie: since, by flashing it against the sun, he can make signals visible by distant friends before his own dark body is to be descried; and that, on many critical occasions, may be a property that makes the looking-glass a valuable friend. Mr. Sullivan estimates the smoking power of the Indian at fifty pipes a day, but his tobacco is diluted with three times its quantity of the dried bark of the red willow, which makes it hotter to the mouth, but much diminishes its sedative effect.

The travellers, after certain days, having quitted the timber regions, crossed the Chippeway River, and reached Lac-qui-Parle, there found a camp of about two thousand Sioux Indians collected in some two hundred lodges. They were awaiting the arrival of McLeod the trader, with powder and shot. The first glimpse of the pure white cow-skin lodges in the sunset, with hundreds of horses tethered about, and ten score of young warriors doing a scalp-dance to the music of ten score of squaws was tolerably striking. The squaws were assembled about forty poles, from which were suspended the scalps of Pawnee men, women, and children, that had been brought in by a war party some days before. Every now and then some fine fellow darted aside from the dance to strike his tomahawk into some particular post, on which hung a scalp of his own taking. Then the squaws lifted their voices to the highest, lauding him by name—the smiles of beauty rewarding the toils of chivalry—till they broke off into a yell of malediction against the deceased. The daughters of these squaws wear their hair in two long plaits down the back, tied and ornamented at their ends with ribbon.

These Indians, says their missionary, pray to their evil spirit; they believe in a good spirit, but believe that, as he is good, he does not need entreating to be kind to them. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and they worship fire after a fashion, never poking it up rudely, and taking it as their totem or tutelary genius. They make also totems of animals, sometimes of wolves, sometimes of foxes; and connect with their totems and other auguries so many superstitions, that they are often restrained by them from the war path, though their passions burn, and so the devastating warfare between tribe and tribe is often checked. After death the final alternative is a region in the south of happy hunting grounds, or cold and hunger in the north. The missionary who had dwelt among them thirteen years informed Mr. Sullivan that he had made in all that time only a single convert, and that he recanted as soon as he was old enough to go out with his tribe in search of scalps.

The Indians are much attached to their young children, but condemn their squaws and their dogs to hard labour, beating them both equally without remorse. It is not, so far as the squaw is concerned, a happy thing to take part with the Indian in his native wilds; suicide, however, is but rarely sought as an escape from misery. They believe it to be a crime seriously punished after death, and that they who hang themselves will be compelled to drag about with them in the next world, as a clog for ever, the tree from which they were suspend. When, therefore, they do hang themselves, they choose the lightest sapling that will serve them for their purpose.

From Lac-qui-Parle, the three English travellers set out with a guide named Rainville, son of a half-breed trader and a Sioux

woman; with the guide went an Indian. Encamping for the first night on a bluff above the Beaver River they, for the first time, saw a thunderstorm over the prairie. The peculiar grandeur of a thunderstorm on the prairie lies in the fact, that the beholder sees a wide expanse of sky in tumult, and nothing else. There is nothing on the level ground to claim a share of his attention, unless, indeed, some lodge—perhaps his own—be struck by the lightning, which finds nowhere a more eligible object to descend upon. During the next night, the stealing of one of their horses by the Indians provided a new incident for the party. Travelling on over a ground covered with buffalo paths and bestrewn with the bones of buffaloes, but seeing no herds at all; running down wolves; seeing innumerable ducks, geese, and swans; swan-stalking, and wishing sometimes for a shot at distant antelopes; crossing a rocky elevation, the Coteau des Prairies, the only high ground between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, the party came at last to the head water of James's River, a tributary of the Missouri. They began now to be troubled with frost, snow, and bitter wind. They had finished their pork, and the ducks and geese had all gone south, so that they came now to be reduced to flour and bad pool-water, in the way of diet. In the next place, growing a little tired of their first prairie expedition, they were pushing on to a few sticks of timber that would yield a fire, when there came tidings of ten lodges of Ogillilah Sioux in that direction, expert horse-stealers and hungry seekers after scalps. The cattle were therefore tethered in the frost, and the travellers went to bed in their buffalo skins upon the open prairie. In the morning, the hair of the horses was frosted and raised up in the manner of bristles. By mid-day three horses were quite knocked up, and the riders, who had enjoyed nothing for thirty-six hours but a spare allowance of sour flour and pool-water for breakfast, dinner, or supper, left the horses to be brought on by the Indians, and hurried back to Lac-qui-Parle. They had gone out relying upon buffalo, but, as they found only buffalo bones upon the prairie, the return was absolutely necessary. Every year, Indians and trappers perish on the prairie through the migration of game, as well as through the sudden snowstorms.

At Lac-qui-Parle, roast ducks and potatoes, with a comfortable fire, soon warmed the travellers again to starting point; and for the next trip they determined to march out due north into the prairie, against the advice of the trader, who admonished them concerning cold and hunger. Their old guide, who professed to fear the Indians, claimed the company and support of a son and cousin. Before they started, they received a deputation of old Sioux chiefs, who had claimed reparation for the injury white men would do in firing about their hunting grounds; and, after satisfying them with forty yards of calico and some bad tobacco, they had been invited to dine with them and eat dog.

Dogs being scarce, however, duck was substituted at the feast in question, which was given at the mansion of The Beaver's Tail. Entering the dwelling of the host through a small hole, as one might go into a larger sort of beehive, the travellers found in a close smoky dining-room ten chiefs, squatted tailor-fashion round a fire. Over the fire hung a pot containing twenty or thirty canvass-back ducks, each of them being equal in size to about three of the kind eaten in England. The cooking of the ducks was superintended by the favourite squaw of Beaver's Tail, a lady named Dohumneh or the Prolific Pumpkin. The gentleman Indians ate much duck, dauling, at the same time, large handfuls of duck-grease over their faces and their persons, and swelling visibly as time went on. It is a point of honour with these Indians to eat largely. We must decline, however, to accept quite literally Mr. Sullivan's record, that "A young warrior, eating for reputation, will consume as much as twenty pounds of fresh meat at a sitting," the size of the human stomach being limited. As for The Old Racoon, who "ate one hundred and twenty potatoes, and would have eaten as many more if his friends had not stopped him:" that may be credible or not, in proportion to the supposed size of the potatoes eaten.

The feast being over, the old chief produced a medicine pipe, which, having been filled by the youngest and duly turned towards the four corners of heaven, was returned to him, and then sent round the circle, with the sun, as the wine is ordinarily sent round in this country. After dinner, speeches followed, much affection, and exchanging of shirts and other articles of clothing from the persons of the European guests, for pipes and other matters.

The Sioux are cruel in war, torturing and hacking the few prisoners they condescend to make. They scalp in a bloodthirsty way, taking in with the scalp nose, ears, and lips when possible. The Elk-that-stands-at-Bay, one of the most distinguished warriors of the tribe, was bound to friendship with the travellers by the present of some paint and bad tobacco. He was entitled to wear thirty-six eagle plumes, for thirty-six coups struck in battle. Striking a coup means being the first to strike with a tomahawk or to stick a knife into the body of an enemy fallen in battle. The Elk obliged Mr. Sullivan with an account of an Ojibbeway whom he had scalped shortly before. He had found him in the prairie with a broken leg, deserted by his friends. He did not flinch at the approach of his enemy, but, when he felt the knife round his top-knot he did shrink, which, said the Elk, was a pity, as otherwise he had shown himself a brave man.

When a chief wishes to collect his adherents he sends a mounted messenger abroad, carrying a small bag of tobacco and his pipe adorned with wampum. If the summons be to peaceful council the tobacco bag is blue and green; if it be to war, the colours of the bag are red and black. The warrior to whom the pipe is brought and silently presented smokes it a little if he will accept the invitation, and returns it without smoking if the invitation be declined. When two tribes are at war together, private adventurers may collect scalps in the enemy's country at discretion; when they are at peace, and one warrior is anxious to "raise hair," he cannot go into a neighbour's country without asking his chief's permission.

On the twenty-third of October the travellers started northward on their second prairie expedition. They expected buffalo in seven or eight days, but again were disappointed. Their journey commenced in intense frost over a prairie lately burnt, on which were buffalo bones and enormous granite boulders, whose white masses were in strong relief against the jet black ground. The prairie is jet black immediately after a fire, but, when the wind has blown over it a little while it softens down into a stone colour. In crossing this part of the prairie, when the frost was at its sharpest, the travellers saw an extensive mirage. The whole country seemed to be one vast lake. They crossed St. Peter River, and Potatoe River with its boggy sides, saw wild, white prairie wolves, and slept in the lodge of an Indian at Bigstone Lake. The domestic circle in the lodge consisted of the Indian himself, who was recovering from a bullet wound in the back, his two squaws, his two mothers-in-law and his own mother, six or seven children, and a dozen puppies. The whole group, in itself evil-scented, was lighted and warmed up by a buffalo dung fire.

The journey onward was still through an open prairie, burnt as far as the eye could reach. A burnt prairie has a diminishing effect upon the landscape, so that it is impossible to judge of distances upon it. An Indian village on its march was fallen in with, the men carrying nothing, the women and dogs having enormous burdens. The buffalo robes, full of puppies and children, were alive with little red noses peeping out in a confused mass. At night the travellers had lighted a large fire, and were feasting upon pork and flour, when they were joined by three Indians on their way to a village northward, and one of these was an old friend. Nevertheless, though these warriors were shaking with cold, and had eaten nothing during the last hundred miles but half a skunk—an animal unsavoury to the nose at any rate—they sat down gravely a hundred yards from the fire, and did not intrude upon the pork eaters until they were invited to come to the fire and fall to. They came in a leisurely and dignified way, though famishing with cold and hunger. "When they did begin upon the meat, however," says Mr. Sullivan, "they consumed more of our pork in five minutes than we should have eaten in five days."

The journey still continued through snow and over burnt prairie, and at length buffalo were seen a great way off. In a village of Indians, on the banks of the Shian, flakes of meat were found drying on every pole; there the guides, who had become sulky, left their friends to encamp for the night, hungry, among thick snow, laughed at by the little Indian ragamuffins, while the said guides had transferred themselves into warm quarters, and were feasting on fat cow. Next morning the guides were missing, and the travellers thrown for the present on their own resources. They got hold of an old chief, gave him sugar and tobacco, and endeavoured to make him understand that they desired to become his lodgers. To make their meaning clear they shifted their baggage to his residence, and took up their abode with him at once. With this chief—a good natured old fellow named Wah-ton-she, The Good Man,—they dwelt for six or seven days in peace. During all this time it snowed hard, and the white men kept a pot boiling, from which they could supply coffee or tea to the villagers, of whom there were never less than thirty looking at them, curious but civil, stealing nothing. Wah-ton-she had quite an European affection for his wife and children; one little boy of about two years old he used to nurse and cram with fat cow till he could hardly breathe, and when his little pet was quite distended he would get a lump of fat, grease him well over the stomach, and then lay him before the fire to settle gradually down into his former shape.

The prairie Indians depend wholly for subsistence on the chase of their one friend, the buffalo. Out of the buffalo herds are constructed lodges, beds, robes, moccassins, leggings, saddles, powder flasks (from the horns), bows (from the ribs), and arrow heads. Out of them comes meat. When buffaloes are scarce the Indian starves. From childhood to old age, therefore, the great subject of his conversation, when it is not scalps, is buffalo. Some young men, while the travellers were dwelling in this village, were sent out as spies upon the movements of the herds, with strict directions not to hunt, or to disturb the animals in any way. One, however, being tempted, killed a cow. The chiefs heard of this in the evening, and at night the police of the tribe went to the young man's lodge, and slit it all to pieces, breaking his gun, and tumbling him and his family out into the cold, when the thermometer was below zero. The slaughter of two bulls that came into the camp, and the discovery that friends of their tribe journeying to them had been waylaid and scalped by the Blackfeet, with the consequent martial excitement, were the other principal

events which marked this week of village life among the Indians.

The guides, finding the white gentlemen not much discomposed by their disappearance, and fearing that, after all, they might get on without them, came back penitent, and, after a due show of wrath, were received again into service, and the journey was resumed. The track lay among buffalo herds, but buffalo hunting was soon found to be wearisome and simple work. The prairie wolves hunt buffaloes in packs of fifty or a hundred, cutting off the stragglers. Indians and half-breeds hunt them continually. Upwards of a hundred thousand robes pass annually through the hands of traders, these being all skins of cows killed in the autumn and the winter,—skins taken in spring and summer being accounted useless, except for the purposes of the Indian himself, for making lodges, &c. It is calculated that four hundred thousand buffaloes are destroyed yearly in the North American prairies, nine-tenths of them probably being cows.

The experience of further travel through the prairies brought some knowledge of the grisly bears, and some acquaintance with the elk and beaver. We are very glad to be informed that the race of beavers, which was rapidly being swept out of the world by our taste for wearing their fur upon our heads, has enjoyed so great a reprieve by the introduction of silk hats, that they are rapidly recovering their numbers. They are no longer thought to be worth trapping, except by the natives, upon whose hands their skins are often left unsold, the demand for them, and with it their price, having decreased so very greatly.

The Mandan Indians also, the supposed descendants of Madoc, who have been several times pronounced extinct, are recovering their numbers, though they had very nearly been exterminated by the small-pox.

The journey continued through snow and sleet, with the comfort of buffalo dung fires and buffalo robes, which latter, if there be no inch of crevice left, make excellent bedclothes. Flour, pork, tea, and coffee having been exhausted, the party had lived for a fortnight upon buffalo meat, when, weary of buffalo, it tried, without much resulting satisfaction, what might be the flavour of wolf. Arriving at last, however, on the twentieth of November, at a lake—the Lake of the Skunk—covered with ducks and geese, they filled a pot with fifteen ducks and two geese, cooked them, and then being seven men in number, ate them all. Having wood here, and having made a blazing fire, they lay down after their feast to sleep, and slept right soundly, but, on waking in the morning, found that they had narrowly escaped being roasted. The prairie had been on fire, and the fire had run up within a quarter of a mile of their encampment; but then luckily the wind had veered, and when they awoke they could see the fire still raging, miles and miles away. The next night the wind changed, and the fire came back. It had almost swept in a circle round them. They watched it, eating its way up to them all day, and at about four in the afternoon they encamped in a piece of wood, near the source of the St. Peter River. Here they were safe, for the prairie fire never enters among timber.

The fire advanced all night, and crackled round the travellers, sometimes at a distance of not more than three hundred yards. They could read the smallest writing by the light of it. A prairie fire crackles like a platoon of musketry, and with a strong wind travels at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour: rain or a change of wind arrests it instantly. Of course, a prairie fire is to the Indian over whose hunting ground it extends a serious affair; for so far as the grass is burnt the buffalo is lost to him, and he must go among enemies in search of the deficient food; but there he has to take his chance of being scalped.

We do not propose to follow the tourists any farther, but we have been glad thus far to have been indebted to them for a few fresh pictures of the old subject of prairie life. It is evident enough that the Indians, though picturesque enough, like many picturesque things, are in a very miserable condition; and that the native dignity of man is, after all, not so extremely handsome in the rough state as to be the worse for polishing.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH was not quite twenty-one years of age when he took that unquiet seat upon the throne of England. The Lancaster party, the Red Roses, were then assembling in great numbers near York, and it was necessary to give them battle instantly. But, the stout Earl of Warwick leading for the young King, and the young King himself closely following him, and the English people crowding to the Royal standard, the White and the Red Roses met, on a wild March day when the snow was falling heavily, at Towton; and there such a furious battle raged between them, that the total loss amounted to forty thousand men—all Englishmen, fighting upon English ground, against one another. The young King gained the day, took down the heads of his father and brother from the walls of York, and put up the heads of some of the most famous noblemen engaged in the battle on the other side. Then, he went to London and was crowned with great splendour.

A new Parliament met. No fewer than one hundred and fifty of the principal noblemen and gentlemen on the Lancaster side were declared traitors, and the King—who had very little humanity, though he was handsome in person and agreeable in manners

—resolved to do all he could, to pluck up the Red Rose root and branch.

Queen Margaret, however, was still active for her young son. She obtained help from Scotland and from Normandy, and took several important English castles. But, Warwick soon retook them; the Queen lost all her treasure on board ship in a great storm; and both she and her son suffered great misfortunes. Once, in the winter weather, as they were riding through a forest, they were attacked and plundered by a party of robbers; and, when they had escaped from these men and were passing alone and on foot through a thick dark part of the wood, they came, all at once, upon another robber. So the Queen, with a stout heart, took the little Prince by the hand, and going straight up to that robber, said to him, "My friend, this is the young son of your lawful King! I confide him to your care." The robber was surprised, but took the boy in his arms, and faithfully restored him and his mother to their friends. In the end, the Queen's soldiers being beaten and dispersed, she went abroad again, and kept quiet for the present.

Now, all this time, the deposed King Henry was concealed by a Welsh knight, who kept him close in his castle. But, next year, the Lancaster party recovering their spirits, raised a large body of men, and called him out of his retirement, to put him at their head. They were joined by some powerful noblemen who had sworn fidelity to the new King, but who were ready, as usual, to break their oaths, whenever they thought there was anything to be got by it. One of the worst things in the history of the war of the Red and White Roses, is the ease with which these noblemen, who should have set an example of honor to the people, left either side as they took slight offence, or were disappointed in their greedy expectations, and joined the other. Well! Warwick's brother soon beat the Lancastrians, and the false noblemen, being taken, were beheaded without a moment's loss of time. The deposed King had a narrow escape; three of his servants were taken, and one of them bore his cap of estate, which was set with pearls and embroidered with two golden crowns. However, the head to which the cap belonged, got safely into Lancashire, and lay pretty quietly there (the people in the secret being very true) for more than a year. At length, an old monk gave such intelligence as led to Henry's being taken while he was sitting at dinner in a place called Waddington Hall. He was immediately sent to London and met at Islington by the Earl of Warwick, by whose directions he was put upon a horse, with his legs tied under it, and paraded three times round the pillory. Then, he was carried off to the Tower, where they treated him well enough.

The White Rose being so triumphant, the young King abandoned himself entirely to pleasure, and led a jovial life. But, thorns were springing up under his bed of roses, as he soon found out. For, having been privately married to ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, a young widow lady, very beautiful and very captivating; and at last resolving to make his secret known, and to declare her his Queen; he gave some offence to the Earl of Warwick, who was usually called the King-Maker, because of his power and influence, and because of his having lent such great help to placing Edward on the throne. This offence was not lessened by the jealousy with which the Nevil family (the Earl of Warwick's) regarded the promotion of the Woodville family. For, the young Queen was so bent on providing for her relations, that she made her father an earl and a great officer of state; married her five sisters to young noblemen of the highest rank; and provided for her younger brother, a young man of twenty, by marrying him to an immensely rich old duchess of eighty. The Earl of Warwick took all this pretty graciously for a man of his proud temper, until the question arose to whom the King's sister, MARGARET, should be married. The Earl of Warwick said, "To one of the French King's sons," and was allowed to go over to the French King to make friendly proposals for that purpose, and to hold all manner of friendly interviews with him. But, while he was so engaged, the Woodville party married the young lady to the Duke of Burgundy! Upon this he came back in great rage and scorn, and shut himself up discontented, in his Castle of Middleham.

A reconciliation, though not a very sincere one, was patched up between the Earl of Warwick and the King, and lasted until the Earl married his daughter, against the King's wishes, to the Duke of Clarence. While the marriage was being celebrated at Calais, the people in the North of England, where the influence of the Nevil family was strongest, broke out into rebellion; their complaint was, that England was oppressed and plundered by the Woodville family, whom they demanded to have removed from power. As they were joined by great numbers of people, and as they openly declared that they were supported by the Earl of Warwick, the King did not know what to do. At last, as he wrote to the earl beseeching his aid, he and his new son-in-law came over to England, and began to arrange the business by shutting the King up in Middleham Castle in the safe keeping of the Archbishop of York; so England was not only in the strange position of having two kings at once, but they were both prisoners at the same time.

Even as yet, however, the King-Maker was so far true to the King, that he dispersed a new rising of the Lancastrians, took their leader prisoner, and brought him to the King, who ordered him to be immediately executed. He presently allowed the King to return to London, and there innumerable pledges of forgiveness and friendship were exchanged

between them, and between the Nevils and the Woodvilles; the King's eldest daughter was promised in marriage to the heir of the Nevil family; and more friendly oaths were sworn, and more friendly promises made, than this book would hold.

They lasted about three months. At the end of that time, the Archbishop of York made a feast for the King, the Earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Clarence, at his house, the Moor, in Hertfordshire. The King was washing his hands before supper, when some one whispered him that a body of a hundred men were lying in ambush outside the house. Whether this were true or untrue, the King took fright, mounted his horse, and rode through the dark night to Windsor Castle. Another reconciliation was patched up between him and the King-Maker, but it was a short one, and it was the last. A new rising took place in Lincolnshire, and the King marched to repress it. Having done so, he proclaimed that both the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence were traitors, who had secretly assisted it, and who had been prepared publicly to join it, on the following day. In these dangerous circumstances they both took ship and sailed away to the French court.

And here a meeting took place between the Earl of Warwick and his old enemy, the Dowager Queen Margaret, through whom his father had had his head struck off, and to whom he had been a bitter foe. But, now, when he said that he had done with the ungrateful and perfidious Edward of York, and that henceforth he devoted himself to the restoration of the House of Lancaster, either in the person of her husband or of her little son, she embraced him as if he had ever been her dearest friend. She did more than that; she married her son to his second daughter, the Lady Anne. However agreeable this marriage was to the two new friends, it was very disagreeable to the Duke of Clarence, who perceived that his father-in-law, the King-Maker, would never make *him* King, now. So, being but a weak-minded young traitor, possessed of very little worth or sense, he readily listened to an artful court lady sent over for the purpose, and promised to turn traitor once more, and go over to his brother, King Edward, when a fitting opportunity should come.

The Earl of Warwick, knowing nothing of this, soon redeemed his promise to the Dowager Queen Margaret, by invading England and landing at Plymouth, where he instantly proclaimed King Henry, and summoned all Englishmen between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to join his banner. Then, with his army increasing as he marched along, he went northward, and came so near King Edward, who was in that part of the country, that Edward had to ride hard for it to the coast of Norfolk, and thence to get away in such ships as he could find, to Holland.

Thereupon, the triumphant King-Maker and his false son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, went to London, took the old King out of the Tower, and walked him in a great procession to St. Paul's cathedral with the crown upon his head. This did not improve the temper of the Duke of Clarence, who saw himself further off from being King than ever; but he kept his secret, and said nothing. The Nevil family were restored to all their honours and glories, and the Woodvilles and the rest were disgraced. The King-Maker, less sanguinary than the King, shed no blood except that of the Earl of Worcester, who had been so cruel to the people as to have gained the title of the Butcher. Him they caught hidden in a tree, and him they tried and executed. No other death stained the King-Maker's triumph.

To dispute this triumph, back came King Edward again, next year, landing at Ravenspur, coming on to York, causing all his men to cry "Long live King Henry!" and swearing on the altar, without a blush, that he came to lay no claim to the crown. Now was the time for the Duke of Clarence, who ordered his men to assume the White Rose, and declare for his brother. The Marquis of Montague, though the Earl of Warwick's brother, also declining to fight against King Edward, he went on successfully to London, where the Archbishop of York let him into the City, and where the people made great demonstrations in his favour. For this they had four reasons. Firstly, there were great numbers of the King's adherents hiding in the City and ready to break out; secondly, the King owed them a great deal of money, which they could never hope to get if he were unsuccessful; thirdly, there was a young prince to inherit the crown; and fourthly, the King was gay and handsome, and more popular than a better man might have been with the City ladies. After a stay of only two days with these worthy supporters, the King marched out to Barnet Common, to give the Earl of Warwick battle. And now it was to be seen, for the last time, whether the King or the King-Maker was to carry the day.

While the battle was yet pending, the faint-hearted Duke of Clarence began to repent, and sent over secret messages to his father-in-law, offering his services in mediation with the King. But, the Earl of Warwick disdainfully rejected them, and replied that Clarence was false and perjured, and that he would settle the quarrel by the sword. The battle began at four o'clock in the morning and lasted until ten, and during the greater part of the time it was fought in a thick mist—absurdly supposed to be raised by a magician. The loss of life was very great, for the hatred was strong on both sides. The King-Maker was defeated, and the King triumphed. Both the Earl of Warwick and his brother were slain, and their bodies lay in St. Paul's, for some days, as a spectacle to the people.

Margaret's spirit was not broken even by this great blow. Within five days she was in arms again, and raised her standard in Bath, whence she set off with her army, to try and join Lord Pembroke, who had a force in Wales. But, the King, coming up with her outside the town of Tewkesbury, and ordering his brother, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, who was a brave soldier, to attack her men, she sustained an entire defeat, and was taken prisoner, together with her son now only eighteen years of age. The conduct of the King to this poor youth was worthy of his cruel character. He ordered him to be led into his tent. "And what," said he, "brought *you* to England?" "I came to England," replied the prisoner, with a spirit which a man of spirit might have admired in a captive, "to recover my father's kingdom, which descended to him as his right; and from him descends to me, as mine." The King, drawing off his iron gauntlet, struck him with it in the face; and the Duke of Clarence and some other lords, who were there, drew their noble swords, and killed him.

His mother survived him, a prisoner, for five years; after her ransom by the King of France, she survived for six years more. Within three weeks of this murder, Henry died one of those convenient sudden deaths which were so common in the Tower; in plainer words, he was murdered by the King's order.

Having no particular excitement on his hands after this great defeat of the Lancaster party, and being perhaps desirous to get rid of some of his fat (for he was now getting too corpulent to be handsome), the King thought of making war on France. As he wanted more money for this purpose than the Parliament could give him, though they were usually ready enough for war, he invented a new way of raising it, by sending for the principal citizens of London, and telling them, with a grave face, that he was very much in want of cash, and would take it very kind in them if they would lend him some. It being impossible for them safely to refuse, they complied, and the monies thus forced from them were called—no doubt to the great amusement of the King and the Court—as if they were free gifts, "Benevolences." What with grants from Parliament, and what with Benevolences, the King raised an army and passed over to Calais. As nobody wanted war, however, the French King made proposals of peace, which were accepted, and a truce was concluded for seven long years. The proceedings between the Kings of France and England on this occasion, were very friendly, very splendid, and very distrustful. They finished with a meeting between the two Kings, on a temporary bridge over the Somme, where they embraced through holes in a strong wooden grating like a cage, and made several bows and fine spe to one another.

It was time, now, that the Duke of Cla should be punished for his treacheries Fate had his punishment in store. H probably, not trusted by the King—fo could trust him who knew him!—and h certainly a powerful opponent in his br Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who, avaricious and ambitious, wanted to that widowed daughter of the Fa Warwick's who had been espoused t deceased young Prince, at Calais. Cla who wanted all the family wealth for hi secreted this lady, whom Richard foun guised as a servant in the City of Londo whom he married; arbitrators appoint the King, then divided the property be the brothers. This led to ill-will an trust between them. Clarence's wife and he wishing to make another ma which was obnoxious to the King, hi was hurried by that means, too. At fir Court struck at his retainers and depen and accused some of them of magic and craft, and similar nonsense. Successful a this small game, it then mounted to the himself, who was impeached by his b the King, in person, on a variety o charges. He was found guilty, and sen to be publicly executed. He neve publicly executed, but he met his death how, in the Tower, and no doubt, th some agency of the King or his brother cester, or both. It was supposed at th that he was told to choose the manner death, and that he chose to be drowne butt of Malmsey wine. I hope the story be true, for it would have been a bet death for such a miserable creature.

The King survived him some five He died in the forty-second year of hi and the twenty-third of his reign. He very good capacity and some good but he was selfish, careless, sensual, and He was a favourite with the people f showy manners; and the people were example to him in the constancy of attachment. He was penitent on his bed for his "benevolence," and other tions, and ordered restitution to be m the people who had suffered from them also called about his bed the en members of the Woodville family, an proud lords whose honours were of older and endeavoured to reconcile them, f sake of the peaceful succession of his so the tranquillity of England.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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PENNY WISDOM.

THERE is a huge heap of chemical refuse now near the banks of the Tyne at Gateshead, which is not only a commercial nothing, but the manufacturer who unwillingly calls it his property, would most kindly greet any one who would take it off his hands; for he has to lease sundry acres of land for no other purpose than to deposit this refuse thereon. It is of such nothings as these that we would speak; and of the ingenuity which, from time to time, draws something therefrom. And we would also direct attention to a few miscellaneous examples of the useful application of materials long valued—the causing "a little to go a great way."

Schoolboys display great skill in breaking their slates. Shall they be allowed to continue the exercise of this interesting practice; or shall we invite them to use the new Wurtemberg sheet-iron slates? A manufacturer in that country has invented a mode of applying a surface-coating to sheet-iron, which enables it to take freely the mark of a slate pencil; it is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common slate. If we have sheet-iron slates, why not sheet-iron paper? Baron von Kleist, the proprietor of some ironworks at Neudeck in Bohemia, has lately produced paper of this kind, from which great things seem to be expected. It is remarkable for its extreme thinness, flexibility, and strength, and is entirely without flaws. It is used in making buttons, and various other articles shaped by stamping; and it is capable of receiving a very high polish. Whether the world is ever to see the Times printed on a sheet of iron, we must leave to some clairvoyante to determine; but, no sooner did our manufacturers become acquainted with this Bohemian product at the Great Exhibition, than they instantly set their wits to work to produce better and thinner sheet-iron than had before been made in England. In the Birmingham department, before the Exhibition closed, there made its appearance a book about five inches by three, consisting of forty-four leaves of sheet-iron, the whole weighing about two ounces and a half. We are thus getting on: the age of iron literature may yet arrive.

Our learned chemists have lately discovered that, in making or smelting iron, not less than seven-eighths of all the heat goes off in waste: only one-eighth being really made available for the extrication of the metal from its stony matrix. What a sad waste of good fuel is here: what a provoking mode of driving money out of one's pocket! So thought Mr. Budd, of the Ystalyfera ironworks in Wales. He found that the heat which escapes from an iron furnace is really as high as that of melting brass; and he pondered how he might compel this heat to render some of its useful services. He put a gentle check upon it just as it was about to escape at the top of the furnace; he gently enticed it to pass through a channel or pipe which bent downwards; and gently brought it under the boiler of the steam-engine which worked the blowing-machine for the furnace. A clever device this: for this economised caloric heated the boiler without any other fuel whatever, and there was a saving of three hundred and fifty pounds in one year in the fuel for one boiler alone. Mr. Budd told all about this to the British Association, at Swansea, in 1848; and at Edinburgh, in 1850, he was able to tell them much more. He stated that he had applied the method to all the nine smelting-furnaces at the Ystalyfera Works; and that it had also been applied at the Dundyvan Works in Scotland. The coal used in the Scotch works is of such a kind, that the wasted heat from one furnace is believed to be enough to heat the air for the hot-blast, and to work the blast engines for three furnaces. Mr. Budd states that his plan enabled the Dundyvan proprietors to smelt ore with a ton and a quarter less coal to a ton of iron than by the old method; and he shows how this might rise to a saving of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year for the whole of Scotland. A pretty penny-saving this—a veritable creation of something out of a commercial nothing.

Horse-shoe nails, kicked about the world by horses innumerable, are not the useless fragments we might naturally deem them. Military men may discuss the relative merits of Minié rifles, and needle-guns, and regulation-muskets; but all will agree that the material of which the barrels are made should be sound and tough, and gun-makers tell us that no iron is so well fitted for this purpose as

that which is derived from horse-shoe nails, and similarly worn fragments. The nails are in the first instance made of good sound iron, and the violent concussions which they receive, when a horse is working over a stony road, give a peculiar annealing and toughening to the metal, highly beneficial to its subsequent use for gun-barrels.

An advertisement in the Times notifies, that "The Committee for managing the affairs of the Bristol Gas Light Company are ready to enter into a contract for a term, from twenty-first December next, for the sale of from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand gallons of ammoniacal liquor, produced per month at the works of the Company." What is this ammoniacal liquor? It is a most unloveable compound, which the gas-makers must get rid of, whether it has commercial value or not. After coal has been converted into coke in the retorts of a gas-house, the vapours which escape are extraordinarily complex in their character; they comprise not only the gas which is intended for illumination, but acids, and alkalies, and gases of many other kinds—all of which must be removed before the street-gas arrives at its proper degree of purity. By washing in clean water, and washing in lime water, and other processes, this purification is gradually brought about. But then the water, which has become impregnated with ammonia, and the lime, which has become impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, are doiefully fœtid and repulsive; and in the early history of gas-lighting these refuse products embarrassed the gas-makers exceedingly. But now the chemists make all sorts of good things from them. The lady's smelling-bottle contains volatile salts made from this refuse ammonia, and sulphate of ammonia is another product from the same source; the tar, which is another of the ungracious consequences of gas-making, is now made to yield benezole—a remarkable volatile liquid—which manufacturers employ in making varnish and perfumers employ in making that which is honoured by the name of oil of bitter almonds, and housewives employ in removing grease spots, and economical ladies employ in cleaning white kid gloves; the naphthaline, which annoys the gas-maker by choking up his pipes, is made to render an account of itself in the form of a beautiful red colouring matter, useful in dyeing—in short, our gas works are a sort of magical Savings' Bank, in which commercial nothings are put in, and valuable somethings taken out.

Mr. Brockeden has taught us how to make pencils out of dust. Our black lead pencils, as is pretty generally known, are made chiefly from Borrowdale plumbago, brought from a mine in Cumberland. This mine is becoming exhausted; and a question has arisen how the supply shall be kept up. Various compounds have been suggested in different quarters, but Mr. Brokeden has happily hit upon an expedient which promises wonders. Although pieces of plumbago are scarce, plumbago dust is tolerably plentiful, and Mr. Brokeden operates upon this dust. He presses a mass of the powder together, then draws out the air from beneath the particles by means of an air pump, and then presses again with such enormous force as to convert the mass into a solid block, which can be cut into the oblong prisms suitable for pencils.

If a ton of lead contains three ounces of silver—one ounce in twelve thousand ounces—will pay to dig out this silver, mechanically or chemically? Will it save a penny? Mr. Pattinson, a manufacturing chemist at Newcastle, says, and shows that it will although, before his improvements were introduced the attempt was a losing one, unless the lead contained at least twenty ounces of silver to the ton. Nearly all lead ore contains a trace of silver, which becomes melted and combined in the ingot or pig of lead. Vast are the arrangements which the manufacturers are willing to make to extricate this morsel of silver from the mass in which it is buried; huge furnaces, and melting-vessels, and crystallising vessels are provided, and elaborate processes are carefully conducted. The lead, itself, is all the better for losing its silvery companion; while the silver makes its appearance afterwards in the form of dazzling tea-services, and such like.

The mention of Newcastle calls to mind our opening paragraph, relating to a certain tableland of refuse. The history of this useless product carries with it the history of many other remarkable products—once useless, but now of great value. Thus it is. Sulphur is thrown into a "burning fiery furnace!" it burns away, and is converted into a gas called sulphurous acid; this, being combined with steam and water, becomes liquid sulphuric acid. So far good; there is no refuse. But let us go on. Common salt, or rather rock salt from Cheshire, is heated with this sulphuric acid in a furnace. A peculiar penetrating gas rises, which is muriatic acid the soda makers (of whom more presently) did not want this troublesome gas, and they therefore sent it up aloft through the chimneys. But the gardeners and farmers all around complained that the muriatic acid vapours poisoned their trees and plants, and then the manufacturers were driven to contract chimneys so lofty as to overtop our loftiest steeples in order to carry away the enemy as far above the region of vegetation as possible. But good luck or good sense came to their aid; they devised a mode of combining the gas with water and thus was produced muriatic acid or spirits of salt; and then this muriatic acid was made to yield chlorine, and the chlorine was made to form an ingredient in bleaching powder; so that, by little and little, the once dreaded muriatic acid gas has become a most

* See also an article headed Gas Perfumery, in Volume III. page 334 of this Miscellany.

respectable and respected friend to the manufacturer. Meanwhile the salt and the sulphuric acid are undergoing such changes, by heatings and mixings of different kinds, that they both disappear from the scene; the useful product left behind is soda, so valuable in glass-making, and soap-making, and other processes; the useless product is an earthly substance, consisting of calcium and sulphur, which nobody can apply to any profitable purpose, nobody will buy, and nobody even accept as a gift. At a large chemical work near Newcastle, this product has been increasing at such a rapid rate that it now forms a mass six or eight acres in extent, and thirty or forty feet high: it is a mountain or rather a table-land of difficulties. Here, then, we see how chemical manufacturers are saving a penny out of some of their refuse, and looking wistfully towards the day when they may perchance save a penny out of this monstrous commercial nothing.

Coal proprietors are, perhaps necessarily, very wasteful people. They accumulate around the mouths of their pits large heaps of small coal, which, formerly, rendered service to no one; and in some parts of the country they burn this coal simply to get rid of it. But, thanks to the Legislature, it sometimes does good by interfering in manufacturing affairs. It ordained that locomotives should not send forth streams of smoke into the air, and we are thus freed from a nuisance which sadly affects our river-steamers and steamer-rivers; while, at the same time, coke being used as a non-smokable fuel, and the supply from the gas-works being too small, coke-makers have looked to the heaps of small coal at the pit's mouth; and the result is, that thousands of locomotives are now fed with coke made from the small waste coal at the collieries. The railway companies get their coke cheaper than formerly; the coal owner makes something out of a (commercial) nothing; and the ground around the coal-pits is becoming freed from an incumbrance. And what the coke-makers would leave, if they leave anything, the artificial fuel makers will buy; for in most of the patent fuels now brought under public notice, coal-dust is one of the ingredients.

How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skin, is a problem which the French gelatine-makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of coloured gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter-houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organised and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs; and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colours. As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and, as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glacé* for copying drawings, or applied in the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth: when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.

Dyers and calico-printers, like manufacturing chemists, have frequently accumulations of rubbish about their premises, which they heartily wish to get rid of at any or no price; and at intervals, by a new item added to the general stock of available knowledge, one of these accumulations becomes suddenly a commercial something. The dye material called madder will serve to illustrate this as well as anything else. Madder is the root of a plant which yields much colouring matter by steeping in water; and after being so treated, the spent madder is thrown aside as a useless refuse. The refuse is not rich enough for manure; no river conservators will allow it to be thrown into a running stream; and the dyer is thus perforce compelled to give it a homestead somewhere or other. But, some clear-headed experimenter has just found out that, actually, one-third of the colouring matter is left unused in the so-called spent madder; and he has shown how to make a pretty penny and an honest penny out of it, by the aid of certain hot acids.

Whether any perfumed lady would be disconcerted at learning the sources of her perfumes, each lady must decide for herself; but it seems that Mr. De la Rue and Doctor Hoffman, in their capacities as jurors of the Great Exhibition, have made terrible havoc among the perfumery. They have found that many of the scents said to be procured from flowers and fruits, are really produced from anything but flowery sources; the perfumers are chemists enough to know that similar odours may be often produced from dissimilar substances, and if the half-crown bottle of perfume really has the required odour, the perfumer does not expect to be asked what kind of odour was emitted by the substance whence the perfume was obtained. Now, Doctor Lyon Playfair, in his summary of the jury investigation above alluded to, broadly tells us that these primary odours are often most unbearable. "A peculiarly fœtid oil, termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash.

The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making pine-apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavour of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavouring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fœtid oils of gas-tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de millefleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cowhouses. In all such cases as these, the chemical science involved is, really, of a high order, and the perfume produced is a bona-fide perfume, not one whit less sterling than if produced from fruits and flowers. The only question is one of commercial honesty, in giving a name no longer applicable, and charging too highly for a cheaply produced scent. This mode of saving a penny is chemically right, but commercially wrong.

The French make a large quantity of sugar from beet-root; and in the processes of manufacture there remains behind a thick, black, unctuous molasses, containing much sugar, but from other causes impregnated with a nauseous taste and a most disagreeable smell. Men will not eat it, but pigs will; and so to the pigs it has gone, until M. Dubranfaut showed (as he has lately done), that this molasses is something better than pig's meat. He dissolves, and decomposes, and washes, and clarifies, until he ends by producing a kind of *eau sucré*, a beautifully clear and colourless syrup or sugar-liquid, containing nearly the whole of the saccharine principle from the offensive and almost valueless molasses.

How can we make one kind of paint or liquid produce many different colours, and this with an amount of material almost beneath the power of man to weigh or measure? Mr. De la Rue has solved this question by the production of his beautiful iridescent and opalescent paper. Both mechanically and optically, the production of these papers is strikingly interesting. Water is poured into a flat vessel; and, when quite tranquil, a very minute quantity of spirit varnish is sprinkled upon the surface: this, by a species of attraction between the two liquids, spreads out on all sides, and covers the whole surface in a film of exquisite thinness. A sheet of paper, or a card-board, or any other article, is then dipped fairly into the water, and raised gently with that surface uppermost which is to receive the coloured adornment; it lifts up the film of varnish from off the surface of the water, and this film becomes deposited on the paper itself. The paper is held in an inclined position, to allow the water to drain off from beneath the film; and the varnish then remains permanent on the surface of the paper. Now, the paper thus coated with colourless varnish exhibits the prismatic tints with exquisite clearness; the film of varnish is so extremely thin—so far beneath anything that could be laid on with a brush or pencil—that it reflects light on the same principle as the soap-bubble, exhibiting differences of colour on account of minute differences in the thickness of the film at different parts; and not only so, but the self-same spot exhibits different tints according to the angle at which we view it. It is a lovely material, and lovely things may be produced from it. We cannot speak of it as producing something out of nothing; but it is a means of producing a beautiful result with a marvellously small expenditure of materials.

The clinkers, ashes, or cinders, which remain in furnaces after metallurgic operations have been completed, may appear to be among the most useless of all useless things. Not so, however. If they contain any metal, there are men who will ferret it out by some means or other. Not many years since, the ashes of the coke used in brass-furnaces were carted away as rubbish; but shrewd people have detected a good deal of volatilised copper mixed up therewith; and the brass-makers can now find a market for their ashes as an inferior kind of copper ore. It needs hardly to be stated that all sorts of filings and raspings, cuttings and clippings, borings and turnings, and odds and ends in the real metallic form, are all available for re-melting, whatever the metal may be—all is grist that comes to this mill. If the metal be a cheap one, it will not pay to extricate a stray per centage from ashes and clinkers; but, if it be one of the more costly metals, not only are all scraps and ashes and skimmings preserved, but particles are sought for in a way that may well astonish those to whom the subject is new. Take gold as an example. There are Jew dealers and Christian dealers also, who sedulously wait upon gilders and jewellers at intervals, to buy up everything (be it what it may) which has gold in or upon it. Old and useless gilt frames are bought; they are burnt, and the ashes so treated as to yield up all their gold. The fragments, and dust of gold, which arise during gilding, are bought and refined. The leather cushion which the gilder uses is bought when too old for use, for the sake of the gold particles which insinuate themselves into odd nooks and corners. The old leather apron of a jeweller is bought; it is a rich prize, for in spite of its dirty look, it possesses very auriferous attractions. The sweepings of the floor of a jeweller's workshop are bought; and there is probably no broom, the use of which is stipulated for with more strictness than that with which such a floor is swept. In short, there are in this world (and at no time so much as the present) a set of very useful people, who may be designated manu-

facturing scavengers: they clear away refuse which would else encumber the ground, and they put money into the pockets both of buyers and sellers; they do effectually create a something out of a commercial nothing.

How to save a penny by using dairy drainage, and slaughterhouse drainage, and house drainage, and street drainage, and stable drainage, and old bones, and old rags, and spent tan, and flax steep-water—how to create value by using such refuse as manure for fields and gardens—is one of the great questions of the day, which no one who takes up a newspaper can fail to find elucidated in some form or other. Chemistry is here the grand economiser. Chemistry is indeed Nature's housewife, making the best of everything. "The clippings of the travelling tinker," as Dr. Playfair well says in one of his lectures, "are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine—carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favourite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas re-appear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavour *blanc mange* for her friends."

PHASES OF "PUBLIC" LIFE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SHOULD the readers of this journal have formed or expressed any opinion on the subject of Barclay's Dray, formerly herein adverted to,* I should not wonder if they opined that the wheels of that vehicle stood grievously in need of lubricating; inasmuch as the spokes and axles thereof have ceased revolving for some time; a dead lock being thereby created, and a crowded literary thoroughfare blocked up. Weighty and sufficient reasons are not wanting to be alleged in excuse for this temporary stoppage. The writer could, if he chose, plead as many pleas as the defendant in an action at law—from "never indebted," to "leave and license;" yet he is of opinion that it would be far more graceful and respectful in him to follow the example of that Mayor of Boulogne, who, of the four-and-twenty sufficient reasons he had provided to account for the non-firing of a salute to Henry the Eighth, put forward as the first reason, that he had no gunpowder. So I may say, humbly, that the third chapter of this essay was not sooner printed, because it was not written;—a thoroughly logical and conclusive reason, reminding me of the Spanish fleet, which could not be seen, because it was not in sight: or, to come nearer home, of some worthy men—Conservatives, ratepayers, vestrymen, and other residents of a country town I know, who petitioned lately against the introduction of gas-lamps into the streets; for which they alleged as a reason—not that the gas was atheistical, or papistical, or subversive of Church and State—but solely that, as they expressed it with beautiful simplicity, "they did'nt want no gas."

The world has grown older, and the Registrar-General has written a good many columns in the Times, since we sat in the dray together among the beer-barrels. The May sun was shining and the birds were singing, when I sat down to write chapter the first; but now, as I bend over chapter the third, the trees are strewing dead leaves on the grave of summer, and the October blast moans lamentably through the branches as though it were a dog, howling by night before a house for the year that is to die.

The public life of Israel; Judaical conviviality; that shall be my theme. The publics used by the peculiar people are marked with distinctive characteristics, like everything else appertaining to that curious race. When Holywell Street was more old clothesy than literary; and, when children of the Tribes lay in wait at the shop-doors behind cloaks and paletots, like wild beasts in ambush, frousy little public-houses nestled among the old clothes shops pretty numerously. They were not cheerful nor gaily decorated establishments. Mostly with semi-circular counters, mostly without forms or settles (for it is a peculiarity of the "persuasion" to take its refreshment almost invariably standing): they smelt intolerably of stale tobacco-smoke—that of bad cigars which the landlord and his customers continually smoked. No pipes were ever seen and no cigar-cases or cigar-boxes were ever produced. All smoked cigars, yet no man ever seemed to light a fresh "weed," but kept on, from morn to dewy eve, continuously puffing at the same stump or fag-end of rolled tobacco or cabbage, or lettuce leaf, as the case might be. They appeared to possess some magical property of indefinite prolongation.

The Jews' Harp stood somewhere between Old Castle Street, Holywell Street, and Lyon Inn. There was an old clothes shop, wholesale, retail, and for exportation on either side. Early in the morning, winter and summer, the gentlemen clothesmen of the vicinity called in for a cigar before they started on their habiliment-collecting rounds. Liquor they never consumed before business, and they even went trust (till the afternoon) for the cigar: it being a maxim among the people never to part with money, where disburse-

* In pages 224 and 250 of our Fifth Volume.

ment could by any means be avoided, before some bargains had been made, and some profit, however small, secured. Towards twelve o'clock the clothesmen would return with heavily laden bags; and then the space before the bar became so crowded with Jews and their sacks that it resembled a granary of old clothes; then was the foaming pot quaffed, and the fried flounders eaten; then were racy anecdotes told of keen bargains and unwary customers, and clothes vendors who "did'nt know the value of things, no more than a child, my dear." Towards evening the bar would be crowded again, but always with Jews. They betted on every imaginable topic—horses, dogs, the various length of cigars, theatricals, politics,—anything, in short, on which a variety of opinion could possibly exist, and could consequently offer a field for a wager. And then they played—these jovial Jews—at cribbage, at all-fours, at any game at which sixpences could be won or lost. The card tables were the top of the counter, the crown of a hat, the knees of the players, a pair of bellows, or any other object offering a plane surface. The cardplaying at the Jew's Harp grew to such a pitch that at last Moss lost his license. He goes under the name of Montmorency now; has a Brougham and handsome chambers in Waterloo Place; and, I am given to understand, does little bills for the Guards, horse and foot.

If you would see a genuine Jewish public (since Holywell Street has been un-Israelitised), our dray must rumble us through the narrow straggling City streets *viâ* Aldgate Pump to the heart of Jewish London. We could have taken St. Mary Axe as a nearer approach to it; but Bevis Marks, Mitre Street, Duke's Place, Cree Church Lane, St. Anne's Square, half-a-dozen choked up little streets running into the broad channel of Houndsditch, are more redolent of Jewish life. The sign of the people is everywhere. The air is heavy with the fumes of Minories-made cigars. Old—very old—Old Jewry is puffing lazily from open windows, or lounging on door steps, or chatting at street corners—apparently idle, but, trust me, doing keen strokes of business. It is Sunday morning, and the New Police Act notwithstanding, I can find half-a-dozen publics, not wide open, but still in the full swing of business. Sunday not being the Sabbath of the peculiar people, they have, of course, none of the scruples connected with working on that day that we have; so the Nemesis of the blue uniform, the lettered collar, and the glazed hat slumbers in Jewry on Sunday morning; won't see that beer is sold, won't remember that Church service is proceeding, won't hear the gurgling of beer-engines, or the murmurs of spirit taps. Our Judaical public-house lies in Aminadab Street, close to Talmud Square, and hard by the Marks. It used to be known as Duke's Place. On one side resides Mr. Reuben Sheeny, dealer in old gold and silver, who displays nothing more valuable in his shop window than a wooden bowl with two anchor buttons, within a ragged, tarnished epaulette; but who, I dare say, has the wealth of the Indies inside, somewhere. On the other side is a little squeezed-up sandwich of a shop; which, at first sight, I mistook for a stall for the repair of Hebrew soles and upper leather; imagining that the Hebrew inscription over the window and on the door-jambs related to the mysteries of the crispinical art. But I have since found out my error. The grave old man with goggle-eyed spectacles and a flowing white beard is not a cobbler. He is a scribe, a public letter-writer, an *écrivain public*. He will write love-letters, draw contracts and agreements, make severe applications for little bills, and conduct the general correspondence of Jewry. Unchanging Jewry! Here, among the docks and screaming factories, to find a scribe. Writing, perhaps, with a reed pen, and possessing very probably the rolls of the law in his corner cupboard. Between these two tenements is the Bag o' Rags. The shutters are up, and the front door is closed; but, by the side door, free ingress and egress are afforded. Not less than fifty persons are in the narrow parlour and scanty bar, and your humble servant the only Nazarene. Behind the counter is Miss Leah, a damsel of distracting beauty, but arrayed for the moment, in a gown of cotton print. Probably Miss Cosher adheres to the principle that beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most, although yesterday, had you seen her walking to Synagogue, you would have seen the rainbow-tinted produce of the Chinese insect on her "fair bodye;" the *chef-d'œuvre* of the looms of India on her symmetrical shoulders; the sparkling treasures of the mines of Golconda and of the Brazils on her neck and fingers; and with surely "enough gay gold about her waist" in the way of watches, Trichinopoly chains, chatelaines and waist-buckles, to purchase that landed estate in the county of Northumberland alluded to by the proud young porter of Lord Viscount Bateman. Old Cosher sits smilingly by his blooming daughter, smoking; old Mrs. Cosher (very fat, and with a quintuple chin), is frying fish in a remarkably strong-smelling oil in the snuggery behind the bar, and Master Rabshekah Cosher, aged eight, is officiating as waiter, and pocketing the perquisites or royalties attached to his office with amazing rapidity, and with a confidence beyond his years. On the muddy pewter counter sits a huge tom-cat—a cat of grave and imposing mien, a feline Lord Chancellor—sitting, solemnly blinking from out his robes of three-piled fur.

I may say of the customers of this hostelry, of the neighbouring public the Three Hats, and of the Sheenies Arms round the corner,

that the chief object of their Sunday morning's sojourn is the buying or selling of some articles of merchandise. From old Simon Rybeck of Bremen, who from his dress and piteous look you would not take to be worth twopence-halfpenny, but who from the depths of his greasy overcoat produces dazzling bracelets, and rings of price and necklaces such as a princess might covet, and as you, my dear sir, would like to present to your bride that is to be; from Mr. Levi, who wants to dispose of a brocaded petticoat formerly in the wardrobe of Queen Anne; from Mr. Belasco, who has some humming-birds, unstuffed, to sell; and brings them out, by handsaful, till the table is covered with iris-tinted feathers; from these down to Jewish lads and striplings, willing to swop, buy, sell, or speculate on anything in a small way—bargaining is the rule, quiet consumption of grog or beer with no reservation the exception. Old Mr. Rybeck has just brought out of his waistcoat pocket (after much fumbling and diving, and bringing up rusty keys and bladeless penknives) a dirty screw of paper which you would take, haply, to contain a pennyworth of tobacco, but which, unscrewing, Mr. Rybeck shows to contain loose diamonds—four or five hundred pounds worth perhaps. From dirty hands to dirty hands are passed about massive golden chains and weighty arguments; and in some of the greasy, frayed, battered pocket-books, which are from time to time produced, lurk several of those autographs of Mr. Matthew Marshall, the sight of which is so good for sore eyes.

One parting glance we give at these strange Sunday customers—these olive faces and glistening eyes, and moist, red, pulpy lips. Look around, ere you leave, at an engraving on the parlour wall, of the new Synagogue and the Jews' Asylum; at the passover cakes over the mantel-piece, kept there from year's end to year's end; and, finally, into the dim snuggery in which Mrs. Cosher fried the fish. It is very dark and very narrow; but there is a rich Turkey carpet and handsome furniture, and a great cupboard, making a brave show of plate and linen. Among the dinner-party damask you would find, I dare say, a significant garment—Mr. Cosher's shroud, which he wears over his clothes, and walks about City streets in on the day of the "White Fast."

A sporting public-house. Have you any curiosity, gentle reader and student of beer in its varieties to peep at the interior of a "fighting-house." You have: then let us stop our chariot before the sign below depicted.

It is evening. The "mill" between Lurky Snaggs and Dan Pepper (the "Kiddy"), for one hundred pounds a side, is due on the proximate morning. The parlour of the fighting-house, where the whereabouts of the fight is to be notified, is thronged by professional and amateur members of the Fancy. Hard talking has rendered these gentlemen's throats rather dry. Beer is indignantly repudiated as something too drouthy and thin-bodied by these noble sportsmen; and steaming "fours" of gin and "sixes" of brandy troop into the room on the waiter's tray in succession, as rapid as the flowers from the inexhaustible hat of Herr Louis Döbler. The parlour itself is a pugnacious-looking apartment, grimed with smoke, the paper torn from the walls in bygone scuffles and punchings of heads. Belcher, Mendoza, and Molyneux the black spar ominously at the spectator from muddled mezzotinto plates in shabby black frames; while a tarnished gilt frame, on the surface of which a thousand flies had given up the ghost, surrounds a portrait, in oils, of Mr. Coffin himself, his muscles spasmodically developed, murderous highlows on his feet, and a gay Belcher handkerchief twisted round his waist; the whole painted by Archy M'Gilp (a clever man, but given to drinking). This work of art is flanked by a shadowy, evanescent engraving of Mr. Figg the fighter, stripped to box for the championship in the reign of Queen Anne. There is a door, on the back of which divers accusations of unpaid drams are scored in chalk against members of the Prize Ring. There is, wheezing before the fire, an elderly bull-dog, blind of one eye, and with a face so scratched and scarred, and beaten out of shape in former combats, so crafty, savage, and villanous of aspect, that were I to see it on human shoulders and in a felon's dock, a thought very like "fifteen years across the water for you, my man," would pass through my mind. The parlour tables are dinted by angry pewter pots; the parlour chairs are dislocated by angry men who have used them as weapons of offence and defence, or who have exhibited feats of dexterity and strength with them;—such as balancing them on the tips of their noses, swinging them on their little fingers at arms' length, or holding them between their teeth. The parlour company is numerous and not select. In a corner, tossing for half-crowns in a hat with Spanks the omnibus-proprietor, is a Lord—a live lord, ye knaves! one of the few live lords who yet support the P. R. He is in a rough great-coat, every hair of which stands on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and known in sporting circles, I believe, from its resemblance to the outer envelope of a shaggy dog, as a "bow-wow coat." This is Lord Shortford, Lurky Snaggs's "backer." His noble father, the Earl of Absentarro (whose broad lands were recently brought to the judicial hammer in the Encumbered Estates Court, in the island of Ireland), is a zealous admirer of the "noble art of self-defence," even at this time of day; he being on the wrong side of seventy, and very paralytic. At his lordship's Villa-Flisterati, near Cufficina, Tuscany, his lord-

ship's grooms frequently have a "set-to" on the lawn for his lordship's amusement: with the gloves on, of course; though, if they happen to fall off after the third or fourth round, his lordship is not unappeasably incensed. Next to the Lord is a cadaverous, wild-haired man, "all tatter'd and torn." He is an author, and cultivates literature upon small "goes" of grog. He has written handbooks to the ring, memorabilia of boxers, *ana* of sporting characters without end. He has the chronology of every event in every fight, from the days of Figg and Broughton to the last fight, at his fingers' end. His toilet is on his back; his dressing-case (in the shape of a felting comb with all the back teeth knocked out) is in his pocket, cheek-by-jowl with his library (a torn copy of Boxiana) and his writing desk (a tattered pad), an iron pen lashed on to the stump of a tobacco-pipe by a piece of twine, and a penny bottle of ink with a paper plug formed from a defunct screw of birdseye tobacco instead of a cork. He is as strong as a bull, but never fights. He is an oracle, but is too timid to bet, and too honest to go into the prophetic line of business. He is content to write his literary compositions on tap-room tables for the meagre wages doled out to him by cheap sporting periodicals, to get drunk at those said tables afterwards, and to sleep peaceably beneath their Pembroke canopies, when he falls. He has a pretty turn for poetry, and will write you an acrostic on any subject from geology to gaiters, for sixpence. He was a compositor once, and even works occasionally now, being able to set up in type the rounds of a fight, right off, without any manuscript. Lord Shortford patronises him, from time to time; and he is fond of reciting an ode, in the Alcaic measure, composed by him in honour of his lordship, in which he (the peer) is celebrated as the "Mæcenas of the ring," and for which Mæcenas stood two dozen of Champagne. The room is, besides, thronged by fighting men, all with close cropped hair, flattened noses, discoloured faces, wide mouths short within of the natural allowance of teeth; and all addicted to the wearing of coats with big buttons, cloth-boots, and staring shawls. Then, there are young gentlemen in loose and slack garments, who were lately flogged at Eton, and are now in the Guards—old gentlemen, who have been a considerable time on town, and know, I am led to believe, every move thereon—seedy gentlemen living on their wits, and, seemingly, not thriving much on that course of diet. There are gentlemen who, from top to toe, are as plainly and clearly dupes as though they carried pigeon inscribed in legible characters on their hat-bands; and gentlemen in nose, whisker, and pervading appearance as unmistakeably hawks. There are some meritorious public characters decorated with a profusion of chains and rings, who know several Inspectors of the Metropolitan Police by sight, are on bowing terms with the stipendiary magistrates sitting at the London Police Offices, and who, I dare say, were you to ask them, could tell you which was the snuggest corner on Brixton treadmill, and the warmest cell in Coldbath Fields prison. There is the landlord, in a decent suit of black and a white neckcloth, which costume, superadded to his bonifacial apron and his eminently prize-fighting face, would tend to create a confused idea in your mind that, after he had been a gladiator, he had had a call and had gone into the ministry; but, finding that not to agree with him, had taken eventually, to the public line. Finally, there is Lurky Snaggs, himself, the hero of to-morrow's fray. Mr. Coffin has had him in training for the last two months; and the devoted Snaggs has worn spiked shoes, and carried dumb-bells, and taken long country walks in heavy great-coats, and eaten semi-raw beef-steaks, all for the more effectual bruising, pounding, and mutilating of Dan Pepper, the "Kiddy," to-morrow morning. He broke away from his training a fortnight since, and was found in an adverse house solacing himself with a pint of raw rum, which aberration caused some terrible fluctuations in the betting-market; but, all things considered, he has been very docile and abstemious, and is, as Mr. James Coffin triumphantly asseverates, "in prime condition, with flesh as firm as my thumb."

Betting, laughing, smoking, fierce quarrelling, snatches of roaring songs are the entertainments at the Bottleholder and Sponge. But Lurky Snaggs is off to bed, and we must be off with him. Whither shall this much enduring dray convey us now? Let *us* go down to Flunkeyland to a Servant's Public.

No low neighbourhoods for you now—no narrow streets or swarming courts. Hie we to Belgravia: nay, that is too new—to Tyburnia: nay, the mortar is scarcely dry there, either. Let it be time-honoured Grosvenoria, the solemn, big-wigged, hair-powdered region, where the aristocracy of this land have loved to dwell time out of mind. Tyburnia and Belgravia may be very well for your yesterday nobility—your mushroom aristocrats—millionnaires, ex-Lord Mayors, and low people of that sort; but for the heavy swells of the peerage, those of the blue blood and the strawberry-leaves, and who came over with the Conqueror, Grosvenoria is the place. There seems to be a natural air of fashion and true gentility about it. Yet things do change, and streets will decline. The Earl of Craven lived in Drury Lane once; Sir Thomas More resided down Bishopsgate way; the Duke of Monmouth's address was Soho Square; and, who knows, some day or other, perhaps I shall engage a garret in the mighty Lower Grosvenor Street itself.

Out of Crenoline Square runs, parkwise,

as all men know, Great Toppletoton Street. Where that thoroughfare intersects with Tip Street is, as you well know, Wangwidgeon House—a big mansion in the rustic style, of brick, with stone dressings, standing in a court-yard—where dwells that mighty prince, the Duke of Pampotter. Next door to him, down Tip Street, is the bachelor's mansion of the Honourable Tom Sardanapalus, M.P. Then comes Mrs. Zenobia, the rich Indian widow (worth two lacs: husband was in council: eats too much mulligatawney: a great tract distributor, and horsewhips her maid-servants). Then is the noble mansion, a double house, of old Sir Fielding Framboise, of the firm of Framboise, Verditter, and Plum, bankers, and a sleeping partner in a great brewery. And then, sir, come Toppletoton Mews, and down Toppletoton Mews is the Cocked Hat and Smalls, used by all the gentlemen servants in the neighbourhood.

Checks, the landlord, who was the Bishop of Bosfursus's butler, and married Mrs. Crimmins his Grace's housekeeper, has a very delicate and difficult task to perform, I can assure you, to keep on friendly terms with all his customers—to oblige all and offend none. Some of the gentlemen are so very particular, so very scrupulous as to precedency and professional etiquette. There's the duke's gentleman, Mr. Lapp. Well, once upon a time, he was not too proud to step round and take a glass with Checks—in his private snuggery, be it understood—and even to smoke a pipe with Binns, Mrs. Zenobia's butler, and Truepenny, the Honourable Tom Sardanapalus's man, who reads all his master's blue-books, and is crushingly erudite on the case of the Ameers of Scinde. But, bless you, Mr. Lapp happening to see a groom—a low stockbroker's groom—in Checks's parlour, dandling Mrs. Crimmins's sister's child, there and then cut and repudiated Checks and his establishment for ever. He told Mr. Wedgewood, Prince Knoutikowski's groom of the chambers, that he "would never enter that man's house again." Checks, when he heard of it, said in great wrath, that "nobody wanted him so for to do," that he was "a hupstart;" and that he, Checks, had kicked him many a time, when they both lived at Sir John's—where Checks was under-butler, and the duke's gentleman was a knife boy. Then, the footmen rebelled, because Doctor Philblister's coachman used the coffee-room. Then, even the grooms revolted, because a man of stably appearance, supposed to be an ostler out of place, used the tap-room; and, as he sat, made a hissing noise as though he was rubbing down horses. Poor Checks was very nearly out of his mind; at last he bethought him of the expedient of dividing his coffee-room into two, by a moveable wooden partition. In one of these he put the butlers, and in another the footmen. The great men among the former, and the tip-top valets were free of his snuggery; the grooms and coachmen had the tap-room; and the common helpers and stable-folk and the general public the bar.

Our dray has brought us from Mr. Checks's establishment to the brewery. We may, perhaps, by-and-bye, look in upon it again, to inspect its home—the head-quarters of every one of the Phases of Public life we have already described.

GRAVES AND EPITAPHS.

It has happened to be my fortune to live during these summer months in the near neighbourhood of one of our London Cemeteries, within range of the odours of the roses, the mignonette, and other flowers that sustain by their presence there, thoughts of beauty and hope in the minds of those who choose to wander among the gravestones. Close to London it is pleasant and soothing to compare this tranquil, ornate ground with those wretched Places of Skulls which disfigure and disgrace the great town. Death seems quite a different thing, in comparison; indeed, only in such really becoming places is the sacredness of death and burial at all recognised. The unhappy burial-places in the city destroy and disgrace their own object. The original object of all interment under the walls of churches was of course natural enough; for it added sacredness to the grave. In that churchyard of St. Clement Danes, for example, how stood such considerations of old? To-day, the flat-beaten stones are lifted up now and then, disclosing a whity earth which tells far too clear a story, and a body is thrust in. But, once on a time—when Danes and all manner of sailors and foreign settlers were laid here under the protection of St. Clement—the space about was clear, and no thick rows of houses intercepted the sight of the flow of the river along its damp and pebbly Strand, as the funeral party grouped together near the church, and Father Anselm or Father Hugo spoke the Latin prayers. Now, the effect of the ceremony is precisely reversed; the church does not sanctify the burial, and the burial disgraces the church.

Cemeteries express the feelings, and meet the wants of an altered time. God's acre (to use the old German name) must not be a miserable tenth of an acre, where you sow death, and reap pestilence and fees. Burial must be made beautiful and sacred again. In various directions round London, as estates change hands and conveniences occur, pieces of spacious ground fall into the possession of societies. Yew trees, willow trees speckle them, walls encircle them. Temples are erected, and due consecration performed, that those whose creeds are different may each have for his remains the form of rite which his fathers professed. Groups of children, knots of decorous wanderers may be seen strolling in the sunshine among grass, and trees, and flowers. To such a place the new

A man it not supposed to have lost ılties because he has lost his friend; may express his admiration and regret ıch force or beauty as nature has d him with. Jeremy Taylor is no whit ıus or touching, because he preaches ıe charm of the loves, the graces, and ses. Take, for instance, two famous s of old Ben Jonson's:—the one, on ıntess Dowager of Pembroke,

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"

m he says:—

"Death, 'ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and good, and learned as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

ıer, the well known

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live."

ıuld be harsh to object to these an ıty well deserved, suited to the age of roduction, and quite compatible with ffection and admiration. At the same don't blame Cowley for saying of Sir Wotton:—

Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more."

natural in Cowley to say this, and r's memory deserved wit, and wit was t of place in an epitaph on Wotton. should look with much contempt on ng that looked like imitation of these, epitaph by one ordinary person upon

quite true, however, that Point has ch reigned in the composition of the ı. This has been probably caused, in y the use of the Latin language, which emely well suited to pointed expres- Many of the best modern epitaphs een written in Latin; for the practice when it was the common language of *rati* of Europe, and was continued by uence of tradition, and the prejudices ılars. Pope's epitaph on Sir Isaac ı is partly in Latin; and the English ı:—

ıe and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light,"

ıad as any very clever thing can be. , the becoming is the first considera- ı every composition; and what can be ut of place in an epitaph, than a re- : that the author of it was a very clever ? This is the painful effect of such hs as the above; in which you see ı face looking out from the tombstone. ruth, this kind of objection can be made ustice to Pope's epitaphs generally, where the aim is to surprise. The epitaph should not surprise, and set you tingling, like an epigram. Who wants to be reminded of Martial in a parish church? This reflection spoils one's pleasure in even such an excellent composition as Pope's epitaph on Harcourt, the son of the Lord Chancellor. It begins with a simple statement of the death of a certain youth,—

"Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died."

This last hacknied line owes its origin to a Roman epitaph in Gratian's Inscriptiones, where the thought is to be found. But note how strategically the next effect is produced:—

"How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak."

One result of a "hit" like this is, that the person to be commemorated is completely sunk into the position of an object of the writer's ingenuity. You lose sight of him altogether, in the blaze of the writer's wit. In looking at his monument, you think only of the statuary. Apropos of this class of ingenious epitaphs, I must quote the perfect one of Doctor Johnson, on Philipps, the musician. It was actually an impromptu, composed by the great old Doctor when at tea in company with Garrick. Garrick speaks of the musician, and of some common-place lines that have been written on him. The Doctor relapses into a few minutes' silence, playing absently with his spoon, and then looks up, the light of intellect shining on that rough, seamed face, and repeats:—

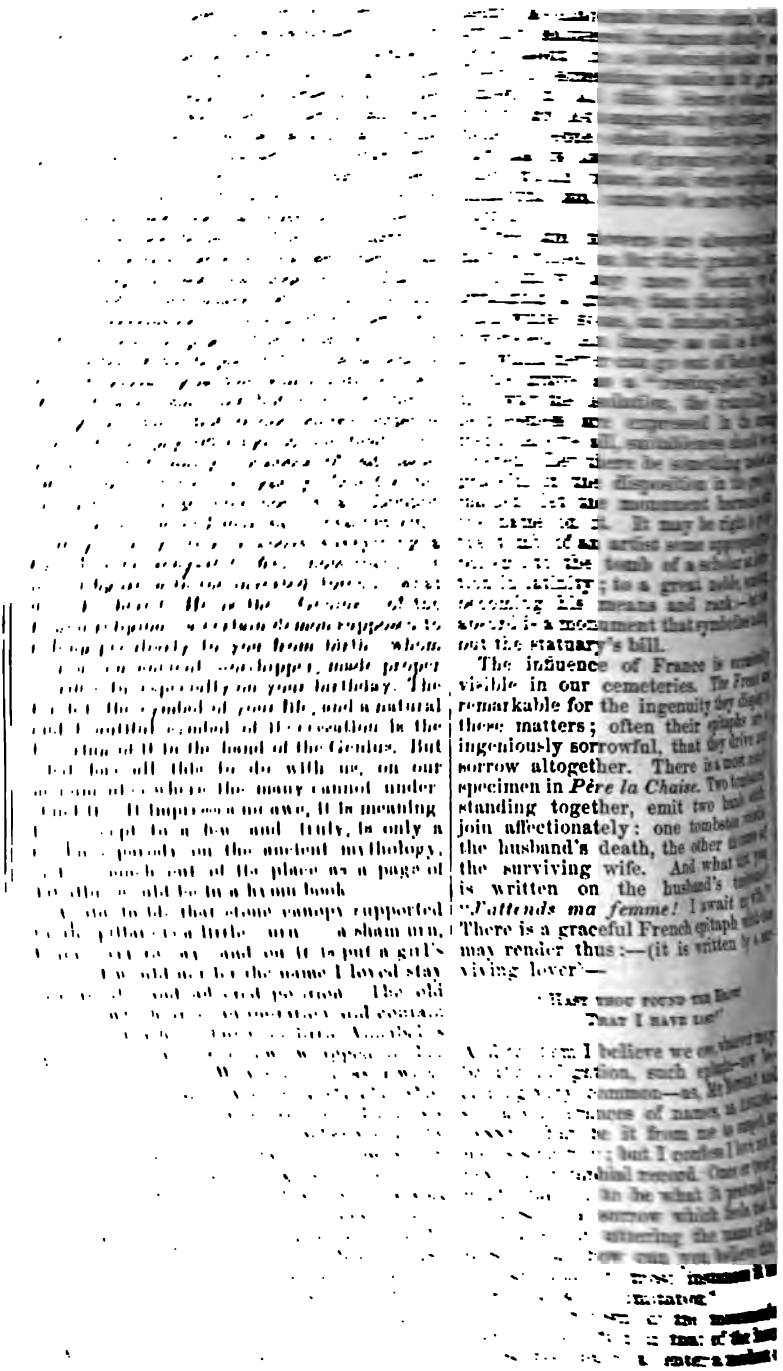
"Philipps, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love,
Rest here, disturbed by poverty no more,
Here find the calm thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee, with a note like thine!

Few men have left such graceful compliments on record as the noble old writer, whom ignorance loves to call "a bear!"

Undoubtedly, however, the simple epitaph (but with no affectation in the simplicity) is the most perfect. An epitaph should be touching, before anything, as in the following:—

MARTINO LUIGI
IMPLORA PACE:—

which falls on one as with the coldness of death, and startles the humanity in you, in your very heart's core. And, again, in the Latin epitaph which Swift wrote for himself, in which he represents himself as lying "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart," we feel all the painfulness of Swift's life gathered into bitter brevity. We learn from such as these, that the one thing to be avoided is conventionalism and the mere mimicry of literary epitaphs. Of



statuary's bill.

The influence of France is
visible in our cemeteries. The Fren
remarkable for the ingenuity they display
these matters; often their epitaphs are
ingeniously sorrowful, that they drive
sorrow altogether. There is a most
specimen in *Père la Chaise*. Two tombs
standing together, emit two lamb
join affectionately: one tombstone
the husband's death, the other
the surviving wife. And what
is written on the husband's
"*J'attends ma femme!* I await
There is a graceful French epitaph
may render thus:—(it is written by
viving lover)—

"HAST THOU FOUND ME HERE
THAT I HAVE LOST"

phrases as *Requiescat*, or prayers th may lie light, or even prayers the ashes. We do not believe, in , in the possibility of the Manes of ing disturbed or restless. We t the body has returned to the ich it is made, and the spirit re- od who gave it. This is the basis ictions regarding the state of the all use of hacknied phrases which examined, quite different views our national religion are out of o say impious and nonsensical.

rth is of opinion that a "distinct should be given of the individual This remark touches the very question. One must have con- rved in our cemeteries a use of rentional epitaphial phrases ap- ne person as much as to another; perhaps, transferred from some aph to a dozen ordinary tombs. nost prevailing fault. It makes und precisely what it should mmon-place. The simplest, rudest seems to come from the heart nore than the most ingenious lines scriminately; which, indeed, read elevant quotation. Dr. Johnson objection, which also I ought to re. He says "that it is improper the epitaph to the passenger." r just. The Romans addressed a 'er! Stop, traveller," to a travel- y had their monuments along the an and Flaminian ways—their . The effect was moral, and in degree beautiful and natural. But rom Nature when we imitate the nd so miss all due effect alto-

aps, a minor question whether the ought to read as addressed to you , or by the survivor. The use of hese, is, indeed, as Wordsworth "tender fiction." It grew up nough. But I may note that this orm is abused too frequently, in a y. It is made the vehicle of the rdinary presumption too often. you, reader, of a "GONE HOME!" under a name, like the "return a lawyer's door? Or, what say ing those who read, to imitate the rson, in a stern dictatorial way, ng has been said of the deceased f common-place laudation? These offences of ignorance, but of some- . Correlative to these is the fault nce, to speak strictly: the state- atters unsuited to the occasion. le, I once saw a monument of d costly exterior, where you were at the young lady buried there om a cold brought on "by the of the people where she was at gravestone is no place for anger or for taking your revenge for misconduct. The epitaph, properly considered, has not to deal with the accidental side of the death, as caused by this or the other mishap. It deals properly with death under its religious aspect, on the side of it as a mystical and transcendental fact, over which we can only wonder, and weep, and hope. The composition should be elevated above all vulgarity.

I object to a statement of common-place matter, such as the survivor's address, profession, or trade. The mention that the deceased was the son, or wife, &c. of John So-and-so, "Pork Butcher in Smith Street," is intolerable. What business has an advertisement in such a place? In the same way too great length in the detail of ordinary matters is absurd: as, that the defunct was Chairman of the Pigwiggin Committee; many years Secretary to the Turnip Society; a Member of the Early Rising Club; and so on. This provokes laughter. If we are to have laughter, we might at once be professedly comic, like the French husband, with his.

> "Here lies my wife,
> A fact that must tell
> For her repose—
> And for mine as well!"

Comic and satirical epitaphs do not belong to my present subject. But, when we consider how much our national taste is impeached in so many matters, and that one cannot stroll along in our beautiful suburban cemeteries without seeing too great reason for it, I hope that my remarks may help to pave the way to something of a reform in a very interesting and important matter.

HOPS.

LOITERING upon the old stone bridge over the Medway, in the town of Maidstone, early in a misty autumn morning, I miss the ancient church and row of poplars, which I know should be somewhere near upon the left. It is of no use looking. They will not come out of their white shroud until noon; and if then, perhaps, only to enfold themselves in it again an hour or two after. The water flows on, smooth and noiseless, till it splits upon the sharp wedges of the piers, and runs away whispering under the arches: but beyond this, not a ghost of a noise is abroad. All Maidstone is asleep, except a railway porter, a man driving a cow who went over the bridge a minute or two ago, and myself. There may be somebody up at the baths behind me: I cannot see. But the old, bruised, and battered coal-barge, moored alongside the wharf, in which I believe live a man and his wife, seems to have nobody aboard—for no smoke ascends from the stove-pipe at the helm. Slowly creeping down this way—a thin ghost at first, then a dusky spectre, then a green and yellow barge—comes

the Sarah Ann, of Aylesford. Down drops the huge tawny mainsail as she steers for the middle arch, just above which I am standing, leaning cross-armed upon the parapet: and now, with all her wings close folded, she shaves to a nicety the sides of the arch. She is gone: but what is this rich odour she has left behind? Not spikenard nor olibanum could be more grateful to my nostrils, than that rich, balmy, healthful, bitter smell that floats about me now, and makes this place no common bridge of stone. The Sarah Ann is freighted with Kentish hops: many a precious pocket of that noble plant lies down in the dark, beneath a yellow tarpauling spread over her hatchway. But, like the thoughts of a good man, who suffers imprisonment for the whole world's sake, its subtle essence steals abroad, and lives in the free air.

Hops coming into my head in this manner, remind me of the business of to-day: for though I have the air of a veritable lounger, and though the overtasked railway porter, going to his work at this early hour, looked at me enviously and thought I lead a nice lazy life of it, I, too, have a task to accomplish. The railway porter, if he knew anything of signals off the line, might have known that to be astir thus early does not mean idling. I have a letter in my pocket for Mr. Day, the hop-grower of East Farleigh, charging him, in the sacred name of friendship, to show and make clear to me everything connected with the cultivation and preparation of hops. So, after more loitering on the bridge, and more sauntering in the town (for I deem it well to let my mind lie fallow a few hours, before receiving that broadcast of facts with which it is to be sown), I come to the bridge again, and cross the river winding through the brown and yellow woods up to East Farleigh.

There are in all England some fifty or sixty thousand acres of hop plantations; and of those one-half at least are in this county alone. In the oldest book I know about hops (Reynolde Scot's "Perfite Platforme of a Hoppe Garden"), dated 1574, and printed in black letter, with many prefaces terminating in inverted pyramids of type, Kent is spoken of as *the* county of hops. The system of cultivation appears to have little changed since then; and the book, if it were not written in the style of an Act of Parliament, and interlarded with moral reflections and allusions to every poet and orator of ancient times, might have been written in the present day. Yet hops, at that date, were but of recent cultivation. For ages, while our ancestors were wont to flavour their ale with ground ivy, and honey, and various bitters, a weed called "hop" had been known about the hedges of England; but no one thought to cultivate it for brewing until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Some say the cultivated plant came first from Flanders, where it was certainly used before our brewers knew its virtues. The Chinese, of course, are supposed to have known all about it ages before that. In France, hop gardens are very ancient. Mention is made of them in some of the oldest records, though what their hops were used for does not appear. In England it had many enemies to contend with at first. Slanderers said it dried up the body and increased melancholy; and though the very reverse is the fact, this belief so far prevailed, that we find in the household regulations of Henry the Eighth an order to the brewer not to put any more hops in the beer: and at a much later period, the Common Council of the City of London petitioned Parliament against the use of hops, "in regard that they would spoil the taste of the drink, and endanger the people."

There are not five parishes in Kent—large or small—that have so many acres of hops as this little parish of East Farleigh, where I am going. There is no place in all England whose hops will fetch a better price—not excepting Farnham, in Hampshire, whose patch of hop plantation, standing almost alone in the county, has slightly lost its reputation as the queen of hop-gardens, since its limits have been extended into a less favourable soil. At East Farleigh dwelt the Rothschild of hop-growers, whose hop-poles alone were said to be worth seventy thousand pounds; and there dwell his descendants still, though their grounds are little more than a tithe of his. The luxuriance of hops about here is a puzzle to theoretical agriculturists. "Though rich mould," says Bannister, "generally produces a larger growth of hops than other soils, there is *one exception* to this rule, where the growth is *frequently* eighteen or twenty hundred per acre. This is the neighbourhood of Maidstone, a kind of slaty ground with an understratum of stone. There the vines run up to the top of the longest poles, and the increase is equal to the most fertile soil of any kind."

Hops, in England, invariably grow up poles. In the north of France they are sometimes made to creep upon copper wires, ranged horizontally, like the lines of the electric telegraph; but Kentish farmers, when they hear of it, shake their heads. These poles stand in groups of three or four, at a distance of about six or seven feet apart; and nearly three thousand (worth about seventy-five pounds) are required for an acre of ground. In some counties, hops are set between fruit-trees in orchards: and penny wise and pound foolish growers will plant vegetables between the poles; but Kentish growers know that the hop requires all the strength of the soil, and rigidly exclude everything that could impoverish it, except in the first two years after planting, when the vines never produce any flowers worth picking. The only plant cultivated is the female hop; the male species, sometimes called "blind hop" being of no

though it is said that if the male hop cluded from the garden, the flowers out the ground would be wanting in low powder called the "farina," or ion," which is their chief virtue. For son, one male hop plant in every groups is generally planted. Of the ivated there are eight or ten varieties, that called "Goldings" is the best; , from its very luxuriance, is subject ases which poorer but more hardy will escape. Some of each sort are, e, generally planted; though the spirit ling which pervades this branch of will induce others to run the risk of only the better kind. After that ccint of Natural Histories, in which vor shows how the horse, from his his hoofs, is "very useful to man," I e mention that the young shoots of plant are eaten as a substitute for as; that an infusion of its flowers wool yellow; and that from the ressed in the manner of flax, a strong made in Sweden: so that some Mechi op-growers may one day turn the bines re now wasted into hop-pockets; and ke the stalks carry the flowers to mar- n enthusiastic writer, who calls it "a gant balsamic bitter," declares that it employed medicinally in the shape of s, tinctures, extracts, infusions, decoc- onserves, plain and compound pills, and apozems; and that under one or f those forms, it will infallibly cure ondria, cleanse kidneys, restore livers, blood, remove spleen, stop colic, kill dispel jaundice, eradicate scurvy, and gout, regular or atonic. If only half s true, no one can deny that the hop "very useful to man." Its flowers, r, are known to be a powerful sopo- A pillow of hops recommended for King George the Third, in his illness , was found to produce sleep when all neans had failed: a secret which was own to his ancestor King Henry the when he uttered that beautiful soli- pon sleep which was heard by some pirit in the lonely sick chamber, who rds whispered it to the poet that it ot be lost.

ging from the woods, just as the mists eping away, and the sun is turning dull red ball of fire to something like gain, I see nothing but hops on each the river. All up the sides of the their heavy clusters, topping the high eep one over the other, like spectators' n the pit of a theatre. And now I spy ne bridge with its four pointed arches, water, running down the wooden ; of an inclined plane, foams and roars and all night; though a little girl ttage tells me she cannot hear it at losing it by long habit, as you lose the of a clock in a room, by listening to it.

And there, a few yards above the bridge, struggling for a place among the hop grounds, stands the old church of East Farleigh, like three barns with a pointed spire. And here I stop, and leave the river to wind away and hide itself in a perfect forest of hop plantations.

While my host runs his eye along the lines of my letter, I read in his face that the sacred name of friendship will not have been invoked in vain. He does not think of hinting that Saturday is a busy day; but on the contrary, congratulates me upon having chosen that day, as presenting some features in hop-picking not to be seen on any other. So we walk together through the hop-garden, where the strong bitter odour and the bright yellow of the clusters, tell that they are ripe, till we come to a stubble field, and find the pickers at work upon the borders of the plantation. Men, women, and children all pick hops. This is why this employment is preferred by those wandering bands who cut hay in the spring and corn in the summer, and in the winter live, or die, no one knows where. But these are by no means the only class that come hopping. Labourers, costermongers, factory girls, shirt-makers, fishermen's boys, jolly young watermen, and, they tell me, even clerks out of employment, all throng the Kentish highways at this time, attracted by the opportunity of earning a couple of shillings per day; and still the cry is more, and the farmer, in plentiful seasons, is frequently embarrassed for want of hands.

Pickers of hops escape their soporific influence. There is no going to sleep with them; though they handle hops and smell hops, and breathe hops, from dawn till sunset. The man who, with his instrument—which he calls a hop-dog, because it is a hook on one side and a knife on the other (I don't know any better reason)—cuts the bine about the roots, and then hooks up pole, bine and all, and lays it across the pickers' bins, has enough to do to keep ten pickers supplied. A sullen-looking girl—her hair growing low down her forehead—grumbles at being kept waiting a moment. So does another young woman, who has brought her infant family with her in a covered child's waggon—egged on by a surly murmur from a wild young man, with white hair and eyebrows, who speaks a brogue which is neither Irish, Scotch, Yorkshire, nor West country, and who, being asked, "What countryman are you?" replies with a noise in his throat sounding like "Gurz'n," and then grins; and being asked again, "Where that is?" answers, "Gurz'n," and grins again: after which the questioner gives up all hope of discovering what countryman he is. But a merry old woman, with a red face, says something which I did not catch, and everybody laughs, and good humour is restored. Meanwhile the cutter makes a desperate attack upon the poles; felling them so fast that he has time to pull out a handkerchief

and rub the perspiration from his forehead: and the surly young woman admits that "he is keepin' the pot a-bilin:" and now everybody is busy. Down comes a hop-pole, and away goes a swift hand up it, plucking the flowers into a canvas bin upon a wooden frame, carefully avoiding the leaves till it gets near the top of the pole, when with one stroke it rubs off all that remain, the few little green leaves at top doing no harm. The pole, with the bine stripped of its flowers, is then thrown aside, just as the cutter, who has served eight or nine in the interval, drops another pole across the bin. Each of these bins, I am told, holds fifteen or twenty bushels, which is as much as the fastest hand can pick in a day. The lower parts of the poles—which are rotted by being in the earth—are then cut away, and the poles will be carefully stacked to serve for shorter plants next year.

Here are the oast-houses—most of them brick-built and perfectly circular up to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet, whence they terminate in a cone, surmounted by a cowled chimney, peculiarly shaped, to allow the vapour from the hops to escape. To what shall I compare them (for form, though not for size) if not to those curiously clipped holly-trees in the front garden of my friend Lily-paynter at Twickenham, which, he says (being a little eccentric), were meant to represent peacocks. If they had been peacocks, who shall say how he would have clipped their plumage to represent holly-trees? But that has nothing to do with hops. Some of the oast-houses are square—but that shape is old-fashioned—and some are long: for no two farmers agree in any one particular as to the treatment of hops. Even as to furnaces opinions are so diverse, and are supported by such well-balanced testimony, that I find all kinds of stoves here. Entering at a narrow aperture, and darting past the fire, through a heat that would roast me if I stood still in it, I find myself in a circular chamber about eighteen feet in diameter. In the midst, or rather, nearer to the aperture, a clear fire of coke and charcoal burns with thin hovering flames, melting into air. Dipping his hand into a barrel, my conductor brings up some rolls of brimstone; and, casting them on the fire, a bright blue glare lights up the chamber and the faces of all present. This is found to give a livelier colour to the hops, and is everywhere, except at Farnham, adopted: colour—although it is said to be not really a sign of strength—being arbitrarily insisted on by the purchaser. He knows you do it with brimstone, but he does not care how you do it, so that the hops look bright. With a slightly disagreeable taste in the throat, I escape into the next oast-house. Here the fire is enclosed in a sort of oven quite hidden from sight. In another I find it in a brick stove with apertures for the escape of heat, contrived by omitting a brick here and there. These apertures are called "horses;" but, like the bine-cutter's "hop-dog," the origin of the name is involved in obscurity. Here is a different kind of stove in which the fire is closely shut up, and the heated air is confined and carried up to the drying floor by an inverted hollow cone, formed of laths and clay, and lined inside with smooth tiles.

Walking out into the open air again, we mount a ladder to the cooling-room attached to the oast-house. On a circular floor, about fifty-six feet in circumference, formed of strong wire netting and covered with coarse hair cloth, through which the warm air ascends, the hop-flowers lie to a depth of two or three feet. One thousand and fifty pounds' weight of green hops are here drying at once; but through the little aperture at the top of this sugar-loaf chamber, some eight hundred and fifty pounds of this weight will evaporate into air, so that a day's work of the fastest picker, weighing a hundred pounds when green, will scarcely weigh twenty when dry. The air is only moderately warm; but the grower, by long experience (for nothing else will make a hop-drier), knows without any thermometer that it is exactly the proper heat—considering the weather, the state of the hops, and a dozen other things. The drying never ceases during the time of picking, and is one of the most difficult branches of the preparation. A man must watch them day and night, turning them frequently, until the stalks look shrivelled, and burying his arms deep in the hops, he feels them to be dry. This is generally after eight or twelve hours' drying, after which they are shovelled through the little door on to the adjoining cooling-floor to make room for more.

On the cooling-floor, I find a man stitching hop-pockets, whom the method of my narration compelled me to overlook when I passed him just now. He is working on canvas hung over a line, with needles that would not go through any button-hole in the world. These hop pockets are not so coarse as an unjust proverb would have them. Into them pockets the hops are tightly wedged; and—dusted from head to foot with the yellow powder of the hops—a man in a blouse (which used to be blue before hopping began,) is continually passing to and fro, wheeling a single pocket at a time upon a long truck, from the steps of the cooling loft to a pair of great scales in an open shed. Here stands the supervisor, the representative of Her Majesty's Board of Inland Revenue. He is a very stout, red-faced man, with a white hat, and a brown velvet shooting-jacket, and carries a small bunch of hops in his mouth. He holds a book in his hand full of lines and figures, red and black, and looks very cross; as one who, by the stern expression of his features, would warn off all attempts at bribery of any kind. Not so his lean, but equally red-faced assistant. Though, perhaps,

not less incorruptible because he twits the farmer with making his fortune out of hops, and calls himself a poor devil, laughing very heartily, as if he liked being a poor devil, and only pretended to envy the money-making hop-grower. He generally comes alone, but now and then, as a check upon him, the stout superior drops in, unexpectedly, and re-weighs what he has booked. One by one, the great pockets are rolled into the scale and rolled out again, and laid all in a row like bloated porpoises—the handles at the corners being the two short sprawling fins. Then my conductor, to expedite matters (though this is the exciseman's business), bestrides one of the porpoises, like a merry merman under the sea, and with a basin of ink in one hand, and a small painting brush in the other, cries out, "Number?" The supervisor refers to his book, and answers, "One hundred and fifty;" and those three figures are drawn upon the animal's back, a little above the snout. "Weight?" "One, two, twelve." Down goes one hundredweight, two quarters, twelve pounds. Next, in letters four inches long (according to the statute), he adds his own name and parish, and the date, with an indignant allusion to an act intended to be passed last session; which, abolishing this part of the ceremony, would have robbed Farleigh hops of their glory in the market. Next comes one hundred and fifty-one:—weight, one, two, ten. One hundred and fifty-two:—weight, one, two, eleven. Finally, the supervisor (checking the figures) takes the brush, and marks a cross upon the seam of the mouth of the sack, to prevent frauds on the Government by afterwards squeezing in more hops. This is called "sealing," which being done, he closes his book with the intention of calling in six months' time for a duty of one penny and twelve twentieths of a farthing per pound weight. This is called the old duty. The new duty of three farthings and eight twentieths of a farthing (making up twopence), and the additional duty of five per cent., will not be applied for till long after next year's hops are picked.

Not yet, however, is the grower sure of his profit. The hops may remain on his hands for a twelvemonth, when they will be considered as "old hops," and lose much in value. Nor can the abundance of one season find a balance in the deficiency of others. In a year or two, if kept, they will be worthless—as colourless and flavourless as mere chaff. Thus the steadiest of hop-growers—although he may never buy standing crops, selling them and buying them again (like court cards in the game of speculation), on the perilous chance of their improving or deteriorating; although he may grow hardy and luxuriant kinds; and although he may determine never to bet a sixpence on the probable amount of the duty—must look upon his business as a species of gambling, rather than as a legitimate branch of husbandry. Woe betide the man who, with too small a capital to carry him over reverses, sets up as a hop-planter! Not hooping-cough, nor measles, nor all the several ills that infant flesh is heir to, can be compared with the dangers that have threatened this crop from the time when first its tender shoots were guided to the hop-pole, till now, comparatively safe, the flowers are picked, and dried, and weighed. In the warm nights of early summer, when the bine will grow an inch within an hour, fleas and fireblasts threatened it. When the clusters hung so large and full, that everybody (but the wary) prophesy the duty will reach an enormous figure, Egyptian plagues of green or long-winged flies, coming from no one knows where, might settle on it, and, in a single night, turn flower and leaf as black as if they had been half consumed by fire. "Honey-dew," that frothy kind of saliva which a little insect gathers round itself, might fall upon it, and prove no less destructive. Red spiders, otter moths, and the "vermin" which spring from their eggs, might any day sit down, uninvited, to a banquet costing a couple of millions sterling to the Kentish growers alone. Any cold autumn night, "when the breath of winter comes from far away," might blight them; and, finally, mould might suddenly eat up every vestige of flower while the hops were waiting for the picker. Ah! if a tithe of the care and culture that are bestowed upon this tender plant could be devoted to some of those boys, whose sad want of mending has been recently pointed out in these pages; if you would take a single boy, as Sterne took his single captive; as tenderly provide him with a healthy spot; as carefully train his young ideas as the sprouts and tendrils of this plant are trained; as watchfully strive to keep him from all blights and harms—might you not here expect a crop more sure, and not less golden?

Throughout the year wagers are extensively laid in the counties of Kent and Sussex (but particularly in the former), upon the amount of duty annually declared by the Excise, in respect of all the hops gathered throughout the country. Long before anything like data whereon to found a calculation can be obtained large sums are staked upon the result of the crop. In Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone are the Kentish "Tattersall's" which, together with a few of the ancient inns in Southwark (where the hop factors live, and hold their principal market), comprise the head-quarters for hop betting: although this gambling is not confined to the trade, but extends to all classes in the hop districts. Almost every tradesman and boy has his "book," or his chance in some "hop club." On the publication of the duty, many thousands of pounds change hands, and every possible scheme is resorted to throughout the summer to procure the latest intelligence of the condition of the plant in the chief districts, so as to enable the more

wary to increase their stakes or "hedge," as the case may be. The system is to give what is called a "scope," the extent of which depends upon the time of year. In the winter quarter, the betting man will perhaps give a "scope" of twenty thousand pounds; that is to say, will bet that his adversary will not guess the amount of duty to be declared on the next year's crop within that amount. But as the year advances, and the hop has escaped the dangers that beset its progress, the scope is reduced. Clerks in the accountant's department of Inland Revenue are much sought after, and the slightest hint greedily devoured as to the gross quantity of hops weighed; which certain men pretend to know, in much the same way as sporting prophets boast of their "office" or "tip" for the Derby. The period between the picking and the declaration of duty is usually a full month of excitement to the parties wagering; the duty is known about the end of October. Last year it was issued on the third of November. The present is considered a tolerably fair season, and the amount of the duty is anxiously looked for.

We have something else to see. The pickers are waiting to be paid in the hop garden; for it is Saturday night. Our shadows are strangely angular and gawky as we walk along the stubble field again; the pickers leave off before sunset, to allow time for carrying away the hops by daylight. Their work has to be measured first. The cutter leaves off battling with the rows of poles, and comes to measure with a wicker bushel having a black line round it, outside, about half way up. For any one of these bushels, filled as lightly as possible—never quite up to the top—the picker receives twopence. When only a few hops remain at the bottom of the bin, he watches most anxiously; for if the remainder reaches beyond the black line it counts a bushel: while if it falls short, it counts as nothing. There is a delay at the sullen-looking girl's bin, for she has dropped in too many leaves, and must pick them out, one by one. Cutter "wonders she didn't put in bines, poles and all;" and bids her "look alive." When everything is done, the farmer brings his money bag, attended by a boy, who reads the amounts to be paid from a book. Most of the hands have been drawing money in the week—they don't know how much exactly, nor when; but the book assists their memories. Nobody can recollect, either, how much he has earned, but contents himself when he is informed by saying, he "thought it was ever so much more," by way of showing that he is on the alert, and not to be cheated easily. The merry old woman takes her money, gaily. Sullen girl grumbles. Eager faces are crowded around the payer. There is a man with a very savage, heavy look, which has been all along fixed intently upon the money bag. "How much you?"

"Oh! you know." Book is referred to, and the savage man pounces upon fifteen shillings. "Now, then; is everybody paid?" There is a tidy, quiet, freckled-faced girl standing a little way off, whom the merry old woman spies, and says to her, "What! ain't you got no money? Why didn't you go up?" The girl says, "I didn't like to ask for it." On this the merry old woman drags her up to the farmer, and she, too, is paid. The pokes are wheeled off; and the cutter drains the great stone beer bottle; and the merry old woman encumbers herself with many bundles and two umbrellas; and all go talking and laughing across the field, followed by the woman drawing her infant family in the covered child's waggon.

There is a great stir and a strange noise of voices over East Farleigh to-night. In this little out-of-the-way village of some twenty houses scattered about, and with only one beer-shop, three thousand hop-pickers (chiefly Irish) are assembled. Hundreds of fires in the open air look from a distance like the encampment of an army. In huts and stables and out-houses; in abandoned mills; in crumbling barns and dilapidated oast-houses whose cracks are ineffectually stuffed with straw and clay; under pents; against walls; in tents and under canvas awnings, this multitude cook, eat, drink, smoke and sleep. No wonder that in the ground of the old church I find a row of grass-grown mounds, with an inscription on wood, "In memory of forty-three strangers, who died September, 1849. R.I.P. *(Requiescant in pace).*" A parishioner tells me they were all Irish hoppers; and only a portion of those who died of the cholera here in the season of that year. No inhabitant of the parish was attacked; and to the credit of the clergyman it is said, that he turned his house into a temporary hospital, and with his wife attended them night and day.

At the bridge, some are washing clothes: women and girls and boys, wild, ragged, uncouth wretches, most of them standing bare-legged in the water rinsing shirts in saucepans, and dabbing them against the smutty edges as fast as they are cleaned; boiling other clothes in cauldrons; and hanging garments that have more superficies of hole than cotton, upon the hedges. There, too, are hideous old Sycoraxes smoking and crouching over fires this warm day, and shouting unintelligible sounds to fat children, sprawling in the mud upon the shelving bank of the river. Everybody has been paid to-night, and most are off to buy provisions for the week. There is a solitary butcher's shop up the lane, with trees in front, which is besieged. All round it—for it is open on three sides—a hungry mob hustle and push and clamour to be served; and the butcher, who all the year round has not a whole sheep in his shop, now chops his way out of heaps of meat. Then there is a lonely grocer's—lonely no more—where as great a crowd clamours for bacon, and bread, and

beer, and tea, and sugar, in a great gloomy shop lit by two wretched candles. The only beer-shop overflows with disappointed customers, and the wild howl of Irish singers. Hundreds are encamped at the cross-road. Here is a double row of huts, built expressly for the hoppers, each about ten feet square, with a shelving roof, where half-a-dozen men, women, and girls sleep together upon straw, and have a fire. There are bread stalls, and stalls of herrings in brine, and stalls of such pastry as I never beheld before. One of the huts is open on one side, and converted into a shop or stall, where you may buy bread, and candles, and such small quantities of tea and sugar, all ready done up in paper, as never were sold at any other time or place. This is the private speculation of Mr. Bleary, who is encouraged by the great hop-growers to sell provisions here at this time; they having a good opinion of his mode of doing business.

Mr. Bleary is said to be a man of property, and I am introduced to him. He is a very stout Irishman, with a moist eye, and a treble chin lapping over a white cravat, and has a chronic cold in the head: calls himself "Purvey-her in gin'ral to the strangers in Farrerleigh;" and is neither drunk, nor the worse for liquor, but what Frenchmen in common parlance call "*ému*." He is very glad to see me, and "how are you?"—bids me follow him into his hut, or shop; and describes an arbitrary division of its only room into kitchen, parlour, and bed-room. "The furrerniture isn't all come down yet; but no matter." Mr. Bleary is full of anecdotes, with wrathful parentheses of "disorderly doins, and shemful robbin' of poor creetures" by his predecessors in the "purveyhership." But, coming forth and seeing his lines of customers, all sitting at long tables, drinking soup in the light of the moon, the poetry of his whole being overflows:

"Look at me happy children! All livin', in harrermony one with another: all drinkin' soup and bread, and discoorsin' together, like ladies and gentlemen, about politics and the late Juke o' Willinton. Look at me happy children! You remimber how it used to be, Misther Day? How they used to fight like so many wolves, and lie about the ground like a flock o' pigs. Therer's soup for a half-penny a basin! Taste it. Here I stand in defiance of all docthors. Let 'em all come down to East Farrerleigh and examine it. Oh, the days before I came down here! I remimber 'em well. What shindies! There usen't to be never a sound head, nor a sound winder in all East Farrerleigh parish. And only look at 'em now. Ask 'em thimselves if they don't feel morer like Christians, and a little morer happy-minded."

And thus Mr. Bleary continues till he bids me good night; and then calls me back again, and puzzles me by asking, "What I might guess, now, to be the greatist number o' sack o' potairtoes he ever sold in one night?" but immediately removes my difficulty by mentioning that twenty-six was the number.

Good night, Mr. Bleary! My road lies Maidstone way, beside the river shining in the full moon: and I would, for your sake, I had started an hour earlier. Then should I not have been compelled to tell how wild disorder broke out in that happy family, that night; how sticks and stockings loaded with Mr. Bleary's stones were flourished, and heads and windows broken, just as in the days of old. How drunken hoppers sprawled about as if you had never come to East Farleigh, and had never sold sugar there, nor soup; and how your mild paternal admonitions were laughed to scorn.

A GUN AMONG THE GROUSE.

Towards the end of this last August, when London had been already cupped of a large portion of its blood, I myself, a globule of the blood of London, felt myself under the influence of the great sucking power, and was drawn out to fill up a vacuum among the moors;—not the Moors where Othello was, but the moors where Glenfern is, and whence John Earl of Groats had sent word to me, in London, that there was a vacancy for one more sportsman at Glenfern, and that the grouse were looking out for me.

I packed up my guns, therefore, and made a parcel of alpaca coats and hob-nailed boots, with a few other etceteras; and, as I like to travel cheaply, went down to St. Katharine's Wharf, to start by a Scotch steamer northward. My man Friday objected to my plan; I knew he despised it, as being economical; all servants despise economy. I had suspicion, also, as he was a German, that he could not stomach a tumble on the waves. I consoled him, therefore, by giving him to understand that we were warranted to go to Edinburgh in forty-two hours; and we went down to St. Katharine's Dock, from which the boat was advertised to start at seven P.M. precisely. It was five then, and I had not dined; but that was of no importance, since of course it would be possible to dine on board. After boarding the steamer, my first care was to go down and reconnoitre the pantry: there I saw a round of beef, a ham with the prettiest pink blush, and scores of bottles of XX. I felt that all was safe, and went on deck again to enjoy the bustle for a bit, and eat my dinner for a little while in expectation. When you are hungry, it is a luxury to feel that you can have a slice of good beef laid before you at a moment's notice—you have only to speak. In such a case, you delay speaking, as you delay breaking the seal of a letter that contains delightful matter. Presently there comes, however, a time when you say, "Now I must go into it!" My hunger having reached that point, I made a hasty descent into the pantry,

and addressing the steward with as little show of eagerness as possible, I begged the pleasure of an introduction to his beef and ham.

"It is just a little too soon," said the steward, a very dry rusk of a Scotchman; "ye canna have it till supper."

My hunger broke out instantly. "Nonsense," I said, "I have not dined: I must have something to eat."

"I am vary sor-r-y," said the steward, with a composed look; "but I canna gie ye to eat till the ship starts."

"When will it start? It is now nearly seven. It was advertised to start at seven."

"Ye'll wait only just a little," said my friend.

The ship had not started at half-past seven; and at eight o'clock she was only blowing a cloud in a composed way: at half-past eight, however, we got out into the river.

Forty-two hours' passage, said the advertisement. We were forty-eight hours, however, before we touched at the dry land of Aberdeen. By the delay of the packet we had missed the stage-coach, which only leaves three times a week, and so I spent a little more than I had saved upon the old-fashioned locomotive, a yellow chariot with its four-posters before it; and so at eight o'clock that evening we arrived safely at Glenfern, the shooting lodge of the Earl of Groats, which is situated thirty miles north of the Dee, and surrounded by an immense tract of moorland.

The lodge stands in a picturesque valley; purple hills rise on every side, peeping over the heads of one another, and sweeping out some miles away into the dimensions of majestic mountains. Before the lodge itself there flows a pretty little trout stream, over which a bridge is thrown for the accommodation of all persons who are too squeamish to walk like proper Scotchmen through the water. Over a fordable stream the Highlanders consider bridges to be just contemptible. The late heavy rains had swelled this trout stream into a foaming river, and very pleasantly it rushed through the valley and among the rising dew. The sunset-rays fell upon the distant hill-tops, and the fresh, damp evening air was full of the scent of bell heather. I was glad to feel, among such hills as these, that I had left the Hills of Holborn and of Ludgate far behind.

The Earl of Groats belongs to a genus of Tories which is fast following the Dodo. He has maintained the opinions that his father had before him, at the cost of place, power, and fortune. He has stood up for consistency, and having never changed his own ideas, finds that the change in the relations between himself and the surrounding world has rapidly become enormous. Abhorring motion, he would root himself to land, and so the vessel of the State has sailed away out of his reach, with plenty of stout hearts on board: out of his reach and so nearly out of sight, that he has left off watching it through his great family telescope. Let the world go: here is the noble Tory in Glenfern, for whom no politician ever asks in London, very much in request upon his own domain. With all his prejudices on his head, you would not in long travel meet with a more high-souled, noble-hearted, and right honourable man. Politically he is weak; morally he is strong. He welcomed me quite tenderly as the son of an old friend and colleague. My father and he, he said, started in public life together. So he introduced me very cordially to his cousin Bookby, having before-hand given me a private introduction to his cousin's character, by telling me that I should find him a generous fellow and a most agreeable companion. Bookby was in the dining-room surrounded by the group of sportsmen then assembled at Glenfern, among whom there were one or two with whom I was already intimately acquainted.

There was good prospect of a pleasant week, putting grouse out of the question. "Mrs. Bookby," said the earl, presenting me to an unaffected little woman, who was discussing some Scotch pebbles with a group of gentlemen, "Mrs. Bookby is kind enough to preside over my bachelor house, in order to impose upon us all good hours and social habits. She does more," he added, with a sly glance at the extremely well-dressed gentlemen, who were engaged over the pebbles with her; "she bids us mind our looking-glasses, and causes us to produce results in the way of toilet, that, I assure you, are quite new to the moors." "And I assure you, Mr. Croxpound," said the lady, speaking to me, "that it is no light thing to have made *reform* acceptable at Glenfern." Hereupon there ensued among the gentlemen a gay political discussion, in which Reform Bills and such absurd matters were discussed with much pleasantry, the presence of Mrs. Bookby serving evidently as a stimulus to a great tilting of wits. Men always endeavour to come out when there is a woman present: Bookby himself being excepted, however, in the present instance, for in his absent way he stared through his eye-glass fixedly at somebody, and said nothing at all.

Among the guests there was a gentleman who became prominent at dinner-time, a Monsieur Bois-le-Comte, whose presence the earl tolerated—though he hated Frenchmen—because he was the friend of his cousin Bookby. Monsieur Bois-le-Comte being upon the moors, closely confined himself—not unwisely I thought—to a study of grouse in all varieties of cookery. Grouse in soup, however, was the dish that gave him the most unfeigned satisfaction. After the departure of Mrs. Bookby, I must also note how thoroughly I felt the meaning of the twinkle in the eye of Monsieur, when he had taken his first sip of the Glenfern whiskey toddy, made with a strong infusion of pine-apple in

the place of water. Then dogs were discussed: the good points of Shako and the laziness of Shock. I and the Frenchman, equally ignorant of moorish customs, pricked up our four ears. Our hearts sunk when our host asked for the keeper's returns, and read:—

"Gordon's Lowe beat: Earl of Groats, Colonel Landsend, and Sir Robert Scilly, killed sixty-three and a half brace and two hares. Day windy and wet. Birds very wild.

"South beat of Glenboggie: Mr. Bookby, Major Woolwich, and keeper, killed seventy-two brace, one hare and a snipe. Day wet and windy. Birds wild."

Methought, what if the south beat of Glenboggie be invaded to-morrow by Mr. Croxpound, Monsieur Bois-le-Comte, and keeper; how will our doings read over the whiskey toddy?

At nine o'clock the next morning, we all met about the breakfast table. After breakfast bustle began. Valets were running about with belts and gaiters; the earl's old steward was superintending the package of a luncheon, and giving out the wine and porter with a reverent touch upon the bottles, counting with severe accuracy the bottles of whiskey allotted for the gillies, and giving out to the keepers bags of powder and shot. He was master of the commissariat, and presided also over the ordnance department, evidently. Eight or ten ponies stood before the door, two of them having panniers upon their backs, for the conveyance of the before-mentioned stores. The gillies loitered about, waiting to be told whom they were to serve; the keepers gathered about the kennel, holding in leash the noisy and impatient dogs. Those left in the kennel piteously yelled at the prospect of being left behind.

Sportsmen enter from the lodge, dressed in brown suits that suit the colour of the boggy earth, or moss-coloured and pinkish, in accordance with a tailor's notion of the heather; they wear caps and wide-awakes to correspond. Enter from the lodge M. Bois-le-Comte in a national sporting coat and waistcoat of bright sea-green velvet, a yellow handkerchief with floating ends about his neck—which he denominates a Belchère Anglais, trowsers spotless as new driven snow, and patent leather boots. Enter from the lodge Mrs. Bookby, escorted by the Earl of Groats. A Highlander dressed in full costume, and wearing the Glenronald tartan, leads up a mountain pony for her use. Mrs. Bookby mounts her pony. The keeper divides the assembled sportsmen into three parties, and appears to be explaining something to each set; he explains the beat each is to take. He disposes of the gillies among the sportsmen, by attaching to each man his Highland gillie, who will come and go at his bidding for the day. He hands the guns to the running fellows who are to load them, and carry them when gentlemen begin to be tired.

Enter from the Lodge Mr. Bookby, who is literary, and who has been writing an article up to the latest minute. His eye falls on the garment of his friend.

"Why, Bois-le-Comte, what are you thinking of? Your green and yellow dress looks like an omelette in herbs. The grouse will be laughing all over the moor, if you show yourself among them in that fashion." Monsieur was glad to be informed upon the customs of the place, and cheerfully returned into the house to clothe himself in moorish fashion from the Bookby wardrobe. The result was excellent, except that he was troubled all day with an uncertainty about his legs in consequence of the smallness of his feet, and the width and weight of the strange boots into which he was advised to put them.

The morning was lovely; and a soft breeze from the south, the keeper informed me privately, was favourable for the scent. Everybody was in high feather. As we passed through a deep ravine, which extended for more than a mile and a half between overhanging rocks that almost closed out the sky above our heads, I felt disposed to talk to somebody upon the subject of the sublime and beautiful; but everybody else was talking about birds and dogs, and at the end of the ravine our party split into its appointed sets, each to depart to its appointed shooting-ground. "Do you go with us?" asked Mr. Bookby of his wife. "Not unless Major Woolwich be of your party. I go with Major Woolwich for the sake of his iced milk and water."

Now Major Woolwich, who was reckoned the best shot of the party, had a way of teasing his neighbours in the land of whiskey by contemptuous argumentation against ardent spirits. He found, he said, that a man could work longer and better upon iced milk and water. Being of that opinion, he was in the habit of carrying about with him a small icing machine. Such a machine he had brought out with him to-day upon the moors, and this was the machine with which he hauled the lady over to his party. Sir Robert Scilly said that he rejoiced to find himself quit of Mrs. Bookby, for yesterday, when shooting in her company, he had been so anxious to show off with his firing, that he either missed his birds or blew them up entirely. So we shot about; our sport was excellent, the dogs thoroughly under control, and every point they made was a study for a Landseer.

At two o'clock our party encamped in a little glen beside a sparkling rivulet, from which we took water to dilute our wine or whiskey, while we ate hard eggs, Symposium pies, Hambro' sausages, and things of that sort spread before us on the grassy cover. The gillies occupied this period of rest in spreading out upon the grass the spoils of the morning, in order that the plumage of the birds might be dried thoroughly before packing. A damp feather will often spoil a bird.

Thirty-five brace were already shot on our beat—very few, I must own, by Mr. Croxpound, but I had the earl and Major Woolwich for companions, and they very well covered my short coming. Mrs. Bookby left for the lodge, and a gillie was despatched to the lodge with our birds, while we resumed the sport and continued shooting until seven in the evening.

On the way home, as my gillie had abundantly had reason to perceive that I was but a Londoner on the moor, I was not sorry to find that his patronage of my ignorance took a didactic humour. He instructed me in all the mysteries of heather. The bright pink, which they call the bell heather, blooms only in July, August, and September; the white blossoms later, and the lilac—the commonest kind—is in flower all the year. These facts exhausting him upon that topic, he took up his other theme and told me about birds—about the difficulty of adapting the heathcock to a caged life; how when caged he would refuse to feed, then pine away and die. He explained how slightly the grouse make their nests, just enough put together to possess a form and enable the hen to cover her young, but with not a stick of superfluous workmanship about it. The grouse hatch in March or April, now and then as late as May; and many of the young birds are destroyed by foxes, hawks, and other monsters of the moor.

When we got back, weary and wet-footed, to the lodge, we found a cheerful peat fire blazing in every bedroom, and a regiment of warm baths steaming out their invitations to our feet. A dash of whiskey in the water was pronounced an admirable anodyne for the sore-footed. Having washed our feet in patriarchal style, we gathered round the dinner-table. So passed one circle of four-and-twenty hours, and so passed all.

Grousing is not what it used to be—a mere amusement. Noblemen have discovered that it is as well worth while to stock the market as to overstock their friends with game; and therefore if you would be welcome on the moors, you must shoot well: you must not shatter birds and render them unsaleable. The best are packed up and sent to the London market now, as regularly as they send fowls from Dorking. Mr. Bookby was so much delighted with the admirable performances of Major Woolwich that he said, shaking him warmly by the hand, "My dear fellow, what a splendid shot you are! By Jove, you are worth three pounds a day and your keep."

On the last day of the month the grousing ended with a clan gathering. The morning broke among clouds, and wind and rain threatened a postponement of the sports. At noon, however, the mists rolled from the mountains, the sun shone down into the valley, and the picturesque little village of Glenfern was full of bustle and preparation for the arrival of the great chief. Upon an open space, opposite the principal inn, there was a kind of course marked out by ropes running from stake to stake. On each side of this course seats were erected, and carts were drawn up in readiness against the coming of their occupants. The stone bridge at the north entrance to Glenfern was covered with spectators who awaited the appearance of the clans. At a few minutes before two o'clock, a fanfaronade from the heights, performed upon loaded anvils, announced that the chief was approaching. The cavalcade consisted of about two hundred men, headed by the Glenronald, their chief—a handsome man whose locks had become white before his limbs were feeble. The men wore the Glenronald tartan, with the closely-fitting coat of cloth or velvet, and the plain Glengarry, or cloth cap, having a piece of broom or heather stuck into the side of it. The skeen-doo—(how they spelt it I don't know), the Highlander's last resource, a short knife—stuck in the garter of each right leg. One old man among them wore the sword and the plumed Highland bonnet. The pipers played merrily, and as the clansmen came near us, they wheeled into line, and marched two and two. So, with the chief at the head, preceded by pipers three, they arrived on the course, and there forming a square, stood with their shields and their long axes ready, as if about to give battle to each other. By this time a line of carriages had formed, and the gay dresses of ladies were fluttering about them. Every seat was occupied on carriage, cart, or platform, and the sports began. The Glenronald having saluted the assembled company, the Reverend Mr. Preach, the parson of the parish and one of the stewards of the festival, came forward with a programme. The signal having been given, hurling, wrestling, single-stick, foot-racing, and all the well-known Highland games proceeded merrily. Dancing closed the entertainment, and the Highland fling and sword dance were considered to be the most triumphant successes in that way. Then the men were all passed in review, that prizes might be adjudged to those who were most perfect in their appointments. A ball and supper to the gillies closed the day, and was the last item of my experience among the Moors.

AN OPIUM FACTORY.

At Ghazeepore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazeepore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and odoriferous bazar, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which

the store-house is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared to be as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, eager as cannibals, all crowded round a desk, at which their victim, the gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, with sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate tests presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken, to be carried off into another room. Into this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left, as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimens that had been just sent to them out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with steam baths—not unlike tables in appearance—and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess, the price paid for the opium-dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But, the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Bluebeard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men—natives—themselves somewhat opium-coloured, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this room a quantity of opium—worth more lacs of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers—was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother nature, each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty-two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This—the fourth—chamber was a long and narrow room quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits,

having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has been rubbing the same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup—as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds—proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers spreads over them more gum; then, adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the meantime, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added on the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to his heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not at all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged upon the factory.

The key of a fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of Iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of colour, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that "The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to increase its weight." The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna and one at Ghazeepore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazeepore Agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazeepore, and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand labourers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favourable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavourable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favourable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per centage of morphia, and six per centage of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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TRIUMPHANT CARRIAGES.

AFTER much consideration, we have come to the conclusion that there is less wear of shoe-leather in Ireland than in any Christian country in the world. In Ireland, when a man ceases to go barefoot, he somehow or other rides. This is a curious and a rather serious matter, which may be looked at in more ways than one. The deficiency of a middle class in Ireland is a solemn and mournful truth, on which it is not now our business to enlarge. We do not mean, of course, that there is no middle class; nor that it is much smaller in the half-dozen chief towns of Ireland than in considerable towns elsewhere. In fact, a town is impossible without a broad middle-class stratum on which to found its institutions. What we mean is, that over the greater part of the surface of Ireland there is spread a thin population of uncomfortable people (as we should think), with a nobleman's seat, and the mansions of a few gentry somewhere near; and very few shopkeepers, or farmers, or merchants, to transact the business of those above and below them. My lord's family and the gentry ride and drive, of course, as lords and gentry are wont to do: and the poor people walk—without shoe-leather. They are, no doubt, less uncomfortable than they look to English eyes; for in good looks, in health, strength and merriment they seem to beat the English and Scotch all to nothing—that is, between June and the new year, when they have their potato crops to feast on (and they do consider it feasting to eat potatoes, in comparison with all other food). How it may be with their looks and spirits during the rest of the year we cannot say from personal observation; but it is well known that they have never, under any circumstances, any desire to be plagued by the consideration of shoe-leather. They like a cast in a vehicle very well; but they excuse themselves from wearing shoes, even when there is a handful of bank-notes in the thatch, or a handsome litter of pigs under the bed, or half-a-dozen sleek cows wading among the ragwort and thistles in the field. You may see the fishermen's wives walking barefoot on the sharp rocks and rough shingle, looking for bait, or bringing up the lobsters. You may see the peasant women, with stout red petticoats and blue cloaks, or gay yellow and red shawls, trotting and skipping barefoot over the bogs, finishing with a grand hop over the last ditch into the road, on the way to chapel, market, or fair. If the last, they are probably carrying stockings and shoes in their hands, to be put on when within sight of the spot: but the same pair may last a life-time, if worn only at such times, and in such a manner.

If you travel near a bog in autumn—and that is a thing sure to happen to the tourist in Ireland—you will occasionally see a dingy procession on the road before you, which looks, from a distance, like a small brown funeral. When you come nearer, you see a dozen or so of large hampers, without lids, filled and piled up with dried peat, in the shape of bricks; each hamper being mounted on a rude sort of truck, and each truck being drawn by a small donkey. On the truck is somewhere perched a boy, man, or woman. Time seems to be of small value; for these cars are proceeding as slowly as possible, exactly in the middle of the road, till your driver calls out that if the people do not clear the way, he will bring the police upon them. Then heads pop up from behind the hampers, and voices shout and scream, and donkeys scramble, and the way is cleared, and half-a-dozen children catch hold of your carriage, and run for half-a-dozen miles, begging for a half-penny. This is, we believe, the lowest order of Irish carriage. Then comes the superior sort of turf-car, made of upright slips of wood, sloping outwards, so as to look like a square basket of rails upon wheels. This is light and pretty, and serves well for carrying peat, hay, animals, and whatever the farmer has to convey that is solid. Our substantial country carts and waggons are rarely seen—and still more rarely the farmers' gigs which abound on English roads. Besides that, there are few men in Ireland answering to our farmers; they prefer their "outside car" to our gig—and very reasonably. That "outside car" is the most delightful vehicle we know of—so light and well-balanced, that a horse can draw a greater load for a longer distance than an Englishman can believe, until he sees it: so safe, that it is scarcely possible to apprehend an accident: so convenient, that it has been praised till people are tired of hearing of it; wherefore we will say no more

When they left their own carriage, at a little distance from Paris, it was to enter a machine, which was so heavy, and went so slowly, that they were not out of sight of persons who knew them when daylight came. Because they blundered so dreadfully [illegible] they had but a poor chance any way: [illegible] carriage would have incalculably improved their case: and then, if they had got away. How different would have been the face of Europe, ever since, and at this [illegible] the gallant Count Fersen drove with the old [illegible] but what could be the speed of a coach and six as big as a drawing-room, [illegible] with a stout gentleman and lady in it, and drawn by horses jog-trotting [illegible] three times a day, convey our old [illegible] squares to church, in all the [illegible] Sunday morning! So the unhappy family were caught: and all but one lost their [illegible] consequence. The surrounding nations [illegible] war, and the face of Europe and [illegible] was changed for evermore.

Meantime, Mr. Burton's workmen went on [illegible] alterations without thinking much [illegible] dreaming that they should [illegible] anything new: although the whole [illegible] was changing, and finding itself obliged [illegible] fact. The Irish rebellion—one of the most [illegible] events in history—took place, [illegible] be dealt with the united arms [illegible] Irish and Irishmen, dictated from the [illegible] and the Castle at Dublin [illegible] the century; and Mr. Isaac [illegible] a flowing mob, and his [illegible] in the old way, never [illegible] anything could be better. [illegible] were enormously good, certainly; [illegible] house that they should [illegible] fore Irish gentry now [illegible] and they saw and valued all [illegible] carriages. In 1804, [illegible] to the business, and in [illegible] may fairly be supposed [illegible] might introduce some [illegible] fresh spirit into the [illegible] may be, it is clear [illegible] few of them—at the [illegible] minds to manage it [illegible] their own way, and allow [illegible] their own to be employed.

[illegible] afternoon in that year (1811) [illegible] a fellow-creature [illegible] ground that he had [illegible] whereas he wanted [illegible] masters in the [illegible] recently appointed [illegible] the firm had [illegible] as home with [illegible] imported from England. [illegible] was dismissed, the importation [illegible] and several men lost their [illegible] being qualified [illegible] Quaker man. On the [illegible] month, some of [illegible] themselves in the [illegible] instead of going home from work;

and in the course of the night they destroyed the linings of several new carriages, and cut and defaced the panels, carving on them the names of obnoxious persons, and threats to their employers.

It was now time for Government to interfere. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of each of the first three persons who should be convicted of either of the offences which signalised that unhappy month. As for the Messrs. Hutton, they were fully aware of the importance to their country of sustaining such a manufacture as theirs; and they knew that it could be done only by their conducting their own business in their own way. They reasoned kindly with their men, even affectionately, showing them the true state of the case, while they declared that they would submit to no dictation, but conduct their manufacture in their own way, or retire from business. By this time, the manufacture was so large, that the whole city was interested in its continuance.

In 1812, it was found to be desirable to bring over an accomplished coach-painter from London. No man was removed to make way for this Richard Couchman. The benevolent employers hoped to provide work for new men by every improvement they introduced; but some few of their people were rather muddle-headed—confounding the employment of an Englishman in Ireland with sending over *Irish* work to be done in England; which last was exactly the misfortune which the Messrs. Hutton were striving to avert. They knew that the Irish gentry would buy carriages in London (now that everybody was frequently going to London), unless they could have them at least as good for the same money in Dublin. Richard Couchman gave a supper to his fellow-workmen on his arrival, according to custom. On that night (in December, 1812), one of his guests, Arthur Donolly, told him that the Irishmen did not want any Englishmen among them, and that he, for one, would not have his work found fault with. This man had been originally a labourer in the yard, at eight shillings a week. He had been taught a branch of the business by Mr. Hutton; and was now receiving excellent wages as a painter. After this supper, he became so morose and sullen, that his employers, at the suggestion of Couchman himself, raised his wages to twenty-eight shillings per week, to remove from his mind any notion that he was supplanted, or out of favour. Nothing would do, however; and he so conducted himself, that it was necessary to discharge him the next June.

On the twenty-seventh of August, as Couchman and another workman were going home in the evening, and just as they had started, Couchman was felled by a blow on the head. He was not at once perfectly insensible. He felt many more blows, "as a sort of jar," saw many legs, the glittering of weapons, and the ends of bludgeons. He saw also the face of Conolly and of one Kelly; and so did the comrade he had just parted with, who was also struck, and had a narrow escape. It seems to carry us back to a very old time, to read that these two men — Conolly and Kelly — were pilloried. They were imprisoned for two years, and pilloried three times.

And now came out the civic heroism of the benevolent employers. They were very rich, and they might have withdrawn from business. But they knew the worth, both of the principle for which they were contending, and of the maintenance of such a manufacture as theirs. They knew themselves to be in peril of their lives. They went out to their country houses every evening well armed. But they issued addresses to their men, brave as benevolent,—in which they avowed that they knew the guilty ones among their people, and had their eye upon them; that they would not yield a single point on any compulsion whatever; and that they preserved their sincere attachment to the faithful among their work-people, to whom they would be faithful in return. They escaped attack. The two sons are living now. If it had been otherwise, all Ireland would have rung with the shame; for their munificence was too great to be kept secret by their modesty.

In 1824, there was another conflict; but it was much less serious. The coach smiths of the city of Dublin complained of the importation, by the firm, of certain articles of wrought iron, different from what they were accustomed to make; which was, of course, the reason of the importation. The firm declined corresponding with any but their own men; but pointed out to them that not a forge or a man in Ireland was thrown out of work by their importation, while there was increased employment for everybody else engaged in coach-making. The business had grown prodigiously within forty years, and this was owing to the liberty the firm had so carefully guarded, of improving their manufacture to the utmost; a liberty which they meant to keep. Their men, however, had not yet grown wise. Some of them refused to touch the iron work imported from England. This stopped the manufacture, of course, as far as the new material was meant to be applied. The firm issued an admirable address to the rest of their people, promising to employ them as long as it was possible to do so; but showing that this could be but for a short time, if the carriages could not be finished. They had already offered to set up in business two of their own smiths, to copy the English patterns, supplying them with capital, material, and apparatus, and paying the same price as in England: but the refusal of the offer showed that the aim of the men was to preclude recent improvements, and compel their employers to make coaches in

the old way, and in no other. On this occasion, there appeared to be very great danger that the firm would be obliged to close their manufactory. This, though it would have thrown several hundreds of persons out of bread, would have been a smaller evil than allowing the business to perish under the ignorant dictation of a small proportion of the workpeople; but it would have been a widespreading misfortune—*how* serious can hardly be fully understood but by those who have seen that factory as it is at this day, when there is but one mind among all who are busy within its walls.

It will have been observed that none of the conflicts, during all this long course of years, had been about wages, or hours of working. There had been no possible ground for it; for the firm had never been in combination with other employers against the men; although the men had been in combination with others against the introduction of English improvements. The practice of the firm had always been to pay liberal wages, in order to secure the best work. They hired the labour which suited them,—which was always of the highest order that could be obtained. If the men were satisfied, they supported them against all encroachment and injury. If the men were not satisfied, they let them go in all good will, and, if it was possible, helped them to settle themselves more to their minds. There was little of this parting, however; for the best men knew when they were well off. They were maintained in sickness, pensioned after long service, watched over with vigilant good will; and wise men were in no hurry to throw away friends who would do this.

The time came when the advantage of such an understanding was put to the proof. In times of distress, the carriage is the first luxury laid down by those who must economise, and it is the last thing to be purchased by those who can do without it. We all remember the years of distress from 1836 to 1843. At that time the younger of the two brothers was alone in the business,—the father having died long before, and the elder brother being at that time the member for Dublin, with O'Connell for his colleague. It had long been foreseen that there must be some decline in the business from the increase of railroads. To this was added the seven years' distress. Mr. Hutton stood between his men and utter ruin as long as possible. His large capital enabled him to allow his stock to accumulate: but the time came, towards the close of 1842, when he was compelled, in order to keep on his men, to reduce their work and wages slightly. There were persons who endeavoured to make mischief between him and his people on this occasion; but he easily made himself understood by giving his reasons, and the facts of the case. After that came the famine, and with it, of course, a prodigious falling off of business. The Irish gentry could not buy carriages while the people were starving, and the rates were heavier than many could pay. And when affairs began to come round, and there seemed to be a prospect of better days, a terrible accident happened. His family being absent, Mr. Hutton was sleeping in town, when a servant rushed into his room in the middle of the night, crying out, "O, sir! the factory is on fire!" He was on the spot instantly, in time to save the Lord Mayor's grand carriages, which were wanted the next day, and which were worth many hundred pounds. The timber-yard was safe, happily; a circumstance of great importance, as it takes some years to season the wood properly. But the loss was very great—many thousands of pounds over and above the insurance. It was a melancholy sight to the gazing crowd, to see the carriages brought out—some of them on fire inside, and others cracking and warping, and to know how many more were destroyed. And there was the fear that Mr. Hutton would now retire. He was rich; his brother had retired; and he might be supposed to have had enough of the considering what the last few years must have been. Happily, he has not retired. He has rebuilt his factory, and very nearly brought everything round to its former state of order; and, as there are sons in the business, it may be hoped that the establishment may continue to be the blessing to Dublin that it has been for nearly three-quarters of a century.

The timber-yard is a picturesque spectacle, of itself. It is a sort of field, attached to the property when Summerhill was "out of town." The wood is of various kinds. Every wheel is made of three sorts—the spokes of oak, the nave of elm, and the *rim of ash*. Beech is used for some purposes, but it does not wear so well as ash. The panels are made of mahogany; and some of the upper parts, which are least subject to strain, are of pine, accurately covered with leather. Some of the bent and finely-curved pieces, which have to bear a great strain, and on which the beauty of the carriage much depends, are of witch hazel elm. The wood is bent by steam—the stocks actually boiled, to make them flexible. For all this, the wood can hardly be too old: and a great capital is always locked up in that timber-yard.

The great show-place of the establishment is, of course, the department where the finished carriages are kept. The variety is quite marvellous to a spectator who, not being worth a carriage of any sort, has never given any particular attention to the diversity out of which a purchaser may choose. But, after all, one may see finished carriages abundantly in the streets, while it is a novelty to see their skeletons and their separate parts. So we rushed gladly into the upper rooms, which look like an hospital for carriages.

Bodies lay on the ground, bare of covering and of lining, without door or window; every stock and frame and panel staring one in the

face, and all the iron strips and bolts open to examination; and the curious little wooden bolts—square morsels studding the inside of the roof and sides, to divide and equalise the strain, and prevent "springing." To have caught a family of carriages thus *en déshabille* was quite an event. Then we saw them dressed. There was lining upon lining, before the last silk and lace were put in. We felt the curly elastic hair with which the cushions are stuffed. We noted the windows: how the inner edge of the frame is made higher than the outer, to prevent the rain oozing in, as it used to do in the days of our grandmothers for want of this simple precaution.

Other changes there are since the days of our grandmothers—one of which we think very striking. Formerly, the keeping a carriage signified the keeping a certain number of servants; and the servants were considered the most important part of the equipage and exhibition. Now, it is plain that carriages are kept, much more than of old, for their mere convenience: and some of the most valued improvements in a coach-manufactory are those which enable the occupant of a carriage to dispense with all service but that of the driver. There are newly-invented handles to open the door from within with a touch; and the opening of the door lets down the step, which is folded under the carriage when the door is shut. There are various screens of recent invention for keeping the entire doorway and window clear of mud. The medical man in moderate practice, the elderly lady of moderate income, —various people of moderate means—may now have a carriage who could not formerly dream of such a thing. Carriages cost much less than of old; they wear longer; and they can be used without the attendance of a footman. This increased use of carriages may set against their increased durability and lessened cost. Such has been the faith of this firm, while paying high for the best work, and exercising all possible ingenuity in strengthening the structure, and bringing down the cost of its carriages. In its show-rooms may be seen forty to fifty different kinds of carriages, at prices rising from thirty pounds (if we remember right) to one hundred and thirty pounds. There were no Lord Mayor's equipages, nor great lumbering vehicles, such as old prints show us, with room for several grand footmen behind; but there were some as handsome as any carriages of our own time; and a gradual descent from these to the useful, humble, neat family car,—the genuine Irish car, which may, according to tradition, carry the parson and his wife and thirteen children. Against the walls of these work-rooms hang large black boards, whereon are chalked ideal carriages, as new notions enter any brain on the premises. Some suggestions obtained in this way have been honoured by the testimony of successive Lord Lieutenants, as may be seen by the diplomas which adorn the walls of the room appropriated to them. From the Exhibition there could be no testimonial, as Mr. Hutton was one of the jurors.

We saw here, applied to carriage-windows, the curved and bent plate-glass which is oftener seen used for lamps. This comes from London. The plated work is chiefly purchased; as are the laces and fringes. One room is gay with the colours used by the painters; and many were the polishers whom we saw at work. The diversity of employments is indeed very great, though Mr. Hutton declines making railway carriages; and the public cars, now so numerous in Ireland and so great a blessing to her population, are made by the successors of the inventor, the late Mr. Bianconi. There are, on Mr. Hutton's premises, about one hundred and eighty men employed, besides the women who make the carriage linings; and their wages are high for Ireland. The labourers in the yards have eight shillings per week; and the highest wages paid are three pounds per week. These are the two extremities of the scale.

There are no heart-burnings there now;—no dispute—no mistrust. The principle of the firm is at length understood, so as never to be mistaken again. To make the best possible carriages, in order to secure this fine business to Dublin, is the aim; and to use their own judgment as to how this is to be done, is the determination of these gentlemen. Their fellow-townsmen now see what a blessing it is that they have been so resolute in holding to their determination. Any stranger in Dublin, who mentions their names, is sure to hear what is now thought of them and their kindly victory.

THE TOPMOST CITY OF THE EARTH.

THIRTEEN thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea! At a perpendicular elevation of upwards of two miles and a half, nearly on the snow line of the Andes, stands the topmost city of the earth, Ceno de Pasco. It is the capital of the richest silver district in Peru. At the before-named height, the Andes spread themselves out into vast plains or table-lands. Such table-lands—Punas, the Indians call them—sometimes extend hundreds of miles, and on one of them—that of Pasco—stands the before-named city of Ceno de Pasco, which I took care to visit when I was a dweller in Peru.

Through the Palace Square of Lima—not forgetting to look up for the fortieth time at its magnificent cathedral—over the Rimac by a handsome bridge, which connects the city with the surburb of San Lazaro, I got out with my friends into the open country. The plain on which Lima stands gradually contracts as it approaches the Sierra, until it becomes a narrow track between great walls

of rock. The road then slowly rises to a height of upwards of six thousand five hundred feet. Having mounted thus far, and so done more up-hill business than belongs to the ascent of Snowdon, we are told quietly that we have reached the foot of the mountains. From this point the ascent is steeper and more dangerous, winding along narrow paths, and doubling huge projections, yielding, sometimes, barely room for a mule to pass; whilst, now and then, a heavy mass comes tumbling down from overhead, and lodges on some ledge that is wide enough to stop it, with a crash that makes the mountain tremble.

The Sierra is cleft in many places by gorges that descend, straight as the plummet, to an immense depth; and, as the road passes along the edge of these abysses, the view suggests a strong temptation to make one false step, or cause the same to be made by the mule, since it would be but a moment's work to slip into the throat of the old gaping chasm.

As we ascend, the change in the climate and vegetation, of course, soon attracts attention. We pass from the sugar-cane and banana in the plains, through every shade of increasing barrenness, to a few mosses and scrubby bushes on the Puna. A few villages are scattered on the route, and in the neighbourhood of these, maize and potatoes are grown even at a height of some ten thousand feet. But, by degrees these disappear, and the monotony of the road is broken only by an occasional tambo—a most miserable stunted species of road-side inn—which yields a scanty supply of food and accommodation, and is eaten up almost to the very walls by fleas. Fleas, I should guess, were, like the potatoe, first imported into Europe from Peru. In that country, certainly, the species must have been multiplying rapidly from the remotest times. The scenery of the Andes (like that of the Himalayas, and of all vast mountains) appears, at first sight, to fall short of one's previous ideas. The view is often very much confined. The idea of their enormous height is not at all conveyed by travelling over them; for, the successive valleys and table-lands present successive starting-points, and the stupendous mountain-chain, supporting countries on its bosom, escapes the measurement of a mere pair of eyes.

Having crossed the passes of the Alto de Jaquehambo, and the Alto de Lachaqual—the latter of which is above the snow line, fifteen thousand, five hundred feet high—we begin to descend, and presently a sudden turn in the road reveals a large and apparently well-built town. This town lies in a basin surrounded by rocks, and the view of it forms a scene only inconsistent with the grand solitude and bleakness of the scenery around. Closer acquaintance dissipates our notion that the town is well built. It is a dirty, miserable place, in which there are uncomfortably huddled together fifteen thousand people. It is chiefly composed of miners' huts—something like overgrown bee-hives—with a few tolerable houses that belong to shop-keepers and the proprietors of mines. As we descend from the pass into the Puna, a scene worthy of the Andes breaks upon us. We are on the highest and most extensive table-land in all Peru. Its breadth is about seventy miles, its length scarcely determinable, as it penetrates into the mountains at various points, and is not abruptly broken by them, but sweeps gradually upwards to their summits. In the centre is a large lake, from one side of which the principal tributary of the Amazon begins its course, whilst, from the other side, several small streams flow to the western coast, so that from this lake tribute is sent both to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In the distance rise the great Cordillera stretching towards the Brazils; whilst the nearer peaks of the Andes, whitened with snow, shine round about us cold, rugged, and silent, in vast masses that cause our hearts to dilate with a half painful sense of the sublime. The clear blue sky of the plains has deepened almost into black; the dull, lead-coloured sun seems to have lost the power of communicating heat, and looks like a mere spectre of the tyrant under whose reign for so many years, men, women, and children have been flayed or roasted, or marked with a brand upon the skin.

On first reaching the Puna, we all suffer a good deal from the rarefaction of the air, which produces sickness, bleeding at the mouth and nose, and pain in the chest. Horses and mules, on their first visit, suffer from this cause more acutely than men, and the drivers often slit the nostrils of these animals; an operation which is said to give relief. The slitting of our own noses being, of course, out of the question, we get over our discomfort as we can. The only native animals found on the Puna belong to the llama tribe; alpacas, guanacas, and vicunas. The llama works at the mines as the ordinary beast of burden, and is perfectly efficient: it is more sagacious, steady, and sure-footed even than the mule. The alpacas are tamed and kept in flocks for the sake of their wool, an article which has of late become important to the English manufacturers. The guanacas and vicunas—the former the largest, and the latter the handsomest members of their tribe—are seldom to be tamed; they range the mountains, and the pursuit of them affords sport to the European hunter in Peru.

On entering the city of Pasco from the mountain solitudes, we are in the first place annoyed at the incessant clatter that surrounds us. The mines are opened in the streets, the courtyards, and occasionally even in the houses of the town. We encounter them at every step, and as they are often very shallow—the depth varying from twenty to a

hundred and fifty feet—the blows of many picks and hammers are distinctly heard. The mines are generally private property, though some of them, indeed, belong to English companies. The mode of working is extremely careless. The descent into them is by a bucket hung on an old chain, or worn-out rope. The sides and roof of the galleries are frequently left unsupported, because timber happens to be scarce and dear: accidents therefore constantly occur, but nobody concerns himself about them. The rubbish is removed after a fall in; and the work goes on as usual. The miners are, for the most part, Indians. They earn, on an average, from four to six reals (two or three shillings) daily; but when a rich vein has been opened, they are paid in ore, and often earn very high wages, which they spend in brandy, chicha, and fine clothes. The town abounds with liquor-shops, eating-houses, and *cafés*, which are generally kept by foreigners, men of all nations. From these places the Indian miners buy their food ready cooked. It consists chiefly of maize bread and charqui—slices of beef dried in the sun—great quantities of which are imported from the more southern republics, especially the Argentine. Even before food, however, the chief comfort of the Indian is the coca leaf. The coca plant is not unlike the vine in its appearance. It is cultivated by the Indians at the foot and on the sides of the Cordilleras, and bears a white flower, with a small red fruit. At the proper season, the leaves are stripped from the plants, carefully dried, and packed in bags containing each from fifty to a hundred pounds. They have an aromatic bitter taste. The cholo never is without his little pouch of coca leaves, and a small calabash containing quick lime, or the ashes of a hot root. He first chews a quid of leaves until it is well moistened, and then thrusts a little lime into the mass on the point of a small stick: thereupon the mastication is continued till the quid is dry. This kind of refreshment is taken by the miners three times a day, about a quarter of an hour being set apart for its enjoyment upon each occasion; and the men will go through the most arduous toil, or travel for days over the mountains, with no other support than coca leaf. In travelling, a quid is kept continually in the mouth. On first using the coca, there is some excoriation suffered by the lips; this, however, passes off, and, when mixed with a little quinna, I must say that I have found the stuff very agreeable. It produces the exhilarating effects of opium without the drowsiness and stupefaction; it will ward off sleep, destroy the sense of hunger, and act as a spur upon the strength and spirits. The cholos who use it regularly are unquestionably healthy and long-lived; but the coca, like all other stimulants, is liable to serious abuse. The coquero or coca-chewer, who is never without a ball of it in his mouth, often passes the night through without sleep; he becomes debilitated, languid, nervous; his complexion takes a greenish hue; and, if he will persist in this excess—which soon becomes a vice beyond the power of his will—he perishes.

In the shops of Pasco are found the products of all countries. Bass's pale ale is in high favour here, and knives and forks carry the stamp of Sheffield cutlers. I remember being pleasantly surprised in a shepherd's hut on the Puna, at having placed before me some boiled maize on a plate ornamented with a picture of John Anderson my Joe and his gude wife, with two verses of the song beneath it. The Indian was delighted at the pleasure I took in the plate, and was solicitous to have the lines translated.

The most common contents of dishes at the fondas or eating-houses, are pucheros and picantes; the former a mixture of everything—beef, pork, camotes, frijoles, bananas, potatoes, maize, &c., highly seasoned with aji—a sort of ground pepper, of a peculiar and pleasant flavour. The latter, the picante, is comprised of jerked beef, chopped small, and mixed with bread crumbs or crushed maize. The usual liquors are a sweet unpleasant wine, chicha, and guarapo—the latter made from fermented sugar and water; still good wines are procurable, and spirits are much too plentiful. Under the influence of spirits frequent battles occur among the Indians, in which the long knife is freely used.

As the high table-land is altogether unproductive, provisions and other necessaries are brought from the valleys on the backs of mules. That is the only practicable mode of carriage; although it is a curious fact that, during the War of Independence, cavalry and artillery were transported to these heights, and two battles were fought close to Pasco. At the latter of these Bolivar had ten thousand troops besides artillery in the field, and Canterac, the royalist general, opposed him with an equal number. They must certainly have had a taste for fighting under difficulties if they dragged themselves, their guns, and horses up these mountains for no other purpose.

An English firm at Callao, which has considerable mining property on the Ceno de Pasco, has recently procured from England a quantity of improved machinery for the extraction of the silver from its ore. The old method is still commonly practised, that is to say, the ore is amalgamated with quicksilver by treading together quicksilver and ore beneath the feet of mules and horses; this proceeding causes a considerable loss of quicksilver, ruins the feet of the animals, and does not properly fulfil its purpose. The quicksilver—nearly all of which is brought from Europe—is afterwards evaporated by the application of heat. Coal is found on the Puna.

The whole annual produce of the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of eight

millions of dollars, or one million, six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; but the returns now do not probably reach half that sum. There is in the city a government establishment, at which all the silver is marked before being sent to Lima. It is usually melted into large oblong flat bars, some of which weigh from sixty to eighty pounds. These are conveyed to the capital on mules, commonly with no protection except that of the mule-drivers, although the Sierra may be swarming with the bandit montoneros. These gentlemen do not consider it convenient to intercept the silver on its downward passage, they preferring to wait for the coin that is returned in payment. With this upward freight a strong escort is always sent, and when it is attacked, a fierce battle ensues, that often ends in favour of the robbers.

The singular accoutrements of the horsemen are among the first things that attract the attention of the stranger in Peru. If the rider be a rich man, the horse is almost hidden by a multitude of straps and ornaments. The saddle is made very high both on pummel and crupper, leaving just room for the rider to wedge himself into his seat between them. Under the saddle is the pillow, an alpaca or goat's skin, dyed black, with the wool combed out or twisted with silver wire into short curls, lengthened sometimes with long fringes of dyed alpaca wool. The stirrups are heavy and clumsy; each is a solid piece of wood, often measuring twelve inches square at the bottom, and gradually tapering to a point where it is attached to the saddle by a silver ring; on one side an opening is scooped out for the foot: the other three sides are all highly polished, often carved beautifully and inlaid with silver. The bit is very heavy; often of silver. The headband is adorned with a long fringe of plaited strips of leather; and the reins, which are separate, pass through a silver ring, one of them being continued in a long lash. In addition to the bridle, the horse's head is encumbered with a leathern halter covered with silver ornaments. The spurs are the most preposterous part of the whole equipment. They are so formed, that the wearer can walk only on his toes. The stem of the spur is often twelve inches long, and the rowel six inches in diameter. Amongst the wealthier classes, these spurs, also, are frequently of silver. Every horseman wears the poncho; and some ponchos, from their splendid colours and fine texture, are a costly article of dress. The horses that bear these encumbrances are small, but they are well made and active; they are not allowed to trot, but taught a sort of amble which, when the rider becomes used to it, is an easy kind of motion. It is very rapid. Horses are but seldom used for draught, as, even in the low country, asses are the ordinary beasts of burden. These are bred in vast numbers, and troops of them are constantly passed by the traveller on all the roads: they have no head-gear, but are driven in the same manner as cattle, the driver riding behind armed with a long whip. These poor animals are most cruelly treated. Peru has been called "the heaven of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of asses." The last clause of the proverb cannot be questioned.

The taste for gambling, so prevalent throughout South America, is most strongly developed at Ceno de Pasco. Public lotteries are drawn every week, and sometimes every day in the week. The streets are continually infested by fellows crying, "A thousand dollars to-morrow!" These men carry books, from which they tear, for each customer, a ticket, price one shilling, giving him or her a chance in the next lottery. The prize is sometimes as large as five thousand dollars, with intermediate ones of smaller amount. I believe that the strictest impartiality and fairness characterise the drawing. All these lotteries are under government control.

The billiard and montero tables are in constant request; dominoes is a favourite game in the *cafés*, but those games at cards which are rapid in their results and depend wholly upon chance, have irresistible attractions for all classes. The shaven priest, decorated with cross and rosary, may be frequently seen playing with the ragged Indian, and instances are told of the wealthy mine proprietor losing, in a night, every dollar he possessed, to one of his own ragged men.

The cock-pit is a favourite amusement. The combatants are armed with one spur only; this is a flat, curved, two-edged blade, very keen, and finely pointed. The first blow commonly decides the battle, and both cocks are often killed. Hundreds of dollars change hands every minute; the excitement of the bettors is intense, and, even here, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, which is especially appropriated to the cock-fight, the priest hands round his begging box, or lays his dollar on a favourite bird.

Ceno de Pasco, although so high up in the world, and so close to the region of eternal snow, has, nevertheless, a tolerable warmth during the day. The nights are all frosty, and a dense fog often envelopes the Puna. Excessively heavy rain falls at certain periods of the year. But the most sublime spectacle on the Andes is a thunder-storm. It is an event of frequent occurrence in the table-lands, and I had the good fortune to witness one of extraordinary grandeur. It is impossible to convey any idea of the magnificence of the spectacle.

The lightning plays round the summits of the mountains in a constant succession of brilliant flashes, whilst the thunder is prolonged through the deep ravines and distant valleys, until the echo of the one peal and the crash of another blend together in one

ıding roll. Heavy falls of snow often ıny these storms, and the condition of rs crossing the passes during one of most distressing. Unable to advance treat, they halt, and wait in momen- r of being hurled over the mountain Blinded by snow and by the vivid they dare not proceed; the ledges e, perhaps, so narrow, that if they hey could not turn the mule round to their steps. In such a position as en have been compelled to remain many hours in places where the neter falls every night in the year reezing point, and where the most darkness—whilst it fails to hide the ngers—conjures up imaginary ones, ıultiply all the horrors of the scene.

are some portions of Upper Peru ıre yet comparatively unknown to ns. This is especially the case with t of it which has declared itself an ient republic, under the name of

Though possessing a coast town on ific of considerable extent, with good harbours, yet its singular forma- cludes much intercourse with other s. Between the Andes and the sea is belt of barren desert; a sand plain nual motion. This is traversed by a ll rivers, which, though very shallow, en dry during the summer months, the strips of soil through which they remely fruitful. Beyond this desert, st inaccessible chain in the Andes d forbids approach to the fair country l within. On the summit of this chain lebrated mountain Potosi, now nearly ed of its treasures; the town is situa- district wholly destitute of vegeta- ssing from the Ceno de Pasco through n of Larma, we enter the valley of nd shortly find ourselves in a country ng a strange contrast to the one we ıst left. A succession of the most alleys in the world. As the ascent mountain commences from the low , the sandy desert disappears. A rich lucerne spreads over the sheltered Vines and olives appear in the vales. ar cane, the banana, the guava, and ess tropical fruits, flourish. At the f eight, and sometimes ten thousand ı Valles of Bolivia are covered with t luxurious vegetation. Forest trees ıtic size are thickly spread over the ins. The cereals, which live a sickly rn by the sea, appear in these lofty in full vigour: including maize, rice, barley, with occasional patches t, though of this last the chief sup- ported out of Chili. Rich esculents its unknown in other countries are ıdance. Amongst the former are nandive, and camotes; whilst the s cherrimoya reigns supreme over l.

The valleys of Upper Peru, of Bolivia, and of the province of Salta in La Plata, are rich in the most valuable products. Exclusive of minerals—which include gold, silver, copper, and lead,—we have coffee, chocolate, tobacco, cotton, indigo, cochineal, sarsaparilla, log-wood, and an infinity of similar productions. Cattle are numerous; mules and horses abundant. And, above all, the men are noted for their generosity and hospitality, and the women for their grace and beauty.

What a contrast between these glorious valleys—in which Rasselas might well have lived—and the rugged heights of the silver city, Ceno Pasco: its dirty streets and half-savage people, its unhealthy mines and blackened smelting-furnaces, its bare rocks and scrubby patches of brown herbage affording a scanty subsistence to its flocks of shaggy llamas.

It is a charm to travellers among the Andes, that within their limits these vast mountains enclose every climate. Within the range of one degree of latitude, we may sit and burn under a palm-tree, or lie down upon a bed of Alpine moss.

THE BABBLETON BOOK CLUB.

If you knew the parish of Babbleton, you would say that it was the last place in the world where books were likely to be found. A large marsh, swamp, or bog, composed of alternate masses of spongy turf and mud, and varied by an occasional ditch, an extensive gravel-pit, and some dry chalk roads, flanked by rough chalk stone walls, apparently constructed for the purpose of allowing people to get over them, were the physico-geological features of the district. The domestic architecture varied between chalk and plaster houses, guiltless of straight lines, and heavy wooden barns decorated with the remains of rats, owls, kites, and other natural enemies of agriculture, or to popular prejudices. Smock-frocks and fur caps formed the prevailing costume of the people; dull eyes, with large mouths and noses the most common physiognomy. General harmlessness, except when beer circulated with too great freedom; and a sort of indefinite, scarcely-know-why respect for the neighbouring gentry, were the moral characteristics.

Babbleton was a pretty place, nevertheless, in summer, when the grass and moss gained strength, and the swamp was dried up. There were quite enough trees to decorate the lanes, and shrubs enough to set off even the rudest cottage. If you did not think of the privations the poor people suffered when coals were dear and most wanted, when the chill, damp, rainy days passed by unrelieved by a glimpse of sunshine, and when even gutta percha would hardly have inspired confidence for half an hour's walk: if you could look at Babbleton, when the sun was gleaming in the blue sky, and the tender green leaves

seemed almost transparent,—you must have envied the rector his little parsonage house at the foot of the hill, and sighed that fate had not given you a hundred a year and clerical contentment, instead of that ugly, pen-making, Times-reading, everlasting-correspondence situation in Lombard Street.

But men must sink very low, indeed, before they arrive at despair. There is an end to everything, even to ignorance. Among the smock-frocked and fur-capped Robins of Babbleton there were a few good heads. Moreover, the vicar and a few other gentlemen wisely thought that it was absurd to complain of ignorance without teaching people to know better, and that it was useless to teach reading to boys and girls if they were to have no books to read as men and women.

For the vicar was one of those men, who believe that forced knowledge is no knowledge, and that, in order to teach people at all, you must make them feel an interest in their lesson. Accordingly, when Lady Bella Sandwichisles, of Ojibby Park, published her volume of "Hymns for the Working Classes, to be sung during labour," he did not subscribe for innumerable packets at thirteen to the dozen; believing, perhaps, that it was quite enough for people to mind the work they were engaged in, and that mechanically squalling out a few very bad verses is apt to conduce to the ridicule rather than the exaltation of religion. Nor had he much faith in the mental instruction derived from little books in shilling packets of "thirteen different sorts." He never recollected, himself, as a boy or a young man, deriving much edification or entertainment from such literature, and he was liberal enough to believe that human nature is much the same in all classes, and that many of the so-called attempts to reduce knowledge to the capacity of the lower classes, really consist in destroying capacity altogether, and in leaving it to die for want of proper and appetizing nourishment.

He was a good, sensible man, was the Reverend James St. John, and although he did not belong to the Reverend Epitaph Bronze's "set," and did not join the Episcopal-Protection Amalgamation, even his bishop dared not to find fault with his teaching or his practice. He was one of those independent thinkers who believe that a bishop may by some remote possibility do wrong, that a capitular body is an incubus, and that the Church would be none the worse for a little reformation. He did not believe in sublime austerity or liturgical minuteness, and yet his sermons were always impressive, and the service well and quietly performed. Although his church was in bad architecture—as bad as plain red brick and stone corners could make it—he did not sigh for Kentish ragstone and stained pine. He even contented himself with reserving the baptisms and churchings till service was over, believing that forced attention to a service in which people have no direct interest, must be at least of limited utility.

Great things often have a very small origin; and although the Book Club, which the Rector ultimately established in Babbleton, could not exactly be called a great undertaking, its effects were such as those who recollected the dozen and a half small volumes on a shelf in the school-room, from which it commenced, could scarcely have anticipated. He had great faith in pictures and picture-books, and when he came to the parish of Babbleton, he hung the school-room with coloured prints and maps, until children's ideas of a tiger or a cameleopard, or of St. Paul's and the Monument, grew astonishingly distinct. With some of the older children, the pictures were equally useful. The beautiful history of Joseph and his Brethren never made so deep an impression, as when the gaily-coloured plates were brought out, and explained in connection with the text they illustrated. When was indignation against the wicked brothers so vehement, as when the picture showed poor Joseph, young, weak, and half-stripped of his clothing, forced down into the pit by his strong, hardy brothers? When was the retribution of his story better felt, than when the children saw him dressed in the richly-coloured robes of an Eastern envoy? How often did a difficulty vanish, when the object was placed before the eyes of children whom no description could have edified? How did the demand for Christmas-pieces increase, especially when the vicar gave pictorial prizes for good writing, in the shape of twelve prints from the Life of Christ!

There were plenty of prejudiced poor-law guardians who believed in flogging rather than in pictures, and who, sooth to say, were better capable of appreciating the one than the other. Some of these people took a low standard, and believed that if a boy, on being asked how many wives King Henry the Eighth had, answered six, it was enough to expect; and that the knowledge that the world was made in six days, and that there were ten commandments, was a quota of religious instruction beyond which it was almost dangerous to proceed. Another party thought that pictures and picture-books were luxuries of education, and ought only to be thumbed by babies who tumbled about velvet-pile carpets. Others held, that the only knowledge of natural history necessary for such children, was the capability to hold a horse, carry wash to a pig, or beat a refractory donkey. But they failed to carry conviction to the mind of the vicar, and the Babbleton children gained fresh ideas and fresh books at the same time, while the little school library was continually augmented by the kind gifts of the more enlightened people in the neighbourhood.

There were plenty of districts surrounding Babbleton, which were quite as badly off in an intellectual point of view. But the main

difficulty was not to be got over by the establishment of so limited a library as the school-room could furnish. People could not always read children's books, and when they grew up, they were in as much danger of relapsing into ignorance as ever.

A few good-natured country gentlemen and clergy were seated over their port one evening, after a dinner-party at the vicar of Babbleton's, when the subject of education was the leading theme of conversation. Somebody proposed founding a Book Club. Everybody present agreed to the proposal, but there were many difficulties. They must get the books, in the first place.

"As to that," observed Mr. Burke Sheridan, the great fashionable author at Belle Vue Villa, "I think that much may be done by individuals. For instance, I receive copies of nearly all the magazines: many of these are of little use to me when once looked over; I will promise to send them as my contribution."

"Why should not the newspapers be sent in a similar manner?" said an old gentleman in spectacles. "To be sure, it will be fiddler's news, to some extent; but we know that the lower classes will read newspapers, and it is better for them to read those of a healthy sort, than the high-spiced rubbish which only teaches them discontent."

The Reverend Hugo Boyce, who was slightly suspected of being tainted with some "ism" or other, disapproved of newspapers, unless they were of sound Church principles. The old gentleman did not think that a newspaper could hurt a congregation, where the clergyman did his duty. He also observed, that the people likely to furnish books or newspapers for a work of charity and edification, would scarcely select such as were best calculated to defeat both purposes.

Good-natured Parson Wilks, from Dorlingford West, who never led but always helped in a good undertaking, volunteered a folio copy of Cook's Voyages, which had belonged to his grandmother. To be sure, he told a rather long story about it, and about his grandmother likewise; but Parson Wilks was a favourite, and his audience looked as little tired as possible.

The Reverend James St. John, and Burke Sheridan, Esq., were too active to let the grass grow under their feet. They begged old books; they begged money to buy new ones; they drew up rules for the management of what they had got, and for obtaining funds to get more;—and, in a few weeks, a board might be seen pasted up in the vestry-rooms, school-rooms, and other public situations about the surrounding parishes, stating that books would be lent to poor and working people in the neighbourhood, on application, during specified hours, to certain of the clergymen among whom the books were divided.

This division of the books was advantageous in one or two ways. They could be got at more readily, duplicates could be disposed of advantageously, and distances were not too great to prevent each person availing himself of the entire stock. Nor was the management difficult. Each book was numbered, and a corresponding ticket, signed with the name of the owner, was retained by the clergyman as a check till the book was returned. Two half-hours in the week were amply sufficient for the business of the library, and one of these was fixed on Sunday, as many of the labouring poor would be unable to go for the books at a convenient hour on the other days.

Few people did the institution more good than Mr. Burke Sheridan. Although he was a "progress" man, and had lectured at the Griffin and Phœnix Institutions, and had had so many votes of thanks, and had made so many public speeches at Boards, Associations, Freemasons'-dinners, and other "meets," that he was always expected to be talking: still he had no absurd ideas of revolutionising country people into being unfit for their station. Now and then, he gave a simple lecture at one of the school-houses, and taught even old labourers a few things about the earth and sky which instructed them, and did not merely puzzle and stupify their senses. And the Reverend James St. John, who believed that the goodness of the great Creator might be taught, not only from the written Scriptures, but from his works, would gather round him a shoal of rough boys and girls, and fix their attention on some simple object, and, by making them think of small things, gradually arrive at higher subjects of reflection. "No human being is ignorant by nature," was his constant maxim. But he, at the same time, knew well that there is a certain proportion of knowledge suited to particular conditions of mankind, and he sought to make useful and plain common-sense men, not brilliant and troublesome ones.

The library was not, however, without its difficulties. No good thing ever is. Sometimes people would delay returning books; and once, to the infinite disgust and annoyance of Parson Wilks, a "ticket" was produced for Captain Cook's Voyages, but not the ticket usually connected with the working of the Society. Sometimes dishonesty did its work, and the people and books went together. But there were few such cases, and, compared with the good really done, there was little reason to complain.

The advantages of the system were felt by nearly every one except the publicans. Humble gardeners worked hard, in order to steal an hour more to devote to reading to their wives. Labourers might be seen, during lunch-time, snatching a few minutes' reading out of the time once devoted by their fellows to sleep by the way-side, or to the sociability of the Crown and Sceptre. Moreover, the very habit of taking care of the books led to carefulness in other respects. They did not

like to go with dirty hands and clothes to fetch the books, and a wife never felt so proud of "making her old man smart," as when he was setting out to fetch the next volume "of the book that Tibby was a readin' every night." Again there was a sort of respectability in being allowed to call at the vicarage on such an errand. It was not a begging affair, for they paid for the privilege—little enough to be sure, and that little was returned, indirectly, in an augmented form—but still they paid; and to belong to the Book Club became a point of social position, especially among the Babbletonians.

A few, upon whom the hand of poverty pressed less severely, and whose families were smaller, began to buy a book now and then themselves. It was a proud moment for Job Thwaites, who used to spend evenings and money at the Bear and Gridiron, when, having been to the next town to buy some hay for the vicar, he brought back a History of England, so large and so full of plates and portraits, that the gude wife wondered how a year and a half's savings could ever have compassed such a treasure of literature and art. To tell how carefully it was done up in brown paper, and how ostentatiously it was displayed by Mrs. Thwaites, would almost call a blush into Job's face. So we will be silent. At all events, Job Thwaites used to be ominously spoken of as a "scollard" among some of his less literary neighbours; and Mrs. St. John took one of his little daughters, whose English was marvellously pure for Babbleton, as under nursemaid at the vicarage.

Not a few good servants were produced by this system of moderate and judicious instruction. When a lad showed some sharpness at emancipating himself from the pronominal interchanges and eccentric conjugations common in Babbleton, he had a fair chance of becoming something better than a mere field labourer; and, although the vicar well knew that there must be field labourers as well as other labourers, he could not see why persevering attempts to better a disadvantageous condition should not be abetted and encouraged. And with the girls it was equally important. Few people, even of the lower order among the middle classes, wish their children to be committed to ignorant servant girls. Babbleton furnished a class of girls, who, sufficiently poor to find even a second-rate place an improvement in their condition, were still educated enough to be less barbarous companions for children than the average, without possessing knowledge calculated to render them vain and idle.

But it was not the mere fact that there was a Book Club in Babbleton, which worked all this good. There were deeper reasons at bottom. One was, that people were taught to love reading, in the hopes of arriving at something which they were vexed at not possessing. It is all very well to say that religion ought to be the only motive under which popular education is to be administered. It is a good thing, no doubt, to declaim upon the number of thousand copies of "What am I? or, the Child's Funeral;" or "The Converted Kaffir," which have been given away in omnibuses, or while riding across a common on horseback. It is a good thing, no doubt, to compel a child to repeat verses of Scripture, with a minute statement of the chapter and verse (which many of the clegy themselves could not remember); but there is something wanted besides this.

Our vicar looked upon reading, not as the combination of certain letters, sounds, and syllables, nor as the mere vehicle for conveying abstract precepts or sentiments. He knew that the objects of the outer world are those which first take hold of the mind, and he sought to raise the mind up to higher objects through their medium, not to pounce upon it with dogmatism which it was unprepared to understand. He gave a thousand reasons for the being of a God, and for his beneficent treatment of the human race; but, while he ever had the Bible in view, he at the same time taught the senses to look around, and learn for themselves. He had lived in manufacturing towns, and had seen how little protection dogmatism, however well supported by chapter and verse quotations, would really avail against the insidious and off-hand scepticism of those who appealed to nature as an apology for unbelief. He taught a nobler use of nature, and, shunning the bigotry which treated plain everyday knowledge as the special antagonist of dogmatism, he left healthier, though less superstitious conviction in the minds of the young, in whose instruction he had taken so deep an interest.

Nor was less care and good sense shown in the selection of books, and in their arrangement. The works were classified, and whoever wanted a book on a particular subject, could get a hint what to ask for. A moderate number of books of reference served to give such general information as was enough to satisfy the inquisitive, without expanding into superfluity.

People wondered at the quiet, comfortable management of our Book Club, but their opinions still remained various, and, we believe, do remain so to this day. Mugg, the tailor, who is a dreadful vestry politician, and has never read anything but a volume or two on the Poor Law Commission, remains unconvinced, and believes that education and ruination are one and the same thing. Scripshorn, the barber, who has not been drunk for the last day and a half, echoes the belief; and the Book Club Association smiles at the opposition, and bids the people read on and understand.

Both the vicar of Babbleton, and his lady, and, with them, all the thinking people within miles around, gain daily strength in the belief

that libraries are greater enemies to vice than model prisons; that ignorance is the best instructor in discontent and rebellion; and that there is a glimpse of refinement in every mind, however humble, which was meant to be developed by instruction, not extinguished by evil associations and moral destitution.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

I TAKE it for granted that you are not a "sporting man." I take it for granted that you own no race-horses, yachts, or ratting terriers; that you have not "backed the Slasher for a 'fiver';" and that you "have" nothing on any "event." I take it for granted that you are not prepared to bring forward a novice to run the Hampshire Stag; that you are not one of the contributors to the correspondents' columns of "Bell's Life," anxiously awaiting a reply to your cribbage query last week, and feverish to know whether "A. wins;" and, lastly, that though you may have a sufficient zest for the amenities of social intercourse, you are not to be "heard of" at the bar of any sporting public-house, where you "will be happy to see your friends."

I propose to read "Bell's Life"—a very honestly and respectably conducted weekly paper—with you, but I do not propose to read it in that spirit. There are thousands who read it as what it is—a sporting print, giving reliable information on all sporting subjects. It is the chronicle of what is called the Sporting World. A human eye, never asleep (*"nunquam dormio,"*), and six columns of advertisements greet us in the front page. Instanter we become denizens if not *habitués* of the sporting world. Have we horses?—here are saddles, bridles, harness, harness paste, unrivalled nosebands, inimitably rowelled spurs, and patent "bits," to counterfeit the marks appended to which is felony. Have we dogs?—inventive tradesmen tempt us to purchase kennels, collars, dog-whips and specifics against the distemper and hydrophobia.

We are invited to peruse works on the dog, works on the horse, works on the management and treatment of every animal of which man—having exhausted the use and employment—has condescended to make the means or the end of the hydra-headed amusement known as "sporting." Foxes to replenish the hunting preserves, which by the too zealous ardour of their Nimrods have become denuded of their odoriferous vermin, are advertised in company with stud grooms who can bleed, sling and fire horses, and whippers-in who can be highly recommended. One gentleman wants twenty couple of deer to give a sylvan relish to the dells and glades of his park; another has some prime ferrets to dispose of "Well up to trap;" a third wants to sell two bloodhounds; a fourth to purchase some Cochin China fowls, and a real Javanese bantam or two. Then there is a Siberian wolf and her cubs to be sold—a bargain—by an amateur "who has no further occasion for them" (we should fancy not); and who, apparently puzzled as to whether they are "sporting" animals or not, and consequently entitled to the freedom of "Bell's Life," is perplexingly ambiguous in his description: hinting, at the commencement, that they would be "suitable for a nobleman fond of zoology," but subsiding, eventually, into a vague alternative, "or would do for a menagerie." They would be suitable there, I opine; but are not exactly the sort of quadrupeds I should like to make drawing-room pets of, or to win in a raffle.

Soon, however, a thoroughly sporting announcement comes blazoned forth in conspicuous type. "To be sold at Tattersall's, five-and-twenty couple and a half of foxhounds, the property of a gentleman relinquishing hunting." Good; or has hunting relinquished the gentleman: which is it? Shall I mind my own business and take the sale as a sale and nothing but a sale, or shall I be malicious and surmise that the gentleman has ridden, neck or nothing, after the five-and-twenty couple and a half of foxhounds till he and they have clean outridden and lost scent of the fox, and have started another species of vermin called the "constable," which pursuing, the gentleman has managed to outrun, and has ended by riding "over hounds?" He has gone to the dogs, and his dogs have gone to Tattersall's. Who can this gentleman relinquishing hunting be? Not the honorable Billy Buff, third son of Lord Riffington, of Raff Hall, Rowdyshire, surely. Not that gay scion of aristocracy—that frolicsome pilaster (if I may call him so) of the state—whilom of ten successive regiments of cavalry, all "crack" ones, out of which he was ten times moved to exchange or sell by ten successive colonels. Not Billy Buff, who was the worthy and emulous associate of the Earl of Mohawk, of Sir Wrench Nocker, Bart., and of that gay foreign spark, the Russian Count Bellpulloff, who laid a wager of fifty to one with Lord Tommy Plantagenet (called "facer" Plantagenet from his fondness for the ring), that he would, while returning from the Derby on the summit of a "drag," fish off four old ladies' false fronts by means of a salmon hook affixed to the end of a tandem whip within twenty minutes, but happening, just on turning the quarter, to hook a fierce butcher under the chin by mistake—lost his wager. The fifty was in five-pound notes, and Bellpulloff offered to make them peasants of the Ukraine (he had fifty thousand sheep and five thousand serfs on his paternal estate Tcharcshi-Bellpullofforgorod) if Tommy would bet again, but the "facer" would'nt. Not Billy Buff, the scourge and terror of the police, the Gordian knot and worse than sphynx-like enigma to sitting magistrates, the possessor of a museum in his chambers in Great Turk Street, consisting solely of purloined goods—articles of vice

rather than of serve:—fifty brass plates inscribed with the name of Smith: a gamut of knockers on which he could play "God save the Queen:" miles of bell-wire: fire-irons ranging like stands of spikes: brewers' sign-boards—enough to set up fifty publicans: good women without heads: goodwives' naked arms brandishing their auriferous hammers heroely, as though they would like to be at their ravisher: grocers' stiff-fingered mates: little dustpans: original teapots: grocers' canisters: pounds of candles: sugar loaves and scarlet cocked hats and hessian boots, adorned moreover with gold, and of gigantic proportions. Not that Billy: the Billy who positively had two of his front teeth knocked out in order to be able to imitate a peculiar whistle he had heard among the refined denizens of Oxford Street, St. Luke's: who made it his proud boast and self-gratification, that calling one morning on a friend who lived in an entresol in Regent Street, and in a house otherwise occupied as a fashionable millinery establishment, he did then and there, in the absence of the fair worsomen at dinner, sit upon and utterly spoil, and crush flat twenty-seven new bonnets, all ready trimmed, ordered, and wanted for the Chiswick Horticultural *fete* next day, whereby Mademoiselle Guipure (the millinery firm was Gimp, Guipure, and Gingham, and they went bankrupt last year) was driven to a state bordering on frenzy, and was only appeased by a cheque for a large amount. Yet Billy—this Billy—kept hounds, I know, and the odd half-couple has a pleasant savour of his old familiar eccentricity. After that duel of his with Captain Trigghair of the Guards: after the two consecutive fevers he caught at Pau in the Pyrenees: and, notably, after that ugly wrestling-match in the coffee-room of Flimmer's Hotel, where Jack Langham (eight feet in height, and known as the "navvy") threw him, whereby he cut his hand open, and got rather more of the sand off the floor and a splintered Champagne glass or two into the wound than was pleasant—Billy sowed his wild oats, sold his museum, and marrying old Mrs. McMack (widow of General McMack, H.E.I.C.S., who died at Brighton of the modification of the East India Company's charter and an excess of curry), retired to Budgerow Park, near Godown, Dawkshire, fully determined to subside into a country gentleman. We heard of him at first as exceedingly devoted to Mrs. McMack (late) whose five poodle-dogs he much delighted to array in martial attire, and to instruct in the manual exercise: indeed, there was a report in town that each poodle slept in a four post bed, and that Billy went round for the candlesticks. But the Honourable Mrs. Buff (late McMack) took to sitting under the Reverend Lachrymose Snivel of St. Niobe's Chapel (belonging to the primitive Weepers' connection), an ecclesiastic of such a watery and tearful nature and aqueous of doctrine, that his ministry, combined with an excessive attachment to the wholesome Spartan save-watermelon system, and to aquatic system, prompting her, as did its later, to the hankering after strange pots of baking long journies in quest of areas with extraordinary reputa, eventually ended in dropsy, of which she died. Then Billy took to hunting his part of the county with ing hounds and the rest of it. I met him a day with him, for, goodness help me! like a tailor's goose; but from the ridden with the Dawkshire hounds of Billy was master, assure you that is a thing in first-rate style; that he has a pet built for his hounds in the square of renaissance style of architecture that, coupled with the fact of the hounds usually eating a whipper-in one night and Billy quite fashionable among the gentry of the country side. He it was also, I believe, who made that sublime response to a malapert farmer, who reproached him with riding through a turnip-field on the ground that it was always customary to "run tops" to whom says Billy, "How the deuce I to know they were turnips, unless we eat a boiled leg of mutton in the middle of 'em?" But alas! I heard one day that Billy had been "carrying on shamefully;" next, that was "shaky;" next, that he was "cut;" finally, that he was "done up;" and now shall say that my surmise is chimerical. I conjecture that the five-and-twenty couple and a half of fox-hounds, to be sold at Tattersall's might once have formed the pack of the Honourable Billy Buff, Lord Rittlegum's third son.

Poor Billy Buff, sorrowful sold-up scion of aristocracy, where art thou now? I wonder! Hast thou gone down to the cities of refuge that are in Belgium?—to sly little Spa, nestling among quasi Prussian trees? pale Brussels:" or gaunt, grim, silent Ghent? Or art thou at Kissingen, or Wiesbaden, or Ems, making wry faces at some ill-smelling soup-kerys-tasting *brunnen;* or at Homburg, pricking on a limp printed card how many times rouge has turned up; or at Boulogne, wistfully peering at the white cliffs of Albion through a telescope; or at the pâtés of Clichy in Paris, otherwise known as the Hotel *des Haricots;* or art thou languishing at the suit of a *Gasthof*-keeper in the Confederward of some petty German principality? Certain I am, that if in this country, thou will never be at Tattersall's to see thy hounds sold. The memories would come rushing over thee; it would be too much for thee to contemplate Flora and Hector, that ran so evenly together, and that carried their tails so bravely parallel, that, at a side view, they looked like one dog. Nor unmoved couldst thou view Blucher, the deep-mouthed hound, and Sandy, the old liverpatched fellow that knew every move on Reynard's board, and the half couple—that young dog that would give tongue, for all a fierce whipper-in nearly cut the dumb brute

...ro with his double thong. Ah! "the ...erly winds and the cloudy skies" that ...laimed thy hunting mornings: where are ... now? Where are the gay young bucks ... London, with bran-new scarlet and ...hers, the *chefs d'œuvres* of Nugee, or ...llin, or Buckmaster: the lads that took ...astonishing leaps o'er hedges, and ditches, ...stone walls, when bright eyes were look... at them, and went round by gates and ...es, like sensible fellows, when bright eyes ...re somewhere else? They are gone like the ...oke of the cigars they puffed as they rode ... cover; like the mighty breakfasts they ...mmed at Budgerow House at thy expense; ... the mightier dinners and libations they ...loved at ditto ditto, when the chase was ..., and the fox was caught. Who will ...ke *tableaux vivants* of Luke Clennell's ...re of a hunting dinner now?—who will ...de at joyous banquets in thy great dining-..., and stir up the punch-bowl (nasty ...w!) with the fox's brush, and give "Tom ...ody," and fall first beneath the table ...ong black bottles and unsteady top-boots? ...e ancient huntsman has transferred his ...ined scarlet frock and grog-blossomed ...untenance to another master; they are ...ing to build an Agapemone, or a Sanato-..., or a Puseyite convent on the ruins of ...y *renaissance* kennel; the very ragged boy ...at followed barefoot, in his torn red jacket, ...y hounds, and begged for coppers because ...e was in at the death; the pepper-and-salt ...rmer, who began by swearing at the fox and ...hen mounted his cob and followed it; the ...arson on his big brown horse; the staring ...d-haired children; the old dames that hob...led out from cottages; the bumpkins with ...eads of hair that looked like thatch, who put ...eir hands beside their mouths and yelled a ...ustic Tallyho! as the hunt swept by:—where ...re they now? Ichabod, Ichabod—enough. ...We have all been sold up more or less, at ...ome time or another. We have all been ...ankrupt, or insolvent, or have compounded ...with our creditors, in friendship, love, hopes, ...mbition, truth. Some of us, too, have paid ...nt little, very little in the pound.

From dogs to horses. Tattersall's again; ...nt this time the spirited auctioneers leave ...nt little room to surmise. Thirteen racers ...o be sold. All from irreproachable dams ...nd by aristocratic sires. The Beauty, by ...andlebox, out of Sophronisba, brother to ...olumbine, sire to Rhodomontade, to be sold ...y auction. With all his engagements. With ...im are other horses and mares, all of equally ...llustrious descent. Some have won plates in ...anters, and others cups in hand-gallops, and ...thers again have walked over the course for ...purses full of sovereigns. All are to be sold. With *their* engagements. It does not require ...vision quite as acute as that necessary for ...seeing through a millstone, to discern who ...he gentleman going abroad is. I think Sir ...Gybbe Roarer knows him. Sir G. Roarer, Bart., whose horse Ramoneur won the Sooty-bridge sweepstakes. Sir G. R., Bart., whose filly, Spagnoletta, was scratched just before the St. Rowels, last year. The same Baronet who started Polly for the Pine-apple stakes, and is supposed to have given Jack Belly-band, his jockey, instructions not to win, he having laid against himself considerably; but Jack, having drank too much Champagne, forgot himself and *did* win, to the Baronet's wrath and consternation. Sir G. R. had a share in the horse which started for—what was it?—the Bumblebury Cup, entered under a certain name—was it Theodosius?—and as of a certain age, but which was subsequently discovered to be a horse called Toby, two years older. Can Sir Gybbe Roarer, Bart., be the gentleman who is going abroad? I think he is. He is always going abroad, and selling his horses and buying fresh ones. With their engagements. He stands to win a pretty sum on the next French steeplechase. I hope he may get it. Sir Gybbe Roarer dresses very like his groom, and has a hoarse voice and an intensely shiny hat. When he wins he treats everybody with Champagne, beggars included, and throws red-hot half-pence out of hotel windows; when he loses, he horsewhips his servants and swears. There is but one book to him in the world,—his betting-book, for he wants no Racing Calendar; he is that in himself. He has a penchant for yachting sometimes, between Ascot and the Leger. His yacht is called the Handicap. Will he ever go to the Levant in her, I wonder?

Supposing that, looking at "Bell's Life" as you and I do—not as a mere chronicle of sporting occurrences, a calendar for reference and information, but as a curiously accurate, though perhaps unconscious mirror of what, from the amusement of the mass of the people, has come to be the engrossing business and occupation of a very considerable section of that people,—we ponder a moment over Sir Gybbe Roarer's race-horses, stepping down in the spirit, if you like, to Tattersall's yard, where they are to be sold.

Here they are, slender symmetrical creatures with satin coats, with trim and polished hoofs, with plaited manes, with tails so neatly cropped that not one hair is longer than another. Full of blood, full of bone, full of mettle and action, almost supernaturally speedy of foot, patient, brave, and generous in spirit: high-mettled racers, in fact. Now, to what cunning knave can it first have occurred to build on these beautiful, generous animals, a superstructure of fraud and knavery, and low chicanery? Why should a horse be used as the corner-stone of the Temple of Roguery? And why, more than this, should these few stone-weight of horse-flesh be capable of producing the mighty effects they do upon the manners and morals of a great nation? The Beauty. Sophronisba, Columbine: they are not war-horses; their

necks are not clothed with thunder; they say not among the captains, ha! ha!—yet, on them has hung, and will hang again, the lives and fortunes, not of scores but of hundreds, not of hundreds, but of thousands and tens of thousands. A wrinkle in the satin coat of Sophronisba; a pail of water inadvertently or maliciously administered to Columbine; an ill-hammered nail in Rhodomontade's shoe: these are sufficient to send clerks and shop-boys to the hulks, to bring happy households to beggary and shame, and solid mercantile firms down by the run. Sophronisba, Columbine, Rhodomontade, though they know it not, have swallowed up the patrimony of widows and orphans; on their speed or tardiness depend tedious law-suits; interminable mazes of litigation in Chancery can be unravelled by their hoofs. They are powerful—all unconsciously—for more good and evil than ever was stowed away in all Pandora's box. If Sophronisba runs for the Cup, Charley Lyle will marry the heiress. If Columbine is scratched for the Trebor Handicap, young Bob Sabbertash must sell his commission in the Twenty-sixth Hussars. Stars and garters, wealth and honours, life and death, hang on the blind fiat of these horses.

And this is "Bell's Life" (called in the sporting world the Life), and this is man's life, too!

Great things are wrought from small beginnings, and mighty edifices stand upon comparatively slender foundations. According to Hindoo theology, the world stands on an elephant's back—which again stands on a tortoise; though what that stands on is not yet decided by the learned Pundits of the unchanging East. So, on the slender fetlocks and pasterns of these bay and chesnut horses in Tattersall's sale-yard are erected the Great National festivals of the English people—the acknowledged British holidays: holidays for the due and catholic enjoyment of which grave legislative bodies suspend their sittings, dinner-parties of the loftiest and most solemn *haut ton* are postponed, and courtly *thés dansantes* put off. There was a professor of music I knew who was ruined through having fixed his morning concert to take place on the Derby Day.

The Derby Day! who would think these quiet, meek-eyed scions of the hippic race were the alls-in-all, the cynosures, the alphas and omegas of that momentous day? Yet so they are. Closely shrouded in checked or gaily bordered horsecloths—as jealously veiled from the prying public eye as was ever favorite Odalisque of Osmanli Pacha of three tails as on Sunday morning they take their long expected, much talked of gallops—jealous and anxious eyes watch their every movement; a falter is eagerly foreshadowed as the fore-runner of a "scratch," a stumble as the inevitable precursor of a string-halt, an over vigorous whinny impetuously translated as a cold, fatal to next Wednesday's start. Readers of "Bell's Life," how you pluck at your long waistcoats; how you twitch at the brims of your low-crowned hats; how many entries and re-entries, and erasures, and pencil-smudgings are made in those note-books of yours with the patent metallic leaves and the everlasting pencils, and all on the ups and downs, the ongoings and short-comings of these unconscious four-legged creatures. Early on the Wednesday morning, Newman and Quartermaine's retainers are as busy as hives of bees multiplied by infinity. Pails of water—resembling (in an inverse degree) the casks of the Danaides, inasmuch as they are always being emptied, and are never empty—dash refreshing streams against wheels numerous enough to furnish, it would seem, clockwork for the world. Strange barouches, unheard of britzkas, phaetons that should properly have been sequestrated in the Green yard of oblivion, or broken up in the coach factory or forgetfulness long since, suddenly start up from remote coach-houses: their wheels screaming horribly; their boxes anxious for the accommodating man who "does not mind sitting there the least in the world," and who always manages to get more Champagne than anybody else; their boots panting for hampers of choice provisions, always securely tied up, and always dropping sprinklings of lobster salad and raised pie on the road in the "Hop o'my thumb" manner—mad, in a word, to be down to the Derby, and to run their poles through adverse carriage panels. Small, weazen, silverhaired men who have vegetated during the winter in "watering houses," and down strawy Mews, where the coachmen's wives live, who take in washing, and the fifth footman dwells over the harness room when he's out of place—these patriarchs of the saddle emerge in a weird and elf-like manner from stable doors: their rheumatism-bowed frames swathed in crimson silk jackets, white cords on their shrunken legs, gamboge tops on their spindle shanks, and great, white, fluffy hats, a world too large for them, on their poor bald heads—calling themselves, save us, Postboys—cracking their knotty whips with senile valour, and calling to Jim to "let his head go," and to Tom to "take a squint at the mare's off foot." And they get into the saddle, these rare old boys! And they hold up their whips warningly to their fellow boys when there is a "dead lock" between Cheam and Sutton; and they untie hampers, and eat pies innumerable, and get very drunk indeed. Yet drive home safely, and return the "chaff" measured out to them with interest.

The Derby Day! do I require the limits of this paper to describe it thoroughly? Say, rather, a volume—say, rather, the space occupied by the Encyclopedia Britannica, or Mr. Alison's History of Europe. The rushing, roaring, riving, rending, raving, railway station full of the million of passengers, who, taking first-class tickets, are glad to leap into third-class carriages; the fifty thousand, who,

wishing to go to Epsom, are compulsorily conveyed (howling the while) to Brighton or Dover instead. The twenty thousand that say that it is a shame and that they will write to the Times, together with the ten thousand that do write, and don't get their letters inserted. The hundreds that lose their handkerchiefs, watches, and temper. The two or three benign men who haven't anything on the race, and say that really, all things considered, the Company have done as well as could reasonably be expected for the public—as if any one expected anything in reason on the Derby Day! The road with the solemn drags full of, and surmounted by, solemn guardsmen—hearses of the Household Cavalry. The open carriages, close carriages, chaises, carts, omnibuses, stage coaches full of familiar faces. Everybody there, on the rail and on the road, on the Derby Day. The House of Lords, and the House of Commons, the Bar, the Bench, the Army, the Navy, and the Desk; May Fair and Rag Fair, Park Lane and Petticoat Lane, the Chapel Royal and Whitechapel, Saint James's and Saint Giles's. Give me a pen plucked from the wing of a roc (the most gigantic bird known, I think); give me a scroll of papyrus as long as the documents in a Chancery suit; give me a river for an ink-bottle, and then I should be scant of space to describe the road that leads to the course, the hill, the grand stand, the gipsies, the Ethiopian serenaders, the clouds of horsemen, like Bedouins of the desert, flying towards Tattenham Corner; the correct cards that never are correct; the dog that always gets on the course and never can get off again, and that creates as much amusement in his agony as though he had been Mr. Merryman. The all-absorbing, thrilling, soul-riveting race. The "Now they're off!" "Now they're coming round!" "Here they come!" "Black cap!" "Blue cap!" Green jacket!" "Red jacket!" "Red jacket it is, hurrah!" followed by the magic numbers at the grand stand, the flight of the pigeons, and the changing of hands of unnumbered thousand pounds. The throwing at the sticks. The chickens, the salads, the fillings of young bodies with old wine, the repasts on wheels, and hobnobbings over splinter-bars. The broken glasses, cracked heads, rumpled bonnets, flushed faces. The road home! The Cock at Sutton, and a "quiet" cup of tea there. The chaffing, the abuse, the indictable language. The satirical crowd on Kennington Common. The Derby Day, in a word: and all for what? Where are the causes to these most mighty effects? Look around, student of "Bell's Life," and see them in the slender race-horses, the stud of a gentleman going abroad, to be sold without reserve.

Change we the theme, for of horseflesh you must have had more than enough. Else, had I space besides and time, I would touch upon the *fatidici vati*, the sporting prophets, already touched upon in this journal. Else, should you hear strange stories of stables, and nobbled horses, and rare feats of jockeyship. Else, would I introduce you, "Bell's Life" reading neophyte, to one of these same jockeys, a weary, haggard, slouching little man, all mummified in baggy great-coats, and drinking brandy-and-water tremulously—a very different spectacle from the trim, natty, spruce little jock, with the snowy leathers and the lustrous tops and the rainbow jacket, who is in earnest confab with his owner before the race; or, after it, and after winning, is cheered enthusiastically up and down the course, or who leans indolently over the balcony of the Grand Stand, flacking his horse-whip to shake hands with lords. But "Bell's Life," my friend, has as many phases as human life has, and we must hurry to another.

The Ring! Fights to come! Not many, thank Heaven—thank reading, writing, and arithmetic; and yet, one, two, three columns are devoted to the Ring. Jack Nimmo and the Grotto Passage pet, for fifty pounds a side. The Nottingham Bruiser and Bandy Starling, at catch weight, for ten pounds a side. Tom Knuckles will fight Ned Lumsden (the Butcher) for twenty pounds, and his money is ready at Mr. Fibbs, the Knowledge Box, Chancery Lane. Toby Nutts, of Birmingham, is surprised that the Sheffield Toddler has not made good the last deposit; he is to be heard of at the Bunch of Fives, Rampant Horse Street, Norwich. Tass Cokerconk writes to correct an error that has crept into your valuable paper, as I did not strike foul, and being at present out of town (Tass is wanted for a little matter of hocussing and card-sharping), and so on. We are delighted to see that our old friend, Friskey Wappem, is to be found every other evening at Jemmy Crab's, the Leg of Mutton Fist, Bell Alley, where he gives lessons in the noble art of self-defence to noblemen and gentlemen. N.B. Gloves provided. Sparring by the pick of the fancy; and every alternate evening devoted to harmony by first-rate professionals.

I take it for granted that you have never seen a prize fight. I hope you never will; yet, conscientiously pelligrinising as we are through "Bell's Life," I don't think I shall be wrong in showing you one, in the spirit—as a scarecrow and an example.

The fight between Lurky Snaggs and Dan Pepper—the Kiddy. A steam-boat—"The Pride of the River"—has been chartered for the momentous occasion, for the fight is to take place at some—to the uninitiated—carefully-concealed place on the Kent or Essex shore. A trip by rail was at first contemplated: a railway company, with an ardour and enthusiasm for the P. R. which did them honour, having offered handsome terms and every accommodation in the way of special trains; but old Sol Abrams, the Nestor of the Ring, reminded the promoters of the cheerful exhibition that a county magistrate, determined to stop the fight, might balk their battle-ground from station to station,

and send for reinforcements of "bobbies," or policemen, by the great tale-teller, the electric telegraph. So the river was decided on. The steamer has been freighted with bottled stout, wines, spirits, cigars, captain's biscuits, and sandwiches; and, at an early hour, she receives a motley bevy of passengers —all, however, respectable in the Thurtellian or gig-keeping sense of respectability, for they have all paid a guinea for their voyage and back. Several nobs, several first-rate men, several City men—all peculiar and distinct varieties of the *genus* sporting man, but on which I cannot stay to descant now—are present; and I am compelled to acknowledge the presence of many, very many of the gentlemen we met last night—the chained and ringed dandies—the bucks who know where Brixton is, and who sits at Bow Street on Monday mornings. Take care of your pockets oh! my young student of "Bell's Life," for, of all the out-and-out thieves——

There are some temporary difficulties, occupying, indeed, a considerable portion of the forenoon, before a battle-ground can be finally selected. In one parish a fierce county magistrate sallies forth against the Fancy, with the whole of the *posse comitatus* he has been able to muster at his heels; in another, a detachment of the rural police puts them to rout, with the loss of a considerable portion of their baggage. At last, a sweet little slip of waste land, skirted on one side by a towing-path and on the other by a brickfield, is selected, and possession taken without molestation. There is a slight disturbance at first with a drunken horse-chaunter and a sporting blacksmith, who persist in offering to fight Snaggs and Pepper themselves for any number of pots of ale. These, however, are speedily disposed of—the horse-chaunter by being settled off-hand by three facers and a crack under the left ear, and sent home in a cart with his bloody sconce wrapped round with one of the staring shawls; the blacksmith by being tilted into a wet ditch, and left to get sober at his leisure. Then, business begins in right earnest. Sundry vans, omnibuses, and knowing-looking livery stable breaks have been following the course of the steamboat down the river; together with a locust crowd of chaisecarts, dog-carts, Hansom cabs, and a few private cabriolets—one with the smallest tiger and the largest grey mare to be found probably in England, and containing the Mæcenas of the Ring, rather pink about the eyes, and yellow about the cheek-bones from last night's Champagne. An amateur trotting-match or two has been got up on the road, and Jack Cowcabbidge, the nobby greengrocer, of the Old Kent Road, has broken the knees of Handsome Charley's mare Peppermint, for which Charley swears that he will "pull him." All these vehicles cluster together in a widish outer ring, having sundry scouts or videttes posted, to give notice of the approach of inimical forces; and, in addition, there are several horsemen, hovering on the skirts of the ring, well-mounted gentlemen in garb, and apparently half interested and delighted with the prospect of the sport, and half ashamed to be seen in such company. Old Squire Nobsticks, of Nobstick Hall, close by, has come in spite of his gout in a roomy velocipede, and navigates into the inner ring amid the cheers of the fancy. He never misses a fight. This inner ring I speak of is now formed. The stakes are firmly driven into the turf, the ropes passed through circular orifices in their tops, and all made snug and comfortable. Now, Monsieur Tyre, if you please, button up all your pockets, and essay not to enter the inner ring, for the swell mobsmen will stone you from it if you do, and hustle and rifle you as you come out. Stand on the top of this hackney cab, and you will be enabled to view the proceedings with greater ease and comfort. None but the veterans of the Fancy and the Mæcenases (?) of the Ring have the privilege of sitting on the grass close to the ropes.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The heroes peel, and, divesting themselves of the grubby or chrysalis-like covering of great-coats and wrap-rascals, appear in the bright butterfly bravery of denuded *torsos*, white drawers and stockings, flaring waistcoats, handkerchiefs and sparrow-bill shoes. We have no time to ponder on the magnificent muscular development of these men's chests and arms. The bottleholders are at their respective corners, with their bottles and sponges; the referee stands watch in hand (I hope he will not lose it ere the fight be done); the swell mobsmen make a desperate rush at anything they can lay hands on; and *these* two men proceed to pound each other's bodies.

I could describe the scene that follows, but *cui bono?* Content yourself with fancying who first drew claret; how often the referee cried time; who got down whom at the ropes; who put out cleverly with his left; whose face bore severe marks of punishment; hit out wildly, hung like a mass of butcher's meat on his second's knee; and, failing at last to come up to time, fell down senseless on the turf, caused the sponge to be thrown up, and victory to be declared for his opponent. What need is there for me to state who officiated for Snaggs, and who did the needful for the Kiddy; how there was a savage foray on this latter's party by the Nottingham Roughs; how there was a cry of "Foul!" and how the swell mobsmen robbed right and left, hitting wildly meanwhile, till the Mæcenas of the Ring—fleeing from before them—fell into the ditch a-top of the tinker, and had an afterfight or fancy epilogue with him. We have had enough of it.

And I am not half through "Bell's Life" yet, though you must be as weary of it and of me as ever was Mariana in the Moated Grange. But, as I said before, "Bell's Life" is as

the life of man, and how am I to despatch so important a subject in a dozen columns? Come we, however, to close quarters, and make an end on't.

There is the column devoted to pedestrianism—including walking, running, and leaping matches. Tyros as we may be in sporting matters, there are few of us but have occasionally met an individual in short cotton drawers and a linen jacket, with a printed handkerchief twisted round his head, after the manner of the French *poissardes*, walking manfully along a suburban turnpike road; his left arm kept on a level with his *sternum*, or breast bone, and his right hand clutching a short stick—walking for a wager. Or who has not seen the bold runner skimming along the Queen's highway, with nimble legs and a stern and unmoved countenance, amid the clamours of riff-raff boys and the cheers of his supporters?

And fishing: fly, salmon, and jack? And wrestling? And "cocking" (hid slyly in an out of the way corner, but existing and practised for all that). And quoits, and bowls? And cricket? And aquatics (yachting and sculling)? And change-ringing? And the mysterious game of Nurr and spell, goff, skating, hockey, quarter-staff, single-stick, fencing, dog-fancying, pigeon-shooting, sparrow-shooting, archery, chess, draughts, billiards, ratting, otter-hunting? Have I nothing to say on all these subjects? I have, indeed, and to spare; but, knowing that I should never finish were I once to begin, I will eschew the temptation and say nothing. These are bound up with us, these sports and pastimes—they are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—they are crackling cinders at almost every Englishman's fire-side.

One word, and an end. Of the phases of sporting life I have endeavoured to delineate, all offer some repulsive and humiliating traits. In these feeble sketches of some of the sports and pastimes of some of the English people, I have been compelled to bring into my canvas degraded human beings—to delineate base passions and appetites—to become the limner and biographer of scoundrels and dens. It may appear to some that I have been incoherent and fantastical—that I have sinned, like the painter in Horace, by joining horses' necks to human heads,

> "——and wildly spread
> The various plumage of the feather'd kind
> O'er limbs of different beasts absurdly joined."

Yet those who know the section of the world I have touched upon, know too, and will acknowledge, that to all the manly English sports that find a record in "Bell's Life"—round all these fine sturdy oaks with their broad chests and brawny arms—there are obscene parasites and creepers of chicanery, roguery, and ruffian blackguardism—dead leaves of low gambling and vulgar debauchery—rotten limbs of intemperance, knavery and violence. The potato fields of English sports are afflicted with something worse than a potato blight, an insect more deadly than the *aphis vastator:* by the betting blight: the foul scorpion of betting-shops, and racing sweeps, and public-house tossing matches.

I hope I have not said a word in ridicule or deprecation of the athletic sports of England—the sports that send our lads (from Eton to charity schools) forth to do yeomen's service all over the globe. Nor can I end this paper without recognizing the hopeful good that education, steam, cheap printing, cheap pictures, and cheap schools have done towards discouraging and discountenancing that brutal and savage wantonness in our sports, which was, until very lately, a scandal and disgrace to us as a nation. Every Englishman who numbers more than forty summers, can remember what formed the staple objects of amusement among the people in his youth. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, duck-hunting, floating a cat in a bowl pursued by dogs; fastening two cats together by their tails, and then swinging them across a horizontal pole to see which should first kill the other; tying a cat and an owl together and throwing them into the water to fight it out; cock-fighting (before lords in drawing-rooms, sometimes—the birds being provided with silver spurs); ratting; and, as a climax of filthy savagery, worrying matches by men against bull-dogs, the man being on his knees having his hands tied behind him! These sports, thank Heaven, are nearly extinct among us, and though, from time to time, we hear of brutes indulging in nooks and corners in such miscalled sports, we look at them as ruffianly anachronisms, post-dated vagabonds who should have lived in the days when the Roman ladies made it a sport to thrust golden pins into the flesh of their female slaves, or when it was the pastime of the British people, from the Sabbath before Palm Sunday to the last hour of the Tuesday before Easter, to stone and beat Jews. Yet we are not quite spotless in our sports, yet.

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR LETTERS.

Troubled with an army of correspondents, and with cupboards full of unsorted letters, we were curious to see what large establishments do with the letters they receive, and must keep for very many years; for a letter once received at a public office has as much care taken of it—though written by the late Mr. Joseph Ady himself—as if it were a letter from a prime minister or a despatch from the Governor of the Cape to the Secretary of the Colonies. With this curiosity to satisfy, we arranged with a friend in a Government office, that we would be with him the next morning to see his "table," as he called it, and the modes of sorting, entering, circulating, answering, indexing, and keeping the

large mass of letters, which it was his business to open, and sort, and enter, and circulate, and index, and keep — in short, to do everything with but answer; although one part of his duty, and that by no means the lightest, is to see that they *are* answered.

In a well-known office to the west of Temple Bar, we found a large table covered with letters; with a huge white vellum Post-office bag—once white, but now of a very different colour—crusted with red sealing-wax and string, and some remains of bits of black wax to show that it had been in a court mourning of its own for a king or a queen. Our friend was soon at work. He sorted the letters on his table according to their consequence, he told us, and this too without opening them, for some he knew by their envelopes, some by their seals, and others by the handwriting upon them.

"These are Treasury letters," he said, "and I take them first. There is 'Treasury' upon them in the corner, and I am now sorting them according to the services — Colonial, Commissariat, or Home." As he opened them he flattened them on their faces, and then proceeded with other Home correspondence, such as Foreign Office letters, Inland Revenue letters, and letters from the various departments of Government in London. These he treated in the same manner, and then proceeded to sort the contents of the large vellum bag, which the office messenger had by this time emptied on his table.

What a medley of communications in point of size now broke upon the view! Here were some as big as six octavo volumes made into a brown paper parcel: some of a lesser size, like a volume of Household Words; some of foolscap size; and some as small as the envelopes in ordinary use for an amount of letter-writing that a penny is sufficient to convey from Kirkwall to St. Michael's Mount. Our friend was evidently not very well pleased with the little letters, for he put them aside to be opened last, as if indeed he would rather not have them; nor was it at once that we perceived his reasons, though, as the reader shall see, he had good enough grounds for objecting to all letters written on the kind of paper ordinarily in use in all unofficial communications.

When he had arranged his letters to his own satisfaction, he began to open them with a rapidity which showed that this had long been his daily employment. With his left hand he flattened the letters out, and with his right threw the envelopes into the huge waste-paper basket by his side. He had soon a formidable pile of communications to digest, and it was easy to see that some would occasion more trouble to him than he thought should fall to the share of the receiver of the letter, or the correspondent to whom it is addressed. "These Irish letters," he said, "give us unnecessary trouble. Irish officials never write like English or Scotch officers. They are sure either to omit the date of the communication altogether, or, worse still, to give a wrong date to the letter they profess to reply to. This," he said, "is another troublesome class of communication—here is a letter written on two sides of half-a-sheet of foolscap. There are enclosures with it. This writer is carrying out the saving system of M'Culloch, which the Treasury has sanctioned, but which the Treasury does not, however, wisely enough, in its own case follow out, and which nearly all efficient Government officers are thoughtful enough to break through. Now, I have to pin these papers together, and before they are returned to me they will be riddled with pin-holes; whereas, if the communication had been made on a full sheet of paper, I should have placed the enclosures in the centre of the letter without a pin, and thus, if a full sheet instead of a single sheet had been used by this paper-sparing correspondent, a little world of convenience, and even of security would have been gained to your humble servant and to the public as well."

When his letters were all flattened out with their faces to the desk, he took them to an adjoining table, and the messenger, with a hand-stamp, stamped every letter in the left-hand corner with an oval-shaped stamp, containing the name of the office and the words "Received, 17th of August 1852." He now took them again to his own seat, and proceeded to number every letter with a separate number placed in large characters in the middle of the first page and close to the top. He then took a red-ink pen, and wrote the service or account to which the letter related —immediately below the office-stamp: and beneath the head of service, as briefly as possible, the subject of the communication. This done, he proceeded to mark with a strong black-lead pencil the particular references in the several letters to the letters sent from his own office, to verify dates, to fill in the dates and numbers of previous communications, and then to deliver to a messenger all letters referring to office letters, with instructions to "get the drafts"—meaning the drafts of the letters referred to by the several correspondents. This getting the drafts engrossed some time; but our friend was not idle. He had now opened his register of letters received, and proceeded to enter the letters not relating to any previous correspondence, making the numbers on the register agree with the numbers he had placed upon the letters.

This book or register is rather a ledger-like affair, ruled with faint blue lines, divided into columns, each column having a separate printed heading. Thus:—"No. Name of Accountant, Party, or Office. Date of the Paper. Nature or Subject of Paper. Date of Board's Minute. Date of Board's Order not on the Minutes. Substance of Board's Orders on Papers not Minuted. Proceedings. When disposed of. No. of Former Communication. No. of Subsequent

Communication. No. [The same No. a second time for convenience of reference.] Mark of Deposit and Notation of Paper Sent." Of course it was only a portion of these headings that he was as yet enabled to fill up; but his entries, we observed, as far as he could go, were precise and full. As soon as he had done his entries, he threw into a basket—labelled outside "Letters for the Board"—all those letters which it was requisite that the Commissioners should see; while the others he placed in a basket on his left for delivery to the several inspectors and examiners to whose business they related—a task of selection requiring great nicety of observation, and a very general knowledge of the whole duties of the several departments of the office. This labour over, he now rang his bell, and handed to a messenger the basket of Board Letters for delivery to the secretary.

Having done with to-day's letters—as far as he was concerned—he now took up such of the letters of yesterday, as had come out from the Board with the directions of the Board upon them, and entered the substance of the orders in his register. He then took down a "Delivery Book" containing numbers corresponding to those in the register, against which he wrote the names of the officers to whom the letters were to be delivered. The book and letters were then handed to a messenger, who carried them to the several officers, and obtained their initials against the names in proof of delivery. Thus another portion of his day's work was done, and we had received information of moment for ourselves and others.

His next work was to attack the contents of a basket, labelled "Letters to be cleared." These he first of all sorted numerically, and then proceeded to enter in his register the number and date of the letter or report which the out-letter clerk had marked upon the in-letter. When he had done this he pinned a piece of paper to several letters, with these words upon it: "Mr. —, fix initials to letter, if done with;" and gave them to a messenger for delivery. With some letters, we observed, it was not necessary to take this course, as the inspector or examiner had already affixed his initials, and thus lessened the labour attached to the teasing and responsible duty of the registrar.

He now took (and yet a Government clerk!) to another labour; that of clearing letters through his register: giving a mark of notation or deposit under the number, showing that all necessary proceedings had been taken upon the letters—in short, that the letter had performed its work, was done with, and was now only of use as a record. As this proceeding advanced, a formidable pile of "Letters for deposit" was soon collected, and we were now more than ever curious to see "What he would do with his letters?"

It was obvious at a glance that he kept his letters opened out, and quite evident that it would be a great convenience to him if all his letters were written on paper of the same size. We now saw the cause of his dislike to little letters; for all his note, quarto letter-paper, and Bath post communications, he either wafered or pinned to half-sheets of foolscap, remarking that Irishmen and treasurers of County Courts, to say nothing of clerks of the same little halls *out* of Westminster Hall, were among his most troublesome small-paper correspondents.

Seeing the trouble inflicted on—may we say it?—a hard-working Government clerk, by the system of writing official communications on paper only fitted for invitations to dinner or a little dance, we inquired of our friend if any attempt had been made to try and persuade correspondents that a letter to a public office ought not to be received, unless it were written on foolscap paper. "My dear fellow, yes," was our friend's reply. "Look at the printed directions on almost every envelope; directions almost like commands, with a dash of entreaty in every second request. As you are curious in this matter (our clerkly friend continued), you should see what envelopes ask." He then extended his right hand to his waste-paper basket, and took out, at random, envelopes with printed "entreaties," as he insisted on calling them, some of which we were allowed to take away as examples for future use. Here are a few—and first, the Board of Health:—

"All communications on Public Service should be pre-paid, and directed

"To The General Board of Health,
"Gwydir House,
"Whitehall."

"And in case of further correspondence on the subject of this communication, it is requested that the number as well as the date of the enclosed letter may be quoted. It is also desirable that all letters whatever should be written on paper the size of foolscap."

Listen to the vocal Woods:—

"All letters on Public Service, for any department of the Office of Woods, must be addressed to

"The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods,
"Office of Woods, &c.,
"Whitehall."

"If any further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed communication should be necessary, it is requested that the number as well as the date may be quoted; and, if it be accompanied by papers, they should be tied together, or otherwise properly secured against the accidents to which heavy packets are unavoidably liable in the course of transmission by post."

The Audit Office is not less precise:—

"All public letters to the Audit Office should be addressed to

"The Commissioners for
"Auditing the Public Accounts,
"Somerset House, London."

"If further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed communication be necessary, it is requested that the number as well as the date may be quoted. All letters transmitting accounts or answers to queries should relate to such matters only. All letters and papers should be properly secured."

The Inland Revenue has but two requests:—

"Observe:—In case of further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed letter, you are requested to quote its number and date."

The Poor Law Commissioners are particular:—

"All communications to this office on public business should be addressed to the Poor Law Commissioners: the postage on all such communications must be paid by the writers. In case of further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed letter, you are requested to quote its number and date."

Not less so (though in a different way) are the Educational Commissioners in Ireland:—

"You are requested to write, at the head of the letter, the name of the school to which your correspondence relates, and also of the county in which it is situated; and all letters to be addressed to

"Maurice Cross, } *Secretaries.*
"James Kelly, }

"Education Office, Marlboro' Street, Dublin."

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland make an excellent request:—

"It is requested that correspondents will not write on more than one subject in each letter."

The Inclosure Commissioners are not particular in their grammar, though they are in what they ask:—

"It is desirable that all letters should be written on foolscap paper, and must be addressed

"To The Inclosure Commissioners
"For England and Wales,
"London."

The Tithe Commissioners seem to have a frightful quantity of large-sized correspondence:—

"All communications on Public Service to the Commissioners must be directed as follows:—

"To the Tithe Commissioners
"For England and Wales,
"London."

"In case of further correspondence on the subject of this communication, it is requested that the number as well as the date of the enclosed letter may be quoted.

"It is also desirable that matters relating to different parishes or townships should be written on separate sheets of paper, and that all letters whatever should be written on paper of the size of foolscap.

"The Tithe Commissioners request you will be careful to forward all letters and packets not exceeding three feet in length, addressed to this Board, through the Post office; and to send such packets only as exceed the above length by coach or van."

The Paymaster General works, it would appear, as much from the envelopes as our communicative friend west of Temple Bar:—

"All letters to the Paymaster General's Office should be addressed as under, the department (Army, Navy, Ordnance or Civil Services) to which the letter relates being stated in the corner:—

"To H. M. Paymaster General,
"Whitehall,
"London."

Army,
Navy,
Ordnance,
Civil Services, } *(as the case may be.)*

There are other offices equally precise, but without effecting much good. Nor are the railways less particular. Here is a copy of an engraved heading to a letter from the Secretary of the Great Northern Railway:—

"Please copy this Reference in your Answer. R. 238."

Now to show the propriety of keeping letters flat, our clerkly friend took the trouble to show us a press containing one year of folded letters, and another press containing a year of open or unfolded letters. The space gained was perfectly wonderful—the folded letters occupying nearly double the room of the unfolded; besides, as our friend observed, "Here are our letters in bundles of five hundred each, with mill-boards at top and bottom, and a good strap to keep them together. This is the system that has been in use with us since 1849; and the facility of reference afforded by the new plan over the old is perfectly marvellous: only try!" It is, perhaps, needless to say that we were quite convinced of the truth of our friend's remarks, without putting his favourite plan to the test proposed. "This plan," he continued, "saves us work, and saves us trouble. Remember what Sir Robert Peel has told us in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that the Treasury, in 1800, received only five thousand letters a year; that, in 1849, the number received was thirty thousand. Yet the Treasury still fold their letters—why, I know not: our plan is in force at the Admiralty, Audit Office, and elsewhere."

We should be doing an injustice to our friend, if we did not observe that he is an excellent clerk—one willing to red-ink his fingers betweed ten and four, and quite as willing to wash the red-ink away between four and ten; in short, that he is not one of "Her Majesty's hard bargains."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GERMAN JOE MILLER.

I passed the evening of the thirty-first of August at a little village inn, where I had arrived to be near our shooting-ground on the first of September: for whether it is an institution of nature, or whether the Germans

orrowed it from us, or we from the
is, the thirty-first of August seems
here the last day of grace permitted to
ges. To be sure one eats them often
in June, but then they call them
i.

bout eight o'clock in the evening I
ished my supper. The rain began to
in large drops against the windows,
e wind puffed out little weary sighs
st the trees, as if Æolus was as much
as I was. I was tired of hearing the
politicians in the *Wirthsstube* (bar)
; of constitutions, and news a month
id I was still more tired of hearing the
gmen in an adjoining room torturing
rable piano out of its crazy wits, and
upon one another's hearts to "cease
l desponding," or "A cup to love and
and, to quaff." I had read over and
ain all the inscriptions on the window,
prose and verse; and learned, with
atisfaction or advantage, that A. G.,
üller, and Schulze, had been there
ne. Fritz and Sophie, who announced
lves as two lovers, might, indeed, have
d me, although only a looker-on, some
nent if they had been there; but the
owed that they had left since 1850.
ridden over on horseback, leaving my
nd luggage to follow by the mail, and,
rse, they had not arrived; pens, paper,
maps, anything in the world that
serve to pass away half-an-hour, ap-
out of the question. There was,
, the Gazette of a little electoral town
neighbourhood, but no one, save an
list, could ever extract anything, except
er dinner nap, from a German news-
there was also a list of the people
d visited some baths somewhere during
nmer, my own name figuring among
elightfully ill-spelled; but these sources
sement were soon exhausted, and I
ing reduced to the humiliating neces-
occupying myself with an endeavour
idle my thumbs different ways at the
ime, and being foiled in the attempt,
a good fairy came to my aid, in the
of an almanack, which I discovered
dden by the tobacco-pouch of mine
nd laying by in a forgotten corner.
e my prize and take it within the little
ain yellow haze of the solitary tallow
, was the work of a moment, for I
t myself at least safe of an occupation
d-time, if it were only in counting the
r of saint's days and holidays there are
alendar. I was pleasingly disappointed,
er; the good fairy revealed herself (a
s unquestionably feminine) to me in
ape of a useful little manual, published
necke of Brunswick in 1851, and called
Post Almanach." As I was given to
tand that most of the facts related in
e actually happened, and may be taken
l chips of the German Post, perhaps
the reader may not be sorry to be made acquainted with some of them. Let us commence with the following, which the narrator considers would make a good farce. I differ with him. It is called a "Romance of the Post Office," and runs thus:—

In a certain village, called Berlingen, in the district of Mittlich, there lived a small farmer named Johann Mentges. He was an honest and industrious man, but, unluckily, no favourite of fortune; perhaps because he muddled himself with beer and pipes, though this is not alleged as the reason. With the help, however, of a pair of strong arms, he contrived to keep the wolf from the door, though he got very near it; and, as time went on, Johann Mentges found that he got rich in nothing but debts, and as these must be paid, he mortgaged his little property for two hundred thalers, or about thirty pounds.

It is needless to say, Johann Mentges did not prosper any the better after this; and as the mortgagee found that he got neither principal nor interest from a man who was unable to pay them, he resolved to foreclose. It was in this unhappy state of things, and just as Johann, who had received notice of his intention, was hopelessly bewildering his brains behind his thirty-second pipe since breakfast (he had no dinner), that the glazed hat and yellow-worsted decorations of the postman appeared before him. Johann sighed heavily, something like the sigh of an overloaded camel when he won't get up, and expecting it was some new notice, declaration, or other legal botheration, of which he had lately had more than enough, he looked despondingly at the postman, took a long puff at his pipe, and refused to receive the letter extended towards him.

"Courage, man," said the postman. "The letter has five seals; it must contain money." Johann pricked up his ears. "At all events I must leave it here," said the postman, "for the postage is paid and it is addressed to you; *also, atieu!*" and with this usual farewell of his class he disappeared.

When he was gone, Johann took up the letter, and peered round and about it in an absent sort of way, and having concluded his thirty-third pipe his heart failed him to open it. At last, however, with a desperate effort he broke the seals, and, instead of finding it to contain fresh threats from his impatient creditor, there appeared the beautiful vision of five new bank notes, exquisitely executed, and of a hundred thalers each, which makes just seventy-five pounds of our money.

To describe the feelings of Johann Mentges at this unexpected stroke of good-fortune, is very far beyond my power. They were the more lively because it came as good-fortune will, just as he had said good-bye to hope. The whole thing was, however, as good as a riddle, (Johann thought it better,) and he could not for the life and soul of him make

out where the money came from. The contents of the letter offered no clue whatever. It contained indeed but eight words:—

"Hierbei erhalten Sie 500 Th. für Ihr Wohl.

"Herewith you receive 500 Th. for your good."

At least this is the way that Johann read the words, in the meaning of which he is amply borne out by all German and English dictionaries. The signature was illegible, as all signatures are, especially in Germany; and Johann having determined that the best way to employ the money for his good was to pay off the mortgage on his farm, lit another pipe, and thought no more about it. The next day, however, he paid his debts, which amounted to three hundred thalers (or forty-five pounds)—in all no very large sum; and just as he was busy in the purchase of a cow, his heart overflowing with gratitude towards his unknown benefactor, he received another visit from the postman. This time, however, he brought no letter with five seals, and wore altogether a different look to poor Johann; he was accompanied, moreover, by the mayor and a policeman, who had come to arrest Johann Mentges for receiving and making away with money that did not belong to him. To be brief, the five hundred thalers had been meant for Johann Hentges—not Mentges—who lived at Berlingen, in the district of Daun, and not in the district of Mittlich, as the letter had been directed; and the sender, an illiterate man, dealing in wool, had spelt the German word "Wolle" "Wohle," so that the contents of Johann's letter were intended to run, "Herewith you receive 500 Th. for your 'wool,'" instead of "for your 'good'"—an important difference.

It was fortunate for poor Johann that he had not bought the cow nor wasted the money, and still more fortunate for him that he had a good character, or he would certainly have got into trouble; as it was, he got off by giving up the two hundred thalers he had left, and giving security on his farm for the rest. Let us hope he had got a milder creditor.

The moral that the German narrator tacks to his story, refers to the advantages of good caligraphy and orthography, and winds up with the apothegm: that "the address of a letter should be written once, and read over thrice."

Passing over an account of California, and a variety of stories of greater or less interest, but mostly too long for quotation, we come to the shorter anecdotes, which cluster together like a jolly company at the end of the little volume, and give a very fair specimen of the German way of being funny.

An old lady received a letter from her son; nothing but the beginning, and the end were legible. "Ah, poor Tom," said she, "I see he stutters still."

The point of such jokes as these is printed in capitals, that it may not escape the attention of the reader.

"This scenery is certainly romantic," said a traveller. "I beg your pardon, sir," answered the postillion, touching his hat, "it is Austrian."

A letter was brought to the postmaster at Zartberg, addressed "To my dear son." "Where does he live, man?" said the postmaster.—"Why, if I knew where my son was, I should not have brought the letter here, you may be sure," was the answer.

A polite man apologised at the end of his letter for writing in shirt-sleeves, owing to the heat of the day.

Having concluded the jokes, we come to instances of grotesque addresses which have passed through the Brunswick Post-office, similar to those we instanced in the last number of Household Words. The first is rather an odd one, being directed:

"For my former maid, Marg. Deibl, now in prison for child murder, &c., &c. Oh, dear me!"

As specimens of accurate addresses, we have:

"This letter is to be given to a pot-boy, one Celler, who lives somewhere in Hamburgh."

"To Christian Seigler, in Brunswick, just where the Box used to stand."

"To the late Mrs. Martensen."

"To Pastor Miram, or Miroio, at Bissn. I cannot exactly recollect the name now, but when the letter is given to the preacher there, with a wart on his nose, it will be quite right."

"To the umbrella-maker, who deals in fruit during the summer, and is a single man, Cruessen, near Sondershausen."

Wonderful to say, this letter *found* the man; for it was returned to the Post-Office with the endorsement, "The person addressed refuses the letter. (Signed) Schömann, Letter-Carrier." Could the allusion to his being a single man have come from some too persevering fair one?

"To Robert Kinnlitze, in Berlin, second story, No 7: a water-butt at the left hand after you get through the court." On the back of the same letter was written, "If I am not at home my neighbour will take it in for me, but he removed last Michaelmas, and there is a new lodger."

"To my Brother in America, to be delivered to his master."

"To the late Cow-dealer his Milkmaid, and she is my sister."

"To Lorenzo, in Klunenthal; if the Father is dead, to be sent to the Son in Vochtland," which is as though a letter in England were addressed to "Lawrence, in North Wales; if the Father is dead, to be sent to Tipperary."

And now, my dear reader, as I am extremely tired, I will go to bed. I hope I have got through my evening without boring you. Good night!

Familiar in their Mouths as ***HOUSEHOLD WORDS.***"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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LYING AWAKE.

...ake lay with his eyes half closed, ...ightcap drawn almost down to his ...ditary was already wandering, and ...mingle up the present scene with ...of Vesuvius, the French Opera, ...ts at Rome, Dolly's Chop-house ...; and all the farrago of noted ...which the brain of a traveller is ...In a word, he was just falling ...

...hat delightful writer WASHINGTON ... his Tales of a Traveller. But, it ... to me the other night to be lying: ... my eyes half closed, but with my ... open; not with my nightcap drawn ...own to my nose, for on sanitary ... I never wear a nightcap: but with ...itchforked and touzled all over the ...ot just falling asleep by any means, ...gly, persistently, and obstinately, ...ake. Perhaps, with no scientific ...or invention, I was illustrating the ... the Duality of the Brain; perhaps ... of my brain, being wakeful, sat up ...he other part which was sleepy. Be ...may, something in me was as desi... to sleep as it possibly could be, but ... else in me *would not* go to sleep, ...s obstinate as George the Third. ...g of George the Third—for I devote ...r to my train of thoughts as I lay ...most people lying awake sometimes, ...g some interest in the subject—put ...nd of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and so ... Franklin's paper on the art of pro...ssant dreams, which would seem ...to include the art of going to ...into my head. Now, as I often used ... paper when I was a very small ...to recollect everything I read ...nothing at biggest everything I ...I quoted "Get out of bed, beat ...rm your pillow, shake the bed...ull with at least twenty shakes, then ...bed open and leave it to cool; in ...while, continuing undrest, walk ...r chamber. When you begin to ...old air unpleasant, then return to ...bed you will soon fall asleep, and ...will be sweet and pleasant." Not ... I performed the whole ceremony, and if it were possible for me to be more saucer-eyed than I was before, that was the only result that came of it.

Except Niagara. The two quotations from Washington Irving and Benjamin Franklin may have put it in my head by an American association of ideas; but there I was, and the Horse-shoe Fall was thundering and tumbling in my eyes and ears, and the very rainbows that I left upon the spray when I really did last look upon it, were beautiful to see. The night-light being quite as plain, however, and sleep seeming to be many thousand miles further off than Niagara, I made up my mind to think a little about Sleep; which I no sooner did than I whirled off in spite of myself to Drury Lane Theatre, and there saw a great actor and dear friend of mine (whom I had been thinking of in the day) playing Macbeth, and heard him apostrophising "the death of each day's life," as I have heard him many a time, in the days that are gone.

But, Sleep, I *will* think about Sleep, I am determined to think (this is the way I went on) about Sleep. I must hold the word Sleep, tight and fast, or I shall be off at a tangent in half a second. I feel myself unaccountably straying, already, into Clare Market. Sleep! It would be curious, as illustrating the equality of Sleep to inquire how many of its phenomena are common to all classes, to all degrees of wealth and poverty, to every grade of education and ignorance. Here, for example, is Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her palace this present blessed night, and here is Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of Her Majesty's jails. Her Majesty has fallen, many thousands of times, from that same Tower, which *I* claim a right to tumble off now and then. So has Winking Charley. Her Majesty in her sleep has opened or prorogued Parliament, or has held a Drawing Room, attired in some very scanty dress, the deficiencies and improprieties of which have caused her great uneasiness. I, in my degree, have suffered unspeakable agitation of mind from taking the chair at a public dinner at the London Tavern in my night-clothes, which not all the courtesy of my kind friend and host MR. BATHS could persuade me were quite adapted to the occasion. Winking Charley has been repeatedly tried in a worse condition. Her Majesty is no

had been lying awake so long that the very dead began to wake too, and to crowd into my thoughts most sorrowfully. Therefore, I resolved to lie awake no more, but to get up and go out for a night walk—which resolution was an acceptable relief to me, as I dare say it may prove now to a great many more.

JOHAN FALSEN;

FROM THE DANISH OF MR. GOLDSCHMIDT.

At about eleven o'clock one summer night in the year 1773, old Martin Falsen rose from his bed, opened one of the window-shutters, and put his head out to see what was the cause of the disturbance in the street before his house. He beheld his son Johan in a violent quarrel with four or five apprentice lads, who, being rendered incapable of farther combat, soon disappeared from the scene of action. After this, the young conqueror approached the window, the shutter and casement of which had been left purposely ajar, and was about to enter the room; when, to his great astonishment, he felt himself thrust out again, and the following words addressed to him:

"This then is the reason why you cannot get up in the morning! And you think you may come sneaking into your father's house in this way, setting an example to thieves, do you? Away with you, and never come into my sight again!"

With these words the father's nightcap disappeared into the chamber, and window and shutter were both closed. Overcome with shame and vexation, Johan now stood immoveable upon the spot which a few minutes before had witnessed his triumph.

"Plague on it that the old fellow should awake!" said he, at length, half aloud to himself, and then turned away to ask quarters for the night with some of his companions.

The next day Johan received from his irreconcilable father his maternal inheritance—a few hundred rix-dollars; and with this he set off at once to a sea-port town at no great distance, where, although only nineteen years old, he began business, and where there was no grumbling old gentleman to make it necessary for him to leave window and shutter ajar. He had now keys of his own, and could let himself in at his own street-door.

After a few months his shopman one day said to him, "Master, on Saturday that bill becomes due."

"What bill, Hendrik?" asked he.

"The great bill of nine hundred rix-dollars which we gave to the Lubeck merchant."

"Does it indeed!" exclaimed Johan; and then, with his hands behind him, he walked up and down behind the counter and whistled; while his shopman busied him with some pieces of cotton.

"Hendrik," at length said Johan; "I must see if I cannot get the money."

"God bless you, master!" said the shopman, leaving the cotton to itself, "but there is sense in that."

A pause followed; Johan turned it over in his mind again; and suddenly, by the tone of his voice, it seemed as if a brilliant thought had struck him. "Hendrik!" exclaimed he, "the day after to-morrow is Hjembek fair. I have still some goods to sell; do you run to Jens, the hackney-coachman, and ask if he can drive me there to-night."

The shopman went to Jens, and that same evening Johan drove with a small package of goods out of the gate of the town to Hjembek fair.

What occurred there I have been told by my late uncle—a brother of uncle Johan—who frequently spoke of that night's adventures. This other uncle of mine was at that time in the employment of a Copenhagen merchant, and had been sent to the fair with a quantity of small wares. As soon as Johan arrived, a number of the fair folk came thronging about him. "What, are you here, Johan Falsen?" said they. "Nay, but we are glad of that! How is it with you, old boy? We'll have a regular bout of it to-night, eh, Johan?" Johan made but little time suffice for his brother; to whom he entrusted all arrangements about his booth in the fair, and then went off at once with his rollicking companions.

Late at night his brother went to seek for Johan in a low public-house, where gambling was going on. There sat Johan, with flushed countenance, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke and punch fumes; he had already lost all his ready money, and now staked the goods he brought with him.

"Johan, come with me!" said his brother. "Leave off before it is too late!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Johan. "I am not risking your money, am I?"

"'I could not bear to look on,' my uncle was accustomed to say, 'so I went home and to bed. Early in the morning, when it was just beginning to get light, I heard somebody come blundering up the stairs, and trying all the doors, until at last he entered my room. It was Johan. His countenance was swollen; his eyes were sunk deeply in his head, and burning like fire.

"'Are you awake, Christian?' said he, coming to my bedside.

"'Yes, I am. What has happened to you?' Instead of giving me an answer, he bade me get up and go to Jens, the hackney-coachman.

"'Why must I go to him?' said I, 'have you lost your goods and all?'

"'Lost!' exclaimed he, with a scornful laugh, 'lost! look here!' And, with these words, he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and pulled out an enormous roll of bank bills and threw them on the table. Other rolls he drew forth from his breeches pockets, and from the pockets of his waistcoat came several hundred dollar bills; while out of his boots—

which, according to the fashion of the time, were worn outside his breeches—he pulled watches, breast-pins, tobacco-boxes, rings, and other valuables. I lay there immovable, staring at him, whilst he was exclaiming, 'Nay, don't lie staring there! Go and fetch me Jens the coachman.'

"'Have you won all these, Johan?' asked I, in terror, for the fearful thought suddenly occurred to me that perhaps in his drunkenness he had got them by some other means.

"'Yes, I have won them,' said he. 'I don't know,' he added, clasping his hands upon his forehead, 'I don't know how it has happened. I am almost terrified, Christian!'

"He seated himself upon the bed. 'I had staked the last piece of my goods, and they sat all together and laughed, and were so merry; I was in such an ill humour, I could have murdered them! Just when the cards were shuffled and my all in this world was at stake, and my soul and my eternal happiness—for it concerned that, Christian!—it occurred to me that people in the old times used to give themselves up to the devil to secure his aid at such times, and I thought to myself—'If the devil were but here! but then he is now so overstocked with human beings it is not worth his while to be here to-night!' Whilst I thought thus, the cards were dealt. I turned mine, and that very moment I seemed to hear quite plain somebody laughing behind me. I won, and the strange laughter behind me continued, but I did not dare to look round. I went on winning and winning until I won everything of value on the table, and they broke up. Although I came home immediately, the laughter has followed me to this very door. But I have not sold myself to the fiend, have I, Christian, because I thought about him? Oh, never again, as long as I live, will I touch a card! I will go home! Fetch me coachman Jens, Christian, for I am so bewildered in my head that I don't know how to find the way to him. Get up, Christian, make haste!'

"I went to coachman Jens, but he could not at all understand why the goods he had brought should be carried back unopened; and, to my brother's great terror, declared that the devil must be at the bottom of it. When my brother took his seat, and the carriage began to drive off, he cast a long glance over the tents and the booths, exclaiming, 'Farewell, Hjembek! We two will see each other no more!'"

Within a very short time after Johan's return, the whole town began to talk of the sudden change which had occurred in him. On his side, too, Johan found that a great change had taken place in the town. There seemed now to be many more friendly countenances there than formerly. Many of the old tradespeople who had formerly shook their heads when he went by, now came into his shop and had a little chat with him, and one and another let him know in a delicate way that if, on any occasion, he needed a little assistance, they would not object to let him have two or three hundred dollars, more or less. More than one of the respectable ladies in whose houses he visited treated him with motherly care. They showed him such tenderness as they would show to a child who had too early become motherless, and Johan could not but observe that these ladies were especially such as had marriageable daughters. But either uncle Johan had at that time a hard impenetrable heart, or he felt himself unworthy of the great honour which was shown to him; for he continued to live on a bachelor.

Johan's trade increased. He enlarged his premises. He had a brandy-distillery, a brewery and warehouses, and each hiring-day his domestics became more numerous. But he had no beloved wedded wife to manage his house, to keep a watchful eye over the maid-servants, and to care for his comfort; and the female population of the town spoke often of the poor man, who, without any doubt, must be shamefully cheated and robbed. Johan, alone, seemed to be blind to these discomforts. True enough it was noticed that he changed his female servants about every half year; but as, in a general way, they very soon afterwards married, and had a good portion from him, people were not justified in believing that there had been any dissatisfaction on his side.

At length, in the year 1802, it happened that Johan made a journey to Lubeck. Such a journey in those days was something so unusual as to excite general attention; and, from this time, Johan Falsen came to be esteemed as among the first shopkeepers of the town. The journey was very successful; but on his return the ship in which he sailed was overtaken by a violent storm on the coast of Pomerania. The masts were carried overboard; there was every prospect of a wreck; all order ceased among the crew; and the unmanageable vessel drove like a toy before the excited billows. There appeared no hope whatever.

Johan lay down in his cabin; and, in that fearful moment—when the mast was carried away, and the crew screamed in terror of their danger—he was occupying his mind, strange to say, with his maid-servants. He reckoned them up by name, from Marie to Anna Kirstine; and, when he had come to the last, he fell upon his knees and vowed to God that if he would deliver him from this danger he would take for wife the first citizen's daughter whom he met after his return to Denmark. As if satisfied by this voluntary sacrifice the storm abated, the raging billows subsided, the ship came safely to land; and, two months afterwards, Uncle Johan was married to Aunt Regina.

It is long after this event that my remembrance of the house commences. The first time I was introduced into it, its youth—as

I may say—was passed; it stood full grown like the two oak trees which spread their shadowy branches before the gate. It was not by any means a regularly built house. One might know from its different portions the different periods at which they were erected, and thus follow the changes which the architectural knowledge of the town passed through, as well as the state of my uncle's finances.

The principal erection fronting the street consisted of two parts; of which one was a little insignificant shop, with its counting-house and parlour, that had formerly been my uncle's sleeping-room. That was the beginning of the house; it had been suffered to remain unaltered, out of a sort of respect, and it now stood well-satisfied between the second part or great wing (which contained the sitting-room, the people's, and the guests'-rooms,) and the great warehouse. Much in the same way one sometimes sees a little woman sitting in the midst of tall, powerful sons. This wing formed an angle with a small building, which had been erected shortly after the Hjembek journey; at all events, I, at a later period, connected therewith the gloomy, mysterious style which pervaded it. The walls were very low, and the roof projected over so far, that, on the brightest day, one could hardly see to read a book in it. This building contained the room appropriated to the shopmen, and it was never designated otherwise than "Falstaff's chamber." Why it bore this heroic appellation I could never discover; the generation which had given it this name had died out; and, when I inquired from my uncle whether he at that time had been an admirer of Shakespeare, he replied that he did not know anybody of that name. As to the name of Falstaff, he could only give me the explanation that there had in his time lived in the town a drunken fellow, one Jens Jespersen, who was generally known by the name of Falstaff. From this circumstance, I concluded that there formerly existed in this little seaport of Zealand a knowledge of literature, which had now died out. The other part of the principal building was erected in a rich and splendid style—two stories high, and with large window panes; and, whilst it indicated the large dowry which my uncle had received with his wife—for thus lucky had he been, when after the voyage from Lubeck he wooed the "first and the best citizen's daughter"—it fixed also with tolerable precision the time of its erection.

The brandy-distillery, which completed the square of the court, was furnished with two towers. I have an idea that these towers had their origin in the heroic ballad of Asker Ryg. As my uncle had not twin children, he would at all events have twin towers.

The building which occupied the middle court was the only part of my uncle's possessions which, in its entirety, showed traces of a definite and energetic plan. Here extended lofty and airy brickwork stables with their commodious haylofts; the whole of one side was arranged for sleeping-rooms for the men-servants and those employed about the cattle; the other consisted of barns, wherefrom the straw-chopping machine sent forth its clappering sound daily. In the centre of the stables was a gateway sufficiently lofty to admit the largest packages of merchandise; but, as the opposite gate leading into the court had been planned in the less magnificent times and was low and narrow, the great gateway was merely a thing of pomp and show, because, although large carriages might go through it to the timber-yard, they could not return to it from the court. A small degree of imagination, however, converted it, with its bold arch, rather into an arch of triumph than a common gateway; and if one set out with this idea, one might likewise calculate at what time this part of the building was erected.

Some years after his marriage, my uncle had greatly extended his sphere of action. His wife's dowry was employed in trade, great speculations were undertaken, extensive expeditions were sent out. This introduced, for a time, a slight fever into the money affairs of the house. Large bills had to be met; great trading speculations to be realised. At this critical period it was that a young man removed from Copenhagen into the town. A great rumour preceded him: he had served his time with one of the principal merchants of Copenhagen. He was of a rich family; and had come hither with the intention of showing what could be done in the provinces by prudence and activity.

The first Sunday after he had removed into his great premises in the market, *his* wife would not come to visit my aunt. *He* had himself ballotted into the club with the burgomaster, not with my uncle; he would thus be placed on a par with the magistrate, and not acknowledge any superior.

In the commencement of the summer, three vessels came at once, laden with northern timber, all for him; and one English ship emptied its entire cargo of coal into his warehouse. From this time, my uncle's shopman and his never exchanged a word when they met in the street.

One day in the autumn, my uncle's first book-keeper came up into his private counting-house and said, "Master, all the folks of Aagerup were here to-day, and they are all gone to shopkeeper Lange's. The vagabonds! and they are all in our books. If master would perhaps let them be arrested for our debt—"

"Very good, Clausen," said my uncle.

"Shall we not arrest them?" asked the book-keeper.

"No," replied my uncle.

"And the innkeeper from Gedstrup has been here," continued the book-keeper, "to ask whether we could not allow a halfpenny

a pound on Lispund sugar; for that was what Lange allowed him. I said that we would not take off a single farthing."

"That was right, Clausen," said my uncle, with a look of which his servant was proud for many a month.

With the new year, there was the meeting of the town-council for the election of burghers. My uncle, as usual, was proposed, for he had always been re-elected. Now, on the contrary, a number of voices proposed Lange in his stead; so that my uncle found it necessary to step forward and take his place beside the magistrate. The sight of him brought many of the misguided to their duty, and my uncle was re-elected, but only by a small majority.

My uncle's supremacy was thus for the time established both within and without the city; but things might become worse. As soon as the ice broke up, Lange set off to Hamburg; his adherents endeavouring to make people believe that he was gone to Berlin. My uncle's old Lubeck journey now faded into insignificance. Neither was that all. When Lange came home, he advertised in the States paper that his shop was now afresh supplied with the newest and the best manufactured goods, which he had selected in person whilst abroad. When my uncle read this advertisement, he whistled; but he did not say a word. When my aunt—who in a common way never interfered with business matters—read it, she asked, with tears in her eyes, whether we also ought not to advertise. My uncle began again to whistle, and went out of the room.

A sort of desperation prevailed among the domestics. To them it seemed incomprehensible how the law and justice of the country could allow such a fellow as Lange to come to the town and oust out a shopkeeper who had possession of everybody before Lange was able to button his own jacket. Many of them were not backward in asserting that there would be no harm in shooting such a rascal. If my uncle had only spoken the word, they would, some night have burned Lange's house and premises to the ground.

Three months afterwards, the principal book-keeper rushed into Johan Falsen's room: "Master," exclaimed he, "Lange has made a clean run of it! The burgomaster is going up the town with his people, to take possession of everything. Look out, master: you can see them from the window!"

If my uncle had maintained his equanimity during his adversity, he maintained it no less during his prosperity. "How dare you come in here," said he to his clerk, "unless you had been sent for?" The man stole back to his desk.

My uncle never left the premises that day, nor sent out any one into the town to inquire into the state of Lange's case, and in no way whatever showed any sign of triumph. He only, when he made his circuit through the court and the timber-yard, cast round a glance as if to say to the place, "Now we have it all to ourselves."

About a fortnight afterwards, a messenger came from Mrs. Lange's, to say that she wished to have a little conversation with my uncle; and if he would permit it, she would come down to him that afternoon.

"Hem!" said my uncle and began to walk up and down the room. "Hem! Gine, don't you think I ought to go up to her? It certainly must be painful for that poor woman to go out."

"She is a young and handsome woman," said my aunt; "and it would set people a-talking if you were seen going to her."

In the afternoon, therefore, the whole town saw her coming to us. As she went down the street, though they did not put their heads out of their windows to look after her, they peeped behind their blinds and their flower-pots, that they might see Mrs. Lange going down to shopkeeper Falsen's! Carthage bowed itself to Rome.

In the afternoon, my aunt sat at the coffee-table in all her stiffest grandeur: she almost bent under the weight of diamonds, chains, and rings. My aunt had, however, naturally a good heart; and when the pretty little sorrowful woman entered her door, she forgot the formal, low curtsey which belonged to the grandeur. She hasted forward to meet Mrs. Lange, took her by both hands, and kissed her; and with that they both began to weep.

Before poor Mrs. Lange had said a word about her business with my uncle, it was decided she should stop all the afternoon with them; and all the neighbors, right and left and across the road, who sat watching to see her go back still more crest-fallen, had now to sit waiting for her in vain.

"Your friendly reception of me," said poor Mrs. Lange, smiling through her tears, and pressing my aunt's hand, "really gives me courage, I am come here with a message from my husband to you, Mr. Falsen. If you only may not be angry! My husband has no friend in the town to whom he can confide these things, and he begs, therefore, that you will take in hand the management of his affairs with his creditors. He can offer them a dividend of twenty-five per cent., to be paid in twelve months. It really is a very extraordinary thing for me to come to you on such an errand," said Mrs. Lange, again bursting into tears, "but you are an honest man, Mr. Falsen."

"It is not a very brilliant offer which he makes to his creditors," said my uncle. "But I will do what I can for you, Mrs. Lange. Only, I would give your husband this one piece of advice: never, when he gets on his legs again, either to deal in timber or in grain. It is not a safe thing for any one who has not both large capital and great experience."

"My wife, of course, was glad, and set to work at once with pots and pans, and I sat down to write letters to all the good friends in the town and neighborhood, in the meantime ordering one of my men to saddle a horse and be ready to ride out with them. Just as I had begun my writing, I heard a carriage drive into the court, and when I looked out, it was my brother-in-law. 'Good,' thought I to myself, 'here he comes with the forty thousand rix-dollars! Now, he will very likely be wanting to borrow some of them!'

"My brother-in-law came in, and as soon as he had shut the door he fell down on his knees, and said, 'Johan, I am a villain!'

"I fancied that he wanted to make me believe that he had lost the money, on purpose that he might keep it for himself, so I seized him by the arm, and cried, 'You rascal! out with my money!'

"'I have not got it, Johan!' said he, crying; 'as true as Heaven is above us, I have not! I put down one penny instead of five rix-dollars. There is the ticket, and here is a letter from the collector!'

"Now, what was to be done? Another person, perhaps, in my case, would have hanged himself from sheer vexation; I, however, sat down calmly, and was able to do without the forty thousand rix-dollars. I went out, and said to my wife: 'Gine, we shall not have any entertainment to-night. Your brother has spoiled all. Let the pots and pans, therefore, stand where they are, and come in and ask him how he is.' And that was the end of the matter.

"In the evening, however, I went out, and looked into the old warehouse, thinking that the old gentleman would perhaps let himself be seen again; and so the thing might be helped. I did so; and it is now become a habit with me always to look in there before I go to bed. But the old man has never shown himself since—just as obstinate as when he was alive!

Any one may easily tell by the tone of this little incident, that it was related to me by my uncle at a time when I had advanced considerably in his confidence.

There exists in Russia an arrangement by which people take a sort of military rank. A states-councillor has the rank of a general; a writer in a university as a sergeant, and so on. It was in a similar mode that I was advanced in my uncle's family. On account of my parentage, and because the Falsen blood flowed in my veins, I carried myself rather superciliously as a child, and took my meals at my uncle's table as the shopmen did; but I slept in the men-servants' room. Having been when at school advanced into the upper class, I was promoted so far as to sleep in the apprentices' room, but with no farther advantages. When, however, I had become a student at the University, I was suddenly advanced beyond the rank of bookkeeper; was permitted to walk by my uncle's side in the street, and to have my own bedroom, that is to say, one of the gateway chambers; and finally, after I had passed my second examination, and had begun to study theology, I found, on my return for the vacation, that my sleeping apartment was in the principal building, close to my uncle's own room, and he introduced me as a member to the club. At this time, too, it was that he related to me the foregoing incident.

The first evening, however, after my arrival as a theological candidate, a card-party was invited in my honour. My uncle played with me in his own person; and, when the guests were gone, he took up a three-branched silver candlestick, and walked before me through the drawing-room into an adjoining little chamber, in which stood a bed with damask hangings, and said to me: "These two rooms are yours;" an honour which until now no mortal had ever received in my uncle's house. With these words, he was about to leave me; but on reaching the door, he turned to me, and said with an agitated voice: "Ludvig, thou hast my thanks; thou hast made me happy;" and so saying, the good old man hastened from the apartment.

A number of festivities succeeded this evening; my uncle's friends gave one party after another in my honour. I had no opportunity of conversing with my uncle, however much I wished for it, and I could not help thinking but that something was amiss with him. He often fell into deep thought; and when, by an effort, he compelled himself to break the chain of his thoughts, his cheerfulness was constrained. I feared that he had experienced some loss, or that he had involved himself in some doubtful speculations, the consequences of which might disturb the repose of his old age. In the meantime, it seemed to me that he often fixed his gaze on me, as if he had something particular to say; and I then thought that it must be a subject of some other kind which weighed upon his mind, because in affairs of a pecuniary character I could neither aid him nor give him advice.

At length, one morning when we met at the breakfast-table, he invited me to take a walk with him. We went up the mill-stream, where he had built a row of small houses for poor people, and for which the king had conferred upon him the knightly order of Dannebrog. The inhabitants came out to greet him, and invited him into their houses: and I could see that he was unusually touched by their affectionate kindness.

From this place we went down to the shore. There lay a ship laden with goods from his warehouse. Sailors and working people saluted him, and continued their labour with redoubled ardour in his presence. The captain spoke of the wind, and

calculated when he would be in Norway, and at what profit he should dispose of his cargo. I could not comprehend why tears came suddenly into my uncle's eyes, and he went away. We had not as yet exchanged a word; we continued our silent walk out of the town gates, towards my uncle's fields; and I myself felt that strange depression of mind which seems to foretell some approaching misfortune.

When we had proceeded a short distance beyond the gate my uncle took my arm, and sighed deeply. I summoned resolution and said, "Uncle, what is amiss with you?"

"Ludvig," said he, "I will confide it to you; but you must not say a word of it to your aunt. On Friday evening as I went past the little old warehouse, and looked in as usual, I saw my father." And with these words my uncle bent forward towards me, and looked into my face.

I felt a shudder pass through my veins; but the sense of how much I was indebted to the old man enabled me to put a constraint on my feelings, and I replied with a smile, "Oh, uncle! you do not believe in such things, do you?"

"He looked straight at me!" continued my uncle, "and closed his eyes for a moment."

"It is easy to explain it," said I; "you are always thinking of him when you look into that old warehouse; and now that I am become a candidate and bear his name, you have probably thought more about him than common, and so your imagination placed him, as it were, livingly before you."

"Yes, but, Ludvig, I tell you," continued my uncle, in hollow accents, "he looked straight at me, and so kindly did he look, as he never did in all the days of his life."

"Oh, uncle! what are you troubling yourself about? You are still, thank God, strong and active, and so full of life and spirit that it is a pleasure to see you."

"Then it *did* occur to you that it portended my death!" said my uncle.

I had been unlucky in my mode of explanation; but the greatness of the danger gave me presence of mind, and I said, with a smile:

"Die? Yes, certainly, such a thing may portend death; but, according to that rule, Jens coachman ought to have been dead over and over, for he sees his own face in that old warehouse every night as he goes by to bed."

These words evidently produced a good effect upon my uncle. "Does he really?" said he. "Perhaps after all, then, it is something in the warehouse itself; the light falls obliquely into it—I will have it pulled down."

And whilst my uncle pursued this train of thought, and perhaps indulged in new plans of building, I was thinking how I must best put Jens coachman on his guard, in case my uncle questioned him.

We had by this time reached the top of a hill. Here my uncle paused to rest a little. Behind us lay the town with its pretty little bay, the water of which reflected the blue heavens. The chimneys were smoking. Pigeons were skimming about in the clear air, and the gilded weathercock shone brightly on the top of my uncle's warehouses. Before us lay the country; and in the fields which stretched below us were my uncle's men busy cutting the harvest, and the yellow corn lay in rich swaths on the fallow.

"Ludvig," said my uncle, after a long pause, "our parish priest thinks too much of my red wine for me to put much faith in his. But, tell me now, honestly, what those learned men in Copenhagen believe about death and immortality."

I felt strangely excited. "It stands written," said I, "that the body is sown in mortality, but that it arises in immortality; and we are assured that the righteous shall go into everlasting bliss."

"Yes, Ludvig," said he, "I learned all that when I was a little child before I was confirmed, and it does me good now to hear it again. But, look around! All this belongs to me! That grain-crop is mine; those are my servants, who are faithful to death for me. I am the first man down yonder in the town. It is true that the Burgomaster is appointed by the king, but he could not carry out a single thing without I willed it. There is my brandy-distillery: you may see the smoke; they are mending the boiler fires. Can all these ascend up to heaven with my mortal body? They all seem so completely only portions of myself."

"Uncle," said I, "you now are talking like King Valdemar. He prayed *God only* to leave him Vordingborg Castle, and then he would not desire even the kingdom of heaven!"

"Well," replied my uncle, "and how do you suppose it has gone with King Valdemar in heaven!"

"I fancy," returned I, "that he has met with something there which is better even than Vordingborg Castle."

My uncle was silent for some time, and then, passing his hands over his eyes, he said, "Now let us go home. But do not say a word of this to your aunt."

When we got back it seemed to me as if the whole house were glad to see my uncle; and, during the following day, I fancied that there prevailed a melancholy but a profoundly tender understanding between him and everything that surrounded him.

The next Sunday I was to preach: I had consented to do so at my uncle's earnest wish. With the Lord's help, and my own boldness, I got through very well.

After the morning service when we all met together to dinner, my uncle was still and silent: at length, suddenly compelling himself to appear cheerful, he said, "We'll have a

merry day to-day in honour of our priest. We will drive out into the country, and we will invite a number of our good friends to accompany us.

All was now bustle and stir in the house. Boys and men were sent up and down the town with invitations. The large square Holstein carriage was brought out, the harness was polished, and the horses' manes plaited with red ribbons.

"Now that our Ludwig is become a clergyman," said Jens coachman, as he curried the new brown mare, "he shall have a pair of horses so bright that their match cannot be found in the royal stables."

Before long the other families were all seated in their carriages; and Jens coachman—mounted on the box in his new, splendid livery,—led the van with the great Holstein carriage, and cracked his whip lustily. A long line of carriages rolled merrily behind us, whilst a number of young men, who alone occupied the last, sang beautiful songs as they drove along. Cheerful faces looked forth from the windows of the streets, and nodded to us as we went by, whilst the bright sunshine was spread over us through the clear atmosphere.

When we had passed the town gate and were come upon the smooth road of the open country, my uncle took the reins that he might himself try the new mare.

"What are you about, John?" said my aunt, "let Jens drive; I have much more faith in his driving than in yours."

"Master can drive very well," said Jens good-naturedly, "the mare is as quiet as a lamb, and I shall be just at hand, even if they should be skittish."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried my aunt, "are they skittish?"

"No, that they are not, madam," said Jens; "the near horse is a little bit so, but he goes well enough in a common way. Madam has no idea what good-tempered beasts they are. — Master! give me the reins!"

More Jens did not say. A cow had come up from the roadside ditch, and the near horse, frightened, had suddenly sprung aside; the carriage was turned off the road, Jens attempted to seize the reins, but he only caught one, which pulling too tightly, the carriage was overturned.

When we others had crept forth from the carriage, and convinced ourselves that we were sound in all our limbs, we missed my uncle. He had been thrown to a distance, and when he attempted to raise himself, we discovered that he had broken his leg.

The merry excursion into the country was at once changed into mourning. We had driven forth with the cheerful cracking of whips and the voice of song; now, like a funeral procession, we drove home with my uncle. The friendly faces were still at the windows and the sun was still shining even as when we drove out; but what a change there was in us.

The surgeon, after eight days, began to shake his head. On the twelfth day he told my aunt that he felt it his duty to say, that if my uncle had yet any affairs to settle in this world, no time should be lost in his so doing.

"Who is to tell him this?" said my aunt, looking at the book-keeper and then at me; but neither of us offered to do it.

"Then I must do it myself," said my aunt, and dried her eyes; "it will be the first unwelcome word I ever said to him."

"She went into his chamber, and they remained an hour together. When she came forth, she did not weep, and she said to me: "Your uncle wishes to see all his servants; let them come up."

They all knew that my uncle would die; and when they heard his wish that all should go up and take leave of him, it was just like a Christmas morning, when everybody goes to church.

One after another of his eighteen men-servants went into the room, took him by the hand, and said, "Farewell, master!" The hard, Zealand countenances of these men looked comparatively phlegmatic and indifferent as they stood outside his chamber door; but, as each one passed out again, he wiped his eyes with his jacket sleeve, and wept.

The following morning my uncle died.

All the town followed him to his grave, but he was carried by his men-servants. It seemed to strike some students who were in the town from Copenhagen as rather a strange sight to see two of the herdmen, in their red peasant's frocks, among the bearers, and to hear all the eighteen men-servants singing a psalm together. But when the coffin was lowered and earth scattered over it, and these men all stood with their hats before their faces, and then, pale and silent, left the churchyard, the students themselves looked grave.

A few days afterwards, when I was coming up the court, I heard the men singing. They all sang the same words and to the same tune. It was a song which one of them had made about my uncle, and the refrain was:

"God give him gladness in Heaven!"

THE REASON WHY.

Mr. MACAULAY has preserved in his history the burden of a ballad which was once sung all over Cornwall by men, women, and even by children of every class and grade; but of which he seems to think that only these two lines now linger in living memory—

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

Trelawney was one of the seven bishops

whom James the Second sent to the tower; but it was not the danger implied to him as a prince of the church which his fierce bold country-men resented, so much as the outrage committed upon him as the head of a Cornish house that could boast its twenty descents of deed-honoured ancestors. It is a county, as Mr. Macaulay remarks, in which the provincial feeling was in those days stronger than in any other part of the realm; and we are happy to add that the feeling has remained too strong, even to our own time, to permit this noble ballad to sink into a mere fragment of a couple of lines.

Some thirty-five years ago, Mr. Davies Gilbert, then member for a Cornish borough which he had long represented, and also President of the Royal Society and a zealous antiquarian, printed some fifty copies of the Trelawney ballad for distribution among his friends, expressly that it might not be allowed to perish. From the accurate recollection of one of those friends—who lost the copy entrusted to him, but happily retained every word of it in his memory—we have the opportunity of laying it before the reader. The air is "*Le petit tambour.*" The verses belong to that order of which Sydney was thinking, when he spoke of an old ballad stirring his heart like a trumpet.

THE REASON WHY.

A CORNISH BALLAD.

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.
And have they fixed the Where and When?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There 's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!

Out spake the Captain brave and bold,
A gallant wight was he,—
"Though London's Tower were Michael's hold,
We 'll set Trelawney free.
We 'll cross the Tamar, hand to hand,
The Exe shall be no stay—
Go, side by side, from strand to strand,
And who shall bid us nay?

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

"And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view,—
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
We 're better men than you!
Trelawney, he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There 's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!"

HOPE WITH A SLATE ANCHOR.

Almost every body knows Killarney—knows about it, at all events, by book or newspaper, if not by the actual sight of it—but scarcely anybody has either seen or heard of Valencia. Valencia? why I thought that was in Spain, some one will cry out. "What can Valencia and Killarney have to do with each other?" Why simply that they are about forty miles apart, and that everybody who sees Killarney should go on to Valencia. It is true, there is a Valencia in Spain; and it is probable that this island is named after that city; for there were Spaniards here, once upon a time, when there was a great trade between Galway and Spain. There were, probably, Spaniards living on the island when the Grand Armada sailed by—fated to lose the great ship, Our Lady of the Rosary, close by, and two more presently after near Kilkee, on the coast of Clare, and more still near the Giant's Causeway in the north. All Ireland was supplied with wine from Spain between two and three centuries ago; and it is natural to suppose that merchants or agents from the Spanish Valencia might give its name to the Irish island and port—its most westerly port in Europe.

It is a glorious place for scenery; and it might be a glorious one for trade. Perhaps it was once; I am confident it will be some time or other. There it lies, just within a great bay, spreading out its arms, as if to guard the lake-like sea within; and rearing up mountains, as if to prevent the winds of heaven from visiting its face too roughly. The winds do find their way in at times, however; and they are so very rough with that smooth sound as to prevent the ferry-boat passing, and then the people on the island cannot get their letters and newspapers, though they are near enough to the mainland to see the post-bags arrive at the ferry-house. The English residents say this is a hardship in winter, for they depend so much more than English people can suppose on their letters and newspapers, in a situation so wild as their island. Last winter, however, there was not a day in which the sound was impassable.

If those waters could tell what has happened on them, and if those mountains on the mainland could echo to our ears the things that have been said in their recesses, we should hear some curious stories. There is one inlet of the sea which can be overlooked from the island, flowing in among the mountains, turning and winding, round many a promontory, and past many an old dwelling now in ruins; and among the rest, the ivy-grown gable, and roofless front of the house where O'Connell was born. It was up that

inlet that smugglers used to steal by night—as the pirates of the olden time had done before them. They used to slip in on one side of the island, while the Government cruizer was watching the other; and up they came, in the shadow of the mountains, and behind the screen of the promontories, lying hid in some chasm of the rocks if the enemy came by; and always winning their way up, sooner or later, to the still dark cove, on whose brink stands that ivied ruin. We must remember that smuggling was then and there considered rather an act of patriotism than an offence. The inhabitants of these coasts were some of the most disaffected of the Irish; and they amazingly enjoyed depriving England, and the English part of their own Government, of the produce of the Customs, while carrying on a good trade with their dear friends, the French and Spaniards, and making their own fortunes at the same time. Not small, therefore, was the amount of smuggling that went forward—if the local histories are true—at that ivied house, and, in a somewhat more genteel and disguised manner, at Derrynane Abbey, the residence formerly of an uncle of O'Connell, and then his own. And the rocks of Valencia itself afford great facilities for the same practice, which used to go on almost unchecked by the coast-guard who were, and still are, stationed on the island. I saw their flag, the other day, floating half-mast high, in mourning for Wellington. The men have little to do now but to learn and tell the news, when their routine duty is done; for France, Spain, and Ireland are no longer the foes of England, and the reduction of Customs duties has made smuggling no longer worth while; so that the coast-guard have but a dull life of it. And so have the constabulary. Poor fellows! there is scarcely anything for them to do, now that industry, bringing regular good wages, has succeeded to the gambling of an illicit trade, with its occasional frays and drunken bouts.

I saw them making the most of a small incident, last Sunday, for want of any more serious employment. In general, they look out, yawning, from the barred windows of their barrack; or rub away at their brass plates and buckles, which are already as bright as the Queen's dinner service; or lean over a wall peeling an apple, or rush out to see a traveller pass by. On Sunday last, a dozen or so of half-drunk young men came over, in a high wind, from the mainland to Valencia, raced to the little inn in a staggering sort of way, took possession of a parlour, where all smoked and talked together; peeped into another parlour where two ladies were sitting—invaded the kitchen and lent a hand to the cooking, shutting up the oven, so as to spoil the apple pie that was baking for the ladies' dinner—and presently burst away again, declaring that they would have a sail in the sound. The wind was now in a roaring state, and the waves were curling with foam, while Neptune's sheep jumped up most pertinaciously against the black rocks. Out went everybody to see how the silly fellows would manage: the old landlady, with her shawl over her head in her little front garden; the neighbours on points which overlooked the sound; and the gallant soldierly constabulary showing themselves on the road and the little pier. Boats were in readiness, and everybody on the watch, with all their clothes fluttering in the wind. There it was presently—that crowded boat—flying along with all its sails out, desperately awry, as if it must fill the next moment. It did not, however. The fellows had better luck than they deserved. They struck the ferry pier at the right place, tumbled out, toppled over each other upon a car, and dashed off upon the Cahirciveen road. The adventure was over; and the constabulary had only to go home again.

Despairing of any higher order of romance than this, I was disposed to see what the industry of Valencia now is. So a comrade and I begged the favour of a resident to let his car to us, on Monday morning, that we might see something that we had heard of—something better than smuggling—up among the hills. We saw that, and a good deal more, in the course of our remarkable drive.

There are two main roads in Valencia—the upper and lower—running nearly its whole length, which is about five Irish miles; that is, nearly seven English. We went by the lower, and returned by the upper. Besides the well-known spectacle of the Irish cabin—that sad spectacle, too well known to need to be described again—we saw some curious indications of the ways of the inhabitants. To save the trouble of putting up gates to the fields, each man who had a cart had put it in the gateway. This kept out the cow, but it let in the pigs and fowls; and it did not matter much to the cow after all. She had only the additional trouble of getting over the low earthen fence—which every cow did to get out of the way of our car. One woman had taken her two cows into the potato plot with her—to help her to dig potatoes, no doubt. At a distance, the thatched roofs (weedy, and without eaves) and the walls by the roadside appeared to be vandyked with some pattern of a dirty white colour. On coming near, we found this to be a row of split fish, drying. Fresh fish may be had every day for the catching, but the people prefer their fish salt. We looked abroad over the sound, but there was not one single fishing-boat nor any sort of vessel; but on some high land lay a boat on the grass, the only one we saw. Its being there seemed rather like an Irish bull, while the water below looked so blank for want of it. Next, we were stopped for some minutes. A young farmer had thought proper to choose the

middle of the high road for winnowing his crop of oats. There was plenty of high and dry ground at hand; but he preferred the middle of the road; so he had to bundle up his cloth, and shove away his oats, spilling the grain at every move, and turning in despair from us to a cartful of people who came up at the moment on the other side. To complete his embarrassment, the horse in the cart was blind, and could not be made aware of the concessions required of him. After a loss of much time and oats, we were all at our proper business again—the farmer actually dragging back his apparatus to the middle of the road, as soon as it was clear.

Besides the cabins and cottages, we saw, near this road, one solitary, dreary-looking white house. It was tall and rather large, with no garden or field belonging to it. Its windows looked as if they had never been opened; its wood-work as if it had not been painted for a century; and its whitewash was grey with weather-stains. It was the Cholera Hospital. Not a token of a dwelling was near, but the remains of a mud hut, melted down by the rains. The sight of the place is enough to give the cholera to a nervous person. Before the famine there were three thousand inhabitants on the island. Now, though the intervening years have settled many new residents there, there are only two thousand five hundred. I wonder how many died in that house, whether scores or hundreds? As the country people say, "The cholera found them weak from the hunger," and carried them off with wonderful rapidity. Of the three thousand residents of Valencia, at the time of the famine, two thousand two hundred received relief in food, as their only chance for life. But no more of this now. I am speaking of a scene of health, and industry, and plenty, for all who choose to seek it.

All the way from the port, our eyes have been fixed on a tower, high up and afar, with a vast green upland between us and it. We want to reach that tower, for the sake of a gaze over the Atlantic. Arriving at a hamlet of cabins, set down one right before another, with a manure heap and a puddle between each, we are told that we must walk the rest of the way; and very tempting looks the long green ascent, with a broad green road just distinguishable in the midst. My comrade asks an old woman how far it is to the tower. No answer. She understands nothing but Irish. We try a funny-looking boy; but to every sort of question he answers only—"I know;" and this is evidently the only English he can speak. There is a girl, pelting the cows with peat, to send them out of our way; she speaks English. My comrade asks, "Is there anybody up at the tower?" "Yes, Miss." "Who is there?" "Only the cows, Miss." We go to see. There is, indeed, a green road, and it must once have been a fine one, judging by the strength of the little bridges over the water-courses, which look as good as ever. Up we go, up and up, amidst the wondering cattle, some of which lie in our path till the last moment, while others flee, and others again stick out their four legs, and stand fast, as if they thought we wanted to knock them down. One calm-looking munching cow looks benignly at us, as if wishing us a pleasant walk; another, a nervous heifer, seems to prick up her horns as a horse pricks up his ears, and looks disposed to run at us in sheer fright. She scampers off when we look at her, and turns, and approaches as we proceed; and then scampers off again. We find none at the tower. It is too high. For some time we have seen nothing alive but a black caterpillar in the grass, and a wagtail see-sawing its body on a warm stone. Up at the tower, on the topmost stone of its ruined walls, sits a jackdaw, immensely solemn and important, believing himself no doubt the lord of the scene. But we cannot attend to him now. We can see daws elsewhere; but nowhere else is there anything like this scene.

We sit down on the stones which were once the wall, and look down—not, if the truth were told, without some of the aching of the bones which is the miserable pain of those who peep down a precipice, or dream that they are thrown down one. At the same instant, by an odd coincidence, we ask each other whether there is anything whiter than snow, because the foam, rushing and weltering about that rock in the sunshine below, looks to our eyes whiter than any snow we ever saw. We will tell no more of this view from Bray Head, in Valencia. There is no describing the Skellig Rocks, or the black nearer crags, or the dreamy beauty of the inland view of receding mountains, with *glittering* sounds and bays running in among them. Far out at sea, there are smoke-like showers; but, turning the other way, or looking below, the water is, where not a true Mediterranean blue, a deep green or bright lilac. This ruined tower was erected when invasion was expected; and the green track was the military road, up which went the soldiers and the cannon. There were once two forts below—north and south of Bray Head. They were built by Cromwell. If anything remains of them, they are, with this tower, the property of this melancholy daw, which now is on the move to show us the way down. We must go; for we have not yet seen what we came out for.

We return by the upper road; and my comrade points out that, while there is a well-marked foot-track on the hard road, there is no trace of wheels. It seems as if our car were the first wheeled carriage that had ever been here.

We observe a stranger thing than this. While the dwellings are so wretchedly thatched as to look like the huts of savages, the fences are patched with slates—the roads are mended with slates—the broken windows

of houses that have windows are blocked up with slates. There are slates everywhere but where they ought to be. These slate symptoms show that we are approaching the object of our drive.

After a steep descent, we turned up a left hand road which shows abundant marks of wheels—of wheels broad enough for an ancient Pickford's waggon. This is the road which ascends to the slate-quarries, and down which came those enormous blocks of slate—some of them weighing fifteen tons—of which the world is beginning to hear, and, in fact, has heard a good deal since the Great Exhibition.

A few years ago, people who knew nothing of slate but as a material to roof houses with and do sums upon, were charmed to find it could be made to serve for so large a thing as a billiard-table. For billiard-tables there is nothing like slate, so perfectly level and smooth as it is. Then, fishmongers found there was nothing like slate for their slabs (till they are rich enough to afford marble); and farmers' wives discovered the same thing in regard to their dairies. Plumbers then began to declare that there was nothing like slate for cisterns and sinks: and builders, noticing this, tried slate for the pavement of wash-houses, pantries, and kitchens, and for cottage floors; and they have long declared that there is nothing like it; it is so clean, and dries so quickly. If so, thought the ornamental gardener, it must be the very thing for garden chairs, summer-houses, sundials, and tables in arbours; and it *is* the very thing. The stone mason was equally pleased with it for gravestones. "Then," said the builder again, when perplexed with complaints of a damp wall in an exposed situation, "why should not a wall be slated as well as a roof, if it wants it as much?" So *he* tried; and in mountain districts, where one end of the house is exposed to beating rains, we see that end as scaly as a fish—slated like its own roof. Thus it is with the small houses erected for business at the quarry in Valencia; and the steps leading up to them are of slate; and the paths before the doors are paved with slate. We look in upon the steam-engine; and we observe that the fittings of the engine-house are all of slate, so that no dust can lodge, and no damp can enter.

It is the quarry that we care most to see; and up to it we go, under the guidance of the overlooker, as soon as he has measured a block of slate with the marked rod he carries in his hand. He is a Welshman—from Bangor—the only person among the hundred and twenty about the works who is not Irish. Is it really so? we ask, when we are in the quarry. There is nobody there—not one man or boy among all those groups—who can properly be called ragged. Many have holes in their clothes; but all have clothes—real garments, instead of flapping tatters, hung on, nobody knows how. Another thing. These people are working steadily and gravely. If spoken to, they answer calmly and with an air of independence—without vociferation, cant, flattery, or any kind of passion. Yet these people are all Irish; and they speak as they do because they *are* independent. They have good work; and they do their work well. They earn good wages; and they feel independent. These are the people who, in famine time, formed a middle class between the few proprietors in the island and the many paupers. The receivers of relief, we have said, were two thousand two hundred. The proprietors and their families were two hundred. These workpeople and their families were the remaining six hundred. They look like people who could hold their ground in a season of stress. This quarry was their anchorage.

What a noble place it is! We climb till we find ourselves standing on the upper tramway, on the verge of a precipice of slate, with a rough wall of slate behind us—of all shades of grey, from white to black, contrasting well with the orange line of the iron mould caused by the drip from the roof upon the tramway; but the ceiling is the most prodigious thing about the place. It is, in sober truth, in its massiveness, greyness, smoothness, and vastness, somewhat like the granite roof in the great chamber of the great Pyramid. It takes away one's breath with something of the same crushing feeling. And then, look at the groups clustered or half hidden in this enormous cavern. How small every one looks—the men with the borers and mallets, making holes for the blasting; the men with the wedges and mallets, splitting off great blocks; some on shelves high up over head; some in cupboards far within; some in dark crevices in the mighty walls! Knock, knock, knock go the mallets, with an echo following each knock—far, near, incessant; and the echo of the drip heard through all—an echo for every plash.

What are they doing below—those two men with the chain and hooks, that they can scarcely shift? They are fixing the hooks in crevices under that horizontal mass of slate. It rises, and as it rises they shift the hooks further into the cracks, till the block breaks off. When the hooks are in the middle of its weight it rises steadily—why and how? Look at that waggon on that tramway in the air overhead, the waggon way supported on those enormous beams, which are themselves upheld by clamps fixed in the slate walls of the cavern. On each side of that airy truck there is a stage, and in each stage is a man working a windlass, which turns a cog wheel, by which the truck is moved forward or backward. The chains and hooks which are raising the block hang down from this machinery; and as the men in the air work their cog wheel, the men on the ground stand away from under the block, and see it moved and deposited on the truck which is to convey it to the saw mill. That truck is on the tramway

below, and a horse draws it to the saw mill, where the block will be raised again by more airy machinery, and placed in the right position for the saws. It weighs only about three tons. A single horse can draw a weight of five tons. The largest size is, as has been said, fifteen tons.

We go down to the saw-mills—down, among, and round, hillocks of refuse. The noise in the mill is so horrid—in kind as well as degree—that we cannot stay: but a glance is enough. The engine works the great saws, which here do not split the blocks, but square them, and smooth their sides and ends. The rest is done at the works below—at the port. The grating and rasping can be better conceived than described or endured. Above the blocks are suspended a sort of funnel, from which sand and water drip, in aid of the sawing process. We see this, glance at the curious picture of grey blocks—perpendicular saws, apparently moving up and down by their own will—and superintending men—and thinking how good a spectacle it would be, but for the tremendous noise, hasten away.

On the road down hill is one of the broad-wheeled trucks, laden with an enormous block. We wonder how we shall pass it. We do so, by favour of a recess in the road, and jog on. On the left, opens a charming narrow lane, overhung with ash and birch, gay with gorse, and bristling with brambles. We jump off our car, dismiss it, plunge down the lane, waste a vast deal of time in feasting on blackberries—the dessert to our biscuit-lunch—and at last sit down on some stones to say how good Valencia blackberries are, and how gaudy a Valencia lane is with gorse and heather; and then we talk over, and fix in our memories what we have seen; and finally emerge from the bottom of the lane, explore the dairy and old house of the Knight of Kerry, and proceed on our way to the works at the port, heedless of how the time slips away while we gaze at the lighthouse, and the opposite shore, and far away over Dingle Bay, to the faint blue Dingle mountains. We do, however, at length reach the gate of the works.

We miss the terrible noise of which we had been warned, and which had made itself heard in our inn. The works are, in fact, stopped for the repair of the machinery; and as they will not be going again while we are in Valencia, we can only look round and see what we can. We see on every hand noble slabs of slate, many feet long and broad, and from half-a-inch to three inches in thickness. Scores of them are standing on edge, leaning against each other, as if they could be lifted up, and carried away like sheets of pasteboard. By picking up a bit that has been cut off, one finds the difference. It is very heavy; and this, I suppose, is the impediment to its adoption, for many domestic purposes for which it is otherwise remarkably fit. One boy was at work on a great piece that we could make nothing of without explanation. It had large round holes cut out, as if with a monstrous cheese-taster, the slab being an inch thick; and the boy was cutting out pieces of what was left between the circles. It was for the ridge of a house; and in a moment we saw that the pattern was like that of many barge-boards of ornamented cottages. We found that the carving, turning, and ornamental manufacture of slate articles does not proceed far in Valencia, as the London houses do not like rivalship in that part of the business; but, in the abode of the proprietor we saw, in an amusing way, what might be done by any one who has a mind to furnish his house with slate.

On entering the garden door, we found, as might be expected, a pavement of slate, smooth and close-fitted, leading up to the house. The borders of the parterres were of upright slates; and there was a little grave-stone in the grass—in memory, doubtless, of some domestic pet—of the same material. The narrow paths between the vegetable beds were paved with slate, and reasonably, considering how wet the climate is, and how quickly slate dries. The sundial and garden seats followed of course. Entering the house, we found, not only the pavement of the hall, but its lower panels, of slate; and this reminded us of the excellence of granaries and barns which are flagged instead of boarded, and have a skirting-board of slate, which keeps out rats and mice altogether, supposing the door to be in good order. The saving in grain soon pays the difference between such a material and wood, which rats always can and do gnaw through, sooner or later.

In the hall were an umbrella and hat-stand, a slab, and a standard-lamp, all of slate. The weight is a favourable quality in the first and last of these articles; but, great as is the advantage of the lamp not being liable to be upset, the colour of slate is too dark. Dark lamp-stands absorb too much light. In the dining-room was a very handsome round table of slate—variegated somewhat like marble, and delightfully clean-looking, smooth, and level. Its weight makes it all but immoveable; and this may be an objection: but there is no doubt of its beauty—with its moulded rim, its well-turned stem, and finished pedestal. At the Knight of Kerry's house we had seen a carved mantel-piece, with fluted pillars of slate; and here we saw other mantel-pieces, variously carved. The fenders were delightful;—smoothly turned slopes, which invited the feet to rest and be warmed;—simple, effectual, and so neat as to be really pretty. There was nothing that we liked so well as the fenders—unless it was the paper-weights, simply ornamented; or the book-shelves—perfectly plain, with their rounded edges, and their evident capacity to bear any weight. No folios, however ancient—no atlases, however magnificent, can bend a shelf of slate; and I very much doubt whether

the spider can fasten her thread to its surface. No insect can penetrate it; and this indicates the value of slate furniture in India, and in our tropical Colonies, where ants hollow out everything wooden, from the foundation of a house to its roof-tree. Hearth-stones of slate were a matter of course in this house; and we wished they had been so in some others, where there has been repeated danger of fire from sparks or hot ashes falling between the joints of the stones composing the hearth. Then, there were a music-stand, a what-not, a sofa-table—and probably many more articles in the bed-rooms, kitchen and offices, which we did not see.

It seems to us that we have heard so much of new applications of slate, within two or three years, as to show that the world is awakening to a sense of its uses; but such a display as this was a curious novelty. I believe it is only recently that it has been discovered how well this material bears turning and carving, and how fit it, therefore, is to be used in masses where solidity is required, together with a capacity for ornament. If its use become as extensive as there is reason to suppose, the effect upon many a secluded mountain population will be great. The slate-quarrymen of our islands are, for the most part, a primitive, and even semi-barbarous set of people—Valencia being one of the excepted cases. In Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Wales, very important social changes must take place, in whole districts, through an increased demand for slate—better wrought out of the mountain than at present. As for Valencia, not only is its slate far finer, and more skilfully obtained than any we have seen elsewhere; but the workmen are a body of light to the region they inhabit. They marry, when they can, English girls, or girls who have had English training in household ways. Their dwellings are already superior to those of their neighbours; and, if the works increase, through an increased demand so as to become the absorbing interest of Valencia, the island may become a school of social progress to the whole west of Ireland, where such a school is sorely needed.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

"Now, do tell me," said Margaret earnestly, "do tell me, without any joking or nonsense; do the French eat frogs? Because, you know what a horror I have of such things. And now that we are in France, I should like to learn what chance there is of my tasting them by accident."

"Most certainly they do," said I, philosophically, "as I will prove to you very shortly. And if you could once overcome your repugnance, you would like them too. They are not the brown and yellow jumpers that we have in England, but quite a different thing. Will you step into the market before we breakfast, and see? Madame Dubois is now getting ready to buy our provisions for the next few days: we will join her, and stare at the lions. I will run and ask her to wait for us."

Madame Dubois is—and I hope it will be long before she is mentioned in any past tense, perfect or imperfect—an excellent Frenchwoman, who increases her husband's income by receiving as inmates such strangers as know how to conduct themselves properly, which is not always the case, to our national discredit. For instance: one Englishman, after having eaten, and drunk, and lodged, to the amount of between twelve and thirteen pounds, went out one morning for a walk, (after borrowing half-a-franc of Madame—as he had no small change) and forgot to come back again. Madame, however, still believes that he is dead, or in prison, or in a madhouse in consequence of his railway speculations: she will not admit the idea that such a good-looking Englishman is merely a shabby swindler.

Well: Madame Dubois may be five-and-forty, but she has a figure which many women half her age might envy:—tall, neither too fat nor too thin, and without the least bit of awkwardness in her carriage. If new-gloved and lightly shod, with one of those delicious Parisian bonnets (not hats), and her best silk dress—the entrance of Madame Dubois into many an English drawing-room would produce a sensation. She is the mother of a family, is kind to all children—making them love her without spoiling them—exceedingly industrious; with a great command of temper, being rarely provoked even to the hasty spark which straight is cold again; with almost constant good health:—"*Ma foi!*" said Madame, after half-a-day's bilious attack, "I now think I never shall die:"—with a propensity to laugh at everything as it turns up, and, decidedly, mistress in her own house.

Madame Dubois understands English perfectly; but her educational advantages have not been sufficient to make her speak it correctly. Nevertheless, on urgent occasions—such as the arrival of an Englishman who does not know *oui* from *non*—she enters on her duty unhesitatingly and fluently. If she is at a loss for an English word, in pops a French one; and if that is not forthcoming, a bit of pantomime, more expressive than either, stops the gap at once. If you laugh at this hash of tongues, she laughs too; and as a noble revenge, when your French is a little out of sorts, she will kindly put you right with a steady countenance. A previous acquaintance gave me the privilege of asking,

"May we go to market with you this morning, Madame Dubois? And I want you to send there immediately for one or two little things"—the rest was inaudible.

"Certainly," said Madame, "with great pleasure. Aurore shall attend to it instantly. Her mamma keeps market."

Aurore, a strong square-built, rosy-faced, broad-grinning widow of thirty, was off in a twinkling.

"What are you whispering there!" asked Margaret, joining us.

"Madame says, that if you wish to see sweet-water productions, we must not delay; else what you are most curious about will be gone. Come, it is not a dozen steps, and the sun and the air are quite pleasant." We were not long tripping to the market. The first person we saw was Aurore.

"Ah! Aurore, back again so soon? I'm sure your mistress does not want to look into your basket now. Make haste home, and get our breakfast ready. Now, Margaret, observe carefully; this row of ladies have the monopoly of fresh-water fish. There is plenty of it, and they bring nothing else; do they, Madame?"

"These do not; further on is *la marée*, the fish from the sea, a great many kinds to-day. All our waters are *ver-ree pois-sonous, ver-ree feeshe—très, très poissonneuses.*"

"It is a pity they bring eels not bigger than worms to market. It is too Chinese. And 'tis not pleasant to see those hags flaying them alive, by way of pastime, when they have no customers to serve. One fine fellow, there, seems inclined to have a battle with his flayeress, but she has grasped him inexorably round the neck. Ladies, have you any nice frogs this morning?"

"They are sold, Monsieur; all, all sold;" said the hags in chorus, led off by Aurore's mamma.

"What a pity," said Margaret, "I should so like to have seen the creatures; and yet, now I think of it, I am glad; because, perhaps"—

"Perhaps I should have asked Madame Dubois to buy them? But we will make sure next market-day, eh, Madame?"

Madame smiled, and turned away her head. After a moment, she quietly observed that if we liked eels, she would buy the one with which the old woman was wrestling like a fury. We nodded assent, and the bargain was made. It would be a breach of confidence to tell how much *she* paid; but while we were looking on, the town mattrass-beater came up, and bought three nice little tench for eight sous.

"There is more intolerance," said I, "in eating and drinking than there is even in religion; because every religious sect includes within itself several bigotries of the mouth, and persecutions of the stomach. Not a few people condemn all fish, because, say they, it is nothing but congealed water; others abominate fresh-water fish alone, simply, according to Madame, through the want of knowing how to *arrange* them; eels are detested for their serpent-like form, and"—

"Are you above all such prejudices, Sir? I remember the things you have said about oat-cake and bad pasteboard; that portmanteaus and human stomachs should not be lined with the same materials."

"No, I confess it, I am not. For yonder, on that board, is a heap of offal, sold for food, which makes me shudder when I look at it. Observe those dog-fish, uglier than toads; worse when they are skinned, with a wisp of straw stuffed into their throats. We only catch them to throw them on our dunghills. I do not think I could remain at table where one was served; and yet they are very largely consumed here. Manure with us, is food for the French. Do you like dog-fish, Madame Dubois? And how do they cook them before poisoning themselves with such filth?"

"But, do I like the *chiens de mer*, the *roussettes*? Not much when they are so;" with a gesture which there was no mistaking. "They boil them like skate, and you would not know the difference."

A grimace and a twist of the mouth on my part.

"I have a large one salted, hung up in our magazine; and when I can't eat anything for breakfast, I cut a piece off this, and grill it. You may smell it all over the house; such an *odeur!*"

"Then I hope, Madame, while we are with you, you'll have the goodness to eat your dog-fish raw."

Madame said nothing, but started as if she had suddenly beheld an assassin in the very act of murder.

"At home, you know," said Margaret, "our sailors often eat their red-herring uncooked. I have seen them breakfasting on the jetty, or in their boats, with a thick slice of bread, and the raw fish under their thumb. Everybody likes anchovies; and I myself am particularly fond of a pickled herring fresh out of the barrel."

"Properly seasoned it is excellent," said I. "But when I was in Germany, if I called for a plate of ham, they always asked whether I preferred it cooked, or raw."

"And which did you choose?" inquired Madame, aghast.

"Oh! sometimes one, and sometimes the other."

"Monsters! Cannibals!" she hissed between her teeth. Then recovering herself; "but Monsieur likes to laugh; civilised people do not practise such abominations as those. Are the English and the Germans nothing but savages, anthropophagi?"

At this moment Margaret became suddenly alarmed. "Let us get out of the way of those two quarrelsome men," said she. "The people are crowding round them, and I fear they'll soon come to blows."

"Blows! not they. They have no more intention of fighting than you and I have. Listen to them, if you can follow their furious gabble. They're making a bargain; and, for the fun of the thing, are trying by turns which can dive lowest into the depths of

absurdity. It is an eclogue, with strophe and antistrophe, not quite after Virgil. But instead of calling for pistols, they'll finish the business by the aid of a few *canons*."

Madame smiled assent, and in acknowledgment of my pun, as I hoped she would. It would have been heart-breaking to strain at wit in a foreign tongue, and then miss fire utterly.

"*Canons!* what do you mean by that?" asked Margaret.

"A *canon* is a small glass of beer much in vogue: instead of drinking pearls of great price as a proof of friendship, people here swallow canons by the half-dozen. To make the charm work effectually, the ceremony which they call *tringuer*, and we hob-nobbing, is indispensable. Those gentle swains, before long, will play a merry tune on their musical glasses."

While we were following the intrigue of this genteel comedy, up comes a man, the *appariteur* (a transition form between the beadle and the bellman) of the town, with a shabby old drum hanging round his neck, and accompanied by another vagabond-looking gent., who dragged a ricketty rush-bottomed chair in one hand. They stopped, by mutual consent, within a yard of us, and the drummer commenced a fantasia on his instrument, certainly the worst performed solo I ever heard. I could have done it better myself. The Arcadian dialogue ceased, and the listeners crowded now around the oracular chair, which was not far from being a tripod. *M. l'Appariteur's* business was done, and he vanished. The way-worn traveller mounted the chair, took off his cap, looked up at the sun as if for inspiration, cleared his voice, and in a distinct deliberate style, with a pause at every comma, and a rattle at every *r*, delivered himself as follows:—

"Messieurs! There are men,—who have devoted their youth and their fortune,—to travelling and the acquirement of knowledge. —They settle in a city;—they take a good house (pointing to the doctor's opposite);—they practise medicine;—and they become rich.—Yes, Messieurs!—and they deserve it:—for I can afford to acknowledge the merit of my brother practitioners.—I, too, have travelled and acquired knowledge;—and for a few hours,—this town shall have the benefit of my vast experience.—Now, Messieurs!—if I were to say that I can cure all diseases,—I should lie!—There is only One who can cure all diseases:—and He is,—*là haut!* (Raising himself on tip-toe, and pointing as high as he can reach; producing great sensation and murmurs of approval.)—Some diseases I can cure perfectly;—some which I do not mention now; for I am as discreet as a wall.—Messieurs!—Amongst the maladies to which human nature is subject, —are,—warts and corns!—Look at my hands! (Two brown paws variegated with orange freckles.)—There were as many warts on them as stars in the sky.—By intense study I found an antidote.—Now I have not one.—For two *sous* the remedy is yours:—this large packet for two *sous* (it was instantly taken by a man, who was about to walk off with his prize).—Stop, my friend, and listen further!—It cures corns also.—I could show you my feet:—one of them was an immense mass of corns.—I could not walk.—Now I dance so beautifully, —that the girls quarrel to have me for a partner. (More packets sold instantly.)—Stop, my friends!—You have other maladies, —of which you are not aware.—Look! (Here he twisted a clear glass bottle, so as to make a quantity of large white worms spin round in a transparent fluid.) I cured a dear child of these—and his mother—with tears in her eyes—made me a present of them—of every one.—This packet—for one *sou*—for ONE *sou* —will put every worm within you to flight. (The packets themselves took flight rapidly.) —A single packet is enough for a child—two packets for a grown person.—But stop, Messieurs; understand!—If you use the worm-packet to cure your corns—and make your children, who have worms, swallow the corn-packet—and then neither the warts, nor the corns, nor the worms are put to flight—do not, Messieurs, lay the blame on—"

"Come away," said Margaret; "what a horrid creature!"

"Nay, not at all. The man must eat bread, and he eats it honestly and openly, and by no means extravagantly. He pleases me quite as well as the genteeler chiropodists who inform the anxious British public, that on a certain day, Lord Timbertoe had his corns extracted to his entire satisfaction,—in which happy release it is expected the entire public will sympathise and rejoice. But make haste with your marketing, Madame Dubois, or we shall never breakfast. For Margaret's sake, please buy this bunch of little dickey-birds; and, for mine, that grey mullet which will be so superb with a little good shrimp sauce."

"Shrimp sauce! And what is that, I pray you?"

"Listen, Madame, and I will tell you how to arrange it. You must make a little white sauce—No; you must pretend to make white sauce. But first you must *bark* a pint of shrimps; with the bark, and the heads, and the tails of the shrimps, you must boil a broth, and with this broth you must make your white sauce (which will be reddish brown) dropping in your shrimps just before finishing off. That's shrimp sauce, English fashion."

"What a beautiful invention!" exclaimed Madame, raising her eyes. "It deserves to be crowned by the Académie."

[N. B. Wandering, or lost epicures will seize as a friendly clue the hint that, throughout the Continent, when they ask for "melted butter," they will get what they ask for and what they do not want—butter converted by heat into oil, and which is generally approved of. It really is not bad,

with perseverance and a little lemon juice or vinegar, for fish, wild-fowl, and other sundries. To get what English cooks call melted butter, ask for white sauce made with water, instead of milk or cream.]

After these preliminaries, and the occupations of the day, dinner came to tranquillise the human heart with its benign influence. We had arrived at that point of serene resignation, when, if nothing more is to follow, it does not much matter; but if there comes a final tit-bit, it is condescendingly favoured with a patronising glance.

Enter Madame, smiling charmingly; but I knew the meaning of that wicked twinkle about the eyes. "*Voilà*, the dish of little dickey-birds."

"These larks are really very nice," said Margaret, finishing her portion. "Only there is nothing but legs. You have saved the breasts for some other purpose? and the flesh is white, while our larks at home—"

I was obliged to grin a very broad grin. Madame averted her head to hide the increasing glitter from her eyes. Margaret turned very red, while a sudden idea struck her. "I am sure you have been conspiring together to make me eat frogs!" said she in a tone of decision, but without having quite decided whether to laugh or to cry in consequence.

"Make haste, Madame," said I, "with a bottle of your best Champagne to drink success to our new acquaintances the frogs. But why did we not have the mullet to-day?"

"It is guarded for to-morrow. Monsieur wishes to make economies, and not to live extravagantly."

Next morning was employed in settling ourselves more comfortably, in wondering whether the little chests of drawers in the rooms would hold the contents of our large portmanteaus, in speculating on the quality of an English ham which had been pushed as a makeweight into my own private box of papers, and in arranging a little jaunt into the country, Madame being offered a seat in the *carriole*. Dinner-time returned with ever-pleasing punctuality, and I had a tremendous appetite to welcome the mullet. Madame's shrimp sauce, which smothered the fish, was as successful as the first dashing effort of genius on a new stage and before an unaccustomed public. Does the reader know that some fish have bones, and others cartilages only? though French fish have bones (as well as mouths) which are distinguished by a different title from the same parts in human kind. Well; in helping myself to grey mullet for the fourth or fifth time, I came to a very queer-looking cartilage. "The abominable treachery! I am eating—"

"A dog-fish!" shouted Margaret and Madame Dubois in a breath. "And pray how do you like it, sir? Is it not almost as nice as the frogs?"

"Oh, I don't know," making a rush into strong-stomached stoicism "With shrimp-sauce like this, I should not mind eating the sea-serpent, from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. But, Madame, if I don't pay you off for this—"

"Monsieur must not *fash* himself; that will be bad for his digestion. He gave me a glass of good Champagne yesterday, so I will now give him one in return."

A country drive in pleasant weather calms many a little touch of domestic irritation. We jumped into our *carriole*, mounted a long ascent of road, got a glance of the distant sea, looked over the tree-tops of the rustling forest, and peeped into the valley below, admiring its pretty church spire, its quiet stream, and its neglected *chateaux*, with clipped avenues and right-angled fish-ponds, just outside the village, where the road turns off by the Crucifix, at that corner where the field of late sown flax is shining like a carpet of green silk velvet. We must leave the *carriole* and walk a little way to inspect the fish-ponds; for in them is a colony of frogs of the kind we tasted yesterday—not the dull sluggards that we see in the ditches at home, but lively fellows, thoroughly Frenchified, with a bright green ribbon (the *cordon* of their order) running down the middle of their back. Away they jump, more elastic than grasshoppers, as our footsteps approach the margin of their pond.

"Are those my yesterday's larks?" asked Margaret, in a tone of agreeable surprise; and then she coaxingly and artfully continued, "You must be tired, dear Madame Dubois; take some refreshment. We have brought a few sandwiches, which I prepared myself."

"*San-veeches!* I have never tasted that English dish. *Ma foi!* it is very, very good."

"And the ham?" inquired Margaret, "Do you like our ham?"

"Your ham?" stammered Madame. "Your English ham, which has never been cooked? Oh! I see how it is. And I deserve it. To be made to eat raw ham is a fitting penance for my manifold crimes. I have deceived my husband shamefully; he loathes the name of goat's milk, and I have made him drink it as the genuine produce of the cow. Hare he detests; and, for the mere fun of the thing, I have fed him with beef-cheese, made solely with hare. My poor *bourgeois*, thou art revenged. Raw ham!—Me!"

She would have gone on thus till nightfall, but her despair was so ludicrous, that her very self was compelled to be amused by it. Our smothered mirth burst into a simultaneous shout.

"Well now, Madame," said I, "as these wise tricks have gone the round of our party, pray let us agree to a truce for some time to come. Because, if no other ill consequence follows, we shall all certainly die of laughing."

"*Bah!* said Madame Dubois, "we shall die of something one of these days, and we may as well laugh as long as we can

We shall soon find something else to amuse us, and I now perceive there is nothing more ridiculous than prejudice in eating and drinking."

"Ridiculous?"

"Yes, considering how prevalent it is. Tartars prefer a roasted joint of tough horse to the finest haunch of mutton ever spitted. Chinese have a positive predilection for rats and mice, and cooked cat is amongst their most *recherché* delicacies. A fine kitten fetches a higher price in their markets than a pheasant; and a certain species of ferret cut up into tit-bits, and served in saucers, makes a Mandarin's mouth water. A Mohammedan considers himself polluted if a dog touch the skirt of his garment; a Celestial considers himself blessed if he can only secure for his dinner a canine hind quarter. When the cheap *restaurants* were opened in the Palais Royal in Paris upon the principle of *prix fixé*—one and eightpence for four courses, a dessert, and a pint of wine—they were daily crowded with delighted convives."

"And no wonder, at such a price," observed Margaret.

"Fricaseed chicken and fricandeau veal were most extensively called for and especially relished."

"They are, all the two," said Madame, idiomatically, "if properly kitchened, delicious dishes."

"That depends," I continued. "It happened at exactly the same time there was an almost simultaneous disappearance of the plumpest pet dogs in Paris, and—"

"I guess the rest," interrupted Margaret; "do not make one ill. The fact is," she continued, with judicial gravity, "one man's poison is another man's meat."

"And all which does not poison, fattens," interposed Madame, with economical zeal.

"And there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," I added with epicurean forethought. "What new experiment shall we try to-morrow?"

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE late King's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, called EDWARD after him, was only thirteen years of age at his father's death. He was at Ludlow Castle with his uncle, the Earl of Rivers. The prince's brother, the Duke of York, only eleven years of age, was in London with his mother. The boldest, most crafty, and most dreaded nobleman in England at that time was their uncle RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, and everybody wondered how the two poor boys would fare with such an uncle for a friend or a foe.

The Queen, their mother, being exceedingly uneasy about this, was anxious that instructions should be sent to Lord Rivers to raise an army to escort the young King safely to London. But, Lord Hastings, who was of the court party opposed to the Woodvilles, and who disliked the thought of giving them that power, argued against the proposal, and obliged the Queen to be satisfied with an escort of two thousand horse. The Duke of Gloucester did nothing, at first, to justify suspicion. He came from Scotland (where he was commanding an army) to York, and was there the first to swear allegiance to his nephew. He then wrote a condoling letter to the Queen-Mother, and set off to be present at the coronation in London.

Now, the young King, journeying towards London too, with Lord Rivers and Lord Gray, came to Stony Stratford, as his uncle came to Northampton, about ten miles distant; and when those two lords heard that the Duke of Gloucester was so near, they proposed to the young King that they should go back and greet him in his name. The boy being very willing that they should do so, they rode off and were received with great friendliness, and asked by the Duke of Gloucester to stay and dine with him. In the evening, while they were merry together, up came the Duke of Buckingham with three hundred horsemen; and next morning the two lords and the two dukes, and the three hundred horsemen, rode away together to rejoin the King. Just as they were entering Stony Stratford, the Duke of Gloucester, checking his horse, turned suddenly on the two lords, charged them with alienating from him the affections of his sweet nephew, and caused them to be arrested by the three hundred horsemen and taken back. Then, he and the Duke of Buckingham went straight to the King (whom they had now in their power), to whom they made a show of kneeling down, and offering great love and submission; and then they ordered his attendants to disperse and took him, alone with them, to Northamptom.

A few days afterwards they conducted him to London, and lodged him in the Bishop's Palace. But, he did not remain there long; for, the Duke of Buckingham with a tender face made a speech expressing how anxious he was for the Royal boy's safety, and how much safer he would be in the Tower until his coronation, than he could be anywhere else. So, to the Tower he was taken, very carefully, and the Duke of Gloucester was named Protector of the State.

Although Gloucester had proceeded thus far with a very smooth countenance—and although he was a clever man, fair of speech, and not ill-looking, in spite of one of his shoulders being something higher than the other—and although he had come into the City riding bare-headed at the King's side, and looking very fond of him—he had made the King's mother more uneasy yet; and when the Royal boy was taken to the Tower, she became so alarmed that she took sanctuary in Westminster with her five daughters.

Nor did she do this without reason, for, the Duke of Gloucester, finding that the lords who were opposed to the Woodville family

a certain day, therefore, in October the revolt took place; but unsuccessfully. Richard was prepared, Henry was driven back at sea by a storm, his followers in England were dispersed, and the Duke of Buckingham was taken and at once beheaded in the market-place at Salisbury.

The time of his success was a good time, Richard thought, for summoning a Parliament and getting some money. So, a Parliament was called, and it flattered and fawned upon him as much as he could possibly desire, and declared him to be the rightful King of England, and his only son Edward, then eleven years of age, the next heir to the throne.

Richard knew full well that, let the Parliament say what it would, the Princess Elizabeth was remembered by people as the heiress of the House of York; and having accurate information besides, of its being designed by the conspirators to marry her to Henry of Richmond, he felt that it would prodigiously strengthen him and weaken them, to be beforehand with them, and marry her to his son. With this view he went to the Sanctuary at Westminster, where the late King's widow and her daughter still were, and besought them to come to Court: where (he swore by anything and everything) they should be safely and honourably entertained. They came, accordingly, but had scarcely been at Court a month when his son died suddenly—or was poisoned—and his plan was crushed to pieces.

In this extremity King Richard, always active, thought "I must make another plan." And he made the plan of marrying the Princess Elizabeth himself, although she was his niece. There was one difficulty in the way: his wife, the Queen Anne, was alive. But, he knew (remembering his nephews) how to remove that obstacle, and he made love to the Princess Elizabeth, telling her he felt perfectly confident that the Queen would die in February. The Princess was not a very scrupulous young lady, for, instead of rejecting the murderer of her brothers with scorn and hatred, she openly declared that she loved him dearly; and, when February came and the Queen did not die, she expressed her impatient opinion that she was too long about it. However, King Richard was not so far out in his prediction, but that she died in March—he took good care of that—and then this precious pair hoped to be married. But they were disappointed, for the idea of such a marriage was so unpopular in the country, that the King's chief counsellers, RATCLIFFE and CATESBY, would by no means undertake to propose it, and the King was even obliged to declare in public that he had never so much as thought of such a thing.

He was, by this time, dreaded and hated by all classes of his subjects. His nobles deserted every day to Henry's side; he dared not call another Parliament, lest his crimes should be denounced there; and for want of money, he was obliged to get Benevolences from the citizens, which exasperated them all against him. It was said too, that, being stricken by his conscience, he dreamed frightful dreams, and started up in the night-time, wild with terror and remorse. Active to the last, through all this, he issued vigorous proclamations against Henry of Richmond and all his followers, when he heard that they were coming against him with a Fleet from France; and took the field as fierce and savage as a wild boar—the animal represented on his shield.

Henry of Richmond landed with six thousand men at Milford Haven, and came on against King Richard, then encamped at Leicester with an army twice as great, through North Wales. On Bosworth Field, the two armies met; and Richard, looking along Henry's ranks, and seeing them crowded with the English nobles who had abandoned him, turned pale when he beheld the powerful Lord Stanley and his son (whom he had tried hard to retain) among them. But, he was as brave as he was wicked, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. He was riding hither and thither, laying about him in all directions, when he observed the Earl of Northumberland—one of his few great allies—to stand inactive, and the main body of his troops to hesitate. At the same moment, his desperate glance caught Henry of Richmond among a little group of his knights. Riding hard at him, crying "Treason!" he killed his standard-bearer, fiercely unhorsed another gentleman, and aimed a powerful stroke at Henry himself, to cut him down. But, Sir William Stanley parried it as it fell, and before Richard could raise his arm again, he was borne down in a press of numbers, unhorsed, and killed. Lord Stanley picked up his crown, all bruised and trampled, and stained with blood, and put it upon Richmond's head, amid loud and rejoicing cries of "Long live King Henry!"

That night a horse was led up to the church of the Grey Friars at Leicester; across whose back was tied, like some worthless sack, a naked body, brought there for burial. It was the body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard the Third, usurper and murderer, slain at the battle of Bosworth Field in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of two years.

iar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

USEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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IRISH UNION.

ime—even until very lately—
ny child in Ireland would
parable of the house built
etter than an English reader
stament; for, until lately,
e as any mud dwelling in
far more wretched than Jew
lives in, were exceedingly
and. There are some now,
travellers point them out to
they pass. I do not mean—
that wretched dwellings are
They are fearfully common
particular sort of house—the
the lowest order—has nearly
Wrecks and ruins of such huts,
d away, remain, as mournful
landscape; and it is but too
at would be found under the
of them, the bones of families
famine, and who were buried
l being possible—by tumbling
pon them. But to scores of
be only one such now tenanted.
e in Connemara made with
uble. In a bank or dyke a
; a bit more bank was heaped
er end, and some sticks and
d over the top for a roof. It
rain that we saw this, and the
shing the yellow mud of the
down into the dwelling, almost
peat sods, which sent their
ont. Another, in Kerry, was
house; so many furze bushes
straight out from the side-
oof was so green with weeds,
he hens were scrabbling: yet
mily lodged within, with the
t of them. A third, in Clare,
sort of pit by the roadside,
arry. The inhabitants had to
b down to it and up from it,
in a pond after every shower,
no outlet for the gathered
it-house of straw and rushes
e side of the quarry, and the
of clay. There was just room
t, and a litter of straw to sleep
other and her little children,
ere huddled within the enclo-
sure, when they were not dabbling in the puddle of manure and thick water. On the whole, I think this was the worst I ever saw.

Where do the people live who once lived by thousands in hundreds of such hovels?

They live in the handsomest, and certainly the very cleanest abodes in Ireland; so clean that one might eat one's dinner off the floors, and look long for a speck on the window-panes, or a spider in the sleeping-rooms; mansions of greystone, of the domestic-gothic style of architecture, with lofty ceilings, vast kitchens, and some acres of ground round the walls; and usually, a blooming garden in front, with bushes of roses and fuchsias, and plots of balsams, with tall evergreens intermixed.

What can this mean? It means that, set down thickly all over Ireland, there are now refuges for the poor, called Workhouses.

The time is past for all argument as to whether there ever should have been these workhouses in Ireland. There they are: and if they had not been there, the greater part of the poor of Ireland would have gone, long ago, into the narrowest house of all—underground. No one foresaw the famine when those houses were decreed, planned, and built. They were decreed in 1838; begun in 1839, and first inhabited in 1841; whereas, the famine, as we all know, did not happen till 1846. The houses never were like English workhouses, nor the inmates like English paupers. In Ireland, working for wages never was the rule among the poorer classes, while subsistence upon charity always was encouraged by the old custom of society, and by the popular religion, which makes alms-giving, without stint and without inquiry, a duty and privilege of religion, There were other influences, too, which made destitution something very unlike what it is elsewhere—less of a fault and a disgrace than it is usually esteemed. The workhouse class, therefore, never was an outcast class. If it was not so before the famine, much less could it be so afterwards. When millions of the population were in want of food, and could have it only there, any line of distinction that might have existed before between the people within the workhouses and those outside must be at once effaced.

At first, the people objected vehemently to

go into the house. The large class of roaming beggars, accustomed to whiskey, tobacco, gossip, and idleness, could not bear the confinement to a settled home, where there was work to do, and no pipe or grog; and they cursed the system which drew off so much charity as to compel them to work for their whiskey and tobacco, if they must have them. One such personage would tell a Poor Law Commissioner that he would not know what to do for business but for such as she; but that she would have nothing to say to his big house. And another would declare that he would never enter those doors on any persuasion;—he would *work* first. Some were sure they could not live upon any diet but potatoes; and all shrank from the necessity of being washed on entering the place. The bath was the grand horror. It was a warm bath; pleasant and comfortable, one would think; but the inmates said—and say to this hour—that the washing is like stripping them of a skin, or a suit of clothes; the feel of the air directly meeting their skins is so new and strange!

All balancing between begging and the workhouse was, however, put an end to when the potatoes failed. In one district, where the workhouse was either unfinished or not large enough for the pressure, there stands a large and lofty mansion near the sea-shore. It is in a part of Ireland where two or three ancient families have lived in feudal pride, for centuries. The mansion belonged to the representative of one of those ancient families. Encumbered before, this gentleman could not pay the rates required from him in famine time. He offered his mansion for a workhouse. It was hired for the purpose; and it is an auxiliary workhouse still. He could not touch the rent, for it was the due of his creditors.

He petitioned to be made the master of the workhouse and the office was given to him, and in that capacity he presided in that old family mansion. No one can wonder that he died very soon; and it is a sort of belief that his widow and daughters are not now in the house. I saw a crowd of boys' faces at the windows, and a son of his was there; but I saw also a cottage—a common labourer's cottage—where his widow and daughters live. They have the rent of the house, and some earnings of their own; and, humble as is their home, it is a comfort to think that they have one to themselves. In such a state of things, it is evident that the Irish workhouses are not a depot for an outcast class, but a home for those who have been stripped of everything by a calamity which has swept over the length and breadth of their country.

Everywhere in Ireland there are landmarks of different kinds which notify to the traveller what kind of neighbourhood he is in. In one place, he sees a mast with its tackle on a hill, and he knows that he shall presently encounter the coast-guard station and the men —some cleaning their arms, some looking out to sea, and some busy about the boats on the beach. Elsewhere, in the wildest places, or the moorlands, beside some little lake—or on a knoll in a valley—glittering white amid the landscape, is the police-barrack; and there may be seen some of the constabulary looking out from behind the grating of the windows; and others lolling over the walls, gossipping, or eating, or smoking—and others again, stalking about, with their military bearing, as if to show their broad chests and flat backs, and how well they can hold up their heads. When the traveller sees a palace of grey stone, which might be a college, or a national museum—with an edifice like it, and another at hand or behind, of the same stone, connected with the larger building by walls—he knows that he is not far from a town; for this is a Union Workhouse. He feels some wish to explore the interior of this vast mansion; and he probably employs his first leisure hour—if he is stopping at the town—in walking up to it. At length [illegible] and, finding a ready and ever eager [illegible] everywhere, I inspected a good many, and found each more interesting than the last.

What a pleasant flower-garden [illegible] gay and bright with flowers. Every one of the house has access to this garden, and it is plain that nobody does any harm. We ring the bell. The porter opens to us; and we ask whether we can see the house, eagerly, "O yes, to be sure!" He takes our cards to the Master, but intimates that we are welcome any way; and that perhaps we will write our names in the Visitors' Book before we leave. On one side of the entrance-hall is a room where applicants are received and first spoken to; and on the other, is the room where the surgeon examines them, to ascertain their state of health; and especially, whether they have any infectious disease. If they are healthy, they have only to cleanse themselves thoroughly in the warm bath in the next room, and put on the dress of the house; and then they are ready for admission. Their clothes are seldom worth preserving—being mere strings or bundles of tatters, hung upon them in some incomprehensible way. They could not be taken off and put on in the ordinary way; hence the puzzle about how the poor Irish get into their clothes. The fact is, they are not taken off at all—day nor night. Being off now, they will never be on any shoulders again. They are too flimsy and too filthy to be done anything with even as rags; so they are burnt in the yard. If really garments, and not mere tatters, they are cleansed and laid by, to be claimed by the owner on leaving the house. If he be in any way diseased he goes no further at present, but is lodged in a ward at hand, which opens into an airy yard; and there he stays till he is well.

The Master appearing, we exchange greetings, and ask him how he is satisfied with

...e state of the house now. He tells us that ...is a very different affair now from what it ...as. There are not, at present, many more ...nates than the house was built for, and two ... of five auxiliary houses are closed. In ... of the wards, they are still obliged to put ... in a bed; but it will not be for long. ...ne time, when all the auxiliary houses ... open, and the deaths were twenty-five in ..., it yet was necessary to put three into ...; and, in regard to the children, even

...nty-five deaths in a day! They took ...n the infirmary, of course?

... yes, the greater number did; but it ... uncommon thing to find corpses among ...epers when they were called in the ...s; and several died where we are now ...s—died almost before they had entered ...s; and several dropped and died on ...el walk between this entrance-hall and ...e. Some had waited too long before ...s hoping that potatoes would rise up ...ne where or other.

... Observable that these poor creatures ...ays kept one article of property, ... their uttermost destitution. They ... their pot, wherein to boil their ...r potatoes. If evicted, the peasant ...t with his pot upon his arm. If ...mily huddle under a hedge for ...s their pot is put in the midst. When ...ome to the workhouse, they deposit ...ot with their dearest friend, looking ...d to the day when they shall once ...boil potatoes of their own. Some ...se who died thus immediately had ...d a week or two before, and had re- ... relief while waiting until room could ...de for them; but they were too far ...to bear the removal; and a place had ...e made for them in the dead-house, ...ad of beside the fire. Too many of them ... fancied that they could not live on the ... of the house, and had held out until they ...k for want of any kind of food whatever. ...se who thus died, actually within the ...ls of the house, were usually adults, and ...fly elderly people. The children remained, ...haned at the moment of their delivery into ... care of society at large. In 1849, there ...e eight hundred girls in one work-house— ... at Cavan.

...hey are the girls and boys that we see ...—the boys on the right hand, and ... girls on the left, as we proceed to the ...se. How healthy they look! Their ..., how glossy; their eyes, how clear and ...ht! But there are several who have ... an eye. That was from the ophthalmia ...ast year. Alas! it is even worse this ...r.

...ow comes that? Nobody seems to know ... well; but it spreads most among those ... have lived in a crowded and dirty state, ... have sunk into a bad bodily condition. ...he girls, as they walk in the sun or sit together in the shade of the wall some are knitting, but more are doing crochet-work. That sort of work is a good maintenance for a woman in Ireland now. It is an excellent resource, no doubt; but the fashion is hardly likely to last very long; and it is to be supposed that the greater number of these girls will emigrate. Their art will not be of much use to them in an American wood, or on an Australian sheep-walk. I hope they are taught cooking, and washing, and plain-sewing too. Yes!—and spinning and weaving? Good!—and the boys? The little ones are romping, as the younger girls are—and as both should, at their years. Some of the lads are gardening; and we shall see others in the house. There is no pauper appearance about any of these children. Children could not be more clean and wholesome.

Mounting the steps of the house, we see on the right hand a pleasant parlour, with the remains of dinner on the table. These are the apartments of the master and mistress. Their rooms open into the school-rooms—the lofty, light, spacious apartments, with their rows of benches, and the platform at one end for the teacher, and the great black board, with its bit of chalk lying ready at hand. These schools are under the system of the National Board, and here may be seen the pleasant sight of Catholic and Protestant children sitting side by side, without any thought of quarrelling on theological subjects. However it may be hereafter, one cannot but suppose that they will be the happier and the more amiable for having thus sat together now.

At an angle of the boy's school-room is the work-room. A steady-looking man is walking about, from loom to loom, seeing how his pupils get on. That little fellow, who is leaning so anxiously over his web, has learned weaving only four days.

The women and girls bring their crochet-work up to the likeness of point-lace with very little teaching; finding out for themselves how to execute any pattern that may have met their eye. One of these girls, who had puzzled over such a pattern, saw in a dream how to do it, and got up in the night to put it down, that she might not lose it again. And these novices are weaving—rather slowly, perhaps—but without fault, as far as we can see.

What is this furthest room? Oh! here are the aged men sitting in a room which is not a thoroughfare, and where there is no draught. They cower over the fire, even in warm weather. But, these are only a few of them; more are out in the sun, and some are in bed upstairs. The aged women are in a corresponding apartment at the other end; and we go to see them. On our way we find the nursery. It answers to the boys' work-room. What a strange sight it is—such a crowd of infants. Some can run alone; and they play bo-peep behind the old women's aprons. Some sit on

the floor sucking their thumbs; two or three dozens are in cradles, asleep, or staring wide awake. What is the age of that wonderfully flexible infant, sitting up, and looking all red and brown? About eleven hours! Do children sit up at eleven hours old in Ireland? We never heard of such a thing before, and we cannot fancy that it can be right; but it is to be sure a very fine child. It is a pleasant thing for the old women to have the infants so near at hand. The infirm need not be troubled with them, but the hardier ones seem to enjoy playing granny, and having a rosy cheek pillowed on their widowed arms, or watching beside the cradle, or letting bo-peep be played behind their aprons.

We have now seen the whole width of this ground-floor. Next, we must see the length. We pass through a yard, and glance into the wash-house, where women and girls are busy and merry among the suds, and managing the great boilers. In the adjoining laundry, there are large hot closets, where heaps of clothes are drying in a trice. Answering to these places are the kitchen and shed. In the kitchen, there are large boilers to manage, and a girl, mounted on a stool, is wielding—not the washing staff—but a kind of oar. That is soup she is stirring, with such an exertion of strength. It is the soup that the people have every day for dinner. No—there is no meat in it. They have never been meat eaters. Milk is their only animal food—now, as always. The soup is made of meal, with a variety of vegetables shredded in, and salt and pepper. This, with a loaf of bread made of mixed Indian meal and rye, is their dinner. It is near four o'clock now; and we may see them at dinner presently. Four is their dinner hour; and they have nothing more, unless they like to keep some of their bread for supper: but they go to their beds at seven. Their other meal is breakfast, at nine. For this they have porridge made of Indian meal, very thick and nourishing. The delicate ones certainly grow strong upon this diet, however they may be prejudiced against it at first. The Indian meal that came over when it was first introduced into Ireland was not as good as what we get now; but, if the people now had to live on potatoes alone, there is no doubt they would like to have some meal also. At least, so it has been found, out of the house. They are soon to have potatoes again—just twice a week; and greatly they are reckoning on this: but they may find themselves more fond of the meal than they are aware of. They are now entering the dining-hall. Let us see them take their places.

This room is the chapel as well as the dining-hall. It is spacious and lofty, and the tables and benches standing across the room instead of lengthwise, give a sociable appearance to the dining. This arrangement is necessary for chapel purposes, no doubt; but it seems an improvement on the old long board. What a change it must be to most of these people to sit down to a clean table, on a clean bench, and with clean hands; instead of huddling round the pot, on a clay floor, half full of stinking puddles.

To us there looks something sad in the uniform meal—the same every day, and for everybody, and served out like the food of domestic animals—the soup poured out from the boiler like wash, and ladled into hundreds of tin pans, all alike. But, besides that this is unavoidable, it is so superior an affair to the former feeding of all this company, and to what they would have, if they were not here, that Sentiment on the subject would be quite misplaced.

This seems a free and easy personage enough; this girl who runs up to us, crying out, in the immediate presence of the matron, "Give me a halfpenny!" She looks uncommonly merry, I must say. The poor thing is crazy. The matron takes her by the shoulders, and makes her sit down to table, where she munches her bread and drinks her soup with great satisfaction, calling to us between every mouthful, "Give me a halfpenny!" That was probably the first thing she was taught to say, and the most earnest prayer she was ever trained to utter. That stout woman of thirty looks merry, too; is she crazy? No, she has not that excuse. She is incorrigibly idle. She has been set up in life many times; last time she showed such a horror of the workhouse, that this lady at my elbow collected a little money and set her up with a fruit-stall, with the necessary baskets and stock, and had supposed to this moment that she was doing well. But here she is, stall and stock and baskets all gone, and she laughing at being found out.

What a strange company it is!—what odd infirmities, and what a gradation of ages brought together! Did you ever see a clumsier or shorter dwarf than she who is filling the pans? And the young man without a coat, who has lost his right arm—he is not a pauper, surely—seeing his moustache. No, he is employed in the yards; that is all; though he looks as if he fancied himself the master of all and everybody. Looking along the tables, however, and passing over the cases of personal injury from disease or accident, a fine state of health seems to be the rule.

Let us walk forward, and see the boys at their meal. While standing there, a stifled giggle is heard behind us, and then a clink, which the matron does not hear while talking with that boy. Glancing back, we see the women grinning, the dwarf running as fast as her little legs will carry her after the long-limbed gentleman with the moustache, who is fond of a romp it seems. She throws a tin pan after him; the clatter rouses the matron; the youth escapes into the yard, and the dwarf is bidden to sit down to her dinner instantly; in the midst of all which, the crazy

girl stands up, and cries after us incessantly, "Give me a halfpenny!"

We are to go next to the infirmary—the women's work-room being empty at dinner time. The infirmary is at the further end of this hall, divided from it only by a vestibule, so that the convalescent may attend chapel without going out of doors. At first we see only a sprinkling of sick people; a room where the extremely aged are in their comfortable beds; their palsied heads shaking on their pillows, and their half-closed eyes looking as if the sleep of death were visibly creeping over them: and another room where three or four young mothers are recovering from their confinement. These, we are told, are, like many whom we saw below, "deserted women." Their "desertion," however, turns out to be a smaller affair than the sad word would convey. These women are all wives; and they are, for aught that anybody knows, loved by their husbands. The husbands are gone to earn money for them, and will come back, or send money for their families to follow them. Some who are in England for the harvest, will return, with the funds for winter subsistence; but more will spend the money in going to America, from Liverpool or Bristol, where they will earn more money still, and send for their wives, after a year or two. Meantime, the women seem to make very light of their "desertion." The whole thing was planned by them and their husbands, no doubt; and they are looking forward to better days, in a home beyond the sea.

And now we come to the strangest suite of rooms of all. At the first glimpse, it is like entering an arbour. The walls are coloured green, and all the window-blinds (which are down, although the windows are open), are green also. There is a green tinge, from the reflection, on all the white pillows and sheets, and on the faces of all the patients, who are lying in precisely the same posture, and as if asleep—all those scores and hundreds of them, from end to end of all the wards. They are all "down in the ophthalmy." The only difference, except in age, in any wardfull of patients is, that some have wet rag laid across their eyes, and others have the rag on the pillow ready to be put on at any moment. It is a very mournful sight. That little boy of four years, admitted into the female ward for convenience—the beautiful child with the long lashes lying on his blooming cheeks—is he to be blind? Or the delicate-looking girl of twelve, with her bright hair lying all about her head in thick waves; or those mothers who listen for their children's voices from the playground, and will soon have them in their arms, but may never see their faces again—are these likely to be blind? The medical officer, who approaches our party, makes a sign to intimate that although all eyes are closed, these people are not asleep. We are not likely to forget that. The thoughtful expression of the patient faces, the hand quietly put up to shift the rag, the slight uneasy movement of the head mutely telling of pain, are all-sufficient signs of wakefulness. As soon as we are in a white light again, the surgeon says that he hopes he has turned the corner now: he is dismissing his patients by fifties at a time, and fewer are falling into the disease.

The proportion of those who lose both eyes is very small. Of the forty-six thousand cases of ophthalmia which occurred in the Irish workhouses last year, only two hundred and sixty-three resulted in total blindness; and above forty thousand were cured. Six hundred and fifty-six lost one eye each. These facts seem to show that there must be a lamentable amount of disease of the eyes out of the workhouses; for the large number of one-eyed persons whom we meet in all the towns make such a number as the above appear a mere trifle among the whole population. The doctor cannot at all explain the prodigious extent of the disease. Dirt, crowding, and foul air will account for a good deal of it. May not the glare of the whitewash in some of the auxiliary workhouses, and in some of the better villages, have something to do with it? This white dazzling glare may be trying to eyes already weak, perhaps. And the peat smoke in cabins that have no windows or chimney? That may aggravate a tendency. And is it, can it be, true that the people give themselves the disease—rub their eyes with irritating matters, to obtain a berth in the infirmary? Yes: it is true with regard to some of the slighter cases. There are always some who would suffer a good deal to avoid work, or to obtain the superior diet necessary in ophthalmia. It is strange and sad; but we are comforted by hearing from the doctor that the little boy, and the young girl, and those indispensable mothers, are likely to be as well as we are, very soon.

The idiot wards have been taken for these ophthalmic patients. They can be well spared. The three or four idiots in the establishment are quite inoffensive, and may be allowed to bask in the sun, or to cower over the fire. At first, when it was proposed to bring the poor creatures here, the neighbours were shocked, not only at the cruelty, but at the impiety of the notion. Regarding the disease as a sort of sanctity, they could not endure the thought of any confinement—of any "prison"—for these helpless beings who would be sure to pine within stone walls. There is no pining, however; nothing but more warmth and cleanliness, and better air, and greater security of food than elsewhere. Most of them are now cared for, in lunatic asylums; but in every workhouse, there may be found one or more idiots, as if to complete the character of the place as a refuge.

The Matron produces a key. We are to see the dormitories, which are kept locked

after the morning sweeping and airing. They are curious places; long rooms, with an aisle or gangway along the middle, left by platforms on either hand, about ten inches high. On each platform lies a row of bundles, each bundle being a bed for one person—unless a pressure of numbers compels crowding. The mattrass is tied in the form of an arch; and resting upon it is a smaller arch, composed of the rug and blankets neatly folded and set up in that form. The beauty of the platform is that it can be kept perfectly and constantly clean, which is more, I believe, than can be said of any bedstead whatever, liable to promiscuous use. The beds being lifted away, the platform can be swept and scoured like a floor, and it everywhere looks like a new deal table. In three hours' time the people below will come up in detachments, be told off into their wards, untie each his or her bedding, and go into a bed as clean as in a gentleman's house. Ah! how unlike the sleeping accommodation I have seen in many a better cabin than these people came from—bedsteads standing in a slough of mud, with potatoes stowed away underneath, the turf-stack within reach, the hens perched on the tattered counterpane, and little pigs rubbing their snouts against the ricketty head-board!

As we are about to leave the room, somebody bursts in, crying, "Give me a halfpenny!" and is instantly turned out. Nobody—not even the crazy girl—is allowed to enter the dormitories after they have been locked for the day. To divert the girl's attention, we ask her the way to the womens' work-room; which she shows, saying the same thing the whole time, even in the midst of the whirr of the spinning-wheels, and the clack of the looms, where women are singing at their work.

What do I spy on one post of the loom? A horse-shoe nailed on. I saw the same thing on the sink, when we passed through the kitchens. The matron is deaf when I ask what it means; then she says it means nothing; and, finally, that she does not know. I am told, aside, that she knows as well as anybody. The horse-shoe is there for luck—to keep away evil beings. The matron says, also, that she does not know why so many of the girls and women wear rings—of zinc, apparently, and, for the most part, on the middle finger of the right hand: but it is believed that the matron knows that the girls would part with anything rather than these rings, because they have been blessed by the priest. Some of these rings will be worn in places very far away. These girls are petitioning the guardians—tens and twenties of petitioners at a time—to enable them to emigrate. There is nothing to stay for here; for a workhouse is not a home for life, for anybody who can get a better; and in Australia they are so pressingly wanted—both to spread comfort through existing homes, and to mkae new homes. The thing will be done. All difficulties will disappear in time, before the reasonableness of the petition.

Before departing, we go to the Board-room, where the guardians meet. It is in the entrance building over the hall. Here was planned that strange proceeding, the clearing of the workhouse of the able-bodied, or a certain number of them, without distinction of sex, whereby upwards of twenty girls were thrust out into the world without protection or resource. And here were received the indignant rebukes of a nobleman and a clergyman who did not at all approve of such a method of lowering the rates. As if by mutual agreement, the guardians of several unions did this; and all have been visited with such censure from the Poor Law Commissioners, as well as their neighbours, that such a piece of profligate tyranny is not likely to occur again. We look at the very instructive documents which stud the walls of this solemn room, where the fates of so many human beings are decided; we receive the statistical memoranda we petitioned for, and in return write our names, addresses, and a remark or two in the Visitors' Book.

As we go away, we stop a minute to see the boys at work in the sloping fallow which descends to the meadow. That bit of ground—somewhere about two acres—has been all dug by the boys, and now they are trenching it, in a style of thoroughness which one would like to see throughout their country. They are regularly taught by a qualified agricultural instructor; and certainly that field of turnips, and the mangold wurzel beyond, clean and strong, do credit to his teaching. *It is incredible that the agriculture of Ireland can long remain in its present disgraceful state, when thousands of boys like these go out into the world as able-bodied labourers; and it is incredible that the many thousands of orphan girls who are brought up in habits of cleanliness, thrift, and industry in these refuges, should not produce some effect upon the comfort and household virtue of the next generation.* They may not be having the best possible education, but they are receiving one which is wonderfully good for their original position and circumstances. The impression on my own mind is, that those boys are Ireland's best guarantee against famine, and those girls against fever, in the next generation. If any reader stares at such a saying, let him tell us what better security against these woes he can point out, than a generation of men able and inclined to produce a variety of foods; and of women trained to make the cheapest abode in the land the cleanest and wholesomest. If there is something going on even better than this, we shall be delighted to hear of it. The training is about external things, we grant; but the evils we speak of—famine and fever—are external in the last degree.

So, this is not a very bad kind of Union that we have visited; and perhaps another

on of which we have heard some angry ds, may have its advantages for Ireland r all.

A GUEST FOR THE NIGHT.

IRTEEN years ago this very month—n not likely to forget the date of the t I am about to describe—I lived in ıet respectable street in the Faubourg ıerbeek, in Brussels, and I was a student he Hospital de St. Pierre, attending ures there, and studying Medicine, with ull conviction that I could never make rgeon while I lived. A constitutional or of blood, and a reluctance to ap-ch a dead body, which no amount of had been able to weaken, were sufficient ations that Nature had not destined me the profession to which I found myself ted. Why I continued to listen to lectures which I scarcely carried away a single and to read books upon which I strove in to fix my attention, is not necessary told here. It is enough to say that I no escape; that my fate had willed I should be a surgeon, or nothing. All made me, after a while, gloomy; then less; then gloomy again. I had taken to ting—first as an amusement, and then the hope of becoming a painter. But t was there left of faces or landscapes un-ated in the land of Teniers?—tha laborious lus who would sketch and finish a picture wixt dawn and bed-time. I saw that I was n in too late an age. I had ventured upon rature, and failed. I had devoted myself chemistry for a while; had almost dis-ered a new way of staining glass a liant ruby; but something baulked me in moment of success. This was the history ll my attempts. I resolved to be careless he future; took to cultivating gera-ns, playing on the pianoforte, and reading aphysics.

he house in which I lived, was an old mish mansion with two wings, and a wall; ow of trees hiding it from the street. sitting-room was so wide and lofty, no number of candles on the table at it would drive the darkness out of the ers. Half the rooms in the house being riably empty, the lodge-keeper had ed me this, at a rent little exceeding the of a garret in England, and my fond-for geraniums contributed to decide me ccept his offer; for the folding window of room opened on to the flat leads of the er's house, and in this space I deter-ed to make a flower-garden.

was on an afternoon late in the autumn; e had been rain nearly all day; the sky still dark with clouds, and the air was so l that I had lighted my fire. I had been walking upon the leads, plucking the ow leaves from my geraniums, and enjoy-the sweet scent of leaf and blossom washed in the showers. The crimson of their flowers looked brighter than usual, and the silvery drops of rain hung on the hair of their stalks, and on the tips of their leaves. "What need," thought I, "to strive for distinction, when so slight a thing serves to delight me?" But, as I stepped up into my room again, a shadow came over my happy mood; and I thought of all that had been said by poets and others about the man who lives alone and dies unloved. There was my neighbour, Vandermere, who had just bid me "good day" from his window; I used to chat with him sometimes, when out attending to my garden, for one of his rooms opened also on to these leads on the opposite side. He, too, was a painter, and had begun to study, with thoughts of rivalling the greatest masters; had married and got a family; had given up all dreams of fame, content to copy pictures for his customers in the Museum; which to do him justice, were hardly distinguishable from the originals. *He* did not talk of disappointed hopes. If ever there were a happy man, he was one. "Domestic life," said I, "is the true consolation for the disappointments of ambition. It is a wife that I want." But of all my discoveries this was the most impracticable, for half-a-dozen reasons; all so powerful, that if I could have removed any five of them, the remaining one would have made marriage at that time utterly impossible to me.

I walked to and fro, and then stood at the window; against which a long branch of the vine, blown from the side of the house, was tapping as the wind lifted it up and down. Drops of rain were swept down from the edges of the roof with every gust, and the sky was growing darker. Vandermere, the painter, had gone from his window, and his light had disappeared. Altogether the aspect out of doors was by no means cheering to a solitary man.

Neither was there anything cheerful in the aspect of my great room. My chemical apparatus and my easels reminded me of time thrown away in efforts lost, because abandoned too early. I considered my past career, and found it all unprofitable. Six months previously I had given up some dissipated companions, and determined never again to visit a gaming-table, for which I had begun to feel a kind of inclination. Yet what progress had I made since? My spirit was less; for, my hopes, which were new then, were now worn out. My future was more aimless than ever. I knew that my mind required employment, but I lacked resolution to apply myself to anything. I could think of no occupation that might serve to amuse me that evening. I took out my case of instruments, polished them for awhile, and then shut them up, and flung them away. Even my old favourite author, the Count Xavier de Maistre, could not help me. I could do nothing but sit in my low

elbow-chair before the fire, and dream away the time.

A circumstance which had happened some months before, and of which I had not lately been thinking, coming suddenly into my head without any apparent cause, led me to meditate upon the manner in which ideas are connected in our minds. I strove to trace this idea back, from link to link. But so secret and rapid are the operations of the mind, that I could in no way trace the recollection to its origin.

Yet remembering that the most trivial circumstances will sometimes give rise to a train of thought, leading us by circuitous ways —though with the swiftness of light—to ideas which have no apparent relation to those from which we started, I fancied that some object near me, some noise, either of the wind or the rain that was beginning to beat again upon the window, or of voices which I might have involuntarily noted—or that the time and situation in which I found myself, or even the weather—might be in some way connected with this reminiscence; and taking several of these things in succession, I amused myself by diverging from each by every chain of association which my fancy could suggest, in the hope that I should thus discover in what way this circumstance had been brought into my mind.

"But who," thought I, "shall trace the intricacies of this subject? For, as a flower may remind me of Plato, though it may be impossible to discover by what way my mind has travelled from one to the other; so, a sensation born of the time, or place, or circumstances, in which I find myself, may, through many secret gradations, re-awaken a sensation belonging to some past time, and thus bring before me a scene with which that sensation is allied."

I had been long absorbed in these solitary reveries, when I became aware of the fact that I had been unconsciously uttering some of my reasonings aloud. The sound of my own voice startled me, as if it had come from another part of the room. The solitude and stillness, to me, awakening from my dreaming mood, impressed me with a strange, uneasy feeling. It was quite dark. I could not distinguish my piano, my easels, or my paintings on the wall; until the log upon the fire, suddenly bubbling and sending out smoke, caught in a jet of flame, lighted the room a moment, and went out. After that, I sat with my face resting on my hands, looking down into the fire, and wondering at the stillness in the house. I listened for some minutes, and could hear no one speaking or moving in any of the rooms, or any footsteps on the stairs. Once I heard laughter at a distance, where a door had been opened; but the door was shut again instantly, and I heard it no longer. I had but lately recovered from an illness, and my physical weakness made me feel more strongly the loneliness of my situation. Strange notions, such as at other times I should have laughed away, held my mind with the power of realities. I fancied that I heard a stealthy footstep creeping up near me; and next, that some one was standing close behind my chair. So impressed was I with the latter fancy, that at last I sprang upon my feet; and, turning round, stretched out my hand to assure myself that I was mistaken. Nor was it until I had struck the burning logs with the tongs, and made a flame which lighted the room, that I could entirely banish these notions. Wondering that I could be so moved by such imaginations, and led by my pride to think of moments when I had found myself not wanting in courage in the presence of real danger, I sat down again, and watched the fire—playing on the wood, and gradually diminishing, until only one little flame was left hovering on the tip of a wreath of smoke—going out and coming in again, until it was finally extinguished, and only thin clouds of smoke and steam were left to trail up the wide chimney. I stirred the logs again until they were burnt through, and watched them until covered with ash, the red glow sank into the crevices made by the fire. Then the current of my thoughts seemed to lose itself—absorbed into vacancy, like a rivulet in the sands—and I sat idly looking at the dark hearth.

It was just at this moment that I was aroused by a tapping at the door. I had fancied that I heard it once before; but, having previously heard no footsteps mounting the stairs, I had concluded that I was mistaken. I felt for my lamp upon the table, and hastened to light it before answering the summons. While I was vainly endeavouring to blow the last spark into a flame the tapping was repeated more loudly, and I proceeded to open the door in the dark.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, seeing no one on the dark landing.

"It is I," said a voice. "You will scarcely have expected me."

"M. Falck!" I said; for I recognised the voice. "This is very remarkable."

The unexpected visit of this man, connected as he was with the subjects of my previous reveries, reminded me of stories of people who have supposed themselves visited by persons they have known; and have even held long conversations with the objects of their imagination. I had always disliked him. Many months before, I had parted from him in anger, and had not seen him since. He had never visited me at home at any period; and I could not imagine his object in coming to me now.

"You have something to say to me, M. Falck?" I asked.

"Let us have a light," said he, "and I will explain."

Bidding him come in and shut the door, I struck a light, and set my lamp upon the table. My visitor flung himself upon a seat.

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young man. He goes on sometimes blundering, and growing familiar with evil, until his sense is blunted, he excuses everything, and cannot bring himself to believe that he is become what the world calls a scoundrel."

His tone and manner were so utterly abject, that I could not help pitying him. Perhaps my previous loneliness made me feel a satisfaction in any kind of companionship. I saw that he was suffering from some recent misfortune, and I attributed his self-accusations to the tone of despondency thus wrought in his mind. I even reproached myself with my old antipathy to him, and thought how few men would hate each other, perhaps, if the minds of all were left bare.

"Come," I said, "let us not look at troubles until we are half blinded. Turn away from them to-night, and to-morrow you will see your way the clearer."

"I am worn out, Valentine," said he. "This is no thing of to-day nor of yesterday. I have held up, and have kept a careless outside, with such things in my heart as would have driven any other man mad; but I cannot hold up any longer. I have been hunted about like a runaway slave—turning this way and that—and finding myself baulked on every side. I have determined," he said, rising up suddenly, "to be haunted no more."

"Well, well," said I, "no more of this now. Let us make a fire and be cheerful this stormy weather."

Casting on some additional logs, and fanning the embers until they ignited and began to blaze, I sat down, and bade him also bring a chair up to the fire.

"I am as wet and cold as a dog's nose," said he, spreading his hands over the blaze.

"You have been in the country," I remarked, seeing some clay upon his boots.

"I have walked some ten leagues to-day. This rainy, windy weather is enough to blow and drench a man's life out of him; and the cloudy sky weighs upon my spirits, as if I were buried alive in lead."

"You have only just returned to Brussels?"

"I arrived here this afternoon from Paris, and have been walking about the muddy streets ever since, to no purpose. I thought I had a friend or two here; but I find I have not. It is my own fault. I chose my own acquaintances, and might have known what they would be to me, when such a time as this should arrive. Yet," he continued, looking at the fire, "there was one from whom I hoped something better. Never mind now! After the conduct of Honorine, I need not have looked for honesty in the world. This friend never lived under my roof, as she did, for years—sharing my prosperity, and swearing every day that it was all for love of me. May she die in a hospital!"

Several times I essayed to divert our conversation into new channels, but he invariably returned to the same subject; and at length

I let him speak on without interrupting him. After a while, his anger seemed to have spent itself, and he lapsed into a silence, which lasted for some minutes,

"I am poor, Falck," said I, pulling out my purse——

"No," he said, stopping me with a motion of the hand; "it is not money I want. If you will give me a shelter to-night, I will promise never to trouble you any more. This is as much as you, or any man, can do for me now."

I would have asked him more particularly the nature of his troubles, in the hope of being able to advise or assist him; but his abrupt manner and manifest irritability restrained me. I determined to wait and see whether this would pass away. I watched him as he sat with his back turned to the lamp, and noticed the changes of expression in his features, corresponding to the succession of thoughts in his mind; and, giving way again to my fanciful mood, I interpreted them in my own way, until I had built up a theory of his misfortunes, satisfactory to myself. At length, the singularity of his manner, and his long silence, took so strong a hold upon my mind, that I began to feel his presence irksome and to repent of having admitted him. The recollection that I had been unaccountably led to think of him, when sitting alone; and to call to mind the manner in which we had last parted; the words he had used, and how in the height of my passion I had threatened him in a public room; coupled with the fact of his being now actually sitting before me; perplexed me anew. Wilder fancies than any I had had before followed each other swiftly through my mind like the blood globules in the veins. He seemed to my imagination, after looking intently at him for some time, to begin to grow taller, and then gradually, to shrink to his original form again, like the Afrite before the fisherman. The fire-light beginning to flicker, gave to his features the appearance of a succession of strange grimaces, which annoyed me. I would gladly have invented some means of getting rid of him—but it was already late, and I could hear the rain still falling out of doors.

"Will you eat anything, Falck?" said I, seeing a pretext for breaking the silence.

"If you have a glass of Schiedam," he said, "or anything that would raise a man's spirits—"

"A bottle of Rhine wine?" I said, rising from my chair to fetch it.

My visitor nodded assent; and I set the bottle before him. Hastily filling a goblet, he drained it off. "You will drink with me?" said he. "Let us have another glass. This has a good rough smack with it that feels honest. Drink! I think I will take your advice and ponder no more on troubles to-night. Let us be merry. Play me some of the lively melodies of 'Le Nozze,' or 'Il Barbiere.' Yet no," he added abruptly, "music makes me thoughtful, no matter how lively. Have you a set of dice?"

"I have determined never to gamble," said I.

"So have I, you cannot have better reason to hate a dice-box than I have. Don't think I want to gamble. Let our stakes be pebbles, if you will. I want to pass an hour or two lightly."

Yielding to his explanation, I searched for and found my dice; and my visitor and I seated ourselves facing each other at the table in the middle of the room, and began to play.

"Did ever gamester have such luck!" he exclaimed, after several throws. "I might have won a fortune to-night. Strange! I knew a man—a Russian—in Darmstadt, who would play for nothing, and beat all the world; and yet if he staked a kreutzer, anybody might win it from him. Again! Tell me; for you have a turn for thinking—do you fancy I might have gone elsewhere and thrown the same casts?"

"Numberless minute things contribute to the result of every throw," I answered; "as, for example, the position of your arm, the number of times you have shaken the box, the force with which you cast the dice, the roughness or smoothness of their edges, the angles at which they strike the table. Any one of these things might have been modified at any other moment. The simplest result is connected with a chain of causes running back to all eternity; and the slightest derangement in any link of them might have prevented it."

"True," replied my visitor. "*Let us drink* another glass, and throw again."

"The game does not interest me," I said.

"Very well: I will play against myself, for an experiment. See, my luck holds nearly the same. And yet I have sometimes been 'throwing out' a whole night. Diable! I could knock my head against the wall."

My visitor, at this point, cast down the dice-box violently; walked to and fro muttering; then returned to the table, and began to throw again. Sitting facing him, in an easy chair, I watched his movements, listening to his exclamations, and the quick rattle and click of the dice, until I began to feel sleepy. I resisted my drowsiness, however, for some time; for I felt a kind of fear of falling asleep while he sat there. But the influence of the wine I had drunk, and the monotony of sounds, drew me gradually into slumber: the light of the lamp began to glimmer, the face of my companion became like many faces, the rattle of the dice-box followed me as I sank into wild and painful dreams, and became wholly oblivious of time and place.

I have since so often recalled the events of that evening, that no single circumstance or shade of thought then passing over my mind

ed from my memory, after thirteen I slept for several hours, and re- distinctly what I was dreaming of the chilliness of the room began to me. A sensation of coldness pene- into my dreams; I became conscious external power gradually drawing me my slumber; and I instinctively re- it, clinging to sleep to the last. But collection of where I was slowly re- with a comfortless sense of a dark room, and a depression of spirits. My ened gradually; and although the lamp tinguished, I saw, by the faint light of dow, the countenance of my companion intently at me from the opposite side table. His arms were lying upon the nd his chin resting upon them; his eyes most on a level with mine, as I sat in chair. The idea that he had been o attack me, and that, while closely sing my features to see if I were asleep, been suddenly arrested by my eyes , struck me in an instant, and I started ect.

at!" I said, "sitting awake, without light?"

ompanion did not answer.

oding over troubles again?" I con- in an assumed tone of raillery. "For- that you are in the dark, and how is?"

till kept silent, and without making htest movement.

oped down to the hearth, and raked bers with a match; they were mere Taking my lamp from the table, k a light, and endeavoured to ignite it; wick was burnt away, and the oil ted. The match going out, left me n darkness. I called my companion e, without arousing him. With a dread g nearer to him, I stood undecided. s in a fit; it may save his life to him," said I, temporising with myself. search for my lancets," and I groped y about, and felt among my apparatus ne time, before I remembered having case upon the table when cleaning

came a conviction that my visitor troyed himself. I hastened to arouse se; but stopped suddenly, and closed r again, for the idea that I might used of murder occurred to me. different circumstances I might at ave rejected such an apprehension; eakened by long illness, depressed by us excitement, and overwrought by itious fancies, I saw it almost as ainty. I knew how ingeniously the l sometimes turn the slightest evidence the accused, and I recollected the y circumstance of my having threat- im with vengeance, in the presence of who, no doubt, remembered the fact. proached the table again. There was just sufficient light to distinguish an object quite close; and as I went near to him upon the side next the window, I saw immediately the truth of my suspicion. He had inflicted upon himself a deep wound in the side of the neck; and his arms sinking on the table, his chin had fallen upon them, in the attitude in which I had first seen him. I found my instrument-case upon the table; and raising him slightly, I discovered one of my lancets open in his hand. His face and hands were cold. Setting him up in the chair, I felt for his pulse, and found it stopped.

In this terrible situation, and while still sustaining him in my arms, the danger which threatened me presented itself so vividly that I became half paralysed. The previous quarrel, the instrument being my property, the wound itself being of an unusual kind, and such as only one acquainted with surgery would be supposed to inflict—all this seemed to me evidence sufficient to convict me. How many murders have been committed from apparently weaker motives? A murder is in itself a monstrosity in the history of humanity, and supposes in its author a man not governed by common principles of reason. Is the folly of the act ever taken as an argument of innocence? Most men judging from their own natures, as they are accustomed to do in ordinary matters, would decide every murder to be improbable; but they know, notwithstanding, that such crimes are frequent, and will readily believe them, however unnatural. These were my thoughts as I stood there at that moment. But I had unconsciously added a sign of guilt still more to be feared than any I had considered: in my agitation I had taken no care to avoid contact with blood; and I now discovered that one of my cuffs was wet, and I did not doubt that there were traces of blood on other parts of my clothes.

To give an alarm now; and, agitated as I was, to maintain the truth of my strange story, seemed in my imagination to be certain destruction. My fear urged me irresistibly to fly. I did not know what was the hour: the glimmer of light might be the first indication of dawn, or the light of the moon behind the clouds. My wild intention was to select as many necessary articles as I could carry, to lock my door, and to depart at once, in the hope of reaching the frontier on foot, and getting next perhaps to England, where I could learn the result of the discovery of the body.

But, in that moment, as I stood hesitating, I suddenly felt that the window was darkened; and, looking round, I saw with terror, at only a few yards distance, the figure of a man, intently watching me through the glass. I could not be mistaken: for the sky behind made his outline distinctly visible. He remained still for a moment, then moved from one side to the other, as if trying to ascertain what object I concealed behind me; but, in

spite of my alarm, I moved slightly each time to right and left, in order to intercept his view. I suspected that it was my opposite neighbor, the painter; but the figure seemed taller than his; and I could not imagine any reason he could have for looking through my window at that hour. Whoever it might be, I could scarcely doubt that his suspicions were aroused by something that had attracted his notice. He might have been there some minutes before I observed him: perhaps he had seen me leaning over the body, with the instrument in my hand. I knew that it was difficult, from without, to distinguish anything in a dark room; but, if he had seen nothing, how could I account for the evident eagerness of his scrutiny?

The figure stood still again; then, I saw it apparently listening; lastly, I heard it tap sharply with its nails upon the glass. With the faint hope that I had not been seen, I determined to remain still. The tapping was repeated after a minute or two; but soon after, to my great relief, I saw the figure disappear down the steps leading to the leads.

The idea that the man was gone to give an alarm, and to have me arrested, struck me with the force and the suddenness of a musket bullet. I went to the window and looked out, but I could see no one, nor any light at the opposite house. Finding that the sash was unfastened, I drove in the pin-bolt that hung at the side, and pulled down the blind. Then I changed my coat for another, and seizing a stick only, I went out, fastened the door of my room, took the key away, and crept down stairs. Crossing the square yard, I called, in a voice as unlike my own as I could make it, to the porter to pull the string of the gate; which the inhabitants of the house were accustomed to do, sometimes at late hours. The door opened, and, without looking behind me, I closed it after me and hurried away.

The clocks were striking three as I hurried along the Boulevards. A man at the Barrière de Hal asked me where I was going. I said I was a surgeon, and that I was called to attend a patient outside the Barrière; and he let me pass. I hoped to reach Valenciennes across the frontier. I walked all night, and rested in the morning at a little village near Bramè. After this, I was compelled to avoid the high-road, and to lose much time by circuitous routes; for I knew that my flight had increased my danger tenfold. What story could I tell now, if I were taken; when, to the supposed evidences of guilt which fate had accumulated against me, were added the facts that I had precipitately quitted my lodging in the night, leaving all my property behind; that I had given a false story at the Barrière; and that I had since been hastening, on foot, towards the frontier? It was of no use regretting, then, my indecision in not at once avowing the truth, and trusting to my innocence. I knew that I had staked all upon the chances of escape, and that that was now my only hope of safety.

I had lost so much time in going out of my way, that it was not until the third day that I crossed the frontier, and passed Valenciennes, without going through the town. On the fourth day, having arrived at Arras, much wearied with my day's walk, and tempted by curiosity to see some newspaper, and ascertain if it contained any allusion to my flight and its cause, I decided to abandon my usual prudence, and to enter the town. It was dusk, and I kept in narrow streets, until I found a small cabaret. I entered and asked for some refreshments. A noisy party of men in blouses were playing at dominoes as I came in; but they ceased their game, and regarded me with a scrutiny that made me repent of my rashness. I took my seat in a corner alone; and afterwards timidly asked for the latest newspaper—glancing over at the men in blouses to mark if my request attracted their notice; but they were all intent upon their game. The paper was the Gazette du Nord, a French Journal. Keeping it beside me, for a moment, with a dread of betraying my intense curiosity, I unfolded it at length, and ran my eye quickly down its columns.

Glancing at the items entitled "Various Facts," I stopped immediately at a paragraph headed "Suicide et disparition mystérieuse," and tremblingly read as follows:

"On Friday last the Sieur Louis Clais, Concierge of the house No. 6, Rue Remix, Faubourg Schaerbeek, Brussels, knocking at the door of a lodger named Valentine, residing on the first floor, was surprised to find that he had not yet risen, although it was past mid-day. At a later hour, he became alarmed, and procured a false key to open the door. On entering the room, a terrible spectacle presented itself. Seated on a chair near the table was the dead body of a stranger covered with blood from a wound in the neck. A sharp surgical instrument, spotted with blood, was upon the table. Searching in the pockets of the deceased, it was ascertained that his name was Falck, and other clues to his identity were obtained. Nothing else remarkable was found. There were no evidences of a struggle; but from the mysterious absence of the lodger, suspicion fastened upon him. The Concierge remembered the deceased's inquiring for M. Valentine on the previous evening, and having directed him to his room. He also remembered letting out some one at a late hour, whom he supposed to be the same person, but who was now imagined to have been the lodger. M. Vandermere, an artist residing in the next house, stated that he was a friend of M. Valentine; that he had seen him at his window on the evening in question; that he had observed a light in his room after midnight; and that his (M. Vandermere's) daughter happening afterwards to complain of illness, he crossed the leads leading to the chamber of M. Valentine

(who was a medical student), for the purpose of asking his assistance; that he then found the light gone, and could distinguish nothing in the room; that he next tapped at the window, and receiving no answer, concluded that his friend was absent. This was at half-past two o'clock in the morning. The supposition of murder has, however, since been disproved, by the discovery that the deceased had addressed a letter to a friend in Brussels, on Thursday, informing him of his intention to commit suicide that night. Losses at the gaming-table, and the dread of apprehension for a forgery committed in Paris, are supposed to have led to the act. The cause of the disappearance of M. Valentine, however, is still enveloped in mystery."

It was not enveloped in mystery long, I thank Heaven; for, with my heart lightened of its enormous load, I returned and made my statement. But I never more ate, drank, or slept, in that terrible room.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

We were friends when our childish natures
Cared little for rank, I ween,
The wealth of their reaching tendrils
Twined over the gulf between;
When love, to our crowded school-room,
A bower from Eden brought,
Where we, as two hermits living,
Did feed on each other's thought.

Her clear eyes became her childhood,
Mine had shed womanly tears;
E'en then had grief made me older
Than since she has grown from years.
Yet Friendship is so transforming,
That few could ever divine
If the grief or the gushing laughter
Was most of it hers or mine.

That time, how it comes before me!
The lessons our love made light—
The seat in the large old garden—
The walk on the summer night.
The game, the song, and the reading
One page, till the twilight fell.
Ah! then we but laughed when the shadow
Came o'er what we loved so well.

And oh! how my heart, whenever
Hers was the triumph and prize,
Danced to the tune of her praises,
Or glowed to her lighting eyes!
And her warm friendship not only
In me could no fault espy,
But exacted from those who loved not
That charm of the loving eye.

Alas! for the pleasant visions
With the dear school-days that fled;
For she was to be a lady,
And I was to earn my bread.
They loosed, as a tie degrading,
The bond which our childhood wove,
And fashion too soon froze over
The streams of that early love.

As seems the moon at its rising,
To hang in some lowly tree
O'erlaying its leaves with silver—
Her love was that moon to me.
But, when she climbeth the heavens,
The tree is in shade alone;
Alas! from the life it brightened
E'en so hath my moonlight gone.

I've stood in the darkened doorway
While she passed in to the ball.
My beauty! I longed to see her
The pride and the queen of all;
And heard how her friends could envy,
And wished I might but command
A moment of rank, to give her
One pressure from one true hand.

They said she was sick. So often
We had nursed each other of yore,
That, spite of the formal message,
And spite of the closing door,
I lingered, expecting vainly;
"Some touch of old fondness, now,
May wish for the hand familiar
To rest on the aching brow."

She was wooed, and by one above her—
A noble of wealth and fame;
I was glad, for her sake, his fondness
Could stoop, and not call it shame.
To look on her wedding only
I put my mourning away;
I would not that aught too sombre
Should cross her that happy day.

And so she is gone; but no one
Her place in my heart can fill;
It is the heart's darkened chamber,
The dead friend lying there still.
So I sit in my window lonely,
And long, as she passes by,
For a turn of the old affection,
A glance from a softening eye.

And to Heaven I still look forward—
Heaven, where the lost are found;
Where the shackles of earthly grandeur
Fall off on the holy ground;
Where the spirit at last enfranchised
May smile at its broken chain;
Where love is intense as holy—
To give me my friend again.

MILTON'S GOLDEN LANE.

An old Lincolnshire clergyman, who used to visit Milton, has preserved a pleasing picture of the blind poet sitting in the summer evening to enjoy the fresh air at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, "where he would sometimes receive the visits of people of quality or distinguished parts." At that time the Artillery Ground was not shut in with houses. There were the grounds next to it planted by the City with shady walks for the recreation of the citizens. There were gardens and a windmill or two. Bunhill Fields *were* fields then; so were Spital-

fields; so were Moorfields; so were Spafields. Hereabouts, from old times, was the favourite resort of the citizens of London. In Henry the Eighth's reign, the people—jealous of an attempt to stop pastimes in the fields on the north side of the city wall by digging deep trenches in various parts—sallied forth in a mass, and filled them up again.

I had been thinking of these things one day not long ago; of "the flowery rivulets and noise of water-wheels," which an old writer describes, "on the north side of the city wall;" of certain springs about the neighbourhood once bubbling up clear and bright in the midst of fields and credited with many cures. I had been wandering on the north side of the city wall, or rather of the site on which that wall formerly stood. I had bidden the streets with the carts and coaches and the busy crowd all vanish, and the meadows come again. I had replanted vineyards, restored trees, gardens, and public walks. I had particularly restored three windmills which stood close together on a certain mount near here. Dirty sewers I had turned again into the flowery rivulets of the old writer, and with my mind's ear I had listened for the drowsy murmuring of water-wheels.

Over this ground—hallowed by the memory of Milton—I had been idly wandering, in short, upon a summer's day; and, setting aside what I had fancied, I wrote down, when I got home, exactly what I had seen. Here it is:

Within ten minutes walk from the Post-office I turned, in the first place, down Golden Lane. It is a thoroughfare which serves as a High Street to the neighbourhood of which I am about to record my experience. Most people know Golden Lane. It is a thoroughfare with gin-shops at each end; and, generally, a few strangers passing through it—except when the fever is unusually busy there—and then a barrier is placed at the entrance, with policemen stationed by it to warn off the public; as I remember once to have observed. Whether the residents of Golden Lane, and its vicinity, were also warned to stay at home, and keep the fever to themselves, I don't know.

The thermometer being at seventy-five degrees in the shade, I found the Red Bull at the corner doing a roaring trade. Within five minutes fifteen persons went in, and only six came out. I do not reckon those who carried beer away in their own jugs; I only noticed the bar customers. I observed that few seemed to go in by predetermination. I did not see anybody make a short cut from the opposite side of the way direct to the doors.

A bricklayer's labourer, for example, had no thought of working, that hot afternoon; but, on the other hand, he had no thought of getting drunk; he was merely lounging with his hands in his pockets. He suddenly stopped short—a touch at the doors, so easy to push open with their leathern band and nicely balanced weights behind, and in a second he found himself before the shining taps! Two women coming up the lane, talking loud and fast, had little baskets, and came out no doubt to buy small quantities of grocery. But the noisiest of them—still talking under the bonnet of her friend—knew instinctively that she was abreast of the Red Bull. Without turning her head she also pushed at the door, and drew in her companion—not unwilling. Then again the sallow little cabinet-maker. He was going to the timber yard to buy a bit of veneer; he certainly didn't come out to stay at the Red Bull. He passed it, he had reached the utmost extremity of its attraction before he was sensible of its influence. He wavered. I fancy that he carried with him just enough money to pay for the veneer he wanted, and no more; he turned back and was sucked in by the Red Bull.

In the lane, right and left, for a quarter of a mile each way, the inhabitants get all their wants supplied. On each side dark entrances to courts and alleys look like rat holes, through which dwellers in the rotten maze creep in and out, like rats, in quest of such food and fresh air as Golden Lane affords. Amusement might be found there also. In Golden Lane there is a good dry skittle-ground; in Golden Lane there was to be a raffle for a handkerchief, and at the same house, after the raffle, the proprietor and the winner were each to contribute something in order that dancing might commence at nine o'clock; in Golden Lane there is the Hall of Harmony, where Mr. Quivers, the celebrated patter singer, proposed, on Saturday evening week, to commence his miscellaneous entertainment of singing, dancing, and *other* novelties; and to this pleasure, the *charge for* admission was one penny only. The hall devoted now to harmony has seen some changes in its day. It was a chapel once. On an old board—which the harmonist has not gone to the expense of removing from the wall—I read, in half-obliterated letters, "Star Coffee-house." Then, on the door there was still a slit, with the words "letters and bills for acceptance" legible above it, although I can't imagine, just now, any capitalist who would care to have a business residence in Golden Lane. It is a place for pleasure now. In Golden Lane there is the Temple of Arts, divided by a thin screen from the poor man's confectioner's, the baked potatoe shop. Certain nights are devoted otherwise to rational amusement. The friends of dancing were invited to attend that evening, when a live pig and a silver snuff-box would be given away. There was a printed declaration in the window, in which the undersigned John Sullivan begged to state, that, having been the holder of the prize ticket for the sow and litter lately announced to be given away; and, having omitted, for three days, to call for them, the proprietor had disposed of the same; but that, upon application, he had been compensated to

he utmost of his expectation. After this, who ould refuse faith in the live pig and silver uff-box? Golden Lane blends charity with leasure. If a tale of human suffering could rompt a man to dance, let him come forward nd dance, like a man, on Tuesday next at the it or Miss beershop, for the benefit of Thomas Tibbs, alias Deaf One, who has lost is license;" or on Thursday, for the benefit of mma Hill and Sarah Bunney, who were ithily said to be "in trouble;" or, if suffering egets a love of song, Saturday next, at the ame house, there will be singing for all who ymphathise with Jerry Allen, better known as wivel. He states, without punctuation, and ith all the incoherence of real trouble, that having been out of plaice for sum time his ndlord is going to distress him of his home some asistans cannot be obtaned through he median of this trial he hopes to retain it he convivial meetin will be under the direc- on of Thomas Schully and Ned the Nummer nd the cheer will be taken at eight o'clock."

If an inhabitant of that neighbourhood de- red to be shaved—the desire was not com- on there, if I might judge from the faces I et—it would be done with ease for him in olden Lane at the charge of one halfpenny; red and blue pole stands forth to proclaim it. id he want his hair cut? Hear Mr. Frizz, is verses:—

"I cut you hair, and brus it too,
A halpenny is all I chardge to you."

Was he scrupulous about his personal appear- nce? Hear Mr. Frizz, again:—

"To cleen you shoos; brus coat and hat,
A halpenny is all I chardge for that."

he rag-shop keeper illustrated his lesson pon wasting nothing, with a picture of lum-pudding, and of ribs of beef. The imney-sweep—whose house had a bright rass knocker, and is quite the cleanest in the ne—was a patron of both these fine arts; he poke both by poetry and painting. He it was ho,

"—— by desire,
Extinguises chimleys when on fire,"

his picture witnessed, in which a man nd a boy, in a very well-paved, but deserted reet, were hastening to a tremendous fire in e chimney of number seven. There was bold- ss in his conception of the relative sizes of an, boy, and house: the man and boy, being e heroes of the scene, were represented in a assive and colossal way; the perspective of e back-ground was pre-Raphaelite. With e name of a modern pre-Raphaelite against s number in the catalogue, this picture, I ink, would equal some that I have seen ng in Trafalgar Square, and would fetch, (I are say) a mint of money.

Sun Court. Premature twilight came upon e as I passed under the roofed way into Sun ourt; with its inky pools; its rag-stuffed windows; its four miserable bean-stalks, whose leaves ran up, hunting for the sky, from that high window-sill; its long rows of yellow stockings and unmended shirts stretched out upon a pole from a garret window over me. They were all damp, cold, and cheerless. Could they speak they would all swear that never could a blessed ray fall, slant or perpendicular, into Sun Court, to produce a shadow of justification for its name.

Sun Court! Gloom Court, Filth Court, Cholera Court; its pavement never knew the taste of sun. If those rills and puddles in between the stones, whose odour hurt my nostrils, were not dried up in the summer weather, could I think that they were ever dry? I might have heard the truth of them from a child, or man (I don't know which), who —in the cast-off trousers of a giant held to him by one brace, and tucked up to his knees—was amusing himself by stamping in the biggest and the foulest pool until its contents flew against doors and windows right and left; but what intelligible answer to a question could I have got from him? I might as well have catechised his friend the hungry-looking hen, whose skin was bare in many places; and who, since her eyes were always bent upon the sickly ground, must have a very bad opinion of this world of ours. Here was another court; and there, another beyond that. Two or three branching out of them; and all alike—all with rills and puddles, heaps of oyster-shells and putrid cabbage-leaves scattered in defiance of boards at every corner, threatening with penalties, in the name of the churchwardens and in pursuance of acts of Parliament, any one who should deposit any nuisance upon any part of those roadways. Each court had its own rotten water-butt and single dust-hole, &c., for general use—while in all the open doors and windows swarmed with men, women, and children, gasping after air.

Presently I came to something different. A place, not less, but rather more bestrewn with oyster-shells, and cabbage-leaves; not less watered with filthy puddles. A square—a yard, of which I could not learn the name—belonging to a class. In Belgrave Square dwell lords and ladies; in this square dwell costermongers only. Their wares of every kind—shell-fish, or fruit, or vegetables, or the traces of the refuse of these—were at every door. Here was to be heard such a braying of donkeys! Some costermongers with handbarrows, and some with donkey-carts were, with replenished stores, preparing to go forth. In one barrow there was a brown mass of confectionary, like a Christmas pudding, decked out with flags of blue and yellow calico. At one halfpenny a slice, a miserable creature was prepared to vend Jamaica pine-apples.

The houses had all been whitewashed once, although I think not within the memory of anybody here. Every door was opened back into the single ground-floor room, where man, wife, children, donkey, and vegetables, were at

night shut up together. Through every window I could see the same unwholesome colour of the faces, the same turn-up bedstead with the patchwork quilt, the same ricketty deal table and chair, the same kind of glaring coloured prints upon the walls. At one door, a donkey harnessed to a long board upon wheels, was waiting while his master was employed in peeling off the withered leaves to give a livelier appearance to a pile of yellow cabbages. The withered leaves were dropped at his own door-way, where they would lie and rot. At some windows there were men in shirt-sleeves smoking, and looking on with an air of lazy satisfaction. The donkey took advantage of his opportunity to munch the outside of a cabbage that had just been trimmed; and, being unluckily caught in the act, was checked by a sharp jerk of the bit, and three hard blows over the head. Not the log which Giant Blunderbore belaboured in the bed, could have been more patient under blows than that unhappy animal. Only a faint twitch of one ear betokened that he was a living donkey. His master, irritated, no doubt, with what looked like a defiance of authority, cried "Er-r-r–r-h, you brute!" and giving it an extra kick in the ribs, watched for the effect with a stern eye.

There were three outlets to this square. It mattered not which I took. It was my whim to wander in this labyrinth, asking no one to direct me, until I should emerge once more into the light of day. I got into long passages between high walls of houses without any windows to them, except here and there a hole; and here and there, I passed under a narrow archway, leading into other courts and rookeries interminable. Strange beings met me here. A shuffling woman passed me, with a face that was born miserable, in clothes as jagged as a saw, carrying a bundle of rushes to be knotted and plaited for the wicks of night-lights. It was the time for coming home from work. A tiny boy—so set in shape that any one might see that he would never grow bigger, ragged of course, and covered with bits of flock and feather—was on his way home from the bedding factory at which he worked. Shouting out the last cant phrase, of which he did not know the meaning, and stamping as he went to keep alive a constant ring and echo of his steps between the walls, he did not seem to grumble at his lot, or to think it hard. Then I met a man with long, black, greasy ringlets, in an old-fashioned great-coat that had a marvellously greasy collar; he was looking downward, hurrying on with a strange nervous step, as though he had been used to pick his way bare-foot over sharp flints. Next, I met an old man, with thin grey hair—so old, that I think he must have lived, when he was young, in some more wholesome place—thin, tall, hollow-chested, but not decrepid, with his skin so tightly stretched upon his face and forehead, that it seemed a very death's head that peeped out above his shoulders. He carried leaves of deal, cut in wafery thinness, to make bonnet-boxes.

It was an awkward corner into which I had got myself. I had to go back. Everybody wondered why I ever came. I noticed that they called the place "Leech's Rents;" and in my heart I did not bless Leech, nor envy his rents. But less cause to bless him had that bricklayer's labourer who had been laid up for six months, and unfit for work. His complaint was in the lungs. He had been very bad lately, he said, and was not getting better. I should not like to tell him so, but I feared those loosely-hanging clothes of his would never fit him properly again. They were all labouring men like himself up here, he said. He agreed with me that it was a filthy hole, not fit for a dog to live in, and then his bit of energy set him coughing: when the cough ceased, he went on to say—"Lord bless you, sir! what you see now is nothing." He didn't know why they lived up here, except that it was cheap; perhaps they might get cleaner places as cheap if they tried; but they didn't think about it. "Most of 'em don't mind it, sir." He couldn't say who Leech was. "The place belongs now to Skinner, the builder."

There were not many shops. Now and then there was a dingy beer-shop, with doors from which the paint had been rubbed off by dirty hands—the haunt of myriads of flies, who got intoxicated on the sloppy counter, and then staggered against the sticky fly-papers about the walls. There were no shining taps; no cabinet work; no vats; no portraits in the window of an enormous fat man explaining to lean blue teetotallers, how he too was lean and blue-visaged before the happy day when he discovered that establishment, and drank of its pure malt and hops; no programme of a goose-club, showing the members of a discontented family at dinner, who, having bought their goose at a poulterer's were forced to carve it with a saw; and side by side with them the cheerful family, congratulating each other upon having joined a goose-club; there was no judge and jury club; no harmonic meeting, admission free; there were no vans to start to Hampton Court or High Beech at two and threepence each person, to be paid for beforehand by weekly installments. Nothing was there to allure the passer-by, or to tell him what cheer might be found within; but a short red curtain, and a row of beer-barrels inside, from which the beer was drawn direct. No wonder that the "Educational Institute," seeing the enemy so weak just here, should stick up a bill over the way offering for trifling sums to instruct young men and women every evening in "Tonic Sol Fa Singing," as well as in French and Model Drawing! But who that could sing (tonically, or otherwise), talk French, and draw, had fixed his miserable habitation there.

The burial-ground, whose iron grate I accidentally discovered in a corner of a yard, had an active, business-like appearance. A list of very moderate fees, and an attempt to claim relationship with the famous Barebone Burial Ground, at Stepney, by calling this the City Barebone Burial Ground, shewed an eye wide awake to worldly interest. Peeping in, I saw, in the midst of a rank garden full of large sunflowers, and parted off with a railing from the grave-yard, a little house, with the word "office" over the door, and at the door, a man in faded black and with a white neck-cloth—obviously the head clerk if not the manager of the concern. The grave-yard itself was full of crevices, and was, in most places, worn quite bare and bald of grass, with frequent digging up. Nowhere did I see the faintest trace of care and neatness. I saw seven graves open; and, at one of them, a gravedigger—his hands and clothes covered with clay—talking with a woman who had brought him bread and butter, and some tea in a tin bottle. Around the walls, numbers from one to ninety odd were painted in white upon a black ground, and beyond, in every way, the overhanging roofs of wooden houses close around the dismal sickly spot.

Pursuing my walk, I passed many more courts like Leech's Rents; more colonies of costermongers; more dark and filthy reproductions of Sun Court. Alleys, where women, sitting of a row on door-steps, were all stitching braces; black nooks, where sweeps lived together and kept stores of soot; noisome sheds, where butchers, not disposed to cleanliness, were slaughtering their sheep while boys looked on with greedy interest. Afterwards, I passed along a narrow way of antique gabled houses, having stuccoed fronts; these, once were the dwellings of a better class; although there is no pane of glass in all their leaden-framed windows bigger than my hand. Now, these houses are let out in single rooms; their outer doors are gone; they are filthy and dilapidated. Through one of the windows I saw, in a great room, some cobblers at their work; table and stools were all the furniture; but I noticed behind them a high mantelpiece, curiously carved. One of these houses once upon a time was the abode of old Sir Simon Curll; who, from a poor barber's apprentice, became Lord Mayor of London and eke a liveryman of the Wig Maker's Company. He it was who bequeathed a kilderkin of ale and a bushel of oaten biscuit, "such as mariner's do eat," to be distributed annually amongst twelve poor toothless old men and women (not being Arians), who could repeat the creed of St. Athanasius; which charitable bequest the Wig Maker's Company (having five hundred pounds per annum for that purpose), with a pious respect for the wishes of the testator, do, to this day, upon the aforesaid conditions regularly offer. I wondered what this place might have been like, in those days when the builder, bearing in mind the rule that no sentence can be complete without a verb, caused the words, "This is Figtree Row," to be cut in a tablet over one of the doorways.

I wondered, too, how all that part would look from the car of a balloon, hovering not far above the housetops. One or two brighter spots would strike the eye amidst the dark jumble of roofs; spots where there are purer homes, and purer natures, too, if there be truth in the old proverb which makes cleanliness and goodness to dwell together. In one of those clean spots I noticed a poor mangling-woman's home, her hearthstoned doorstep, and her tidy room. She might well have excused herself if she had been dirty, having to work for that poor crippled boy, sitting in a chair beside the doorway, and another younger child within. I stopped to ask of her my way back into Golden Lane. The woman, who had not caught my question, rebuked her child—not the poor cripple—with "Quiet, Bill! I can't hear my own voice for you;" and then, turning to me, said, "I beg your pardon, sir?" I asked again, and she directed me to "go straight on. Golden Lane's close by."—"Is the boy ill, ma'am?"—"No, sir. He's been lame from his birth."—"How old is he?"—"Fifteen, sir."—"Fifteen! I thought him younger. Can he walk at all?" The woman had turned to count some clothes just taken from the mangle, and the cripple answered for himself.

"No. I never shall now, sir, as long as I live." The mother, still counting the clothes, "Six, seven, eight, nine," stopped, and caught at his words eagerly, as if great weight were due to the sufferer's own opinion of himself; and repeated,

"You think you'll never walk, dear?"

The boy, afraid he had disheartened her, said, "It will be a long time first, I think, mother, if I do at all." The woman answered, "Never mind. He sorts the clothes, and does many little things for me. He's very useful to me, sir, though you wouldn't think it." No, indeed! I should need a mother's love and tenderness to think that.

Dusk came on while I was loitering about. There was a strange change in the aspect of Golden Lane as I issued into it again. Where, in the hot day-time, I had scarcely met a soul, I found now crowds of people: women sitting on the pavement, men smoking, and standing in groups. At all the beer-shops and public-houses there were lights in the windows, and sounds of singing and dancing. From every hole and corner round about, the inhabitants seemed to have crept out into Golden Lane for a pleasant change.

Threading my way through the crowd until I found myself once more in a purer atmosphere, I thought again of the time when all the neighbourhood was a sweet rural place, and when the harvest-moon I saw shining down

the year, and, also, the part wounded. The subtle fluid mixes with the blood, and is conveyed with the rapidity of the circulation to the brain, upon which its specific properties operate. It is a direct palsier of nervous action. No sooner does it begin to operate than the inlets of the senses begin to close upon the outer world; the eyes are dimmed, the ears stopped, the tongue falters; the torpid brain then reacts upon the heart, whose firm pulsations are reduced to feeble flutterings; the breath gets scantier, the limbs grow cold, and death supervenes, it may be in ten minutes, in half an hour, in an hour—as in the case of the recent accident—or at a later period; the chances of recovery being in the ratio of the slowness of the operation of the poison.

What is this strange and subtle fluid, one drop or less than a drop of which can quell the force of the active brain and nervous system of a man? To sight, smell, and taste, it seems a mere harmless saliva. Chemical analysis detects in it a little mucus, much water, and some of the salts of saliva; from which it differs, mainly, in the slight predominance of an animal acid. There is nothing in all this that could suggest, beforehand, the specific properties of the secretion. It is not poisonous when taken into the stomach. The readiest and perhaps the most efficient remedy, that of sucking the wound, may be performed with scarcely any risk. This has been known of old. "Whoever," writes Celsus, "will suck the wound, will be both safe himself and save the sufferer." The only danger in swallowing the venom of the viper, cobra, or rattle-snake, arises from the posibility of some blister or scar, or any lesion of the scarf-skin of the mouth, throat, or gullet, which might allow the poison to enter the circulating blood.

The nervous system of a poison-snake is proof against the specific action of its own poison, but not against that of another species. Dr. Patrick Russell, in his History of Indian Serpents, affirms that cobras bite each other without fatal consequences, but kill other snakes. The larger and more formidable hamadryas of India prey upon other serpents; killing them by their envenomed bite, and then swallowing them. The naja, of Africa, in like manner kills and gorges the puff-adder; and the rattle-snake will strike and slay the poisonous moccasin snake, and afterwards seize and swallow it.

As to remedies; when our own species has been the subject of attack, the first indication is to remove the inoculated venom, either by suction or excision; but this, to be effective, must be done promptly, almost instantly, after the bite. Olive oil should be freely applied to the wound; and the same taken inwardly with ammonia, in as great quantity as the constitution will bear. If hartshorn be not at hand, and "eau de luce" is, the latter forms a good substitute. Certain plants have been vaunted as specifics, as *e. g.*, the *Aristolochia serpentaria* and *Hieraceum venosum* against the poison of the rattle-snake, and the *Libama Cedron* against that of the cobra; but their merits have not been established by due and successful trial. It appears that the unfortunate victim of the bite of the cobra had some of the *Libama Cedron* in his possession, but it was not used,

To revert to the melancholy occurrence which has led us to pen the present article. Perhaps the most grievous features of the case are those revealed at the searching and exact inquiry into all the particulars of it, which led to the verdict of the Coroner's Inquest, recorded in the Times of Saturday, October twenty-third, and cited at the end of this paper. It appears that this accident—as such occurrences are termed—by which an apparently steady man, who had previously performed his duties in the main satisfactorily, has been hurried to an untimely grave, leaving, at the age of thirty, a widow and young family bereaved of their natural protector and provider—is one of the countless calamities befalling the weekly-wage classes plainly referable to intoxication. Gurling had left his home, in company with another keeper, on the evening before the accident, and, as his poor widow deposed, "She never saw him afterwards alive." According to the evidence of his companions they had spent the night at a leave-taking party of a friend going to Australia. On returning to their duties at the Zoological Gardens, "they had a quartern of gin at the public-house in Shoe Lane, another afterwards, and again another at eight o'clock." The gin-laden blood circulated through the brain; and reason, prudence, the plainest sense of imminent hazard, were overpowered. The exhibition, during the previous year, of the Egyptian snake-charmers, who acted their parts with cobras deprived of their poison fangs, had left a vivid impression on the man's mind; this impression came uppermost when he entered on the scene of his daily duties, and he must needs try to emulate the Egyptians. A newly arrived Morocco poison-snake was first selected. It was taken out of its cage, was grasped by its middle, flourished aloft, and thrown like a lasso round the neck of the younger performer; fortunately for him it was not roused to bite. An assistant-keeper, who happened to enter the room at this juncture, begged Gurling, "For God's sake, to put back the snake." The infatuated man replied, "I am inspired," and laughed at the warning!

Having replaced the Morocco venom-snake in its cage, Gurling then cried, "Now for the cobra!" and, lifting up the glass front of the cage, removed it as he had done the other. The cobra was somewhat torpid from the cold of the preceding night, and the man placed it in his bosom; it there revived and glided downward round his waist, its head emerging from beneath the back part of his waistcoat. The man grasped the cobra by the body

about a foot from the head, with one hand; drew it out; seized it lower down with the other hand, and was in the act of flourishing it aloft, as he had flourished the other snake, when, as he held it up in front of his face, the cobra—suddenly expanding its hood—struck him like lightning between the eyes, plunging the poison-fangs into the skin of one side of the bridge of the nose, and scratching the opposite side with the teeth of the lower jaw. The man was staggered by the blow; the blood streamed down his face; he called for help, and his companion fled; but "how long he was away he could not tell, being in a maze."

When assistance arrived, Gurling was found seated in a chair; having restored the cobra to its cage and closed down the front glass. This return to a sense of duty, and this performance (perhaps instinctive) of the prudent act which was his last on earth, are not the least remarkable of the circumstances attending the case. He was still sensible and collected, when placed in the cab that conveyed him to the hospital; and expressed, but in already palsied speech, his conviction of speedy death. When received into the hospital, he "appeared," reports the house-surgeon, "almost, if not quite, unconscious, and unable to support his head. His face was livid, and his respiration very imperfect, he moved himself uneasily, pointed to his throat and moaned." The power of utterance was the first lost, then that of vision, lastly, that of hearing. The pulse gradually sank, the extremities became cold and torpid, and he died without a convulsion or struggle, about one hour after receiving the wound. The hearts action was renewed by mechanical inflation of the lungs, and artificial respiration, which at one time raised the pulse to seventy-five beats in a minute, was kept up, half-an hour after the natural breathing had ceased and when the nervous system was dead. Galvanism was tried but "had no effect."

Strange reports of this very plain occurrence have been circulated through some channels of popular information. A purveyor of marvels to THE MORNING ADVERTISER, assuming that all the serpents in the Zoological Gardens are kept, like the happy family in Trafalgar Square, in one large case, describes Gurling as, in the ordinary course of his duty, entering bodily therein, "with a view of stirring up some birds which had been placed there for the food of the serpents, the time having arrived when some of them had recovered from their torpid state consequent on a previous meal." The cobra is made, by this intelligent and accurate informant of the public, to dart at the unfortunate keeper, as he was stooping to pick up one of the birds. The screams of the victim to the hazardous duty "attracted the instant attention of William Cockeridge, another keeper, who thereupon rushed to the serpent-case *and drew his companion out.*"

This ridiculous report has found its way, uncontradicted, into other papers, including a respectable medical journal.

Now, as regards the mode adopted for preserving the live reptiles. The Inquest jury proceeded to the Zoological Gardens to inspect the arrangements. They found the poisonous serpents kept in small cages, or compartments, double-wired, and "fitted up in such a manner as, with the most ordinary precautions, to insure perfect safety from casualties of the kind. By means of an iron rod, hooked at the end, and inserted through the small apperture at the top of each compartment, the reptiles are easily removed into the compartment next their own, and made secure there, while the keepers place food in and clean out the empty one. Visitors are enabled to see the serpents in perfect security through the thick glass fronts of the cages." So says the Times report of the Inquest, and any one who knows the reptile-house knows perfectly well that these cages are, in appearance, like cases in which stuffed birds are kept—or like the larger sort of glass-cases at any great jeweller's establishment.

The Secretary of the Zoological Society deposed, on oath, that "the keepers in charge of the snakes were instructed on no account, at any time, to do anything to the different cages when the snakes were in them," and that on one occasion he had severely rebuked Gurling "for lifting the glass and putting in food for the snake inside without removing it."

The report aforesaid states "The reptile had immediately after its bite relinquished its hold, but the effect was such, that it instantly swelled up the face of the poor fellow Garlin." The house-surgeon at the inquest states that "the right *eyelid* was swollen, but the left not at all," and the jury on inspecting the body found that it "presented no very unusual appearance, not being swollen or otherwise disfigured." According to the same preposterous account, Gurling, "was fortunately unmarried." His widow gives evidence before the Coroner. And, true to his hypothesis of the accident, the reporter expresses his conviction, that "the jury will order the immediate destruction of the venomous reptile." Their verdict was (of course) to the effect, "That the deceased had lost his life by the bite of a serpent, known as the cobra de capello, when in a state of intoxication, and in consequence of his own rashness and indiscretion."

CHIPS.

THE CRIMES OF COTTON.

Now that scarcely a civilised individual exists in any part of the world who does not wear cotton in some form or other, we may well wonder when we are told of the inveterate opposition with which its first introduction

and use in this country was met. Under pretence of encouraging our woollen manufactures, laws were enacted to forbid cotton being worn by gentle or simple upon pain of fine or imprisonment. Cotton, associated with Protectionist principles, has, among other enormities, been the occasion of riot and bloodshed. Whenever distress fell upon the laboring population it was the fashion, not much more than a century ago, to attribute it to cotton. In the old time the ruin of the country, and the irretrievable misery of "millions yet unborn," was predicted, over and over again, from the spinning and weaving of cotton.

The most remarkable of these prophecies was delivered by a criminal from the scaffold on the eve of execution. He traced all his crimes and misfortunes simply to cotton. In the Gentlemen's Monthly Intelligencer for 1734 we find, under date of May 3rd, the following letter:—

"*From Cork in Ireland.*"

"This Day one Michael Carmody was executed here for Felony; upon which the Journeymen Weavers of this City (who labour under great Difficulties by reason of the Deadness of Trade; occasioned by the pernicious Practice of wearing Cottons,) assembled in a Body, and dress'd the Criminal, Hangman, and Gallows in Cottons, in order to discourage the wearing thereof; And at the Place of Execution the Criminal made the following remarkable Speech:

"'Give Ear, O good People, to the Words of a dying Sinner: I confess I have been guilty of many Crimes that Necessity compelled me to commit, which starving Condition I was in, I am well assured, was occasioned by the Scarcity of Money, that has proceeded from the great Discouragement of our Woollen Manufactures.

"'Therefore, good Christians, consider, that if you go on to suppress your own Goods, by wearing such Cottons as I am now cloathed in, you will bring your Country into Misery, which will consequently swarm with such unhappy Malefactors as your present Object is; and the Blood of every miserable Felon that will hang, after this Warning from the Gallows, will lie at your Doors.

"'And if you have any Regard for the Prayers of an expiring Mortal, I beg you will not buy of the Hangman the Cotton Garments that now adorn the Gallows, because I can't rest quiet in my Grave if *I should see* the very Things wore that brought me to Misery, Thievery, and this untimely End; all which I pray of the Gentry to hinder their Children and Servants for their own Character's Sake, tho' they have no Tenderness for their Country, because none will hereafter wear Cottons, but Oyster-Women, Criminals, Hucksters, and common Hangmen.'"

The "pernicious practice of wearing cottons," at present sustains one-sixth of the population of this country, and gives comfort to every nation under the sun.

YOURSELF AT TURIN.

A VIOLENT English exodus—all the one hundred and fifty-one bells of the Hotel Fedor ringing at once, and the Anglo-Saxon tongue in full swing adapting itself with more or less success to the exigencies of the French and Italian languages, demanding boots, hot water, soap, *garçons*, *bottega*, *voitures*, breakfasts, *vetturini*, couriers, and bills, up and down all the staircases and galleries—doors banging like feeble thunder — a savoury vapour rising from floor to floor—college men perambulating the passages with *alpenstock* and knapsack, and dodging about for bedrooms—excited waiters, charging madly through the living masses on the stairs, armed with the terrors of hot-water jugs and boiling coffee—a clattering in the court-yard of carriages rolling in and out, with stately milords in fur caps inside, and brigades of *corrieri* raging madly among the heaps of struggling porters, who are always intent on carrying off the wrong luggage. The whole of the peripatetic portion of the British race, in fact, on the rush for home, for Rome, for Jerusalem, Venice, Genoa, Sicily, Albania, America, or the Temple, filtering through the gateway of the portly mansion into all sorts of conveyances, and with all sorts of noises; and the coppersmith—who always lives hard by every Italian hostelry—banging away next door. It being quite impossible to get a wink of sleep more, you get up out of the comfortable bed of maize leaves wherein you have sunk into a little sort of coffin, you trip gingerly over the cold tile floor of the huge barrack-like room and look out of the window.

You are on the fourth story; but what with *entresols* and high rooms, when you peep down you are impressed with the belief that you have taken up your quarters, for the time, in the top of the most lofty building in the world. In the streets below, a gaily dressed crowd of foreshortened mannikins and womannikins are drifting up and down on the shady side with great vivacity—the tall white houses opposite have, already, their outside wooden blinds closed against the glare of the sun—overhead is a sheet of purple-blue, just set off by the streaks of one fleecy little cloud. The street is cut off abruptly at each end by the houses of other thoroughfares, for Turin is built with great regularity in squares, composed of gigantic mansions; and so, having nothing more to see up here, you dress and creep down the tiled and marbled staircases which descend in great rectangles to the ground, taking care to hold on by the bannisters to guard against the treacherous smoothness of the footing. Pass across the

yard by the river god—who is watching over his empty urn and the fountain filled with stones—to the *salle à manger*, and in a moment you are engaged in all the confusion of a crowded *table d'hôte* breakfast. At one end of the table are four or five officers, smart-looking stout young men buttoned up in their grey, blue, and drab coats, busily employed in dipping their warlike moustaches into basins of coffee, with decanters of Italian ordinary wine before them, heaps of cotelettes, potatoes, grapes, green figs, melons, and Chamounix honey; then come a sprinkling of foreigners—one or two Poles, of course; some goggle-eyed, spectacled, æsthetical-looking German students; a man who looks like a shaved Frenchman, but who turns out to be a Yankee; a vivacious specimen of the real Gaul, in beard, imperial, and moustache; some Italians, deep in dishes half oil half garlic; and a strong detachment of our own countrymen, women, and children, regarding each other with that aversion which a true Briton always exhibits to a fellow subject when on foreign travel.

Breakfast over—and in spite of tumult and imperfect grammar, you can make a very comfortable one at this same *table d'hôte*, always supposing tobacco smoke is not offensive to you, for each man takes a cigar out of the box on the table, and lights one the instant he is done eating—plunge out into the streets, and taking the first turn to the left from the Fedor Inn, you are at once in a comfortable arcade, safe from wind, rain, or sun. It is sure to traverse the sides of a great square with some statue or fountain in the centre. To my eyes, the shops in these *galeries* or arcades are more interesting, as they are certainly more novel, than those of the Palais Royal. The arcade is filled with them on both sides; that which is towards the square being pierced here and there with passages for the people, and through these you can see the houses on the other side of the rectangle, rising above the arcade—which only reaches to the drawing-room window—and rearing their stone and stuccoed fronts to an amazing height. The people who pass you on foot, are mostly of the lower order; the men dress very much like French mechanics; whom they resemble, only that they are more powerful and muscular-looking men—indeed, there is an annual migration of Piedmontese to Paris, where they act as porters—some of them indulging, however, in full suits of blue velvet; the women with gaudily-coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and with red, yellow, and pea-green umbrellas under their arms, and gowns and cloaks of equally dazzling and forcible hues. But you soon lose all thought of them in staring at the priests.

Surely, if ever there was a city in which holiness should flourish, it is Turin. The enemy of mankind must have but little footing there, and on the whole must lead a hard life of it. The bells never cease; and, as there are about one hundred churches in the city, if there is the smallest efficacy in their ringing, (as was supposed in old times), evil spirits ought to regard the capital of Sardinia with great disfavor. The attendant priests in these numerous churches—conjoined with padres, who are their friends or who want to get berths, or who are acting as family confessors—make up a most formidable body. At every ten paces you meet, without the smallest exaggeration, at least two priests. The clerical costume is here in its greatest splendour. Nowhere else is the three-cornered shovel-hat of such tremendous dimensions. In no other city are cassocks so flowing and eccentric in their cut; or coats so severe in architecture; or silver shoe-buckles and black silk stockings in such size and perfection. Of course, the size of the stocking depends on the size of the legs; and, I am bound to say, there is a great choice of neatly-turned limbs among the church militant of Turin. Wherever you look you see a padre: he is crossing the street, and coming out of the confectioner's, and looking in at the workshop, and standing at the corner, and bowing out of the carriage-window, and staring at that *trattoria* doorway, and buying snuff at the tobacconist's counter, and inspecting the tinman at work, and holding conversations with his own duplicate in all variety of attitudes in every sort of perspective. Gliding along, less frequently, come friars, Cordeliers, and Dominicans, with their ugly shaven crowns, and sandalled feet, for the most part as dirty as extreme sanctity can make them; perspiring profusely in their long woollen robes, and glancing uneasily at the passers-by out of the corner of a sensual and suspicious eye. These gentlemen do not seem on very good terms with the secular clergy; and, it is said, the latter would be by no means displeased by an order for the suppression of their brethren—the regulars.

Hark! The crash of a band—out of the way, quickly; for here the military take the wall of the civilians very unceremoniously, and you would find the great leathern *caliga* of these Piedmontese braves a very unpleasant plaster for corns. Here they come at a rattling pace, equal to our double-quick march; bunches of long cock's feathers, dyed green, in their shakos, close-fitting green frocks, long and heavy-looking rifles, and the tight trousers gathered at the end inside the gaiter; a corps of riflemen, all fine square-built active mountaineers. Then follow some light cavalry on foot, with blue feathers, powder-blue coats, and red trousers slashed with leather. A regiment of the line bring up the rear in their long grey coats, all marching for their morning's exercise outside the town, where there is a grand review every day. Many of these are soldierly-looking men, whose decorations evince that they served in the last disastrous campaign against the Austrians, or in its glorious precursor. When

they have tramped by, let us turn and examine the shops.

What a number of libraries! The works exhibited in the windows and at the doors are, for the most part, theological; and the itinerant print merchant, who sits outside across the pavement, is certain to show a rich stock of saints and miracle-workers, as well as a stray copy or so in oil of some *chef d'œuvre* of the old masters. But there are also books of more extended interest than Dissertations on Interdicts, Excommunications, and Comments on the Fathers; particularly those which refer to political questions. In every place there are striking proofs that the Piedmontese believe as strongly as ever in a united and independent Italy. Not one of these book or picture-shops which does not contain portraits of Charles Albert, executed in different styles to meet the purses of all classes. "*CarloAlberto —Il vittima illustrimmo de l'Independenza Italiana*"—gazes out of those fine, thoughtful, but over-speculative eyes from every second window, as with arms folded across his massive breast, he seems to ponder over the fate of his beloved Italy; or, again, his giant form is seen towering among his staff, as he dashes on toward the squares of the ill-looking Tedeschi. The love for the father extends to the son, and almost equally numerous are the portraits of the young Victor Emmanuel, doing full justice to his eminently Celtic face, his high cheek-bones, nose up-turned, and enormous moustache and goat-like beard and tuft. *Apropos*, of this said beard and tuft—the Emperor of Austria lately, by royal ordinance, forbade any servant of the Crown to let grow imperial or beard; and as the King of Sardinia is distinguished for the developement of these hirsute ornaments, it was immediately taken for granted that the order was directed against Piedmont, and every Young Italy man, and every Sardinian, to show their contempt for Austria, immediately began to let tuft and beard grow, and to very much suspect those who use a razor on their chins. The King—his right name is Victor Emmanuel Marie Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas!—is most generally represented sitting on a rock, smiling defiantly on the Russian Bear, the Austrian Eagle, and the French Cock, which are trying to assail him; while the waves which break upon his seat are explained in some bad verses below, to mean the Powers of Darkness, which are broken against his unconquerable resolve, but, in reality, he lives in a very snug little palace, and is said to be on better terms with some of the hostile ménagerie than his subjects would like, if they knew the truth.

There are other portraits of popular heroes, less known to fame. Much does it shame and grieve me to think, that of one of them I never heard before. Ugo Bassi must have been a patriot of a very high order, however, for if his history, as rendered by the Marionette Company, was true, his life was passed in making flying leaps at the King of Naples, till that irritated potentate had him summarily executed by an army of pendulous soldiers. Ugo Bassi's likeness was everywhere, and flourished much in the *Café del Italia*, or *della Mazzini*, and the number of pipe-heads his visage adorned must diffuse his name, in time, all over Europe. After poking about the book-shops—filled too, I regret to say, with the worst literature of France, comfortably placed 'twixt works of divinity—and inspecting some of the old vellum-covered tomes of middle-aged history, or of good classics (and what glorious typography some of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Italian printers turned out!)—you pass a tobacco-shop, offering nothing remarkable, but a good collection of meerschaums and tobacco-bags, with monks' heads as tops, the body of the bag being made to represent those of ecclesiastics on the largest scale of aldermanic developement; a banker's, the proprietor of which, according to the mysterious law ruling such matters, being always the hairiest man in the neighbourhood; an eating-house festooned with strings of colored sausages, grey, red, and bright yellow, while within you see the proprietor enveloped in a savoury steam, busily superintending a battery of tin saucepans; an *albergo*, with its attendant coppersmith next door, working for the bare life; a boot-maker's, where the whole operations of the trade are carried on before your eyes by a set of owl-like cordonniers; then a whole batch of jeweller's shops in a row, rich with cameos and lava ornaments, but so wildly profuse in church ornaments as to show that most of their trade is derived from that source; then a chocolate-shop, decorated by a full length of the proprietor, represented in the act of making a very hard-looking bargain with a negro merchant; a baker's shop, with such delicate white rolls and fancy rolls in the window, and a tremendous crop of *grissin* bread—a sort of crisp biscuity edible, made in lengths of a yard, and about the thickness of your finger: then—run past it for your life, if you would not be saturated with garlic to the very core—a *vetturini* eating-house, where the wild-looking, wide-hatted, silver-buttoned drivers are busily engaged disposing of the unsavoury messes of a very dirty-handed Phillis; next, several milliners' and ready made clothes' shops, which have a family resemblance all over the world; though I was rather astonished at seeing a light pea-green dress-coat, with velvet collar and cuffs, and cut steel buttons, announced as "The mode of London," not remembering that I had ever seen such a garment in Moses' shop, or in the fancy costumes displayed in tailors' windows as fashions for 1852; more pipe-shops, *cafés*, cook-shops, booksellers, book-stalls, print-shops; then some cheap bazaars—mere off-shoots

of the Lowther—with specimens of English cutlery that would astonish the worst workman in Sheffield—and then the arcade recommences again. But there is such a variety in the different shops of the same species, that you are insensibly led on through street after street, always under cover, piercing through the shifting crowd of priests, soldiers, women, and workmen, and getting glimpses of the upper classes as they fly past in broughams and coupés.

At every corner you turn there is a shoeblack eagerly watching as you approach, and if there is a patch of dirt on your shoe, mind lest you should be taken off your legs; for he will instantly pounce upon you, and transfer the sole from the ground to his blacking-stand in that fraction of time popularly known as a jiffy. Come out into the square to avoid him.

Why, it is just in front of the marketplace. Heavens, what a gay place! Iris herself seems to have come down here and thrown her cloak over the whole population. What piles of fruit! Great loggerheaded pumpkins lying on the ground like decapitated common-councilmen; rich, pulpy, luscious, melons, split open, with the sweet juice flowing round in clammy streams; walnuts heaped up by the barrel; chestnuts roasted on a scale that would drive the old woman with the iron plate at Temple Bar mad with envy; apples by cart-loads; pears, like stumpy cucumbers, by the waggon-full: peaches—such hard fellows—and apricots, and pomegranates, welling over great wicker-work hampers and baskets; mounds of ripe figs; rich, brown, black, and green. And then the grapes!—can there be any left for making wine this year?

We had heard much of the grape-rot, and had seen some specimens of it by the roadside along the Val d'Aorta, but here men and big women moved up to the middle through walls of the glorious clusters, with the silky velvet blush of full health upon them. Then here are groups of the country people buying and selling at the tents and stalls all kinds of strange stuffs and articles, while the bullocks, with their mild suffering faces, stride through the midst of the uproar, carting along blocks of stone or marble for building, rearing aloft the great horned yoke-collar of wood, which seems so picturesque but so absurd an addition to their harness. They are an early people, and most of the fruit-sellers are at dinner—simple enough, but odorous. They are all devouring vermicelli or maccaroni boiled down with garlic and vegetables into a sort of soup over their little portable stoves, which serve beside for stewing pears and apples, and roasting chestnuts. Here is a strange oriental-looking dame almost buried behind her fruit-stall—a bright yellow handkerchief struggling in vain to confine the masses of her wild black ringlets, and her dark eyes flashing with energy, as with mouth wide open she yells through a fence of snow-white teeth all sorts of Italian Billingsgate at an awkward droner who has just emerged from a whole heap of her pumpkins and melons. Approach with an outstretched franc, and see the bright smile into which that angry face breaks from chin to temple, welcoming the *forestiere* purchaser. And lo! she raises a ponderous scale with a yard-long sliding weight, and flings in pounds of grapes, and then you cram all your pockets with peaches and pears, and having filled your hat besides, staggering away with great balloons of fruit in paper bags, you imagine she must be a maniac, for she has given you in change a whole waistcoat-pocketful of coins that, at the lowest calculation, ought to be worth twice what you gave her. So distribute your treasures among the chocolate-coloured half-naked little boys, who are rushing about like a settlement of young Ojibbeways, and who will infallibly reject your first advances, believing them a gigantic swindle, and that when they stretch out their hands for the offering it will be immediately transferred to the bag again—and then turn into a *café*, for the heat is almost intolerable, and—pondering over a great dish of chocolate—look out on the restless changing kaleidoscope effect, as the crowd turns, and twirls, and shouts before you in all the energy of idle life.

It is a relief from all this glare and bustle to step into a quiet chapel for a moment. The heavy red cloth curtain that hangs at the door drops behind with a dead *flop, as if* to shut out the world, and the *stranger is in* comparative solitude for a moment. There is sure to be a blind beggar at the door, but a little practice enables one to evade him by a rapid rush among the pillars. The chapel appears filled with a soft crimson light, mingled with the pale but gorgeous hue of the wax lights—for there are red silk curtains to all the windows. The ceiling is all blue and gold mouldings, with paintings highly coloured and badly drawn of saints and angels in the compartments, and through the whole dreary waste of the building—dreary in spite of its battalions of gold and silver candlesticks, and its new lines of altars all splendidly decorated. You see but some half dozen of persons dotting the pavement as they pray before the different shrines. A marionette performance and a *café* conclude the day; and it is with a confused head you retire to rest to dream of priests and soldiers putting you to death under cart-loads of grapes and figs.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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DISCOVERY OF A TREASURE NEAR CHEAPSIDE.

FORTUNATUS had only a life interest in his purse; and we all know too well that when he died, it vanished with him. Sinbad the Sailor, a munificent merchant in his way, gave the porter of Bagdad only a poor one hundred sequins every day after dinner. Aladdin sent his mother to propose for the Sultan's daughter, with a tolerable present of jewels, but still with no more than could be spread forth on a china dish and tied up in a napkin. The Genie of the Lamp considered it a reasonable exercise of his supernatural power, to serve refreshments on a "large silver tray holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups." Ali Baba beheld in the robbers' cavern what his limited ideas conceived to be a pretty large amount of ready money in gold coin; yet he thought it a wonderful thing to carry off no more than his three asses could bear, under an outer load of wood and green boughs; and there was not so much of it but that his wife borrowed "a small measure"—about the size of a banker's shovel, say—to measure it out. Prince Camaralzaman (not to be learned, and call him Kummir al Zummaun) found, in the cave he accidentally opened on the gardener's ground, fifty brass urns, each with a cover on it, all full of gold dust. But, his share of gold dust, when he divided it with the gardener, was not such a great share after all, for it only half filled fifty olive pots; and, *that's* not much—in these times. Candide and Cacambo, when they came to the land of the red sheep, found the common children (in very ragged clothes of golden brocade) playing at quoits with pretty large pieces of gold. But they might find the common men in Australia and California playing a variety of games with the same bright metal, at the present hour. The double and treble-headed giants whom courageous Jack destroyed, were believed in their pastoral days to be gigantically rich, although they had only stored up exhaustible amounts of gold. Nay, the very gods of classical antiquity were represented as celestial in the possession of services of golden plate, and the lounging upon golden couches.

In all these golden fables there was never gold enough for me. I always wanted more. I saw no reason why there should not be mountains and rivers of gold, instead of paltry little caverns and olive pots; why Jason and his men should not have sailed in search of flocks of golden fleeces rather than one. For, when imagination does begin to deal with what is so hard of attainment in reality, it might at least get out of bounds for once in a way, and let us have enough.

Now, it might be supposed that what I am going to relate, had its foundation in this old sense of injury. But I shall relate it, to the letter, precisely as it happened to me.

At the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, London, there is a tree. I suppose it has not the least business to be there, but it is pleasant there. It is a far better thing than a statue, to my thinking, as statues go. I have the greatest admiration for King George the Fourth, but I should prefer an elm tree in Trafalgar Square. A pigtail in any material, but especially in stone, strikes me as a pretty object; still, I think a poplar would be on the whole more ornamental in Pall Mall East. And anybody will concede that, in place of the frightful abortion on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, the commonest cabbage-stalk ever grown would be a blessed substitution.

I stood under the tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, at ten of the clock in the morning, on the first of the gloomy month of November in the present year of grace. I was a little dazed, as the tree itself may be for anything I know, by the roar of traffic in that busy place; but I am quite certain I was not asleep. I had been reading the Times, and had walked up the Strand and Fleet Street. The polite black-bordered announcements in the shops, concerning seats to let, "To view the funeral procession," coupled with the morning's advertisements relative to the prices of seats, and to the number of ladies and gentlemen wanted to make up little lively parties, and to the available accommodation in the articles of provisions, fruit, wine, plate, linen, glass, china, and good fires, "on this national though melancholy occasion," had set me thinking whether, in these days, a State Funeral (however congenial to the Herald's College, or

convenient to a Ministry,) is a very worthy means of doing honor to the memory of an illustrious man, by nature modest, manly, unaffected, unspoilt, and retiring. My conclusions on this subject I reserve for another occasion. All I mean at present, is, that I am sure I was not asleep. I was considering the subject under the tree, with my eyes open, when a friend of mine, known on 'Change, clapped me on the shoulder, and said triumphantly:

"Well, old boy, I hope there is gold enough for you *now!*"

Coming out of my reverie on the subject of the State Funeral, I looked about me, and said "Where?"

"Where?" cries he, quite boisterously, "Everywhere!"

"Except," says I, in my quiet way, "in Cheapside, I suppose."

"Except in Cheapside?" says he. "Why, there are sometimes three tons of gold a day passing through one house close by here."

Three tons of gold a day!—Tons! I should have staggered against the tree, if the iron railings would have admitted of it.

"Except in Cheapside?" says he again. "Why, one customer of that house has dealings with it to the extent of a million a month! What the business of that house will be, passes human calculation. There are ships on the sea now, sailing away for England as fast as they can carry on, with millions stowed away in their holds! The gold they bring from Australia is so pure that Nature has thrown the Refiners here out of the refining branch of their business, and all they have to do, is, to cast it into golden ingots, value eight hundred pounds sterling each. It is one carat and three quarters above the standard, which is twenty-two carats! While the value of standard gold is three pound seventeen and tenpence halfpenny an ounce, and the value of Californian gold is below it, the value of Australian gold is from four pound one and sixpence to four pound two an ounce! Whooroop, whooroo!"

I should observe that my friend is not of Irish extraction. His excitement alarmed me.

"Whooroop!" says he again, in defiance of me; and I am at a loss to express how very inconsistent the exclamation appeared with his neat white cravat, and his gold watch-chain. "When the house close by here, sent the first two bars of Australian gold to the Bank of England, the Bank of England sent them back, supposing from their purity that there must be some mistake. When the house close by here, was first established, gold was calculated in their accounts by the pound; it is calculated now by the ton. Then, their premises were thought much too large; now, they are far too small. Then, gold lace was in fashion, and the making of gold wire was a most important section of the business. Now, the making of gold-wire has been abandoned as a waste of time." And again he concluded with "Whooroo!"

I have the reputation, and I hope I deserve it, of being naturally polite; but, all this being a little too much for me, I plainly said,

"I don't believe it."

Says he, immediately, "Seeing is believing. Come and see it."

After hearing of those tons of gold, I should not have been very much surprised if he had proceeded according to the precedents in the thousand and one nights; if he had desired me to collect a few dried sticks and leaves in Cheapside; if I had done so; if he had made a fire, cast in some powder from his vest, caused the earth to shake and open, a trap-door with a ring in it to appear, and had taken me down into "the house close by," which I should have found, with no particular astonishment, to be a cave, as light as day from excess of gold and silver, supported by golden statues, and guarded by subsidiary Genii. He did nothing of all this. He merely took me by the arm—in Cheapside, London—on the first of November eighteen hundred and fifty-two—under the very shadow of the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, in whom there is no enchantment whatever, but quite the contrary—and turned me straight down Wood Street, among the bales, and waggons, and business men, of a busy street, not wider than many a dining-room, with a pavement no wider than many a dinner-table; we threatened with the descent of great woollen bales upon our heads, and saving ourselves by a leap from being crushed under an avalanche of empty hampers tumbling down a mountain of waggon.

So we came, or I dreamed it (*which I* am sure I did not) to certain premises having a certain number. The number was our only guide; no name of firm, or notification of the business done within, caused us to pass under an archway, which led into a little court, with a pump of mere mortal construction in the middle. There was a private house on one side, business house on the other side, entrance at the centre by a large door into a lowering stone hall like a brewery. Everything quiet, dingy, commonplace, with a few carboys of aquafortis scattered about. Directed by a housemaid, who was scrubbing down some stairs on one side of the court—she made no mysterious appearance or disappearance, and pronounced no cabalistic words—we crossed over to a common counting-house, and not a very clean one either.

But, not to mention the Treasure-room within, where a jet of gas kept watch and ward upon trucks of silver and gold, here, in this counting-house, were uncountable scoops set forth, containing Australian gold, weighed out ready to be cast, and looking exactly like the kernels of golden walnuts, irregularly broken up into various-sized pieces: some very

small and fine. Upon a sturdy little carriage hard by, stood a number of such heavy little boxes that it gave me a pain over the eyes to look at them, brim full of Australian gold; thousands of such boxes, tightly wedged down and brim full too, being then upon the sea, and being yet to be upon the sea, and being, as it would seem now, never for centuries to leave off coming over the sea, to supply the scoops. All this treasure, lying like any common merchandise, quite familiarly in a big uncomfortable counting-house open to the yard, the fog, and rain; and nobody appearing to look particularly after it, nobody appearing to be at all uneasy about it.

"To cook Australian gold," says my friend, imparting his golden wisdom in the form of a recipe. "Get your furnace fire well up. Fill your pot from your scoop. Boil for twenty minutes. Pour off in hand mould, to the weight of nearly eighteen pounds troy, and the value of eight hundred pounds sterling. Strew a little ivory-black on the top; cool; and serve up for the Bank of England."

But, the treasure in this counting-house was not all Australian gold. There was gold from the coast of Africa in dust, with here and there among the dust pieces of ear-ring, and of other ornaments obtained by commerce from the natives. There was other gold in plenty, from diggings and washings, waiting its turn to go into the refiner's pot. In one part of the room, were carefully constructed scales, of size and strength suited for the weight of heavy matter in immense quantities. In another part of the room were smaller scales, ingeniously formed to combine strength and delicacy, for the weighing of the ingots of gold as they passed from the refiner's hands. The beam of these scales was fashioned from one piece of metal by a former partner in the firm, who did his work so well, that when the beam was hung, before its final adjustment, the two sides were found to differ by only ten grains.

From the counting-house, we passed into a place where half-a-dozen strong men, who relieved each other every ten minutes, were with sledge-hammers forcing a chisel through a great lump of silver. The silver was bright and crystalline: the chisel, a wedge of iron with a piece of steel inserted to give hardness to the point. More than strength was needed in the swinging of one of the great hammers. It must not only make a wide sweep and fall heavily, but it must fall at the right moment, so that a rapid round of blows might be kept up without intermission, and no hammer fall at the wrong time. A lump of silver scarcely cold out of one furnace, was being beaten and sliced by the hammers into pieces of a fit size to go into another melting pot. Fortunate that silver has no sense of pain, for it has great afflictions to endure on a refiner's premises.

So said my friend. He had no more sounding name for this wonderful place, then, than "a refiner's premises." I looked at the master-refiners with awe. Very pleasant gentlemen; crisp, wholesome, extremely intelligent, and freely communicative. I remembered to have heard that the celebrated Tenth Regiment, after exhausting all other means and appliances of expense, took to wearing gold straps. Nothing of the kind about the master-refiners—ordinary pantaloons and boots, and no straps at all!

In the midst of so much gold, it seemed quite an affability in the refiners not to despise silver. There was a good deal of silver: some of it, the various processes completed, lying about on the dark floors, in glittering bars like fish—precious herrings or whitings. But it had a good deal to go through, before it came to that. We stepped into another room and saw a blast furnace in the corner. Lead, and whatever dross had silver in it, was here melted; the blast was contrived to fall upon the scum and blew it off as, in the world of ordinary dust (not gold dust) one blows froth from porter. Under the furnace, was a trough of artificial stone—porous lime-stone made of pounded bones; when the molten silver, still with lead in combination, flowed upon this, the lead sunk into it and left the silver nearly pure. On the premises of the refiner nothing must be wasted. The smooth iron floors must be perpetually swept, and all the sweepings made to yield whatever they contain of value. With the silver there is often a little gold in combination, that will be worth getting out. The actual charge of the refiner, for his operation on the gold committed to him, is not great; on a small quantity it is very inconsiderable, though on the whole year's operations it is, of course, important; but, a great deal of profit comes from the habit among refiners of allowing nothing to be lost; they have the right of getting any silver that may be with gold that passes through their pots, or getting any gold that may be had from silver.

We passed into a large and well-built hall, with a light iron roof and ventilator, a floor paved with iron, and a row, all round the walls, of furnaces or ovens. Through these ovens was a fierce draught. One of the oven doors was opened and revealed a pot, bright as the fire itself, among the glowing coals; within the pot, was liquid silver in full boil. It was taken out, cooled in a lump, and dragged across the iron floor to the sledge-hammers. Silver cools rapidly, beginning to cool at the edges of the vessel, and then throwing up from under the hardened crust a little heap of miniature mountains through the liquid centre. A piece of the great mass came to be again tormented in the fire. It was put into another pot—the pots used in the furnaces were crucibles made of a mixture of black lead and a certain kind of clay—and there was then added to the silver one-third of its weight of the gold dust, or of the gold in any other form to be refined. An oven door was opened,

and, with a pair of tongs constructed for the purpose, this new pot was put upon the fire, and coke was raked about it. A mixture must be made, of two-thirds silver and one-third gold. If there were less than this proportion of silver in the mixture, there would be a failure in the next and chief stage of the refiner's process.

I left the furnaces to glow unseen, and watched the cooking of one little mess of gold and silver, worth may be a thousand pounds. The furnace door was opened by a man, who stirred the broth, and threw a little borax into it by way of flux, just as a cook might sprinkle salt by way of flavour. The door was again shut, impurities were burnt off in the fire, and meanwhile I still abided the serving up of this particular kettle of gold and silver upon which I had set my fancy. A workman with a thick padded gauntlet, like a baby's glove from Brobdignag, upon the hand and arm nearest the fire, took out a little in a spoon, and let it cool into a button: it was very good. Then, with his tongs he grasped the pot upon the fire, and his glove blackened and smoked furiously as he did so; a tub of water was in readiness; and, lifting up at arm's length his glowing mess of broth, he poured it by a slender stream into the water. There it cooled in a granulated form, and glittered very beautifully.

The gold and silver, thus united, were next taken to a smaller chamber, in which large cans hung over an apparatus which applied under them the heat of a gas fire. The cans looked very much like large tin oil-cans that would scarcely be worth cartage home if the firm should say to a visitor, "Sir, we will give them to you." They were, however, made of platinum, and had cost from seven hundred to a thousand pounds a-piece. Into one of these large cans, the newly-married pair were put, and, horrible to relate! strong nitric acid was poured over them, and in the nitric acid they were put over the gas fire and barbarously boiled. Silver was again the sufferer. Gold does not care for nitric acid, nor for the mere warmth of a gas fire. Silver, however, was absolutely delivered over to the power of the acid, its whole system was disturbed, it was dragged out of its bright metallic state, and swam dissolved in the bubbling liquid, while the gold dropped quietly to the bottom of the vessel, and remained quite unconcerned. The nitrous oxide vapour disengaged within the can, ascended through a tube which twisted and wriggled its way up through the roof; and, climbing the tiles, we saw this pipe twisting in the open air, and offering plenty of cool surface for the re-condensation of as much nitric acid as could be made to return into the can; the remaining gas getting out by a high chimney. Then, came the scene of the divorce between the gold and silver. The silver dissolved in the hot nitric acid, had been poured off from the sediment of gold into a jar placed ready under the spout of the can, the can itself being so hung as to be tilted easily. The gold was washed with some more nitric acid, which was again poured off, and had then only to be carried once more to the furnace, melted by itself in a pot, and cast into ingots. But the silver still had a great deal of persecution to endure. I will complete at once its tale of sorrow.

Having been drawn, after separation from the gold—dissolved as it was in hot nitric acid—out of the cans into an open jar, it was there left to cool, and, as the liquid cooled, part of the silver rested upon the sides of the jar in large and handsome crystals. It was not metallic silver then, for it was held a slave to the nitric acid, and could exist only as a nitrate. It was in the next place thrown into large tubs, crystals or no crystals, and dissolved in a great deal of water. Plates of copper were then placed in the liquid, and the rest was left to time. Nitric acid loving to enslave copper rather than silver, sets the silver free, while it attacks the copper. A quantity of copper is eaten away, becomes nitrate of copper, and wanders dissolved about the tub, colouring the water blue. The nitrate of silver, having slipped its chain, falls as pure silver to the bottom of the tub. Nevertheless it is in a state of miserable freedom. Some of it was scooped up from the bottom of the tub for my inspection, and looked exactly like mortar: in which condition it was put into a kind of bottomless washing-trough, and beat with a pestle to squeeze the water out; but this pounding was nothing to what followed, for it was packed into a thick cylinder, open at both ends, and put to be squeezed under a powerful hydraulic press. The Bramah forced out all the water, but at the same time pressed the silver so firmly into the cylinder, that no power less than that which squeezed it in, could knock it out again. Therefore, by another action of the press, the mass of silver, having been pushed out into freedom, was presented to its owner in a hard lump, like a piece cut transversely from some large bough of a silver tree. Its final destination was the melting-pot. The blue water in which the copper had been dissolved, ran off into vats erected in a range of picturesque vaults below, thence to be drawn off in barrels. "It was once bought for the manufacture of verditer," said my friend; "and though that use of it is now superseded, it still finds purchasers."

Some of the gold deposited from nitric acid was, by this time, being melted in the furnace house, and was almost ready to be cast. Whatever purification had not been achieved by the nitric acid, was now to be completed by the fire. The gold was ready to be poured into small moulds with long handles. It poured with a rich colour, and cooled quickly in an even surface: not boiling up into cellular mountains as the silver had done. To hasten its cooling, and to clear every impurity from

rface, the gold was dipped into a solution of vitriol, and then turned out of its l in a bright yellow bar, about eight long and very heavy in the hand. This rtificially refined gold, and would be sent destination at the Bank, or elsewhere, he due calculations had been made of arison with the amount of the original ial, and of its present weight and quality. resent weight was ascertained in the ing-house at the before-mentioned scales. done, it was stamped at an adjoining ow by the punching in of certain letters gures, whereby it could be at all times bed and identified in invoices and else-. A piece was then cut from a corner of ot, representing each batch of refined was marked and registered, and sent to ayer; who would return with every such a ticket, printed in a certain form, and up in a brief technical way, with a of the nature and amount of any slight which the gold still might contain. This ent would be delivered with the finished and would be of course an element in suing debtor and creditor account.

workmen were, with very few excep- Welshmen. Nobody seemed to know They all earned high wages, and d handsome, portly, and jovial. There had been an instance, within the memory of irm, of any workman endeavouring to either silver or gold. They were not sarily bred to the business. Some of had been employed at Barclay and ins's before coming there; and, again, ly knew the process of transition from g beer to precious metals. Accidents rarely happened. Only one could be nbered. A man upset some molten in the process of casting, and severely his legs and feet; but, he was a tho- workman and a hero, and said nothing it until he had finished his job; then entioned, incidentally, that he thought had better take him to the hospital. wind-up of my information was, that a and silver refiner's was always a ready- y business. Heaven and earth, I should so!

s, I came out from among the treasure, long the dirty streets, and houses, and ns, and bales, and felt like the man who his charmed money changed into leaves. e corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, I leave of my friend known on 'Change, e left me once more standing under the Much as Gulliver on coming home from lignag despised the ordinary stature of ind, so I took a sovereign out of my waist- pocket and thought it ridiculously small, egarded the gold watches at the jewellers' over the way as in the last degree insig- nt. I am constantly thinking of the re as I walk along the streets, and ting, "Three tons of gold a day—one ner to the extent of a million a month —what it will be, passes human calculation!" If the gentle reader should at any time observe a wayfarer of interesting appearance, incoherently repeating those words, that wayfarer will be the writer of the present article.

FRANCIS MOORE, PHYSICIAN.

WHATEVER may have been done by our fathers, certainly it is not we who are disposed to stone the prophets. Such prophets as we have, we hear. Francis Moore, Physician, has grown old among us, no man hindering; Partridge has picked up corn; Zadkiel Pao Sze has taken to himself in our own days the prophet's mantle, and it has kept him tolerably warm.

Moore's Almanack for many years lies now before us, and should tell us the world's history in whispers from the stars. The sharp look-out kept by those little eyes that peer over the world, enables them, of course, to look a-head, like a bright throng of Sister Annes, and tell the curious astrologer what they see coming. Here, for a string of years, is the connected chronicle of things to come; and here, for ten years, lies behind them, in that strict record the Annual Register, the dogged chronicle of things that came.

That is all very stern, if we propose in a cold way to say, here is the chaff and there are living coals; now let us put them side by side and make comparisons. But we cannot look upon the face of Old Moore and be altogether stern. Red-letter days come back upon the memory from the red letters of his Vox Stellarum. Who is without a picture on his memory of some old lady who may have been stout or thin, ugly or handsome, great aunt or grandmother, but for whom in his childhood he has run through Moore's Almanack on many an errand lovingly fulfilled? Some dear old patron down in the country whom it was joy to visit, whose hands were to the little ones of her heart's love the never-failing sources of a stream of oranges, cakes, sixpences, rocking-horses, Robinson Crusoes, thimbles, tops, dolls, and silver pencil-cases; who looked forward to his holiday as holidays to her; who planned delightfully absurd games and laughed with triumphing affection while he played them; who based pic-nic parties upon Francis Moore's opinion of the weather; who sighed when her pet child sat upon a little stool beside her, reading the Almanack's moralities upon the wicked world; and, who shared all the child's wonder at the hieroglyphic, and his struggle to discover the interpretation of its mysteries.

So old errors cling to us and we to them, because they are half hallowed by association with the memories of those who died when we were young, in firm possession of our freshest love and reverence. Nevertheless they have to be put off. We are too proud, in spite of all our sentiment, to wear upon our

bodies worn-out clothes belonging to our ancestors; we ought to be too wise to clothe our minds in their worn-out opinions.

Then we will take up a volume which contains the numbers of Moore's Almanack for several years, ranging between thirty and forty years ago, bound up together. It happens to have annotations in it, out of which we deduce the fact, that these numbers belonged to a lady who enriched the pages of her Almanack with a few facts out of the life about her. She has inserted the dates of the marriages, deaths, and interments that took place among her acquaintance; she has carefully noted, every year, on what days the bees swarmed; she was evidently—as we see by her entries—housekeeper in the country seat of a noble lord, who came down occasionally with his noble lady and received guests and went away again, leaving the Almanack-keeper and bee-keeper in charge. She could not have been young nor popular among the household, since we find among her events such chronicles as "This day John Bunter told me I was an old trump, and that half what I said was lies." No doubt she registered the insult in her Almanack promising herself not to scratch it out until she was avenged. Against another date she writes, "This day William Jones went: a good journey to him, and now I shall have no more of his impertinence." The impudence of Jones, and certain things that passed between her and my lord concerning it, had also been chronicled, but are unhappily obliterated by the binder.

On certain pages there occur mysterious entries, which consist of the simple phrase, "Lord Coal's Fidler," or "Lord Coal's Mr. Wilkins," with a written date annexed, from which we might conclude that the old lady had a tender feeling for a musical gentleman attached to a neighbouring establishment and registered the days on which he came to take tea in her parlour. This theory, however, is overturned by the still better-founded theory that a certain Mr. Micks, who makes irregular appearances, coming and going like a comet, and whose coming and going are always set down in the Almanack, is the husband of the housekeeper. Whenever his arrival is entered, there follow always on the next succeeding dates, thick and fast, such entries as "A mixture," "A journey," "A plasture," "This day a seaton was put in Mr. Mick's back;" from which we conclude either that Mr. Micks was an unhealthy subject, or that his wife had a design upon his life, and called the apothecary to her aid, keeping at the same time, however, an account of what poison she got from him, as a prudent check upon his Christmas bill. The Almanack does not, however, go on to inform us that Mr. Micks died, to add the date of his interment, or to say afterwards whether on any day Mrs. Micks was married to Lord Coal his fiddler.

Now we must quit the subject of these personal associations and be stern. Here is the year 1815. O thou dull Moore, or are the stars dull, that they don't exult in the "æstival or summer quarter," over an event worthy to be boded in the skies?—if skies bode anything at all beyond immediate probabilities of fine or rainy weather. For the æstival quarter of the year 1815, Moore's Almanack predicts that "A certain emperor seems gaining ground, and in favour with the French nation or French Government, to the mortification of a certain exalted family. The arms of England will be mostly successful or victorious, notwithstanding Britannia has been, and may be still, in mourning for many sons," &c. For October, 1815, the astrologer saw "Some glimmering hope of bettering our Misfortunes, and converting our Fears into more peaceful and better days." For November he suggested "Expectation of better things, but perhaps not the things themselves." O Francis Moore, in what November fog were future things enveloped when you strained forward to catch sight of the great deeds of 1815—the fall of Napoleon, the close of war, and the commencement of another epoch in the story of the world—and yet could do no more than all your neighbours did, expect better things, or rather not the things themselves, whatever they might be, but you expected expectation of them.

Now let us be methodical; and, beginning with the year 1840, follow the prophet through the ways of history so far as he adverts to them, and we have leisure to apply a test to his fore-knowledge. We are soon perplexed by finding that our Moore is by no means of a free and open nature. He certainly takes pains not to commit himself. After the usual moralities (might we venture to say, Moorealities) by way of preface, the great Astrologer informs us solemnly, as his judgment for the year 1840, that "On taking a prospective review of the various motions and relative positions of the heavenly bodies, together with the probable effects deduced therefrom, there is reason to anticipate"—breathless expectation hurries to read on—"that the year 1840 will be chequered with many events, both as respects nations and individuals." Certainly, different things happened in the year 1840, and it is true that events occured to individuals as well as nations. The relative positions of the heavenly bodies did not, up to that point, mislead the sagacity of Francis Moore, Physician. There will be wars, he says, and rumours of wars, which "relate at this time to Russia, poor Poland, fine but brutalised Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Egypt." Well, there was Beyrout bombarded in that year, and Saint Jean d'Acre fell; the war in Syria—which country the stars did not name—related certainly to Egypt. The other countries, so far as war was concerned, went on in their usual way; but the King of Holland

ted. The stars did not mention that. King of Prussia also died without a ig from the stars; though Francis had ventured to ask on his own it, "How long will the old king last?" Queen married in February; the mar- in high life was not announced, how- in the high quarters which Moore con- nor did the Almanack foretell the birth Princess Royal. These were the events promiaent in the year 1840 to the of Englishmen. Moore mentioned of them, but, he said, "Unfortunately statesmen, whether Whig or Tory or r, continue to neglect year after year arnings, the evil will not be redressed ey see their mistake and rue it. It is ty, however, to persevere, whether they ar or whether they will forbear." So s Moore, Physician, did persevere—in most about the places from which we least news, and upon which he dilate most safely. "Look at Persia. rs tell something of Persia; but then, abitants of that country are so stupid, in, so unfaithful, and so ignorant, enevolent Britons leave her to her We are very happy to look at Persia; e see no event that happened there note in the year 1840. Well, Mr. , we have looked at Persia. "Look, at Iceland, at which the stars here ." What of Iceland? "Happy Ice- beyond the reach of European squabbles, harmless, inoffensive, cultivating thy admiring thy Geysers." Yes, a very ful apostrophe; but we cannot imagine the stars saw that was likely to be ting to us when they glanced at Ice- They saw Iceland admiring its Geysers. ness we must add that, in this year, the life of O'Connell, Mr. Moore was nough to state, on the authority of the hat "Ireland is likely to be somewhat ed."

he year 1841 Moore's Almanack ap- with a prophecy almost distinct. The t evidently had a notion. In his hiero- , which he never explains but leaves "to the ingenuity of the reader," there nething that would serve very well for r Castle, and on the sad November e were told that "A great general to fate; death alone convinces us that are vanity." In the prophecy on the quarter it is said that "The grim king rs is stretching forth his gigantic arms; *kes down one of the greatest.*" Moore nto italics on the subject, but the stars out again, though they luckily could their credit by asserting (through s Moore, Physician) that they meant l Harrison, President of the United who died early in the spring. The l Register tells us of the dissolution of nent and fall of a ministry upon its re- ling in the autumn—a fact which the prophet might in common kindness have hinted to a nation of electors. Great events also were taking place in India and China, about which the prophet might have surely told us something. On the other hand it was polite in him to state that "The position of the presiding star of my fair readers both in this and the preceding ingress requires them to be more than usually cautious against wet feet and evening dews."

For the year 1842 Moore's Almanack, taking the usual sweep, prophesied ferment and agitation in India, Mexico, Greece, Russia, Saxony, &c. "France, Italy, and Greece," he said, "are uneasy." Except this casual mention of India, with Mexico, Saxony, and so on, among agitated places, there was not a ray from the stars to warn us of the terrible disasters in Affghanistan, and there was no hint whatever on the Chinese war, although it was in the year 1842 that our squadron entered the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the terms of a treaty of peace were settled. If the prophet had looked far enough abroad to mention in his Almanack for 1842 Otaheite in the place of Iceland, he would have hauled a prize in the affair of Queen Pomare. In that year there were in England the Corn-law debates, and Sir Robert Peel was burnt in effigy in our manufacturing towns. That was the year of the tariff and the income tax. That was the year of two attempts on the Queen's life. That was the year of a great earthquake in St. Domingo, by which ten thousand lives were lost. That was the year of the great fire of Hamburgh. Not a syllable was in the Almanack to touch in the remotest way of any one of these great facts, unless it be the prophecy made for the autumn quarter that "Many things will turn up which will lead the thoughtful mind to serious reflection." Many things did turn up which led us to the serious reflection that Francis Moore knew nothing of events to come.

We have seen that Francis Moore did not predict what happened. In the same year there were one or two things which the wise man did predict; they of course did not happen. "The fate of Turkey," the stars cried, "is already sealed." "Turkey is in a tottering condition." Turkey stands where it did even to this day. "The system of Louis Philippe seems now wound up to its stretch; and therefore some great change may shortly be experienced." Astrologers have always safely predicted change in France, agitation in Ireland, discontent in Italy, and so on. But in this case "the system of Louis Philippe" had five years to run, and Mr. Moore was very much deceived by some too hasty planet.

For the year 1843 Francis Moore predicted, with his usual courage, that "From the whole I should infer that we shall have some good intermixed with the evil, which will soothe the minds of many," &c.; he predicted, with an ambiguity most creditable to

him as an oracle, that there might or might not be some atrocious murders at the close of the spring. The planets left the matter doubtful, he said. "The dark cloud which I named in 1841 as hanging over Turkey, is now rapidly increasing in opacity, and must shortly burst on its devoted head." The prophets wage incessant war with Turkey: nothing, however, comes of it. For the same year—1843—Francis Moore predicted a deficiency in the flood of the Nile, which did not happen, and claimed (upon no better ground than we have already examined) to have predicted the disasters in India in his last Almanack; at the same time, however, he did not make good his case by predicting, or even hinting at the important affairs in India which were to follow, and belong to the history of the year 1843:—the battles of Meeance and Hyderabad, the victory at Maharajpoor.

For the year 1844 the prophet acutely suggested that "Something seems to be hatching in France,"—(a prediction rendered very remarkable by the notorious fact that Change so seldom hatches any thing in that country)—"and Spain is far from tranquil." Mr. Cobden being hard at work while he wrote, and the important affairs of India and China filling the papers, the prophet fetched news from the stars for 1844, that "The Corn Laws and Free Trade will be brought upon the carpet; also our affairs in India, China, and other remote regions, will be the subjects of long speeches." What follows must have also been valuable information to the country, "Important news from distant shores will frequently arrive." But what news? The noisiest event of that year was the French war with Morocco, a matter one might think specially concerning a Moore's Almanack, but there is not the remotest hint of such an event.

For 1845 Francis Moore—still carrying on his private war with Turkey—said (and again was wrong in saying) that "The final overthrow of the Mahometan despot at Constantinople may ere long be expected, when a better form of Government will be established in that empire." "Jupiter at the end of spring," the Astrologer said—in 1845, be it remembered—"passes over to the ascendant of Ireland, and will benefit that country; which, I hope, is on the eve of experiencing better things." This was the astrologer's prediction of the terrible potato famine! For the winter quarter, which commenced on the 21st of December, 1845, Francis Moore—thoroughly assured by the stars—said, "It is clear that there will not be much of novelty as to matters of state, at least in this country." In that quarter Sir Robert Peel startled the world by his great change of policy, dissolved his government, opposed the Corn Laws and completed the great act of statesmanship that made his name immortal.

The stars that misled Mr. Moore in these matters were not likely to inform him on the subject of the savage warfare in Algeria, the Sikh war, the battle of Moodkee, or the burning of two-thirds of Quebec. There is no hint of these, the other prominent events of that important year. Certainly, if the stars have anything to foretell to men,

> "That Moore's abused by some most villanous knave,
> Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;"

and he had better run no more risks. Or if the stars be trustworthy, "the Moore himself's at sea," and still we would advise him to travel over less uncertain ground.

For the year 1846, Moore's Almanack did little in the way of prophecy.

The year 1847 was marked, according to the Annual Register, by the dreadful condition of Ireland, great excitement in Italy, and civil war in Switzerland. Moore, however, who, when he is not belabouring Turkey, generally gives Russia a thrashing, prophesied nothing about Ireland, Italy, or Switzerland, but said, "Something unpleasant is hatching in Russia." He prophesied also, safely as he thought, judging from the past, danger of war with America "about a piece of land." Of course, nothing of the kind happened. Judging again by experience of the past, and again most unluckily, the conjuror announced, for the year 1847, that "Some momentous intelligence arrives from India." India, however, perverse-stumbling block to gum masters, again disturbed Mr. Moore's credit. The affairs of India for 1847 are characterised in the Index to the Annual Register by these words, "Profound tranquillity throughout the year." Basing his calculation on a planetary Abracadabra, Mr. Moore succeeded *better*, we have no doubt, in warning some of the old maids among his readers against the duplicity and spite of maiden friends who would ensnare and devour them at their tea-parties. "Old ♄ in ♂ to ☿ promises us good; let me advise unwary virgins to be cautious, for there are yet those of their own sex seeking to ensnare them, and are indeed wolves in sheep's clothing."

For the year 1848, the Almanack really prophesied, so far as everybody foresaw, the end of 1847, that "certain great changes are likely to take place affecting some of the crowned heads of Europe." These changes, however, were to "bring about a congenial state of things;" we don't think that the Heavens—meaning the stars—themselves know whether they may be considered to have done so. For the same year it was said, "There is some warlike feeling brewing in France and Italy, but which will not, I trust, be exhibited in any serious point of view." So far were the stars from hinting to the prophet the real truth, that he was led to predict for October "Much bustle of a friendly and benevolent nature." The true history of 1848 is quite fresh in all memories.

"Ireland," said the prophet, "is getting over her difficulties;" and "I shall not wonder if we hear of some lady in high life greatly annoyed by her unfaithful lover." As we are not favoured with a large confidential correspondence among ladies in high life, we cannot say which lady was annoyed, or whether all had lovers who were faithful.

For the year 1849, Francis Moore, Physician, did not venture to commit himself to very much more than the safe prophecy that "Our cabinet will be frequently engaged in matters relative to the great struggle and contention" (or, the bustle of a friendly and benevolent nature?) "in European states."

When the time really came for a safe hit at Russia, the stars missed fire. Mr. Francis Moore, in wandering about the world after a far-fetched prognostic, did not stumble upon California or Australia; the gold discoveries, which promise to effect a small revolution of their own, come heralded by not a breath of portent in the Almanack.

Serious inquiry of this kind may seem very absurd to the thousands who know well what ground there is for astrological pretensions; but, there are many in this country, and there may possibly be some among our readers, to whose profit it will be, to see distinctly that even Francis Moore, the safest of astrologers, who sticks to generalities as much as possible, and feels his way and takes great pains never to get out of his depth, errs as grossly as it is possible for a man to err whenever he attempts to tell what lies behind the blanket of the dark. Other prophets who attempt to tell more, err more, and would appear even more ridiculous if brought to the same test by which we have now tried ten years of Moore's Almanack.

UMBRELLAS.

Would M. Garnerin have astonished the denizens of St. Pancras, by alighting among them in a parachute liberated from a balloon, half a century ago?—would he have had many imitators, successful and unsuccessful, at all sorts of Eagles and Rosemary Branches and Hippodromes?—and, lastly, would Madame Poitevin, the only real, genuine Europa of modern times, have dropped down from the clouds on an evening visit to Clapham Common?—would all these events have occurred if umbrellas had never been invented? What should induce the aëronaut to think of such an expedient, unless he had seen how nicely and suddenly the cloth of an umbrella expands into its curved form by the sliding action of the stretchers? When M. Blanchard lowered his little dog in a parachute over Liège, in 1785, he had studied an umbrella well beforehand. Our umbrellas usually have eight ribs or meridians on their spherical surface, and, of course, eight gores of cotton, or silk, or alpaca, to connect and cover them; but M. Garnerin's umbrella-parachute had no less than thirty-two gores, and expanded to twenty-three feet in diameter—surely a sufficient shield against two showers of rain rolled into one, or two suns burning at once with double July power.

But it is with umbrellas proper, and not umbrella-parachutes, that we are here dealing. And, in touching upon umbrellas, we must perforce include parasols; for they are so nearly related by family ties, that, although in European countries the parasol is generally the lady sister of the umbrella, yet in the East they are one and indivisible. Or rather, the umbrella, in its character as a rain-guard, is very little known in the East, for no one with his wits about him thinks of stirring abroad in the rainy season.

Great is the honor of holding an umbrella, or rather parasol, over an Oriental potentate. Among the sculptures at Persepolis is a bas-relief of a king or chief, over whose head an umbrella is held by an attendant. At Takht-i-Bostan, another spot in Persia, is a bas-relief representing a chief witnessing a boar hunt, with an attendant umbrella-bearer. Dr. Layard has met with umbrellas among his bas-reliefs at Nineveh, which seem to have been very smart productions. "It" (the Nineveh sun-shade) "resembled in shape very closely those now in common use, but it is always seen open in the sculptures. It was edged with tassels, and was usually adorned at the top by a flower, or some other ornament. On the latter bas-reliefs a long piece of embroidered linen or silk, falling from one side like a curtain, appears to screen the king completely from the sun. The parasol was reserved exclusively for the monarch, and is never represented as borne over any other person." The Sangsters of Nineveh, therefore, six-and-twenty centuries ago, must have had rather a limited circle of customers. In ancient Egypt, as in ancient Assyria, these sun-shields appear to have been used; for Sir J. G. Wilkinson has copied from one of the Theban pictures a delineation of an Ethiopian princess travelling in a car, to which is attached an umbrella or sun-shade, bearing a strong resemblance to the chaise umbrella which Mr. and Mrs. Smith take out with them on their Sunday's ride to Epping Forest.

The parasol is still an appendage of ceremonials in the East. Among the numerous titles of the King of Ava is that of "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." In Siam, the chief officers of state use umbrellas nearly resembling those of Europe; but the king—Loubere tells us—has an umbrella three or four tiers in height; and the umbrellas which he presents to ambassadors and his favourites indicate the degree of his favour by the kind of hangings or trimmings. Among the Mahratta tribes in India, the *chattrapati* or "lord of the umbrella," is an officer of very high rank; and Sir John Malcolm is of opinion that the Persian title of *satrap* is

derived from the same word. Besides the favoured holder of the umbrella over the sacred head of the Chinese Emperor, the officers of state in China have each his umbrella-holder; and in Chinese drawings it is very customary to see ladies attended by servants similarly provided with umbrellas. Ali Bey, in describing the entrance of the Emperor of Morocco into Fez, says, that by the side of the monarch rode an officer holding an umbrella over the Emperor's head. Niebuhr tells us that, when in the south of Arabia, he saw the Imaum of Sanâ going to mosque in great state, with an umbrella over him.

In Europe we find the distinction between the umbrella and the parasol more marked. The French have their *parapluie* and their *parasol;* the Italians their *ombrello* and their *parasole;* the Germans their *regenschirm* and their *sonnenschirm*—all "rain-guards" or "sun-guards." It is probable that Italy was the first European country to adopt these conveniences, originally as a sun-shade only, but afterwards as a rain-shade likewise. Horsemen sometimes carried with them ombrellos made of leather, hooped in the inside, so as to expand to a pretty large size. Robinson Crusoe's umbrella was, as we all know, made of skins, with the hair outwards; and Defoe probably derived his idea of it from the sun-shades used at that time in South America.

The umbrella as a sun-shield was certainly known and used in England more than two centuries ago, for it is mentioned in that capacity by Ben Johnson and by Beaumont and Fletcher? but its use as a wet weather companion commenced much later. Gay, writing his "Trivia," about 1712, speaks thus:—

> "Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
> Defended by the riding hood's disguise;
> Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
> Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread.
> Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display
> To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
> Or sweating slaves support their shady load,
> When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
> Britain in winter only knows its aid,
> To guard from chilling showers the walking maid."

But, alas! for Gay's theory, the "walking maid" has become more afraid of the sun's beams; not only does the well-to-do lady carry a parasol, but the damsel of low degree now looks out among "Tremendous Sacrifices" for parasols at thirteen-pence halfpenny each. And the oily shed of which Gay speaks seems to denote a kind of sou'wester material, less dainty than the neat gingham or the soft silk.

Jonas Hannaway, celebrated for much more important things, has the celebrity of being the first *man* to use an umbrella in England. With respect to Scotland, Creech tells us that "in 1763 there was no such thing known or used as an umbrella: but an eminent surgeon of Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal in the course of his business, used one about the year 1780; and in 1783 umbrellas were much used." Glasgow seems also, from the "Statistical Account" of that city, to have become possessed of its first umbrella about the same time, much to the astonishment of the citizens. All very well, this, for the abundant rains in the *towns* of Scotland; but it is difficult to admire a full-dressed kilted Highlander walking under an umbrella, a sight which Queen Victoria has more than once witnessed. Before umbrellas were used by pedestrians in England, it became customary to provide one in the halls of genteel mansions, to hold over persons when entering or leaving their carriages. In those days umbrellas were weighed by the pound, and not by the ounce, as at present.

The making of umbrellas and parasols is a very curious art, as we learn abundantly from that same Exhibition Jury which has told the world more about walking-sticks than the world ever knew before. It appears that in forty years there have been no fewer than eighty patents taken out in France alone for improvements in umbrella making. An umbrella consists, as a slight examination will show, of a large number of distinct parts, and there has been room for untiring ingenuity in devising means of fastening these several pieces together; so that those which are to be fixed may be firm in their fixedness, and those which are to move may move smoothly and quietly. And there has been no want of change in the materials employed—cane, for whalebone; iron, for wood; and alpaca for silk or gingham.

The putting together of umbrella and parasol frames with cane and whalebone ribs is, it seems, chiefly done by small masters in London, who employ lads to assist them; the covering with woven material is the work of women and girls at their own humble homes; while the fixing of the handles and ferules is often done at the warehouses. There are thus no umbrella factories, properly so called; the system resembles that of the Clerkenwell watch trade, in which the component elements of a watch travel about from one small master to another, before being finally put together. The metal work, however—the Birmingham portion—especially since the increased use of iron in the frames, is conducted much more on the factory system; the number of persons so employed is very large, and the manufacture is an important element in Birmingham industry.

The amount of work which the putter-together performs for three farthings is scarcely credible, were it not stated on authority beyond all dispute. The workman receives stick, ribs, stretchers, and runners from the warehouse; he provides iron wire and sheet brass; his workshop is supplied at his own charge with lathes, saws, rose-cutters, drills, paring-knives, a vice, pliers, and other tools; and he and his lads—two to four in number—set to work. First, the stick goes

through its prescribed ordeal; it is usually of beech, and was formerly stained; it is now *singed* to any desired tint. There is a portable fire-place with a hole in the chimney. The stick is thrust into that hole, and is passed rapidly over the top of a flame; being dexterously twisted about the while. It comes out of a dark or light colour according to the time of its exposure to, or its distance from, the flame. The workers taper one end for receiving the ferule; they cut two grooves for receiving the two springs which respectively keep the umbrella closed and open; they insert the springs in these grooves, they adjust a stopper of wire to prevent the slides from going too far, and they fix a cross wire with a staple at each end of it. Thus much for the stick; and now for the ribs. The workman and his staff of boys roughly taper the slip of whalebone which is to a form a rib; they shape it, and smooth it, and varnish its tip; they drill a hole in it, to facilitate the fastening to the cover; they shape and smooth the head, lap sheet brass round it, and drill a hole through it for the bit of wire which is afterwards to form a hinge; they similarly drill and shield it at the middle point where the stretcher is to be fastened, and they attach it to the stretcher by means of a little axis of wire. When all the eight ribs have been doctored in this way, they are separately weighed or weighted; that is, they are tested in respect to strength and flexibility, in order that the eight for any one umbrella may be selected as nearly equal as possible: a necessary condition for the symmetrical set of the umbrella when open. Thus far done, the busy workers proceed to thread the ribs; they insert a bit of wire in a drilled hole in each stretcher; they fasten the stretcher to a notch in the slides by means of this wire, and they fasten the ribs to their meeting point by other pieces of wire.

Now what, in the name of all that is cheap, does the reader imagine to be the rate of wages paid for this labour and these bits of iron wire and sheet brass? In the first place, look at the movements, the separate operations. The stick passes through the hand nineteen times during its fashioning and adjustment; each rib passes through the hand thirteen times in preparing, once in weighing, and four times in threading; and thus, for an umbrella of eight ribs, there have been one hundred and sixty-three successive operations, performed by the workman and his three or four boys. For this he receives from a half-penny to three farthings in the case of parasols, and from three farthings to one penny in the case of umbrellas, if the manufacture be of the commonest kind, and the ribs made of cane; but a whalebone-ribbed umbrella brings him about twopence half-penny. In respect to the number of operations, we may say that the Jury reporter makes it one hundred and thirty-five; but as his sum total does not quite agree with his items, we have taken the liberty to introduce a little arithmetic of our own. A workman and four boys can, notwithstanding this complexity of movements and operations, put together nearly six hundred common umbrellas in a week; but out of the six hundred pence which he may receive for this labor, his iron wire and sheet brass will have cost him eight shillings. When the next shower of rain impels us to open an umbrella, let us look at its skeleton, and ponder on the amount of labour rendered for a penny or twopence.

The womens' and girls' work, in covering the umbrellas and parasols, is paid for at the rate of from a penny to fourpence each according to the quality and the amount of labour.

The iron or (so called) steel frames now made at Birmingham, are produced in enormous quantities. The stick, ribs, stretchers, and ferule, are all made of iron, and can be supplied complete so low as sevenpence each. The small compass into which an iron-frame umbrella will pack, is a great source of the favour in which it is held. France excels us in the costly and beautiful umbrellas and parasols; but we outvie all the world in the humbler kinds. Several of our large City houses are said to sell from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dozens of umbrellas and parasols weekly. The wholesale prices have now reached such a low degree of cheapness that a child's gingham parasol may be had for fourpence, a woman's for tenpence-halfpenny, a small silk parasol for the same, and a gingham umbrella for sevenpence. That the manufacture of these goods must be very large in England, is shown by the fact that the whalebone fins imported, and used principally for umbrella-ribs, amounts to eight or nine thousand hundred weights annually.

The pursuit of lightness has been one of the aims of modern umbrella makers, insomuch that we are becoming lighter and lighter every generation. The umbrella of 1645 is recorded to have been a weighty affair of three pounds and a half, from which we have travelled downwards to about hal. a pound. One inventor has ingeniously shown how to make the ribs of hollow steel tubing, combining much strength with extraordinary lightness; and another has a contrivance for opening the umbrella by merely touching a spring near the handle; a third shows you how to draw out the stick, and use it as a walking-stick; while another enables you to fold up your umbrella and stow it away in your great-coat pocket. The Alpaca is a favourite just now; it is covered with cloth made from the undyed wool of the South American sheep; it fades neither in the sunshine nor with the touch of salt-water, and it is strong and durable. No less than twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of Alpaca cloth was used in England for covering umbrellas in 1851. In Paris there are something like

seventeen hundred persons employed in making umbrellas and parasols, producing three hundred thousand pounds' worth in a year—no trifling item in the productive industry of a great city.

If we mistake not, the newspapers described, a few years ago, a most gorgeous umbrella made in London for an Oriental potentate, with a hollow stick containing all sorts of golden and be-jewelled knick-knacks, and an external adornment of a most costly character. Yet is the sevenpenny gingham umbrella a more important commercial article, after all.

A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.

To write to papa, 'tis an enterprise bold
For the fairy-like maiden scarce seven years old,
And see! what excitement the purpose hath wrought
In eyes that when gravest seem playing at thought!

The light little figure surprised into rest—
The smiles that *will* come so demurely repressed—
The long-pausing hand on the paper that lies—
The sweet puzzled look in the pretty blue eyes.

'Tis a beautiful picture of childhood in calm,
One cheek swelling soft o'er the white dimpled palm
Sunk deep in its crimson, and just the clear tip
Of an ivory tooth on the full under lip.

How the smooth forehead knits! With her arm round his neck,
It were easier far than on paper to speak;
We must loop up those ringlets: their rich falling gold
Would blot out the story as fast as 'twas told.

And she meant to have made it in bed, but it seems
Sleep melted too soon all her thoughts into dreams;
But hush! by that sudden expansion of brow,
Some fairy familiar has whispered it now.

How she labours exactly each letter to sign,
Goes over the whole at the end of each line,
And lays down the pen to clap hands with delight
When she finds an idea especially bright.

At last the small fingers have crept to an end:
No statesman his letter 'twixt nations hath penned
With more sense of its serious importance, and few
In a spirit so loving, so earnest, and true.

She smiles at a feat so unwonted and grand,
Draws a very long breath, rubs the cramped little hand:
May we read it? Oh yes; my sweet maiden may be
One day you will write what *one only* must see.

"But no one must change it!" No, truly, it ought
To keep the fresh bloom on each natural thought.
Who would shake off the dew to the rose-leaf that clings?—
Or the delicate dust from the butterfly's wings?

Is it surely a letter? So bashfully lies
Uncertainty yet in those beautiful eyes,
And the parted lips' coral is deepening in glow,
And the eager flush mounts to the forehead of snow.

'Tis informal and slightly discursive, we fear;
Not a line without love, but the love is *sincere*.
Unchanged, papa said he would have it depart,
Like a bright leaf dropped out of her innocent heart.

Great news of her garden, her lamb, and her bird,
Of mamma, and of baby's last wonderful word;
With an ardent assurance—they neither can play,
Nor learn, nor be happy, while *he* is away.

Will he like it? Ay, will he! what letter could seem,
Though an angel indited, so charming to him?
How the fortunate *poem* to honour would rise
That should never be read by more critical eyes!
Ah, would for poor rhymsters such favour could be
As waits, my fair child, on thy letter and thee!

DAY-BREAK.

It is but a narrow thread of greyish hue, streaking the murky horizon in the quarter the sun comes from, that I take to spin my feeble web from. Fragile it is, and of as little account as the long slender attenuated filament I have seen stretching from the limbs of an oak (whose frame has grown gaunter, but whose muscles seem to grow stronger in its rigid, iron knots, like those of an old athlete) down to the cowslips in a field beneath: the aërial suspension bridge of the spider. Break of day is my slender, grey, flickering thread; but Day and Night are the strong oak and the wide field they connect; and my thread may serve as a humble link between two mighty subjects.

And my thread—day-break—should it not be a chord in the harp on which Nature at least for ever sings hymns of praise; if men do sometimes fail to pray? And day-break, is it not a bell, a marriage-bell to millions—a passing-bell to dying millions too—a joy-bell and a knell of death? And day-break, is it not the main, from which tend smaller pipes of light? And day-break, is it not the chandelier at which both wise and foolish virgins kindle their lamps to light them their day's work through. The night may seem life-long, but day-break comes: it must come—like Death.

Yet, omnipresent as it is, how many children of humanity there be who rise, and work, and go to bed again, through a lifetime, without once beholding my thread. "Does one man in a million," asks Paley, in his Natural Theology, "know how oval frames are turned?"—Is there one man in a thousand I will less boldly ask, who has seen the break of day? If all had seen it, what would there be left for me to write about? If everybody knew everything, how many, many days the poor schoolmasters and philosophers would have to wait for the bread they had cast on the waters.

What aspect, observation, has day-break on a railway? We have left London by the night mail for Liverpool. It is August weather, and day breaks just after we have passed Crewe. With a rasping, shattering express motion have we come over the rails. Reading was out of the question. A pale gentleman in spectacles essayed it at Watford; but the letters danced up and down and in all manner of ways against his

gold-rimmed pebbles, as though the matrix they (the letters) had descended from had been a maniac; and they, in consequence, mad type, wholly unsuitable for so grave a work as The Architectural Psychology of the Middle Ages as Exhibited in Flying Buttresses, which the pale gentleman essayed to peruse but gave up at last in despair.

Another traveller, a political-looking man with grey whiskers and a determined neck-cloth—the sort of man, I warrant, who looks sharply after the member for his borough, and heads a requisition to him to resign his seat two or three times in the course of a session—tried also to read a leader in that day's Times; but, in spite of the large, bold type, and of his folding the paper into a small, fierce compass, and holding it with both hands, with a paper-knife pressed over the line immediately below the one he read, and so moved downwards, and nearly gluing his eyes to it in the bargain; in spite of this he had no better success; and muttering "Unprincipled print" (doubtless because he couldn't read it), went austerely to sleep, and dreamed, probably, of the brisk rubbing up he will give the honourable member for Tarottlebury, shortly, concerning his infamous tergiversation about that poor burked little bill which was to have given sewers to Throttlebury. A commercial gentleman, with his great coat full of gold pencil-cases, vainly attempted at Rugby to jot down an order in his note-book, and failing to make anything but incoherent zig-zag diagrams, bound a railway rug round his head till it assumed the semblance of a grenadier's cap that had been stencilled at a paper-stainer's, and went to sleep, too. Somebody (I hope he didn't sit near me), not being able to read, or to sleep, or to snore and gasp and bark like the ball of something with a wide-awake hat in the left-hand off corner, and afraid to sing, presumed to smoke, swallowing the major part of the fumes through modesty, and tilting the ashes cautiously out of the little Venetian *jalousies* above the window.

We all got out at Wolverton, where the commercial traveller disappeared—perhaps to take an order for pork pies; and the pale gentleman in spectacles was indignant (and justly so, I think), that he could not have threepenn'orth of brandy in his tea. So, through the black night have we rushed fiercely through black county after county. At Stafford, the ball of something (which has turned out to be camlet cloak), speaking for the first and last time, has remarked that "it is a long train" (which it is not). At some intermediate station—whose name, as it was yelped forth by a porter as he hurried by thrusting grease into the hot greedy maw of the axle-box, might just as well have been cried in Chaldee or Sanscrit, for anything I could make of it—a simpering gentleman with a gold chain peeping even from among his many coats, and a Fez cap, proposed to enter the carriage; but, drawing back, declared that "somebody had been smoking," and that it was a "disgwace;" whereupon the guard asked nobody in particular if anybody had been smoking; and, seeming perfectly satisfied with the assurance that nobody had, remarked that "it was the engine—may be," and popped my simpering gentleman into the next carriage, in which there were two old maids, one purple satin lady of Lambertian or Armitagian bulk, a young child (querulous), a black nurse, and a gentleman subject to fits—having them, too, every other station or so. No smoking there!

Far behind lies Crewe, though but a minute passed. I draw down the window, and the keen morning breeze charges in at the aperture like a Cossack. And in the eastern horizon day breaks. How many cocks, I wonder, in all the lands day breaks upon are singing their morning hymn now? I listen for one Chanticleer; but the engine has a crow of its own, and a yell for going into tunnels, and a howl for coming out of them, and hideous noises for all seasons and every inch of the road. All the cocks in Lancashire might crow themselves hoarse ere I could hear them amid this din.

Day breaks fast, and the slender grey thread expands into a wide sheet of pale light. Against it the coldly violet clouds are defined in sharp and rigid relief. These are the fragments of the veil of night yielding slowly, and, as it were, reluctantly to day-light. Slower and slower, almost imperceptibly, as day gains on night, one great bank of cloud sinks in nearly a horizontal line into Erebus, like a pair of flats in a theatrical spectacle; but the side pieces of clouds—the wings and set pieces, if I may call them so—split up into jagged, obstinate, refractory cloudlets over the sky, which, by this time has turned from ashy pallid grey to silver blue—not sky-blue, as we generally understand it, yet—but a blue like that we see in the shadow part of silver lace. These clouds are of fantastic shapes: some are dark slices, long, and almost mathematically straight; others torn and zig-zag shaped; some take the semblance of fiendish heads and hideous animals with more legs than were ever dreamt of in the philosophy of Buffon or Cuvier. Fast as the day breaks, and broad daylight as it is by this time, the genial, warming influence of the blessed sun is yet wanting. The guests are bidden and the banquet is spread; but the bride and bride-groom are not come home from church yet. The contract is drawn up, but lacks the signature. The pyre is heaped up and needs only one friendly torch to set it in a blaze.

Coldly garish yet is the white, sunless day. Funereally black and dismal loom tufted masses of tall trees—their umbrageous mantles chequered here and there by diamond flashes of the sunlight coming up behind them. Coldly

grey are the wide leas and ploughed fields. Coldly black are the hedgerows, and hayricks, and stunted pollard willows, and lonely cow-shippons. Coldly dark and dismal, rear their heads, the roofed posts of the electric telegraph—looking, in the dubious light, like gibbets. Coldly the wind keeps blowing in at the window; so at least tells me my fellow-traveller in the gold pencil line—tells me so, too, in a remarkably discourteous tone, with some nonsensical allusion to the ear-ache. I shut the window and pity him. *He* thinks nothing of the break of day—thinks about it no more, nay, not so much as that flapping crow overhead—no more than that rustic in the clay-soiled dress, who has been up since three to fodder the cows and lead Ball and Dapple to the pond to drink, and who now leans over a gate on the line, smoking his break of day pipe, and whistling bewhiles. And yet, perhaps I libel this clay-stained man. Perchance he *does* think of day and of its Maker—in his own rough untutored way sees in the clouds, and the sky, and the light, as clear a connection between the varied Nature and the varied God, as he knows to exist between the two plain sets of iron rails on the gravel road before him, and the mighty terminus at Euston Square—two hundred miles away.

Wra-a-a-ah! the train enters a tunnel. All is black for half-a-dozen minutes—then emerging, we see the sun getting up in the East like a refreshed generous giant, scattering gold over the world.

Break of day after the Honourable Mrs. Plover's *soirée dansante*. The Honourable Mrs. Plover was the youngest and seventh daughter of General the Earl of Duxandraques of Liverwing Hall. The footmen at Liverwing have had for some years a somewhat Hebrew-Caucasian cast of countenance, and evil-minded men do say they are bailiffs in disguise. The noble lord's solicitor and heirs male do not dare to trust him, if they can help it, with as much wood as would serve for a lucifer match—so addicted is he to cutting down the timber on his estate, and afterwards cutting away with the ligneous proceeds to Hombourg or Baden-Baden. The Honourable Miss de Bressbohun (that is the family name of the Duxandraques) had for her fortune only a remarkably pretty face, and an assortment of the most captivating blonde ringlets you ever saw; so she married Mr. Rufus Plover, who is ambiguously known to be "on 'Change" and brings fabulously large sums of money off it. They have a grand country-house at Gunnersbury, and a sweet little marine villa at Brighton—all Venetian blinds and dazzling stucco; and, to crown all, a jewel of a house, Number 402 (A), Toppletoton Street, Crenoline Square. In this elysian mansion (Madame de Pompadour could not have spent more in upholstery upon it than did Mrs. Plover,) the enchanting *soirées dansantes* of the Honourable Mrs. P. are held.

This has been a grand night for the P. family. Half Long Acre in the way of carriages. Half the Herald's College in the armorial bearings on the coach panels. Quite a Zoological Garden of lions rampant, couchant, and passant, griffins sparring wildly with their paws at inoffensive shields, and birds', beasts', and fishes' heads drawn and quartered in every imaginary way. Quite a little course of "Latin without a master" in the heraldic mottos.

And such company! No merchants, not ship-owners, nor people of that sort—nay even one of Mr. Plover's "Exchange" friends. *Their* exclusion was won from Mr. P. after a hard battle the very morning of the ball, and only after the concession on the part of his lady of two trifles and a model of the Great Exhibition in confectionary, to be withdrawn from the *menu* of the supper. The nearest approach to commerce among the guests was the great Sir Blanke Cheque, the banker of Lombard Street, who has three daughters married to peers of the realm, and one to the Russian Count Candleatovich, who is immensely rich, but dare not return to Russia, where he would infallibly be knouted, have his nose and ears slit, and be sent to Tobolsk, for daring to overstay the time allowed him by the Czar for a continental trip, and for presuming to go to a concert where Miss Crotchet sang the "Fair Land of Poland;" a due minute of which last crime was made the very next day by little Jula Benikowski, the Muscovian Jew spy, and duly recorded against the Count in the archives of the Russian Consulate General. Among the company, was the noble Duke and Duchess of Garternee; the Earl and Countess of Anchorsheet, and Ladies Fitzfluke (2); Field-Marshal Count Schlaghintern; the Ban of Lithuania; the Waywode of Bosnia; the Hospodar of Thrace; the new Bishop of Yellowjack Island, West Indies, the Mac Kit of that ilk in full Highland costume, with a dirk in his stocking worth five hundred pounds—having come to Mrs. Plover's straight from the anniversary of the Tossancaber Highland Association, where he danced more strathspeys on the table, emptied more mulls of snuff, and drank more glasses of whiskey than I care to name. Then there was Chibouck Pasha, in a tight frock coat like that of an inspector of police, but with a blister of diamonds on his breast, a red cap, and a gorgeous beard.

There was Mr. Vatican O'Phocleide, M.P. for Barrybugle, Ireland, who had a slight dispute with the Hansom cabman who brought him to Toppletoton Street, and threatened to inflict personal chastisement on Berkely Montmorency, Mrs. P.'s sergeant footman, for not rightly announcing his style and titles. There was old General Halberts, who served in the Prussian army at Leipsic, who was about sixty years of age when that battle was fought, but is about fifty-one or two now,

fine very black hair and whiskers and moustaches, but being rather shaky and tremulous (not with age, of course), got nervous at the great confusion of carriages at the top of the street, and chose to dismount and walk to 402 (A), whereby he got entangled between one of Mr. Bunter's pastrycook's men, and Ludovico Scartafaccio from Modena (with his orchestra on wheels, drawn by a pony of a Modenese cast of countenance), and unluckily hooked himself on to an area railing by his diamond-hilted sabre, and the collar of the Golden Fleece, from which unpleasant position he was at length extricated by policeman P 95, and Silver Sam, the link-boy.

Finally, to mention a few more notabilities, there was Bohwanie-Lall, from Calcutta, a being strongly resembling a cocoa-nut candle swathed in a pair of white muslin curtains, bound round with bell-ropes of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, and surmounted by a *toupée* of birds of paradise feathers. There was the author of the last new novel, and the last new painter, and the last new preacher, and the last new lion of whatever shape or degree he might be. There was Professor Oxalicacides, from Breslau, who, in his lectures on *hygiène* lately, gravely hinted his suspicions that the English sweet-stuff makers adulterated Everton toffee with sugar of lead and *aqua tophana*. There was Madame Sostenuta, and Mademoiselle Orphea Sospianti, and Signor Portamento from the Italian Opera, engaged to sing professionally; and with them Herr Fritz Lurleiberg, the great German basso, with a voice from the tombs, and hair dreadfully long and dishevelled. There were batalllons of grand old dowagers in various stages of velvet and satin more or less airy. There were frigid chaperons, so awful in their impressiveness that they seemed to possess the capability of doing the office of Medusa's head for you in a pig's whisper. There were anxious mammas; and simpering young dandies in colossal white neckcloths, and feet so tiny as to endanger their centre of gravity, and to render their tumbling over in the midst of a quadrille anything but unlikely. There were flushed-faced old papas. There was Jullien's band; and there were cohorts, Pyrrhic phalanxes, of the dear English girls, the forms, the faces, the bright eyes, the red lips, the laughing lips that I will defy you to match—Mademoiselle Eulalie, or Signora Bianca, or Fräulein Trudschen, or Donna Inez, or Khanoum Haidee, Gulnare, or Dudu, any summer or winter's day the whole year through. And so, through the noise of the night season, the Hon. Mrs. Plover's *soirée dansante* proceeded.

How many quadrilles, and polkas, *valses à deux temps*, Schottisches and mazurkas there were. How the "lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;" how "a thousand hearts beat happily," and "eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again;" how hands were squeezed in conservatories, and soft nothings whispered in balconies; how crushed white roses were ravished from unresisting Sabines by impetuous dragoons and tulle ribbons purloined by Cupid-struck undergraduates of the University of Oxford, tell, philosopher in the ill-washed neckcloth and the dress-coat, to whose appearance candle-light was a decided advantage—philosopher, too awkward to dance, too timid to play whist, too moody to do aught else save lounge against doorposts and observe. How Lord Claude Pettitoes proposed (over strawberry ice) to Mrs. Vanilla, the Cuban widow; how rude General Halberts made a dash at a model of Osler's crystal fountain in barley-sugar, and ate the fluted column up bodily. How Chibouck Pacha quaffed champagne till his face shone again; and Lady Blanche Pettitoes (sister of Lord Claude and daughter of the Marchioness of Dayryfedde) complained to her mamma that he, the Pacha, squeezed her; how Mr. Remanet, M.P., insisted on talking agricultural statistics to his partner; how the various lions—literary, artistic, and scientific—howled, roared, and were trotted out in different corners of the different *salons*. How dancing commenced again after supper; how Mrs. Plover was here, there, and everywhere, with a smile for everybody and a frown for nobody, save that sad fellow, the member for Barrybugle, who tried to get a circle together in the boudoir, to discuss the wrongs of Ireland. How Bohwanie-Lall from Calcutta, being strictly of the Brahminical persuasion, rigidly refused to partake of supper with unbelievers, and was served with a light repast of pistachio nuts and water-ice in an adjoining apartment, —though my private opinion is that he subsequently devoured a trayfull of real patties on the staircase. How the professional singers sang like syrens, and Herr Lurleiberg shook the very chandeliers with his sepulchral tones. How all these things were done, tell, fashionable Muse of *soirées dansantes*, if, Muse, thou wert honoured with a card for Mrs. Plover's, which I was not!

When day-break came at last, how garish the yellow candle-light looked against the strong beams of the morning, the stalwart workers, the early-to-bed goers, and early risers. How they beat down the flickering wax ends in their sockets. And the pretty girls—pretty still—yet looking pale, and a trifle draggled, and a thought sickly. There was a faint odour through the crowded rooms of faded roses and spilt perfumes, and spent champagne corks. The Honourable Mrs. Plover's *soirée* was over. Slowly down the grand staircase came the company, looking, if I may be permitted the use of a vulgarism, "seedy." Slowly the yawning footmen opened the carriage-doors, and the sleepy horses clattered off. This was break of day

—the day the grubs have to earn their daily bread by—and it was time for the butterflies to be in bed.

JUSTICE TO CHICORY.

Because we do not like to receive chicory under the name of coffee, it by no means follows that we object to receive chicory in its own name, or that we consider it wrong to marry chicory and coffee to each other; the alliance may be advantageous, only let it not be secret. Secret marriages can scarcely lead to any good. On the third of August last—three months ago—an order was issued from the Treasury to take effect among the grocers three months after date, by which it is forbidden to sell coffee and chicory in combination, or to sell chicory by itself in packages containing less than two ounces, thus:—

"That, in future, Licensed Dealers in Coffee be allowed to keep and sell chicory, or other vegetable substances prepared to resemble coffee, provided that they be sold, unmixed with coffee, in packages sealed or otherwise secured, containing respectively not less than two ounces, and having pasted thereon a printed label, with the name or firm of the seller, the exact weight and true description of the article contained therein; and provided that no such article be kept in a loose state, or otherwise than in such packages as aforesaid, in any room entered for the storage or sale of coffee."

Any stranger reading an order of this kind, and knowing how many poisonous adulterations are familiarly tolerated in this country, would suppose chicory, which must not be kept in a loose state under the same roof with coffee, to be some very dreadful thing, some dietetic gunpowder that grocers use for the undermining of the constitution in this country. In truth it is, however, one of the most harmless substances that ever have been used for the purpose of adulteration, not excepting even water—as it is obtained in London. In the case of all low-priced coffee—of all coffee purchased by the poor—adulteration with chicory yields profit to the grocer, simply because it yields pleasure to the customer. Good chicory and middling coffee dexterously mixed can be sold at the price of bad coffee, and will make a beverage at least twice as good, and possibly more, certainly not less, wholesome. Coffee that chicory would spoil is bought by none of the poor, and by a portion only of the middle classes. We do not advocate secret adulteration, but we would have the adulteration to be made open, and all people to understand distinctly, that since chicory is altogether wholesome, it is a matter that depends upon the taste and the pocket, whether they will buy coffee pure or mixed. Take away all fraud from the use of chicory, and we shall be glad to see its use fairly promoted. Let us look a little more closely into the subject.

Chicory is better known to many of us when growing wild in many parts of England on dry chalky soils under the name of the wild endive; it belongs to a tribe of composite plants called "the Cichoraceæ," in which are included, also, dandelion, and the garden lettuce. It shoots above the soil a tuft of leaves, and when it runs to flower, sends up a stem from one to three feet high, rigid, rough, branched, clothed with leaves and blue flowers. It has a long root like that of a carrot, which becomes enlarged by proper cultivation, and is the part used for the manufacture of a substitute for coffee. Every part of the plant is perfectly wholesome—the root when fresh is tonic, and in large doses slightly aperient. Chicory is cultivated extensively in Belgium, Holland, and Germany. It is cultivated in France for its leaves, as herbage and pasturage; in Germany and Flanders for its roots. It was first cultivated in England about 1780, by the well-known agriculturist, Arthur Young. It is a most valuable article of farm produce. On blowing poor and sandy land, it yields more sheep-food than any plant in cultivation; it will thrive on fen and bog and peat; it is good fodder for cattle, it is good for pigs. It grows only too readily, if that be an objection, for if not carefully extirpated, it is apt to become a vivacious weed. For herbage chicory is sown precisely in the same way as clover; for the roots it is sown and thinned in the same way as carrots, and taken up, as carrots are, in the first autumn after sowing.

The removal of the restrictions on the use of chicory, by the minute recently rescinded, stimulated its cultivation in this country, and the memorial of the home-growers who appeal against re-imposition of restrictions, does not go a syllable beyond the truth in representing, that "the great demand for chicory, which has arisen in consequence of this minute, has led to its very extensive cultivation in this country; considerable sums of money have been expended on the kilns and machinery required to prepare it for the markets, and a large amount of capital is at the present time profitably employed upon this new branch of English Agriculture. It is not unimportant to notice that the cultivation of chicory requires and remunerates the use of lands worth from five pounds to eight pounds per acre; that so far from exhausting the soil, wheat may be grown upon it after chicory with the greatest advantage; that it furnishes occupation for a very large number of labourers, including women and children, and at a time of year when the fields afford but little other employment; and that, consequently, in some parishes, the poor's rate has been diminished by one half since chicory was introduced."

The blanched leaves of chicory are sometimes used as a substitute for endive, and are commonly sold as an early salad in the Netherlands. If the roots, after being taken up, be

packed in sand, in a dark cellar, with their crowns exposed, they will push out shoots, and provide through the winter a very delicate blanched salad, known in France as *Barbe de Capucin*. When chicory is to be used for coffee, the roots taken up by the grower are partly dried, and then sold to the manufacturer, by whom they are cut into slices, roasted, and ground. The ground chicory thus made is used by many poor upon the continent as a substitute for coffee by itself. It has not of course the true coffee flavour, but it makes a rich and wholesome vegetable infusion of a dark colour, with a bitterish sweet taste, which would probably be preferred by a rude palate to the comparatively thin and weak, and at the same time not very palatable infusion of pure coffee of the second or third quality.

By the combination of a little chicory with coffee the flavour of the coffee is not destroyed, but there is added to the infusion a richness of flavour, and a depth of colour—a body, which renders it to very many people much more welcome as a beverage. The cheapness of chicory enables a grocer, by the comkination of chicory powder with good coffee, to sell a compound which will yield a cup of infinitely better stuff than any pure coffee that can be had at the same price. Any one with a sensitive taste, and a sufficient purse, would of course by coffee of the finest quality, and never think of betteriug with chicory the enjoyment of its delicate aroma. The majority of the people, however, are by no means in this position, and the state of the case as it concerns them we quote from the evidence of one of the leading retail grocery firms in the City. "We have carried on business," they say, "in our present premises for more than fifteen years: for the first ten years we adhered scrupulously to the principle of selling coffee in its pure state. We can truly say that we met with little encouragement from the public; complaints that our coffee was weak compared with that of other dealers were frequent; but, acting on a conscientious principle, we persevered till 1846. At this period our premises were enlarged, and we made an effort to extend our business. The state of the market enabling us to reduce the price of coffee, we commenced selling that article in its pure state at the very low price of a shilling a pound. This had the effect of attracting a great number of purchasers; but, in the course of a few weeks, remarks began to be made, such as—'That shilling coffee of yours is very well-flavoured, but we are obliged to use much more of it than of that to which we have been accustomed.' But more frequently the comparison would be drawn between our coffee and that of some other dealer, such as—'Your coffee is not so ill-flavoured, but it is not near so strong as Mr. So-and-so's.' After hearing many repetitions of those observations, we thought there must be some ground for them, and as we felt that no one could supply a better article at the price, we investigated the matter a little. We sent to Mr. So-and-so's for a pound of his ground coffee; we liquored it against our own, and found that it gave a much richer-looking infusion than ours, having also greater fulness in the mouth. We examined the sample carefully, and found it to contain chicory. We then procured samples from other dealers (all doing large trades), which, on examination, gave the same result. We found thus, that the advantage of selling pure coffee was very questionable as to ourselves, and was certainly not appreciated by the public. Why, then, should we continue to decline the use of chicory? The public taste demanded it; the legislature sanctioned or permitted it; we had no reason to think that chicory was deleterious, but, on the contrary, it possessed tonic properties, and was decidedly wholesome and nutritive. These reflections gradually brought us to the determination to gratify the public taste, and we found that an immense increase in our coffee trade was the result; thus demonstrating, beyond the slightest doubt, that coffee, with an admixture of genuine chicory (which we take care to procure by purchasing the article in its raw state, and having it roasted the same as coffee), was preferred to coffee in its pure state. The reason of this we can clearly understand, and will explicitly state. We can afford to sell, and do sell a finer coffee when mixed with chicory than we can sell in its pure state at the same price; and the superiority of the coffee in conjunction with the fulness of the chicory, in our opinion, decidedly gives greater satisfaction to the public."

The history of the legislation upon chicory, so far as it is necessary to an understanding of the order of last August, may be very briefly told. It was provided by an act, the 43d George III., c. 129, s. 5, that if any vegetable substance shall be called by the vendor thereof British, or any other name of coffee or cocoa, the article shall be forfeited, and the owner shall be fined one hundred pounds.

On the 10th of April, 1832, a report having been read before the Lords of the Treasury from the Commissioners of Excise touching the necessity of prosecuting certain grocers on an information which had been exhibited against them for mixing chicory powder with coffee, the following minute was set down—"Write to the Commissioners of Excise, and inform them, that as my lords contemplate an alteration in the law with respect to the sale of chicory powder, my lords do not consider it expedient that this information should be proceeded with." Four months afterwards, the Commissioners of Excise being urgent to know what my lords meant to do, the note was to "inform the Commissioners of Excise that my lords are of opinion that the sale of chicory powder unmixed should not be interfered with, but that the sellers of coffee should be informed that they must abide the conse-

quences, if, after a notice of two months, they shall continue to sell coffee mixed with any other ingredient contrary to law."

On the 4th of August, 1840, a report from the Board of Excise was again read at the Treasury, touching the prosecution of certain grocers for mixing chicory with their coffee. The Lords of the Treasury then considered "that the law was altered with the view of admitting the admixture of chicory with coffee." This alteration they believed to have been made by implication in an act 6 and 7 William IV., cap. 60, which imposed a Customs duty in these terms:—

"Chicory, or any other vegetable matter applicable to the uses of chicory or coffee,

Raw, or kiln-dried,	per cwt.	20s.
Roasted or ground,	"	56s."

This seems to have been the alteration of the law to which the Treasury alluded, and the minute goes on to say, "My lords, therefore, do not consider that any measure should be enforced to prevent the sale of coffee mixed with chicory, and are of opinion that the prosecutions in question should be dropped.

"My lords do not consider such admixture will be a fraud on the revenue, so long as the chicory pays the proper duty; and as between the seller and the consumer, my lords desire that government should interfere as little as possible."

This is the minute which remained untouched until the 3d of August, 1852, when it was rescinded to make room for the new regulation before-mentioned, to be put in force three months after that date.

It seems to us that if any interference of the law be required to prevent the sale of chicory in coffee, it should tend only to prevent its dishonest admixture. If it be thought fit, let the grocer be compelled to call his mixed coffee chicory-coffee, or to distinguish it by some other name, and make him liable to penalty for chicory sold as pure coffee—in the present state of knowledge it is very easy to detect any concealed adulteration. It is, however, a rule that will bear harshly on the comforts of the poor if coffee is to be sold only in its pure state, and chicory cannot be obtained in any less quantity than a two-ounce packet. Two ounces of chicory would go in mixture to about a pound of coffee, and there are thousands who buy coffee itself by ounces. Moreover the chicory coffee sold by the grocer is made with coffee of a higher price and better quality than the poor man would dare to give for coffee bought pure, when he has to make another outlay upon chicory for mixing. The necessity of two purchases would suggest the idea of greater cost, lead to a desire for more economy; so in the buying the poor man would be a loser. Certainly also he would lose by having to make at home, in his own clumsy way, the mixture which it had been before the interest of the grocer so to proportion that he might bring custom to his shop by issuing an article as good and palatable as any that could be contrived by his competing neighbours.

In the edict against chicory there is no doubt some element of protection to coffee-growers, which a political chemist would detect. That, however, is an adulteration against which it is not worth while to protest. We content ourselves with expressing a desire that justice shall be done to chicory, that its good services shall be acknowledged, and that after having really added innocently to the comfort of a large number of people, it shall not be forbidden to go loose and hedged about with labels and the names of the responsible sellers, so that its name may become a household terror—like Mad Dog or Poison.

CHIPS.

AN ORIENTAL FIRMAN.

THE readers of Eastern tales are aware that next to the supernatural power of the genii—next to a supernatural carpet, a wonderful lamp, or a magic ring—there is nothing so potent as the "firman" of the Shah or the Sultan. Many may, therefore, wish to see in plain translated prose, the contents of an instrument which enters so frequently into the poetical machinery of the Eastern story-teller. The firman issued by His Majesty the Shah of Persia, conferring upon Captain Ford, commander of a British steam-vessel, the order of the Lion and Sun of the first class of Lieutenant-Colonels, has been *kindly* lent to us for publication:—

"Whereas Captain Ford, the exalted in station, the endowed with sagacity and understanding, the companion of wisdom and superiority, the chosen amongst the elect of the Christians, the cream of the wise among the followers of Christ, the superintendent of the steamers belonging to the great English nation at Constantinople—having on all occasions treated with due mark of respect and consideration the merchants of the sublime kingdom of Persia: and whereas the nature of these services has been acceptable in the sight of the ministers of this victorious government: His Majesty the Shah, out of consideration and favour for the above-named high in rank, and for the sake of the friendship and unity subsisting between the two great and powerful kingdoms of Persia and Great Britain, has in this auspicious year of the Lamb, measured the height of his ability, and ornamented and adorned his person by bestowing upon him the decoration of Lieutenant-Colonel of the first class, that he may make this order brilliant as the rays of the sun, the boast and glory of his own exalted breast.

"Be it known to him that the excellencies of his services have found favour in the sight of

His Majesty the Shah, and that by reason of them, and the fulness of the King's bounty, the servants of the Shah's court, the centre of equity and justice, are commanded to be diligent in paying the above named high in rank every tribute of distinction and respect.

"The Secretaries of State have received orders to register this in our everlasting archives.

"Given in the month of Seffer, in the year Hejira 1264 (January, 1848)."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

HIS HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

START with as little luggage as possible. A carpet-bag, with a coat-case at bottom, is enough for any man, and a small tin case to hold a uniform, which is an absolute necessity to a man setting out on the grand tour. For the rest, a plain black morning coat, with grey or brown trousers and waistcoat, makes the best travelling dress. A black coat, some light dress waistcoat, and one pair of dress trousers, is an ample quantity of outer garments; six shirts, the same number of pairs of socks, two neck and six pocket-handkerchiefs, and a rolling Russian-leather dressing case; one pair of boots on, and one off (elastic kid dress-boots pack best), and a pair of slippers; a Murray's Guide Book, a case of Mordan's pencils, and a sketch-book; an India-rubber bath, a sponge, and some soap, with a strong purse, is the most complete kit necessary. All the rest is more bother than it is worth. A traveller can get his washing done at any of the great hotels in Europe during the night, and while he is asleep; as his things get shabby, let him buy new ones, and give the old away; for, on all the railways on the continent, luggage is charged for almost by the ounce, and a new coat may be bought for half the cost of carrying an old one about for a week. A good cloak is best for travelling in winter; an oil-skin cape may be useful in summer, but do not carry either about if you do not want them. In Belgium and Prussia you may send a small portmanteau or carpet-bag cheapest through the post-office, and it is sure to arrive safely, which is not the case if sent by rail or diligence, or even if taken with you, and the luxury of being altogether free from baggage in a railway is a thing not to be sneered at.

By all means let all who can afford it have a good travelling servant, if they wish to enjoy a tour, and have all the trouble of it taken off their hands. There is no denying, however, that it is a great expense; that is to say, it will more than double the expenses of a single man. A man who means to allow himself two pounds a day can afford it very well.

Next to a servant, the best and most necessary companion I know of is Murray's Guide-Book. The care and excellence with which these books are compiled is really wonderful; but they have one fault—they contain too much in one volume, and are too large. I should like to see little portable guide-books, made like pocket-books, with blank leaves for remarks and a pocket for passports, so as not to overcrowd a traveller's pocket and make it stick out as if it held a boiled round of beef. Why not divide each guide-book into parts in this way, all fitting into a leather case, so that one might take out one at a time? every separate country, almost, might have a little pocket-book to itself, and Mr. Murray would find his new edition go off like wildfire.

Travellers to the East, and places where public conveyances are not always to be had, should provide themselves with a good European saddle and bridle at the last place on their way where such a thing can be got, and not lug it along with them from England. Plenty are to be got at Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar, Cairo, wherever a man means to begin travelling on his own hook. In the east a good servant is almost indispensable, but avoid an Englishman unless you can completely rely on him. English servants are the most womanly set of grumblers under the sun, and are in constant fear of being eaten up by savages. Maltese are good fellows for travelling in the East, but they are, scandal apart, a terrible set of rogues. If you don't know your servant very well, take care always to have his passport and certificates of character, &c., in your possession, and do not let him know where you keep them. Never give a Maltese his own way either, unless you see good reason for it. They are as full of tricks as a pantomime. Choose some active fellow who has been over the ground before and not much over thirty, or he will very likely knock up, for travelling in the East wants sound health and a light heart. A good travelling servant should have an inexhaustible genius for invention, be able to clean guns, pitch tents, mend broken harness, have a call for cookery, and be a merry pleasant-tempered fellow, with the strength of a Welch pony; a sort of fellow who does not know what a difficulty means, and can bargain and wrangle like Andrew Fairservice, but with better humour; a surly servant is a weary dog.

Never set out for a long ride in the East without a flask of cold tea made without sugar or milk. It is the best and most refreshing tipple ever made, and may be drank with safety when cold water would be dangerous. Cold fowls and hard eggs are the best eatables to take in the East, and sometimes in Spain and Greece; but it is the most stupid and snobbish thing possible to carry provisions anywhere upon a high-road. If, however, you are too much pressed for time to allow of any halt at all on the road, a few biscuits and a little fruit is the best and cleanest thing to carry. I have also found half a pint of port wine, boiled up with isinglass into a jelly and taken a (wooden)

teaspoonful at a time, a capital tonic for an invalid travelling. The less you eat without positive annoyance to yourself, the better and the pleasanter will be your journey. Too much of a tough beefsteak will stop a traveller in Russia altogether. The poorest traveller should never forget that he will find it cheaper to buy what he wants to eat on the road than to take it with him.

The best travelling dress for a lady is blue or black cloth or merino, a grey shawl, and black bonnet and gloves. In summer she may venture upon thinner clothes, but had better, as far as possible, keep to grey, black, and brown as the best colours on a long journey. The dress should be as close fitting as possible, yet perfectly easy. Tight lacing has spoiled many a pleasant tour. Flounces, hanging sleeves, lace, fringe will be found very troublesome. A little morocco leather companion full of little pockets, &c., and large enough to hold a change of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs, and, above all things, a bottle of eau de Cologne, is far better than any worked bag or other contrivance. As for the eau de Cologne, it is next to a necessity for a lady; as, besides its refreshing qualities on a hot day, in a close railway carriage, it is the best thing possible to purify the bad water often given for purposes of ablution at inns. A lady will find it almost impossible to clean her teeth in the Hamburgh water without a frank dash of eau de Cologne in it, and, considering a very fair quality may be bought all over Germany at sixpence a bottle, it is by no means an expensive luxury. Boots are better than shoes for travelling, and the prettiest foot and ancle should condescend to submit to them; and let them be by all means dark-coloured. Goths of ladies' shoemakers will sometimes persuade the wives of our bosom to put on white or lilac-topped boots as good for the dust, and certainly they are: for the dust once on is more difficult to be got rid of than was a Scotchman a century ago who had crossed the Tweed. A brown or black parasol, with a border instead of a fringe, is best; and it should have a joint in the stick for carriages. Ladies who are not in time to start by the train they have fixed upon, should be threatened with the penalties of the second class, and for the seventy-times seventh offence they should actually be once shown into it just to frighten them, their obedient cavalier taking care to have first-class tickets in his glove, for second-class carriages are not fit for ladies, and those who cannot travel first-class had better stay at home as much as possible. On the continent they are full of men smoking and eating sausages, and in England you may chance to be shut up with a maniac or a felon. At all events chairmen and directors, almost as wise as the historical sages of Gotham, seem to think that ladies ought not to travel in the second-class, and therefore we ought, will we, nil we, to agree with them. Children should hardly be taken on a pleasure tour; they are a trouble to themselves and everybody else.

A carriage has now become almost a useless incumbrance; nevertheless, where one is still necessary, it is a silly increase of expense to drag one from England to the place where it is wanted. The best foreign carriages are to be bought at Frankfort and Vienna, but good travelling carriages may be hired anywhere. As a rule, four people can travel cheaper in their own carriage than by diligence, and much more pleasantly. A pound a day for each person, or three pounds a day for four persons of one family, is a fair travelling allowance. A hundred pounds a month should pay all expenses, with economy. A single man, however, travelling alone, should never have a carriage, let his rank be what it may, as he will find it cruelly in his way. Five hundred a year should carry a single man pleasantly all over the world. If he takes a servant, his expenses will be, perhaps, seven hundred. A gentleman may live in any continental town, and at the first hotels for a pound a day—everything included—even pleasure. It is quite as well, however, to carry a respectable letter of credit, as it puts you on good terms with your banker, often an important person; and in St. Petersburg, Vienna, and many other places you will have to give a reference to him as to your means of living, or quit the city in three days.

An unceasing source of bother to travellers is the passport system, and any one whose appearance is not quite satisfactory will be summoned to the police-office, perhaps half-a-dozen times during his residence in a foreign city. If this occurs he must take especial care to have a sensible interpreter with him, or, if possible, persuade some person known to be favourable to the Government to accompany him; and, above all things, never lose his temper, as the least hasty word will be seized upon as an excuse for his summary expulsion. A readiness to explain his views and objects, and marked civility to the interrogating official, are his best and surest weapons: but there is, also, one more.

An Englishman living in Russia was perpetually annoyed for some time by being summoned to the police-office. At last, after having answered the same questions for the ninth or tenth time, he mildly requested his friend at the police (for a sort of intimacy had sprung up between them from frequent interviews), to inform him, as a pure matter of politeness, why he was harassed so often on the same subject. Thus gently pressed, the official raised his eyebrows; and, as if by accident, drew open a drawer which contained a few rubles, and shut it to with a musical jingle. The sound seemed to put him into a cheerful temper, and he gave a sort of smiling explanation quite refreshing from its long words and total want of meaning. The Briton, however, understood him; and after they had shaken hands at parting, the man in

office buttoned up his pocket and assured his visitor agreeably that he would not be troubled any more; nor was he.

The means here hinted at, however, must be used cautiously. An Englishman in Austria, who was summoned before the police without being able to understand why, put his hand bluffly into his pocket and offered to fee the Chief Commissioner without any ceremony but a wink. The next day he was sent to the frontier for an attempt to bribe a Royal and Imperial officer in the discharge of his duty. His courier used to say that the eyes of the Royal and Imperial officer sparkled oddly when the offer was made to him; but that he looked round the room in despair at the number of witnesses, and the light in his eyes died away.

It is remarkable, also, to witness the ready appreciation of money which characterises Custom-house officers; in London, even, they are by no means free from the itching palm of their race, and three several times I have personally witnessed the passing of a very considerable amount of luggage (which might, of course, have contained any quantity of smuggled goods), for half-a-crown. On one occasion, a gentleman, who had been kept waiting a considerable time for his luggage, was addressed by a shabby-looking person who offered to get it passed for him at once. Unluckily, however, he had not a single shilling of English money; but this did not stand in his way; the shabby-looking gentleman had seen the address on the luggage, and promising to call the next morning for his fee, saw them chalked off at once unopened, and hoisted on a cab. This must be a very good business, and furnishes another intelligible argument for Free Trade, or it is not easy to say what will.

In Spain and Italy (except in the Austrian states), in Greece, Turkey, and throughout the East, bribes require no ceremony at all either in giving or receiving. They seem to be looked upon as a recognised part of salaries.

Tables d'hôte are not what I have heard say they used to be, but they are still what I always remembered them for the last ten years to have been; and that is, nine times in ten, a noisy assembly of wrangling commercial travellers and officers, often something worse than stupid and ill-bred. At fashionable watering-places like Kreuznach, Ems, Bagnères de Bigorre, and the like, it may still sometimes be possible for ladies, attended by a strong party of their friends, to dine at a *table d'hôte*. Otherwise I certainly do not recommend it. Ladies are apt to meet with the most unwarrantable rudeness and insult at such places. I give this as no prejudiced man, but as the opinion of one who has had more experience than most folk. Ladies should avoid *tables d'hôte* as they would Vauxhall after twelve o'clock, or the Casino. Fix, therefore, your dinner hour at least an hour after or before the *table d'hôte*.

The best way of ordering dinner at a foreign hotel is to have it served at so much a head. In France five francs is a fair average; in northern Germany a thaler; in Austria and in the south, three florins (six shillings); in Spain, a dollar and a half (say six and sixpence); in Russia, you must take what you can get; in Italy five lire is a fair price for a good dinner. Throughout the East you have seldom any choice, at least on the day of your arrival.

Pedestrian tours may be taken in Great Britain, some parts of America, all over Germany, and in France, though in some places a solitary pedestrian might attract attention if well dressed and meet with annoyance; in Spain, Greece, Italy, and the East, a regular walking tour is not simply dangerous: it is impossible. Riding on horseback will be pleasant and possible almost anywhere to a man who is fond of it and has time to spare; but, upon the whole, I do not recommend it. Phaeton and four-in-hand driving are expensive, and in bad taste. Besides they make you looked upon as a lion, and in ten days you will find some very neat caricatures going about in society, of which you are the hero. In fact, there is a golden rule in travelling, and that is—"Make yourself as little remarkable in any way as possible."

The best means of carrying money is by circular notes, but it is quite as well to have two or three English bank-notes with you, and a little bag of sovereigns. English gold will go anywhere abroad, English silver is absolutely useless. Prussian dollars—either in silver or notes—are the best things to carry all over Germany. No Austrian money will pass beyond the frontiers, not even in the Austrian states in Italy. In Spain, French money, and especially five-franc pieces, have ready currency; also in Italy. The sovereign, the louis d'or, the thaler, and the five-franc piece, will all and each pass anywhere. Beware, however, of Swiss money, and the small change of the German principalities; beyond the country where they are coined, so many cheese parings are quite as useful. A Bavarian waiter wondered that a gentleman should carry Austrian money in his purse. For this reason bank-notes or circular notes should be for as small an amount as possible, for ten pounds in batzen or kreuzers and groschen by way of change is seven pounds lost.

It need hardly be said that one of the most important requisites for a traveller is some knowledge of the language of the country he is going to. There is but one way of acquiring it rapidly, and it is not a very agreeable one:—viz., to seclude yourself altogether from the society of your countrymen; take lodgings in the house of some one who speaks no language but his own, engage a foreign servant, read resolutely the local papers every morning, and go to the theatre as to a lecture every evening. There are few languages that will not yield to a

resolute attack of this kind in about six weeks. An ordinary language-master is little use unless you make a companion of him, and then he is generally insufferably tedious. Newspapers, novels, poetry, anything that you find interesting to your own peculiar tastes, will get you on faster in a language, than all the set studies that were ever bungled over by dunces.

For the rest, in your intercourse with foreigners, avoid the least pride or stiffness of manner. Do not expect them to give you dinners, or to lend you money if you get into a scrape, for they will do neither. They will laugh at you, whether you agree to it or not, therefore it is well to submit with a good grace. Foreigners do not all of them think England is the finest country in the world, and they will not be taught: neither can many of them ride, drive, hunt, shoot, fish, box, or play at cricket, nor do they find conversation on these subjects so entertaining as Christchurch men, and cornets of the cavalry. But they will sing with you, play the piano, dominoes, or even chess. They will dance, flirt, walk, talk, and make merry with you, and spout poetry and ethics by the yard. In a word, if you are good-natured, you must be very hard to please if you do not get on with them. Of one thing, however, I have gradually become quite certain, and the oldest traveller who ever worried his grandchildren with incredible stories, will certainly agree with me in his heart—a year of foreign travel may be good for any one. It enlarges the mind, and teaches a lesson never forgotten through life; a lesson of universal love, toleration, and doubt of our own exclusive merits. After this an Englishman is much better at home; and whatever we may think when it is over, travelling is a very troublesome business while it lasts.

THE FAMINE TIME.

I WAS looking, with some amusement, into a back-yard in a little Irish town, from the window of a house next to that to which the yard belonged, when my hostess explained to me that the beggarman whom I was watching was irremovable. He had been turned out by the shoulders again and again, and always came back, refusing to work, and preferring to lean against the corner of the wall, to beg. There was in the yard a more active beggar;—the pig. Two stout, merry girls, bare-legged and untidy, were sitting on the ground, before a great heap of potatoes and a mighty iron pot. They were sorting potatoes; the better sort for human eaters, the worse for the black pig. The pig was in a hurry, poked in his nose, and had to be driven away. There was a third girl sitting on some steps with her arms crossed, looking idle, and provoking the others—one of whom got into a passion, and showed it, as Irish people do when they get angry.

"Ah!" said my hostess "we see strange people and strange doings in that yard; and it is not the pleasantest place to overlook. But we are glad enough to see anything like those potatoes and that pig, and people who can laugh, after what we saw in the famine time. For months together that yard was crowded—so crowded, that you could not have thrust in a hand among them—with people groaning and wailing day and night; some dying, and others bringing their dead, till our hearts were almost broken."

"I wonder how you lived through it," said I.

"So do we. But we had to rouse ourselves, and do our duty. There were only my husband and Mr. Zachariah (the clergyman) to give out the relief by which the whole country side was kept alive. I was often at home, with that yard full of people before my eyes, while my husband was absent—gone to see to the landing of the meal—and I uneasy about him—the people grew so violent! There was always an escort of constabulary to guard the meal from the ship hither; but the people were ready to tear them to pieces to get at the meal. It was bad enough at first, when the Government insisted that the men should work on the roads, to earn their share. The poor fellows could no more work on the roads than my baby could; and they were dropping and fainting by the roadside as soon as they tried. We thought that the worst sight we had ever seen till we saw worse. We knew that the Government could not be aware of the real need, if they could make such a condition; and we were afraid to look forward. It was just then that Mr. Yarding—a gentleman of one of the most ancient families in Ireland—brought home his bride to his estate, close by the town. He drove her through the town in as pretty a turn-out as you could see; and a neighhour said to my husband, when he looked from the carriage to the people in the street, 'Mr. Yarding will repent that pair of horses before six months are over.' And so, no doubt, he did. The value of his land sank to nothing: he could not meet the calls upon him, nor pay his rates; and now he is shut up in his own place, the gates locked day and night (Sundays and all), and he dares not look through the bars into the road."

"And how did you get food for yourselves?" I asked; "and how did you eat it, with that multitude of groaning people before your window?"

"We never enjoyed a meal during that year. There seemed to be a poison over everything. There was no flour to be had good enough for us to give the children; and the officers, and agents, and servants employed in the distribution, were forbidden to buy any of the meal that was sent. This was hard and unjust, and, in fact, it could not be carried out. They got it by sending their servants

and buying for one another; and, paying properly for it, they did not feel it was wrong. There were no vegetables to be had but the black, rotting potatoes. We could get a sheep for five shillings, because there was nothing to feed sheep with; and for that reason the mutton was hardly eatable. Nothing seemed to have its proper taste or to be real food at that time or for long after. You were laughing to-day at the flocks of geese along the road, spreading their wings and straddling away before the car. Well, among all those deserted villages that you passed through, there was not a goose in those days. There was not a pig, not a donkey in all the district, from sea to sea."

"What became of the donkeys? The people did not eat them, I suppose."

"Indeed but they did. My husband saw the meat hanging out of their pockets. And worse creatures than donkeys disappeared in the same way. There was, after a time, not a living creature but human beings to be seen from sea to sea, except the horses that brought the meal from the ships. The second time that we thought we had seen the worst was when the meal was sold at half-a-crown the stone. Think what a price that was! But it was paid as long as there was any money in the district. That yard was as crowded then as afterwards. My husband and his men could not get through the business of serving it, though, to save time, every buyer must tie up his half-crown in the corner of the bag he handed in. It was astonishing the number of bad half-crowns we took in the course of a few weeks: there was no time to look whether the money was good or bad; but my husband had to account for it, of course, as if it was all good. The men would begin at daylight (what a sight it was to open the shutters, and see the people who had been waiting all night!), and they went on kindly all day. Towards evening the men would grow silent, and sigh; and at eleven or twelve o'clock they would say, 'Sir, you can't get more out of me than is in me: I can't do it, Sir. I have had no refreshment all this day, and I'm done up. I am willing to stand by the people as *long* as I can, but I can't do more than I am equal to.' Then my husband would say, 'Well, go to your supper, and my wife and I will turn to again for an hour, lest some of these people should die before morning. But we will shut up in an hour: by that time the worst will be served.' We did shut up in an hour, leaving, perhaps, sixty or seventy people outside. But when the men had sat down for awhile, and had had their supper and their pipe, they would cheer up; and then they agreed to what my husband said: 'There are only sixty or seventy. Let us send them away, and then we can perhaps go to sleep, having done our best.' So we opened again, and went on till two or three in the morning. But that, you see, was while people were still able to pay."

"How could things be worse when the money was gone?"

"Why, it was almost worse to know where hunger was, without being told, than to have it come before our eyes. We knew pretty well how matters were with some good many people who ceased to send for meal, and who were never to be seen in the daylight: people who lived in good houses, full of good furniture, which of course they could not sell. My husband mentioned this to the Friends' Relief Committee, and they immediately desired him to do what was necessary for such persons, in the way in which they could receive it. So, when the day's work was done, we used to put up bags of meal, and my husband would have the horse put into the cart, and he would go round and drop these bags at the proper doors in the dark. A difficulty came out of this, however. They supposed they owed these gifts to my husband; and it was not an easy matter to explain at the time. But—I don't know—perhaps some sights were worse than knowing things that we did not see. People would come to that window with two baskets, one before and one behind, and—and—a dead child in each."

After a pause she went on—

"My husband and I used to think that it was the people's way—they thought it right, of course—to sacrifice one child to give a chance to the rest. We used to observe that one child was particularly petted—always in its mother's arms—and *that* one was always excessively emaciated, and died presently; and we used to think its share was given to the others, and——"

"This is unbearable!" I exclaimed. But in a moment I considered what it must have been to see it, and was ashamed. I asked her to go on. She did. It was a relief to her.

"It was a terrible thing to have to go out at that time, and afterwards, when the fever and cholera followed the famine. The dead and dying used to lie in one's path. One lady, crossing a field through the long grass, found a child—a little girl—hidden there, alive but insensible. She was saved; and so was a little orphan creature of two years old, who had strayed away by himself to a dung-hill on the road, where a pig seized him, and would have destroyed him but for a car happening to come up at the moment. There were cases every day of little creatures being found among the nettles, or squatted under turf-stacks, or asleep at the door of a cabin where the last of their relations lay dead within. One of those saw the old roof tumbled in on his mother's corpse. Some neighbour who had just strength to do that did it, because there was nobody to bury her."

"Has not the lowest class of cabins disappeared since that time, or nearly so?" I inquired.

"Yes. The unroofed cottages, with their stone gables standing up bare—a sight which

you think so sad and forlorn—were houses of a better order than the mud cabins you have read so much about. These stone cottages were inhabited by tenants who have gone to America and elsewhere, as well as by people who died of fever and famine. The mud cabins have melted away. Some which you suppose to be dunghills or mud heaps, are plainly ruined cabins to our experienced eyes. No doubt many of them are graves of uncoffined corpses. The bones will be turned up by the plough or the spade some day; and then, when they are found, singly or in families, men will say, 'These are people who died in the famine.' There are many children now in the orphan school who, the last survivors of their families, know that one parent was just hidden in the ground in a bag, and the other without any covering at all, while the brothers and sisters lie under the ruins of the cabin. But, dreadful as is the reason and fearful the way, it is true that the lowest order of dwellings has nearly disappeared: and may they never be seen more."

"Never, indeed!" I replied. "Those that remain are wretched enough. And when you used to shut the shutters at night," said I, "were you able to think at all of other things—to sleep—to cheer one another?"

"Why," replied she, "I cannot say we were, during the worst—the latter—part of that dreadful year. There were reasons why, with our house full of good children, home was worst of all. There was a fine young man—an excellent fellow indeed he was, and very clever—an officer in the commissariat department, who had been for some time engaged to our eldest daughter. She was very young, to be sure—only eighteen that year: but they knew one another very well; and, in short, everything was ready, and we were getting the license—for we did not like to make them wait longer—when he took the fever. Nothing could keep her from him. He was in a lodging in the town, and lay in a close inner room. I did not know which way to turn myself; but her aunt went with her; and there she nursed him, very quietly, saying little to any body. One day Dr. A. came to my husband, and said, if she remained in that inner room with a fever patient, so closely as she nursed him, she would be down in it presently. So her father and I went, and brought her away home to dinner. She made no particular objection when we had once got her away, and we said no more about it, but kept on talking as cheerfully as we could; and she seemed reconciled, and ate some dinner. Soon after, she had disappeared; and we knew where she was. But, by that time, her aunt had taken the fever."

"And did the young man die?"

"O yes, he died. Her father and I were there; and we brought her away—she, in fact, not knowing at the moment that he was dead. She had to pass the bed, too, but we took her between us, and got her past without her looking in. You would hardly think what happened afterwards."

I was in no condition for anything but receiving what I was told.

"At first, she seemed to take it quietly; whether because of her aunt being very ill in the fever, or what, I don't know. But, after a little while, she suddenly went mad—perfectly mad—for nine days. And there were we, with the people in the yard, as usual; and her aunt in the fever at one end of the house, and she mad at the other. That was a time to go through!"

"And did they die too?" I asked.

"They! O no! She is the daughter who was married, nearly two years ago, to the curate of X. She recovered by degrees, till she was quite well. And her aunt recovered too; but it was a great struggle."

"And how cheerful you look now!"

"O yes. You see, we have always so much to do; that is a great thing for people who have had to go through such a season. The poor creatures who had to die are out of their pain, and buried away; and those who had to emigrate are gone. You observed this morning how healthy the country-people look: and so they do. The women have careworn faces; some of them thinking of their dead children, perhaps; and if you were to see them in June, before the cropping begins, you would not think quite so well of their looks as you do now. And it *is* sad to see the grass-grown roads to depopulated villages; and to see brambles choking up the doors where neighbours used to go in and out; and nettles growing tall where many a woman that I knew used to sit and spin, with her children playing round her—half of them now dead, and the rest in the orphan school or the workhouse."

"I saw potatoes growing on the floor of one roofless house, and cabbages in another."

"Very likely. There is no want of heart among the Irish, as I am sure I need not tell you. But, if the hungry can get food out of a dead neighbour's hearthstone, they must do it, without too much refining. I dare say the cheerfulness of our house may grate a little on your feelings, after all I have told you: but——"

"Do not say a word about that," I exclaimed; "I am too glad to see it; I know too well how natural it is, to have one critical thought, to presume——"

"It *is* natural," replied she, in her sprightly tone. "Our children are going out into the world—marrying, or otherwise settling, very happily. And there is no very pressing misery about us now, though there is more distress than you see, and the prospects of the district are far from being even what they were before the famine. But it is harvest time now; and we are gay at harvest time. My husband and I say, however, now and then, that we hope there will be no more famines while we are here; for we do not think we *could* go through it again."

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE GHOST OF THE COCK LANE GHOST.

We were recently invited into the company of the Ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost, by an advertisement in the Times newspaper, in which a demonstrator or showman, Mr. Stone, begged "leave to inform the nobility and gentry that he has just returned from the United States, accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Hayden for the purpose of Demonstrating the wonderful Phenomena known in that country as Spiritual Manifestations, and which have created the most intense excitement in all classes of society—Residence, Twenty-six, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square. Hours at home, from Eleven to Two and from Four to Six." So the announcement ran. We had read something of the Rochester Rappers and of the mystery, if it be a mystery, called "spirit knocking" in the sentimental language of America. We resolved to visit Mrs. Haydon, and knock up an acquaintance with the ghosts who meet in her apartments, No. Twenty-six, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square. We ourselves happened to be out of spirits, therefore perhaps we made a wise resolve.

Yet had we gone for mirth into such company, we should have fared as ill as he who for a midnight jest entered his father's sepulchre to sup alone among the dead. If it be true, as the believers in the "spirit knockings" tell us, that the spirits of beloved friends whom we have lost speak to us by a noise of rapping, then our most solemn feelings and our tenderest emotions are awakened by the act of positive communion with the dead.

If it be otherwise—if that which is the holiest ground within the human heart be through such exhibitions dug into for gold by coarse impostors—if the simple questioner who with trembling nerves believes that she is brought into the presence of an angel mother with whom it is a foretaste of Heaven to converse—if she be played upon by cheats who laugh under their sleeves at her credulity and turn her money in their pockets,—then such cheating is no matter for amusement. That is an impiety and wickedness far exceeding the measure of an ordinary fraud, which trades upon our solemn love towards the dead—

> "In slight of that forbearance and reserve,
> Which common human-heartedness inspires,
> And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
> Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

There have often been people impelled, out of the ignorance and coarseness of their natures, to the forging of clumsy tales, in which they themselves, together with the Supreme Being, are the chief actors. Not many weeks ago two cowherd's children in France—in consequence of information received direct from the Virgin Mary—became accredited by Infallibility itself as new apostles. Not many months ago a girl in Suffolk dealt divine information through the neighbourhood, attesting her inspiration by total abstinence from food. We may read in pamphlets, printed centuries ago, how in some parts of Switzerland and France a divine epidemic seized upon the children, how they preached powerfully in their sleep, and were attended at their bedsides by large congregations; or we may read of "the German Lazarus," who delivered a long list of messages from Heaven, and attested his mission by professing that he never slept. This Lazarus was constantly caught napping; but he explained the fact to his own honour by stating that his parents were so much distressed by his incessant wakefulness, that he found it necessary to feign sleep, occasionally, for the comfort of their minds.

Knocking or Rapping ghosts are no new imposition. In a relation of facts concerning "spirit-knockings," written in an American pamphlet that is now before us, "by J. Robinson," we are told much, not only of the knockings of the unseen beings, but also of the imitations of evil spirits, which "resembled scratching produced with the fingernails." Now, will any keeper of a knocking ghost, or any lady or gentleman who has taken up the trade of communicating between knocking spirits and the gullible portion of the public (which lady or gentleman is called in the trade a Medium) turn to the Annual Register for the year 1762, and read what is there entitled "A summary account of the proceedings in regard to some strange noises

heard the beginning of the year at a house in Cock Lane, West Smithfield." Having read the said account, let the said ghost-keeper or Medium answer to our catechism on the History of Knockers in a simple way. *Q.* Who was the first Medium? *A.* Little Miss Parsons. *Q.* Who was she? *A.* The daughter of the clerk of St. Sepulchre's. *Q.* How did the spirit-knocking in her case begin? *A.* Her father, the clerk, had taken as lodgers a gentleman and lady, and in the absence of the gentleman, little Miss Parsons slept with the lady, who was called Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny complained one morning that she and her bedfellow had been disturbed all night by noises. The noises continued, and at length excited much attention, but the lady and gentleman removed into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell (where Miss Fanny presently died), and then the noise in Parson's house was discontinued. *Q.* You have said that the first Medium was little Miss Parsons; in what way do you connect the story of the Cock Lane Ghost with her, and discover the resemblance that exists between that child and yourself? *A.* Eighteen months after Miss Fanny left the Parsoneses, and in the beginning of the year 1762, the noises recommenced, and it is recorded of little Miss Parsons, that the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they had also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer, either in the affirmative or negative. Now this plan, invented by little Miss Parsons, differs in no material respect from my own. *Q.* What was the object of Miss Parsons and her friends? *A.* The ghost declared itself to be the ghost of the deceased Miss Fanny, and its business was to accuse the gentleman of having poisoned her by giving to her arsenic in a glass of purl when she was ill of small-pox. *Q.* Was not that very wicked? *A.* It was very capitally done. Little Miss Parsons was removed from house to house, but the noises followed her, the ghost protesting that she would follow her wherever she went, and the exhibition was exceedingly attractive; for, as it is said in the Annual Register, "numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of the invisible knocker and scratcher." *Q.* Were the pretensions of this girl seriously tested? *A.* Yes, they were, she was tied up in a hammock with her feet and hands bound apart from one another, but the ghost refused then to make its knockings audible. The spirit had also promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend three gentlemen into the vault under St. John's church, and knock in their presence upon the coffin (Miss Fanny's) wherein lay her body. *Q.* I think I remember some lines by Churchill on the subject of this expedition to the vault. Can you repeat some of them? *A.* I can, for I have found them in the Register. They begin "Dark was the night," and after exactly a hundred lines of exordium by which the expectation of the reader is prepared, they proceed in ten lines more to disclaim all straining after this effect, and then relate in a single couplet the adventure of the descent to the vault:

> "Silent all three went in; about
> All three turn'd silent, and came out."

Q. What was the end of the story of the Cock Lane Ghost? *A.* The condemnation of poor Mr. Parsons to the pillory. *Q.* May you not conclude from this, that spirit-knocking is unsuited to the genius of this country? *A.* I do not know. The people pitied Mr. Parsons, and no egg was lifted up against him.

The Fox family, by whom this ghostly rapping was revived in America not many years ago, were so successful in their venture—retiring very soon upon a little independence—that the spirit trade, as carried on by them, became at once an established business. A ghost in Rhode Island, improving upon the practice of his ancestor in Cock Lane, induced a young woman to give a dose of arsenic to her stepbrother. In Oneida County there sprang up an association of persons who had become, as they said, impressed by the intimacy which was springing up between the world of flesh and the world of spirits. These people, taking the coarse view of things that superstition favours, believed that we were on the point of realising that state of affairs of which we read in Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, or in Byron's *Heaven and Earth*. "Spirits," they said, "are beginning to have power to form friendships and connections with mortals," and since, as they declared, it would be wicked to form contracts that might interfere with the rights, and defeat the unknown possible desires, of spirits, two hundred men and sixty women—having a few mediums no doubt, among their number—abolished marriages. Emboldened by the credulity of thousands who believed in the establishment of a direct communication with the spirit world, some blasphemous persons at Auburn, in the State of New York—determined that no dark recess of profanity, out of which gold could be taken, should be left unvisited—published a newspaper, conducted by the Apostles and the Prophets, under the direction of the Lord Supreme! We quote from the prospectus, simply stating that the publication of the newspaper therein announced did really take place, and was, in fact, a very dreary sample of the incubrations of the Rappers. "This publication," the prospectus said, "is dictated by spirits out of the flesh, and by them edited, superintended, and controlled. Its object is, the disclosure of truth from Heaven, guiding mankind into

...en visions of paradise; open communica-...n with spirits redeemed; and proper and ...gressive understanding of the Holy Scrip-...es, and of the merits of Jesus Christ, from ...om they originated in inspiration absolute, ...d of whom they teach, as the only ...viour of a dissevered and bewildered race. ...e circle of Apostles and Prophets are its ...nductors from the interior; holding control ...er its columns, and permitting no article to ...d place therein unless originated, dictated, ... admitted by them; they acting under ...e direction of the Lord Supreme. James ...ongdon, Charles Coventry, Andrew L. ...Vilson, and Lonson Bush are its publishers ...nd proprietors; they having become, in full ...onfidence of mind, disciples of the Lord, and ...eing present external agents of the circle ...postolic and prophetic; acting under the ...irection, while faithful, as instruments for ...he distribution of truth."

The Fox family, of Rochester, U. S., as we ...ave already said, first revived in America ...he modern variations on the story of the ...ock Lane Ghost. When tested fairly by a ...erfect stranger, their ghosts rapped out ...othing but blunders: however, we are ...ot left even to infer the dishonesty of ...eir pretensions; we have clearer evi-...ence, not only of their fraud, but of the ...ay in which they practised it. Mrs. ...orman Culver, a relation of these Foxes, ...ssisted in the depredations upon geese, and ...hared their secret; but was not so much a ...onder of a woman as to keep it. She ...herefore made a formal deposition, certified ...y two respectable witnesses, at the town ...f Arcadia, in the province of New York, ... which, among other things she said, "I ...m, by marriage, a relation of the Fox ...irls; their brother married my husband's ...ster. The girls have been a great deal ... my house, and for about two years I ...as a very sincere believer in the rappings; ...ut some things which I saw when I was ...isiting the girls at Rochester made me sus-...ect that they were deceiving. I resolved to ...atisfy myself in some way; and some time ...terwards I made a proposition to Catherine ... assist her in producing the manifestations. ...had a cousin visiting me from Michigan, ...e was going to consult the spirits, and I ...d Catherine that if he intended to go to ...etroit, it would be a great thing for them ... convince him. I also told her that if I ...uld do anything to help her, I would do it ...eerfully; that I should probably be able ... answer all the questions he would ask, and ...would do it if she would show me how to ...ake the raps. She said that as Margaretta ...as absent, she wanted somebody to help her, ...nd that if I would become a Medium, she ...ould explain it all to me." Mrs. Culver ...us became an accomplice, and after she had ...sisted a few times in conveying hints that ...ould suffice for the conquest of her sceptical ...usin from Detroit, after a brief probation, she was admitted to a full participation in the mysteries.

We call particular attention to her story. "The raps," deposed Mrs. Culver, "are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she had sometimes to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier. I have sometimes produced a hundred and fifty raps in succession. I can rap with all the toes on both feet; it is most difficult to rap with the great toe. Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet." And so forth, the rest of the details of trickery being all clumsy and common-place enough.

This being the substance of our readings in the matter of knocking and rapping spirits, we paid our visit to the London ghost established in genteel apartments in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, very soon after we accidentally saw the advertisement we have set forth.

We were two—Brown and Thompson. We rapped at the door of the house in which the knocker lived, on a cloudy and warm evening in the beginning of this present November, which month began, as all the country knows, with days unusually dull and close. We do not idly talk about the weather, for it has a definite connection with our story. Having inquired whether Mr. Stone was at home, well knowing that he was—for he had advertised himself to be at home at that hour in the evening to all parties who desired an introduction to the world of spirits—and having replied to the question about our names by stating that our calling was "in consequence of an advertisement," we were conducted to a drawing-room, in which we found that the maid who preceded us had just lighted the fire. Mr. Stone presently appearing, solemn as became a man who knew his lodgings to be haunted, pointed courteously to the sticks that had begun to crackle in the grate over the lighted paper, and murmured "We have had no fire here; we did not like to light it, for it is so very warm." Truly no fire was needed, and we have a reason of our own for citing Mr. Stone's corroboration of the fact.

To Mr. Stone, who "had just returned from the United States" with Mrs. Hayden, for the purpose of demonstrating those wonderful phenomena, which "have created the most intense excitement in all classes of society," we introduced ourselves by saying that we had called in consequence of an

advertisement; and we sat down before the man who was to bring us to the world of ghosts.

"You are aware," he said, "that I have given a good deal of my attention to electro-biology?" We *were* aware. "I have recently visited America, where great sensation has been made by manifestations from the world of spirits, made by means of a noise, like rapping. You have perhaps heard of the Rappers?" Something; we came there to be informed. "It is very curious," said Mr. Stone. "I have examined these manifestations with great industry, and I have arrived at the conviction that they are true, that they cannot be explained by human minds, that they really do emanate from the spirit world. The lady whom I have brought with me is decidedly the best Medium I met with, and I, therefore, thought it well that the phenomena should be investigated in this country." Mr. Stone here pausing and looking into the fire, we inquired what might be the theory of Mediums? "It is very singular," said Mr. Stone. "There are some persons in whose sphere the spirits have more power. The grossness of matter commonly repels them, but there are some people whose nervous systems appear to act—you know how delicate the nervous system is—whose nervous systems appear to act as—we can only suppose, of course, we do not profess to account for these things—as conductors, as magnets, so to speak, whose bodies are surrounded by an atmosphere in which the spirits freely move. In the neighbourhood of such a person, spirits manifest themselves. Such a person is a Medium." "Your Medium sits at the table, and the ghosts rap on it?" we asked. "She must sit near the table," answered Mr. Stone, "because—we cannot control or account for it—the spirits will not knock beyond her influence. That is the nature and the necessity of the Medium, but sometimes the spirits will perform their promise to follow some person to a distant place and knock." (The Ghost of Cock Lane, and the descent into the vault, to witness!) "We were demonstrating the other evening at the house of a distinguished gentleman in the country, when a spirit promised to be present to him in his library at a fixed hour. The gentleman listened, and, being very deaf, heard nothing; but on holding his ear more attentively, he said that he distinctly thought he caught a rapping. It is very curious that the spirits accommodate themselves to deaf people. During the whole of the evening at this gentleman's, the spirits knocked more loudly than usual."

When Mr. Stone had further talked about distinguished patronage, and about the wonders that had been performed, one of us suggested to him, delicately, as unwilling to hurt his feelings by implying too roughly that a man who trembled on the confines of the other world could think of money, that "Of course we knew that his time was not wholly given to the public—that there was some honorarium," the reply was prompt. "One guinea each person, or five guineas for a party of ten." This being understood, we felt our way to the inquiry, which we shaped as well as we could, "When will the performance begin?" The reply being in effect, "We take in each party separately," we signified our desire to be taken in as soon as possible.

The door into the back drawing-room being then opened, we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, the Medium's husband, and the Medium. Introduction having been promptly made, we were left—we, Messrs. Brown and Thompson—in the lady's hands. She sat opposite to us on one side of the round table, firm as a rock.

The Medium sat not only opposite to us, but opposite to the fire. It had first occurred to us when we went into that back drawing-room, that the kitchen had come up stairs; there was such an enormous fire in the grate. Though it was so warm out of doors that, as Mr. Stone remarked, "We did not like to light the fire" in the front drawing-room; in the back room the glowing coals were heaped into a red-hot mountain; and the whole atmosphere was feverish. What did Catharine Fox tell Mrs. Culver? "Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap: she said that she had sometimes to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening."

As we sat in the hot room, with the table between us, opposite to the Medium who sat opposite to the fire, we had begun to ponder upon by-gone people, and to *think* how we could seize "the vapoury *phantoms of* futurity" by questioning the ghosts. "Can we call any spirit?" "You can speak only with spirits in the room; the room is full of spirits, and some one spirit that is present will often go out, if you wish it, to fetch you another with whom you desire to communicate. If you question one who is here, he will knock, or if you wait, some spirit that desires to communicate with one of us will knock, and call attention to itself." "How did you become a Medium?" "I did not know what it meant when I used to hear the spirits rapping about me in my bedroom, and following me wherever I went. They knocked so distinctly that my husband—who heard them also when I was present—once got up and opened the parlour door, thinking that there was somebody who wanted to come in. Then I found out that they were spirits who desired to speak, and had no other way at present of communicating with us. If you ask them any question, and they answer yes, they rap; and if they answer no, they are silent. If we use letters of the alphabet, and point to them in succession, they will spell out sentences, and in that way tell what they wish." This was the substance of the account given by the

n, who added some examples of the care
f herself by the spirits, and of a com-
tion of importance made to her that
g by a deceased child; a story told to
ady in the next room by Mr. Stone.
version had, however, in one point,
l materially from the Medium's.
rge card lay before us on the table, upon
were printed in capitals, row after row,
tters of the alphabet, and in the last
e numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0.
were also pencils with which we might
and there was paper upon which we
write down the letters as the spirits
ted them, and spell out the messages
red from the other world.
were quite still. Brown was solemn;
son looked into vacancy; the Medium
down into the table: we were waiting
mmunication from any kind ghost who

"Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there."—(Rap-tap.)

ere is a rapping!" said Mrs. Hayden
indistinct certainty about the expres-
her voice, as though she really fancied
e heard a rapping, but might be in
"Who knocks?" we desired to know.
spirit" said Mrs. Hayden, "desires to
nicate with one of us." Then, talking
er mouth near to the table, as though
re about to sip knowledge from spirits
wood, she asked "Who do you speak
s it to me?" (No rapping.) "Is it to
ntleman?" (No rapping.) "Is it to
ntleman?" (Rap-tap.) That gentleman
r. Thompson, who was requested to
se with the spirit: it was probably that
ar relative.
Thompson, "Are you related to me?"
tap.
at is the relationship between us?"
npson is directed to take up the alpha-
gin at A, and point to all the letters in
ion. When Thompson points at M there
p-tap. M is put down by his friend
upon a piece of paper as the first letter
word, and Thompson travels through
habet again till he is stopped at O,
Brown puts down, while Thompson
again and gets to T, where, being
to save trouble, he says, "Is it
?" Rap-tap. Mother; very good.
Thompson does not laugh, for very
his heart is the thought of a mother
as been known to him from early
od only as an angel. Surely she
speak to her son, if she had power,
she has been parted from him for so
years. What starlight musings of the
o thought that guardian angels lived
s, and looked up at the sky for hours,
am which was the bright particular
which his angel dwelt; what yearnings
youth for a mother's sympathy and
ce when all passions and affections
were astir; what sacred mysteries belonging to the inmost thoughts of a whole life, so far as it has gone, were touched by the assertions that the spirit of the lost mother was first to speak. Truly then, if there were truth in Rapping, and if that spirit had addressed her son, she would have spoken not in vain.

"Have you anything to say to me?" asked Thompson. Rap-tap. "Will you say it?" Then, by the most tedious process of getting each letter in succession knocked out of the card, and with a few mistakes in spelling, which were corrected as they were made, but which consumed time, the spirit rapped out this sentence: "Dear son, I am well pleased to see you. I watch over you and God blesses you." Satisfactory, no doubt. A kind of sentence that might be regarded by any reasonable person as a sure proof of the ghost's authenticity. But would she in the next place authenticate her claim to be the mother of Thompson? Would she convince her son by telling him her Christian name? Thompson began the alphabet with an inscrutable face: but the light from the fire and window, although good enough for a ghost, or for a common purpose, was not good for a Medium. The spirit rapped at T (wrong), at I, (wrong), at M (wrong); finally made out Timok—truly an odd Christian name for an English lady; and having, in this instance, the curious peculiarity that it did not contain a single letter of the name that should have been communicated. But Timok might be something mystic. The Medium said it was not mystic but mistake, and complained of the bad light. Spirits, perhaps, are forbidden spectacles. No more must be done until a lamp was lighted.

Then it was again distinctly intimated to the professed spirit of Thompson's mother, who had sought this conversation, that nothing mystical was wanted, only the Christian name she had before she died—"Went into the spirit world," said the Medium, "the spirits never talk of death."—"Before you went into the spirit world. Do you remember what that name was?" Rap-tap. "Will you tell it me?" Rap-tap. "Do so then, now, if you please." So again came the answer knocked up from the alphabet, this time, E-U-N-I-C-E—of course, ridiculously wrong—but, as Eunice means "a happy victory," and it might be again said that the spirit was mystical, Thompson said, "We will presume that there may be some hidden meaning." "Hidden meaning, you think?" said Mrs. Hayden, listlessly, as though the spirits and their sayings were rather affairs of ours than of hers. "Shall we try again for the real name?" "No," said Thompson, "it is not worth while; I will be satisfied with the first letter of it." It was then most elaborately defined to the ghost, with almost legal periphrasis, what was required, and the ghost by rap-taps declared itself perfectly clear in its mind, and ready to oblige. "So

now for the initial of your Christian name in this world?"—T. "Is that right?" asked the Medium. Thompson said no. "Then we had better try again, there may be some mistake." The Medium explained the matter in her own way to the table, and trying again, speculated again unluckily upon M. That was again quite wrong, and the Medium proposed to try again. Thompson had no doubt, that in not more than twenty-six trials, and, perhaps, in one or two less, the right letter could be hit upon: so declared himself content. He would now be glad if the supposed ghost of his mother would condescend to name the year in which she passed into the spirit world. Did she remember it? Rap-tap. Would she tell it? Rap-tap. And what year was it? Figures being now touched on the card instead of letters, there was a tap at one, a tap at eight, a tap at four (wrong, it should have been at two), and a last tap at nine, which the spirit recanted by refusing to ratify the whole number when asked at the end whether it was what she meant. The Medium probably caught a smile on Thompson's face, and reserved to herself the advantage of another guess; she then settled upon the year 1846, which was by more than twenty years a blunder. Thompson then ceased from his inquiries, and we all proposed to wait and try the powers of another spirit.

After the usual solemnities, there was a rapid rat-tat-tat-tat. "What does that mean?" asked Brown. The Medium explained that no two spirits have the same rap, and that by familiarity you know the rap of any spirit as distinctly as you know a voice. That spirits rapped according to their temperaments: those of nervous people tapping quickly, of quiet people almost inaudibly, and so on. "Well, who is this?" asked Brown, and it turned ont to be a repetition upon Brown of the dull guesses we had just gone through in the case of Thompson. It was the spirit of his mother. (Brown's mother, he is happy to observe here, is alive and well.) Had this spirit on the dead-and-alive anything to say? Yes. A dead-and-alive ghost was the properest for the occasion. The most interminable game at beggar-my-neighbour is not half so dull and stupid as the knocking out of long and foolish sentences from the A. B. C. D. card of a Rapper. Brown must have been regarded as a suspicious character by the Medium. The ghost of the dead-and-alive, blundering over letters, tapping back; and leaving, after all, her sentences in a broken down condition, said to Brown, "Be candid; investigate; be careful; for this is God's work, my son."

God's work!

The spirit then informed Brown by the usual slow process that his mother's name was Mary; falling into a trap which Brown had laid, possibly by dwelling with the pencil over M and A and R and Y; also that she had been dead six years—all wrong.

"I wish," said Brown, "to ask some questions concerning the future; can the spirits answer them without your knowing what they are?" "If they cannot, they will be silent," said the Medium, "sometimes they do so. Try."—"As they are questions which I should not like to ask in public. Will they see them written on paper?" "O yes."—Brown wrote down very clearly: "Shall I soon be married?" "Will the spirits answer this question?" Rat-tat-tat. "Is Yes the answer?" Rat-tat-tat. "How many children shall I have?' was written next, Brown saying, "This is a question that must be answered in numbers. Does the spirit see it?" Rat-tat-tat. "Can it answer me?" Rat-tat-tat. And so the spirit answered by the usual process, "One-Hundred and Thirty-Six." When the 1 was obtained, and then the 3 to go next to it, and then the 6 to go after that, the rapid growth of Brown's family amused Thompson, and the imminent carrying on of the sum into thousands was prevented by his ill-timed mirth. The production of children by Brown stopped therefore prematurely at the number of one hundred and thirty-six.

The Medium, who always asked whether the answers fitted, and who did not clearly know whether she might not be succeeding vastly, although she evidently felt a little puzzled by the sense that she was not doing so well as might be expected, was now reassured by the reverent tone in which the too explosive Thompson asked whether the spirit of his sister were in the room. His only sister being in vigorous health, he did not expect her ghost; but it was there, and very prompt to answer him. How long had she been dead? Two years.

So the dreary labour was continued; but we cannot fatigue our readers with the whole monotony of a sitting that was not enlivened by one happy guess.

After two hours in the presence of the Medium and the great fire, we passed into the front drawing-room again, and paid our money. Mr. Stone trusted that we had found the spirits answering satisfactorily. It appeared to us rather probable that they did answer very satisfactorily at a guinea a head. Nevertheless we grumbled not, and listened to the further wonders that he had to tell of spirits that sometimes not only rapped, but moved heavy furniture about. He had seen a large loo table, he said, turned topsy turvy by the spirits. He told us more, and offered us gratuitously a fresh sitting, if we had not been satisfied with the first. We had seen enough. We asked for printed information, and brought home with us a pamphlet upon Spirit Knocking, which he recommended to our notice. It had the motto on the cover, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Within the pamphlet

we have since read of a spit that flew up a chimney, of a stirrup-iron that followed a man, through a wood, and other miserable nonsense.

Of the use of Holy Scripture in the writings of these people we abstain from saying much. We will give, however, from the pamphlet placed in our hands one example. The writer dwells, among other things, upon the account of Peter's coming after his delivery from prison and knocking at the door of Mary's house, when his friends within, who would not at first believe the servant's tidings that Peter stood at the gate, said afterwards "It is his angel." "It is evident from this," argues the Rapper's pamphlet, "that those who were gathered together praying, thought it possible for an angel to *knock*,"—we will quote no more of the stuff. This miserable delusion, the ghost of a dead ghost, this clumsiest of all the cheats that ever offered folly to be bolted by the greedy appetite of superstition without even the courtesy of cooking it a little, did for a short time turn the heads of thousands in America. But, even in America—the Land of Promise to the Mormons, and to many other sects of fanatics—the Rappers came at last to be generally understood after Mrs. Culver's deposition had been published; the "intense excitement in all classes of society" died out; and now this ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost, having been laid a second time, makes a third appearance, more faded than ever, and by advertisement invites "the nobility and gentry" during the present London season, to be present at its manifestations—"God's work, my son;"—nothing of the Treadmill quality in it.

MY FORTUNE.

A GREAT many years ago—two-and-twenty years to-night—I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home—the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch, and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I—my sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends of ours in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night I was only a girl—not fifteen yet; and, at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out for ever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me for ever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought has never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word hath been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows—both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold grey shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts—no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that grey shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while as yet it was only closing over me—while with passionate resistance I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street door—a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange hurried exclamations—half of surprise, half of alarm—mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered, in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.

Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word this is going too far," my father exclaimed, angrily, when we had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though indeed it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do anything with the child until I come back; I'm afraid she's ill," and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it—just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too, but her face was what attracted and astonished me most, for in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch, and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her; but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

"We can do nothing more to-night," he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. "Poor child, she's very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there's no help for it, and I'll see what I can do for her. But really it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighbourhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then for the first time a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I couldn't help it—and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself—half with pity, half with love—for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that—weaker than ourselves—appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bedroom: and there, in Kate's bed we laid her, poor little weary suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept in into all our hearts, that when at last one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying—both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was or where she came from, but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to *dispose* of her. It was this: that we began to *suspect*—what at first had never entered our heads—that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition, but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us, and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced, laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune—Fortune Wildred we baptized her—that, should she never find her own surname, she might at least have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before; indeed she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune—she was so dear to me,

ed me too so well! Young as I
lation to each other became in
like that of mother and child.
ge that, of her own accord, from
called me Aunt Dinah. And I so
ccustomed to the title, and so soon
te naturally into calling her my
ough yet but a girl in years, I was
woman very quickly, as I should
often be the case with those who
destiny in life fixed as early as
for I had no other outward
ok forward to as most girls have,
business was to settle down and

often think, might have been
ad without my child, but with her
appy. It was as if I lived again
l the hopes and wishes that my
rushed came into life again, but
elf now. It was for her that I
l hoped, and thought,—for the
eyed child who loved to lie beside
white arms round my neck, and
k pressed on mine; who loved—
her—to be with me always; who
happy as when, even for hours,
uld be left alone together, and,
fect confidence that only children
ould talk to me of all things that
mind, gladdening my very heart
ving things she said. They all
ut none as I did, for she loved
so well. They used to say that
il her, but I never did; she was
be spoiled, my little Fortune,
right-haired child!
y pupil for the first few years,
r lessons they were that we used
ther,—dear to both of us, though
She was so good and gentle, so
ever grieved me, so eager to be
forgiven again—as though my
t forgive her always, even before
—so loving always. She never
eing with me—the kind child—
en, as happened sometimes, I was
ar her childish merriment, and
ave to sit quietly in my room,
er sweet clear voice when she
, for she would hang upon my
o, and whisper to me how she
h, I never shall forget it all,—I
rget how good my little Fortune

ell mention here, that soon after
l she should stay with us, we had
ture portrait of her taken, which
ever since as a locket round my
id this on the chance that it
ly serve on some future day as a
ntifying her. Here is the little
it is so like her, as I have seen
d times, with her sunny veil of
her.
went on, and brought some
h them—one change which was

very sad—my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved amongst us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbours with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son, who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been without a suspicion—I almost think it was a hope—that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another; but it was not to be, for as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them; and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love, and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have anything to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after—a bright June morning it was—he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom, as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterwards, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first—we all did—and it

was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse—I knew it was but an excuse—of bringing us books, or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I know that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming, for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me, and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away; even when he was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not be always so: I knew that, presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other—happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons amongst our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside me at the open window he presently began—it was the first time he had ever done so—to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it—it was on my lips again and again—but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I *was* glad, but yet some low sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago for ever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was only for a little time, for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because *some* hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, praying to be forgiven, and soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young. I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange; there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill, yet how every one—how he, how I myself—looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad—I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from *mine*; and always came the last thing to say *good night* to me. To-night, when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch—the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful—my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

"About an hour." I said.

"Ah! I am glad," she answered. "I was afraid my poor Aunty had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him."

"Yes, he is always kind, dear," I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for quickly stooping down she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful—I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But

sed her earnestly, it came at last. ase through the wide world she where to seek for a father or a cause to the very name she bore claim; because to all but us, she e had ever been a deceit, and was cause she felt so humbled before oved, knowing that she had no should be true to her whose first en a falsehood to them.

me this, pouring it out rapidly— y; and I understood it all, and far she told me. Alas! I might have ll before.

ed her as I could. I told her that ef she must bear still—hopefully, d; that for the rest she should any longer, for all whose love r should know what her history d her to have courage, and I earnestly, and truly, for how she to me then; and presently, weep- t happier and full of love, my me—left me to weep, because a d have known would come had .

t the Beresfords were landed pro- Arthur was their only son; so of age was to be a great day. very seldom moved from home; been a promise that on this were to spend a week with time was now close at hand; on the second day, I think, this talk with my child, that to begin. So, early on that day

t mentioned that, for the last fort- Nevill, the Beresfords had had with them—a brother of Mrs. —a Colonel Haughton, with his ir two children, a little boy and had just returned from India, d, Mrs. Haughton had lived many was in delicate health, and did much, so that she was as yet almost o me; but the little I had seen of that Fortune had told me about me so much that I was not at all is opportunity of knowing more ere was something graceful and her manner, indeed, that pre- ut people in her favor, and there oth of beauty and refinement, in

day after we came, and a kind ry excitement was through the next morning was to usher in rthday—and to-day Mrs. Beres- ving a large children's party, an- onour of little Agnes and Henry I think we had every child for miles round assembled together; d been music and dancing, and a al of merry voices all through the r evening, and everybody looked ppy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at forfeits; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gaily,

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it,

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered,

"But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was agitated, but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces—into Nevill's oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed

on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling them how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all color had fled; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each: it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream—not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait—give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion, "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child—my Willie—my little Willie!" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even *I* had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more; they, nor any one: then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling—that night I could not help it—so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her: so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact—which the captain proved—that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room, and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me, with the moonlight falling on them and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart, and gladdened me; and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget—words that have cheered me often since—that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her—my own child!

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices, and merry

laughter making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known; days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy, and happiness, and love. Such a day was this; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now—a day never to be forgotten.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and everything else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling, asked:—

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously and half gaily, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low,

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"will you give me your Fortune to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes, and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying—I well know so faintly and so ill—the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill—who had been some time ordained—to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befel us, for a living near us in Mr. Beresford's gift became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married.

There is a little child with dark-blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low, sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but, when I look upon her face I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

THE DEEDS OF WELLINGTON.

Ay, many a year I followed him
Whose course of glory 's run;
Draw round me, friends,—I 'll tell you where
I fought with Wellington.
For I was one who served with him
Through all his fields in Spain;
Ah, friends! his like we ne'er have seen,
Nor yet shall see again!
And well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

From India first we heard his fame;
I was not with him there,
But how he beat them at Assaye,
Old soldiers can declare.
Of his wild dash on Doondiah's horse
I 've often heard them tell;
Where there was fighting to be done,
Be sure he did it well.
Oh! well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

'Tis nearly fifty years since then—
Yet well I mind the day
When our first march we made with him
To where the Frenchmen lay;

Upon the heights of Roliça,
Laborde fought long and well;
We beat him; how we beat Junot,
Let Vimiero tell.
Oh! well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

They lost—we won, and that was all.
Pshaw! blunderers crossed our way;
Sir Hugh—Sir Harry saved Junot,
And flung that work away.
But soon our general led us on,
Unchecked by such as these,
And then we chased the eagles back
Across the Pyrenees.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

Behind the Douro, Soult lay—safe?
Why, in his face, 't was forced;
"Ha! ha!" he laughed, and watched us come,
And while he laughed we crossed;
We saw their backs; and that same year,
At Talavera, plain
We showed their Victor that we came
To see their backs again.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

Retreat came next. What?—did we fly?
No! On Busaco's height
We turned, and taught their Massena
We little thought of flight;
A month at Torres Vedras' lines
We let the Marshal lie,—
He chafed and fumed, and then, at last,
He learned what 't was to fly.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

They foiled us once at Badajos;
Good Lord! that work was warm!
It makes one white to think of, now,
The night we tried to storm.
But its time came; in that curs'd breach,
By Heaven! the French fought well,
But on, through blood and fire we went;
In yells and shrieks it fell.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

I swear it warms my blood again,
Although my hair is grey,
To think of how we beat Marmont
On Salamanca's day;
And 't was a sight to see, my friends,
When our great captain, 'mid
The rescued city's tears and shouts,
Rode into freed Madrid.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall tell the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

Somehow, at Burgos we were checked;
At times the greatest are;
One failure he could well afford:
'Twas there I got this scar.
A winter more, and then for France
We marched; he knew it well,
And, rising in his stirrups, cried,
"To Portugal, farewell."
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall tell the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

For France! for France! but, hold, good sir,
King Joseph stopped us here;
Well, red Vittoria swept our path,
And left the roadway c'ear.
And, long before November passed,
We rolled back Soult's advance,
We poured through St. Sebastian's breach,
And trod the soil of France.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall tell the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

We won Toulouse, and, winning that,
We heard that all was won;
Seven weary years of war were gone;
Our work and his was done.
We little thought he yet would meet
A greater than he'd met;
We never dreamed he had to win
His sternest victory yet.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

But so it was; a year passed by,
And, passing, proved it true,
And I was with him once again,
At far-famed Waterloo.
And I—I heard his "At them, men!"
When the Old Guard seemed to yield;
I shared in that last charge that swept
The French from his last field.
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

And so they say that he was one
Not made for love, but fear—
A cold, stern man that stood alone:
All this I smile to hear.
Ask those who fought through that great war,
Bled, conquered by his side.
And who 'll not name his name with love,
And speak of him with pride?
Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

I name his name to honour it;
In glory let him rest;
More than all other things I prize
This medal at my breast.
Why, friends? Because it tells that I
Some honour bore away
With him whom, with a people's grief,
St. Paul's receives to-day.

Oh, well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did—
The deeds of Wellington.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

HIS PHILOSOPHY OF DINING.

Let us by all means try to sit down to dinner in a good temper. Nothing spoils the digestion like anger. We should look upon the hour or two set apart for dinner as the holiday part of the day, and dining as an orthodox amusement. It is of no use saying "Don't do this, and don't do that—after or before dinner; don't write, don't read, don't get hot," and so forth. The best thing we can do is not to think about it at all. An eminent —I may say the most eminent—physician now living (and to whom the writer of these lines, under God's blessing, owes his life) said once in a case of very painful hypochondria—"Eat? Why, eat what you like; don't ask me, I have nothing to do with it." Dinner is a necessity that should be taken and enjoyed, not thought about. I know of an old gentleman of fortune (how blind she is!) who has all the cookery books he knows of brought up to him in bed of a morning; these he reads with earnest attention, and then summons his cook to learn what is exactly in season. After mature deliberation he proceeds to the grave business of ordering dinner, and toddles about the shady side of Pall Mall, worrying the world with fat jokes till it is ready. I know a man, too, a barrister in great practice, who will probably one day be Lord Chancellor. He is making perhaps twenty thousand pounds a year by his profession (more shame to us!), and he never dines at all:—a biscuit, and a glass of sherry bolted mechanically, and placed near him by his clerk, who has a sort of life interest in him; a mutton chop got through nobody knows how, and peppered with the dust of briefs—such is his nourishment. Neither of these men understands the philosophy of dining. The one—I mean the glutton—never takes his dinner without grumbling, and, as sure as you, my worthy reader, who are reading this paper pleasantly with your wife over the tea-table may hope to die happily of old age, so, probably, will our choleric friend of the cookery-books be carried off some day choking and grumbling by an apoplexy.

A really good wholesome dinner would take the lawyer by surprise as a thing he really was not used to, and he reminds me often of an old Göttingen professor, of whom it is related that he married. One day, about a week afterwards, his bride wondering that he did not come down to supper, went into his library to see what detained him. She found him deep in his papers. "Wilhelm," she said gently. "Mein Fräulein!" replied the professor startled. "Miss! what can I do for you? What has happened that you pay me such a late visit?" Some people, indeed, have so used themselves to bad habits that they can no longer return to good ones.

Frederick Barbarossa is not the only person who has been killed even by such a simple proceeding as a good washing. It is not therefore for such lost sheep as these that I write, but for sensible persons as you and myself, dear reader.

Kings and Queens generally set the hour of dining in the countries they govern. It is whispered that the Queen of Great Britain dines with her children at two o'clock, and that the state dinner at eight is a mere pageant. Louis Philippe dined generally at seven, at least such is the hour named in an invitation—I beg his ghost's pardon, a command—I have by me. The Queen of Spain dines, or used to dine, at five; the Sultan at sunset; the late King of Sardinia dined at three; the Emperor of Russia eats when he is hungry—the State dinners are between five and six; the Emperor of Austria dines at five; the King of Prussia at three; the King of Hanover at five: the King of Sweden at five. The hour of five seems indeed to be the most general, as it is the most convenient. On the continent, especially, as every one goes to the theatre, which opens at seven—a later hour than five would interfere with the projects for the evening.

Guests upon the continent always take leave of their host about seven, so that he is not bored to death with them all the evening. Dinner means dinner, and nothing more, and a dinner party is not, as with us, the miserable waste of many hours.

Busy men should take some refreshment once in every six or seven hours. Professional men often put off their dinners too long for the sake of dining at home, when a chop at a club would prolong their life ten years. By the bye the City wants a club terribly. Wine or stimulant may be taken or not taken. Weak men require stimulant in moderation; strong, full-blooded people are better without it. Any thought about what you are to eat, or how you are to eat it, is unworthy of a man of sense. Hold no communion with the vegetarians. Vegetable diet is a delusion and a snare;—a little man who had tried it for six months used to describe his sensations being "as if his bones were unhooked one from the other." Studious men, however, or those engaged in sedentary occupations, should only eat meat once a day, and then in moderate quantity. A couple of glasses of water after dinner is said to be a capital digester—and I dare say it is, for I generally see fat people drink them.

Intense thought immediately after dinner will certainly make the blood fly to the head, which we want at the stomach; it should therefore be checked. Do not dine alone if you can help it: if you are obliged to do so, however, take something to read with you; anything to keep the mind cheerful without excitement. I have often found the waiter, especially in foreign inns, a much pleasanter

fellow than he looked. Waiters are always ready to talk if permitted, and, for my part, I would sooner learn the views of a waiter on passing events than take a silent dinner. We lose a great deal by too much reserve also. I think it was Johnson (in one of those pithy dialogues chronicled by Boswell) who used to say "Sir, I am always ready to talk to anybody; if he is better than me I shall be improved by it, if otherwise I may hope to improve him." While living abroad I once dined every day for three months at the same table with another gentleman, without either of us having ever exchanged a word. It certainly was not my fault, and he told me, for I knew him very intimately subsequently, that it was not his. It was probably mere acquired reserve on both sides. As a rule, single men, not in high official positions, should be always ready to talk to everybody. I have made the chance acquaintance of some of the celebrities of history while dining at hotels. It was so that I first saw Godoy, the famous Prince of the Peace, and Washington Irving.

Food should be varied as much as possible. It was the silliest thing ever devised to give the same dinners at public institutions every day. Neither need persons who can afford it fear to eat of many different things at the same dinner. It is pleasant, however, to think that the poor man's piece of boiled rusty bacon contains as much or more nourishment than the epicure's ortolan, and certainly tastes sweeter to him. There are very few things, indeed, in which wealth has any real advantage over poverty. The best tonic indeed I know of, is having in one's children after dinner, and, in this respect, poor men are frequently better off than rich ones. In the first place, because they want no tonic to digest their well-earned food; and, in the next, because they have it if they do:—a pleasant example of the embarrassment of riches.

The French have a proverb that "Night brings counsel." I prefer, however, the saying of Sancho Panza, "There is wisdom in olives." One takes a much easier commonsense view of things after dinner than before. Juvenal says, coarsely, "No man reasons on a full stomach." I forgive Juvenal, who was by no means a man after my heart, but I cannot agree with him. I think it is precisely then that one does reason well, charitably, and forgivingly. No man ever knew how to dine properly who could shut his heart afterwards to the distresses of one human being. It is all very well putting on a stern face, Mr. Bull, but you really cannot button up your pockets to your poor relation after all that turtle soup and iced punch, that whitebait and roast sweetbread, so it 's of no use trying. If you had wanted to play the hard man with him any longer, you should not have asked him to dinner. There is no resisting the energy and eloquence given to him by so much good cheer.

How many useful inventions, how much happy thought and pleasant wisdom, how many good resolutions, how much hope, and love, and truth, and kindness, have been born of a good dinner! How keen an insight into character may be had in an after-dinner conversation. If I wanted really to judge the capacity or the heart of any one, I would sooner see him at dinner than at any hour of the twenty-four.

England is the most dinner-giving nation in the world. Then Russia; latterly, the French have begun to give a good many dinners; but Germany, Spain, and Italy, are still benighted in this particular. In Denmark and Sweden a good deal of rough coarse hospitality goes on, and the Turks even can and do give good dinners, when they do not attempt to serve them in the European style. A good rule in giving dinners is never to have more guests or more dishes than you know how to manage. A roast saddle of Welsh mutton, two sorts of vegetables, and a tart, is a dinner for a prince; but then there should not be more than four princes or princesses to eat it. It is the best dinner a young housewife, whose husband has five hundred pounds a year can, or ought, to put upon the table, and much better than any possible abomination contrived by the pastry-cook round the corner.

The mistress of a small household should never be above giving an eye to the meal; nobody will think any the worse of her. A very dear and near friend of mine, who is now a man of mark enough in the world to be recognised by some who read these pages, used to give charming little dinners; and many a time have we all gone to the kitchen, a "merry three," and dressed a little impromptu feast a philosopher and an epicure might alike envy. My friend was a dab at an omelette, and piqued himself rather upon it; his wife made a bread-and-butter pudding that made one's mouth water to think about; and I beat up the sauce, and did the looking-on part. Surely, surely, never were there such merry dinners. I don't think it ever occurred to any of us to regret we had not a cook, or above the pay of a good City clerk in a bank among the three of us.

In France it is customary to drink a glass of vermuth or some bitter liqueur before dinner, and a farewell in coffee after it, as digesters. In Russia, at Hamburg, in Denmark and Sweden, and in most of the northern countries of Europe, an epicure begins his dinner with a glass of fiery spirits; and I have found it a good plan to follow the customs of any country in which I might be living. In southern countries, however, where the atmosphere is dry, this practice would be an easy and familiar introduction to the doctor. In Spain, Italy, Turkey, &c., all fermented liquors should be avoided by a man who does not wish to be in a perpetual fever. One cup of well-made coffee is also enough for anybody.

I once knew a physician in good practice, whose whole family were in the habit of taking a tea-spoonful of soda mixed in water and then a glass of port wine after dinner, but I found that it produced acidity instead of destroying it. The best specific I know for acidity is a glass of cold water; if one does not succeed, try two.

French dinners should always be diluted with claret and water; beer does not harmonise with them. Half a bottle of claret and one glass of Madeira is a fair dinner allowance for any man, and will not hurt him. Claret may be drunk, and will be found good in France, Northern Germany (especially in the Steuer-Verein), Russia, and America; elsewhere it is detestable. Beer is good in England, Bavaria, and indeed throughout Germany, and in America; everywhere else it should be avoided. In Hamburg, English beer may be had cheaper than in England, owing to the drawback on exportation. In Spain the only drinkable wine I could ever get, except at the houses of the Jews, was the Val-de-Peñas, but that is seldom good; it is hardly necessary to add that port and sherry are unknown there, and it would be impossible to drink either in a hot country, if as plentiful as water.

I found it a good plan to drink weak brandy-and-water throughout Spain. If an English traveller also should arrive hungry at a Spanish inn, he had better confine himself to eggs, and dress them himself, or they will be served up with rancid oil and bad potatoes. It is a curious thing that beefsteaks are better almost everywhere than in England. They are best of all in Hamburg. Let the epicure ask for a *biftek étouffé*—a stifled beefsteak—and he will make the acquaintance of one of those happy marvels of cookery of which there are not more than four or five in the world. The worst ham I ever eat was at Bayonne; but they make the best chocolate in the world there. In Southern Germany the best dish a hungry traveller can ask for is a *kalbs-cotelette* (a veal cutlet); in Northern Germany beefsteaks and potatoes are to be recommended. Mutton throughout Germany is detestable. In Hungary the fried chickens are better than anything else, and for wine let the thirsy man ask for Erlauer, and mix it with two parts of water to one of wine. Italy is famous for macaroni; and a dish called *polenta* should be forgotten by no visitor to Venice, though it wants a good appetite. In America, pumpkin pie stands first in the estimation of the wise, and mint julep and sherry cobbler require no recommendation here; although how cousin Jonathan can contrive to swallow so much of them it is not easy to understand. A *mayonnaise* is a good dish in its way, and a capital manner of serving up cold salmon or the remains of a fowl. At Frankfort, however, they give you a *mayonnaise* of brains; a dish which it surpasses the capacity of any human digestion to dispose of satisfactorily. The Jews, I really believe, can eat anything in the way of strong food. I once saw a pretty little lady of this race devour the best part of a Strasbourg pie without one atom of bread, yet she seemed to live upon butterflies, and had a complexion like an houri.

The capacity of the digestions of Southern Germany is also very remarkable: they can dispose of a regular meal six times a day, and fill up the intervals with raw herrings and sardines. An Algerine, however, once told me he eat twenty pounds of grapes daily while they were in season, for his health. So that nationality can make little difference. However, southern nations are less given to excess than northern ones. The late Mr. Liston was once called in by a lady in weak health; his advice to her was to get tipsy every day. She did so and recovered. The relations of an old gentleman of eighty used to assert that he never by any accident went to bed sober. Yet Panucci, one of the famous long livers of Italy, never eat anything but salad and drank nothing whatever. Priests may be said, as a body, to live more moderately than soldiers; yet we have more examples of long life in the army than in the priesthood. Diet, or rather fixed rules of diet, seem to have little influence on longevity. Persons who wish for long life had better buy annuities: there are plenty of people silly enough to sell them; but no one ever yet eat, drank, or starved themselves into long life.

CHIPS.

THE REASON WHY.

When Sir Walter Scott met with the dirge of the Bridal Bed in Evans's Collection of Old Ballads, he pronounced it not genuine; and thought it no treason to add that, in his judgment, it was better than if it had been. The poem was certainly written by William Julius Mickle.

Scott's authority in ballad-literature is so great, that we may be permitted to take shelter under it against a mistake into which we have lately fallen. Mr. Macaulay turns out to have been nearer the truth, in declaring that only two lines survive of the once famous Trelawney Ballad, than ourselves in affirming that Mr. Davies Gilbert had succeeded in rescuing all of it from oblivion. It appears to be beyond doubt, that the four lines printed as the burden of the stanzas which we gave in our number of October 30th, were a genuine fragment of the old ballad; and equally so, that the stanzas themselves, excepting only the lines in which portions of that burden are repeated, were the work of a modern hand.

The Reverend R. S. Hawker, vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, the person most

interested in our mistake, has had the kindness himself to point it out to us. "In 1824," this gentleman writes, "there was a choral fragment current in Cornwall, limited to these words—

"'And shall Trelawney die;
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
or underground
Will know the reason why.'

After much fruitless endeavour to recover more of the old song, but without the slightest success, I wrote the verses which have reached your hands, and inserted them in a Plymouth newspaper anonymously. It elated me not a little to find, in after years, that my verses were deemed by Mr. Davies Gilbert to be the original ballad (he reprinted them at his private press); and to discover their effect on Sir Walter Scott, who regarded them as the solitary people song of the seventeenth century."

Scott's remark to this effect occurs in a note to the fourth volume of his collected poems. We should have been guarded against a like mistake, and should also have made earlier acquaintance with a series of poems remarkable for their feeling and grace of expression, if the volume * in which Mr. Hawker subsequently reprinted his modern-antique, as the Song of the Western Men, had obtained the notice and circulation which it seems to us to have better deserved than many collections of verse with much higher pretension.

Mr. Hawker is apparently still under the impression, that even of the burden to the old song only the fragment he quotes in his letter to us had been preserved. We believe he will find, however, that the entire burden which was added to our reprint, and for which we had the corroborative authority of one of the living representatives of the Trelawney family, is an authentic part of the old poem. This impression is confirmed in another letter, correcting our mistake, addressed to us also by a clergyman, to whom all the facts of the modern adaptation of these celebrated stanzas appear to be well known. "The chorus, I should say, does not appear in Mr. Hawker's poem; but on reading it, I recollected the burthen of a song which my mother, a Cornishwoman, had sung to me when a child, and saw at once that the two fragments belonged to the same ballad. My mother's song was—

"'And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's twice ten thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.'"

THE "LOGGING" STONE.

We have another Cornish score to clear:—In an article entitled "Still on the Wing," in No. 112 of Household Words, there appeared an account of the overthrow of the famous Logan or "Logging" Stone; which although substantially correct, has been thought to have left a slur on the character of a meritorious naval officer, not deserved. With the view of removing it, we have lately received Lieutenant Goldsmith's own version of his freak, written soon after it was perpetrated, and while he was being assailed with the most inveterate censure by all the antiquaries and newspapers of the locality. Many statements exaggerated his culpability; and, in order to clear himself in the eyes of his mother—whose good opinion he most coveted—he wrote to her the following account of the affair:—

"*Penzance, April 24, 1824.*

"The facts in question, my dear Mother, are these:

"On the 8th of this month we were off the Land's-End, near the spot where the Rock stood. Our boats were creeping along shore beneath it for some good which, we suspected, might be sunk in the sand near it. I took the opportunity of landing to look at the Logan Rock with my mate; and hearing that it was not in the power of man to remove it, I took it into my head to try my skill, and, at this time (half-past four o'clock P. M.), the boats having finished what they had to do, and it blowing too fresh for them to creep any longer, I took them and their crew on shore with me, and, having landed at the foot of the rocks, we all assembled up the precipice. We had with us, at first, three hand-spikes, with which we tried to move the Rock, and could not do it. The hand-spikes were then laid aside, and the nine men who were with us took hold of the Rock by the edge, and, without great difficulty, set it in a rocking motion, which became so great, that I was fearful of bidding them try to stop it lest it should fall back upon us, and away it went unfortunately, clean over upon *its side*, where it now rests. There was not an instrument of any kind or description near the Rock when thrown over, except one hand-spike, and that I had in my hand, but which was of no use in upsetting the Rock; and this is the *truth*, and nothing but the truth, as I hope for salvation.

"For my part, I had no intention, or the most distant thought, of doing mischief, even had I thrown the Rock into the sea. I was innocently, as my God knows, employed, as far as any bad design about me. I knew not that this Rock was so idolized in this neighbourhood, and you may imagine my astonishment when I found all Penzance in an uproar. I was to be transported at least; the newspapers have traduced me, and made me worse than a murderer, and the base falsehoods in them are more than wicked. But, here I am, my dear Mother, still holding up my head, boldly conscious of having only committed an act of inadvertency. Be not uneasy—my character is yet safe; and you have nothing on that score to make you uneasy. I have many friends in Penzance; amongst them the persons most interested in the Rock, and many who were most violent now see the thing in its true light. I intend putting the bauble in its place again, and hope to get as much credit as I have anger for throwing it down."

We are furnished, also, with a copy of a letter from the agent of the proprietor of the

* Ecclesia; a volume of Poems by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, M.A., Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall. Oxford, 1840.

estate on which the Stone stands, and, consequently, of the Stone itself. That gentleman declares, "I have no hesitation in stating that I do not believe you had any intention of injuring any one, and that you were not aware you should do so by upsetting the Logan Rock. From the moment you had reason to know the sensation produced by it, I can safely say that you have said and done every thing in your power to make amends."

Lieutenant Goldsmith at once set to work to restore the Rocking Stone to its place; not by order of the Admiralty, but of his own accord. Tackle and men were freely furnished him from the dockyard. A graphic account of the feat appeared in the Royal Cornwall Gazette of the 6th of November, 1824:—

"The Logan Rock is in its place, and 'logs' again. Lieutenant Goldsmith has nobly repaired the error of a moment by a long trial of skill, and energy, and courage. I say courage, for it was a work of great peril; and wherever danger was, there he was always foremost—under the weight of the mass of machinery, and on the edge of the precipice. An engraving, which will shortly be published, will convey the best idea of the complicated machinery employed; and I shall content myself with barely observing, as a proof of the skill of the mode of applying it, that many Engineers had their doubts whether it could be so applied, and even when erected, they doubted whether it would be efficient.

The moment, therefore (on Friday last), when the men took their stations at the capstans was an anxious one, and when, after twenty minutes' toil, Lieutenant Goldsmith announced from the stage, 'It moves, thank God!' a shout of applause burst from all who beheld it. Endeavour to conceive a group of rocks of the most grand and romantic appearance, forming an amphitheatre, with multitudes seated on its irregular masses, or clinging to its precipices: conceive a large platform carried across an abyss from rock to rock, and upon it three capstans manned by British seamen. Imagine the lofty masts which are seen rearing their heads, from which ropes are connected with chains in many a fold, and of massive strength. A flag waves over all: the huge stone is in the midst. Every eye is directed to the monstrous bulk. Will it break its chains?—will it fall and spread ruin?—or will it defy the power that attempts to stir it?—will all the skill and energy, and strength, and hardihood, have been exerted in vain? We shall soon know: expectation sits breathless; and at last it moves. All's well. Such was the first half-hour. In two hours it was suspended in the air, and vibrated: but art was triumphant, and held the huge leviathan fast.

I will not detail the labour of two successive days: but come to the last moment. At twenty minutes past four on Tuesday afternoon a signal was given that the rock was in its place, and that it logged again. This was announced by a spectator: but where was Lieutenant Goldsmith? why does not he announce it? He has called his men around him: his own and their hats are off: he is addressing them first, and calling upon them to return thanks to God, through whose aid alone the work had been done—a work of great peril and hazard, and by His blessing without loss of life or limb.

After this appropriate and solemn act, he called upon them to join in the British sailor's testimony of joy, three cheers; and then turned with all his gallant men to receive the re-echoing cheers of the assembled multitude. More detailed accounts will be given; but this hasty sketch may convey some idea of the scene. That Lieutenant Goldsmith, whose character—like the rock—is placed on a firm basis, may have an opportunity of exerting his great talents and brave spirit in the service of his profession, is the sincere wish of all this neighbourhood."

A DIP IN THE NILE.

A TRAVELLER who comes home with the dust of Egypt on his shoes, and brings us cheerful talk from the bedside of our very old friend, the Nile, is always to be heard with pleasure. Mr. Bayle St. John, who talks to us agreeably of Father Nile, his landed property, his towns and villages, and villagers, through two volumes, entitled Village Life in Egypt, has, therefore, our ears at his disposal. We get into his book as we would get into a convenient bathing-machine, and roll down towards the famous river. Here we are with our heads bent over its waters, into which we are about to dip.

The water fills our ears and blinds our eyes, in which, blind though we are, a thousand lights are dancing. We sink while our heads swim, and we have a vision at once that we are true Egyptians, pious Moslems, and that we are at Cairo, during the Festival of the Prophet—a feast at which in the newness of our orthodoxy we are more particularly anxious to assist. The dancing lights before our eyes become a gay illumination, torches, lanterns flash to and fro, strings of lamps glitter among trees, the trees of the Esbekiyeh, the Hyde Park of Cairo.

The Esbekiyeh is a place of spacious gardens, crossed by alleys, and surrounded by a broad drive under acacias and sycamores. It is an hour after sunset, and we are walking, we think, on this ground between two rows of tents, all pouring streams of light out from within. We walk up to the grand feature of the scene, the Kayim, a row of four tall masts connected by a great entanglement of rigging, and overhung with lamps of many kinds, the offerings of many people. By the light of this ship of Vauxhall that glitters down on moving turbans and tarbooshes, and irradiates the crowd in which we are becoming wedged, we see strange sights about us. Profane jokes and pious ejaculations, all of the true Egyptian Moslem cast, are gurgling, instead of the Nile water, in our ears; the sights are very phantom-like. The tents are occupied by holy dervises, who are at work therein, performing publicly for the religious edification of themselves and their beholders. In a small tent dimly lighted, two or three are bounding frantically up and down, like India-

rubber men. In another, dervises are pouring out their souls in perspiration under piles of cloaks and blankets. In a large tent, brilliantly lighted with a wooden chandelier, sit thirty men all in a circle chatting, while a white-bearded dervise in the middle silently gets up his spiritual steam. He begins a measured chant, the chat ceases from the thirty mouths, and the thirty heads, all keeping time, turn slowly to the left, and look at the same instant over the thirty left shoulders. "Al—" cry thirty mouths together, and back work the thirty heads to the right, slowly and solemnly, till thirty faces look at once over thirty right shoulders: "—lah!" cry the thirty mouths. Then to the left for an Al— again; then to the right for a —lah! The white-beard in the middle gets his steam up more and more, chants faster and faster. The thirty faces turn faster and faster; left, right: Al—lah! Left, right, left, right: Al-lah! Al-lah! Faster and faster, as if thirty men were furiously trying to shake off their thirty heads: Allahallahallahallah—the cry becomes no longer voice—a grunt, a howl. Excitement grows, the men can no longer sit still; they leap to their feet, still wagging their heads incessantly, while their eyes roll, and their features writhe, and the wild grunt goes on to the praise of Allah. Turbans are shaken off, and shaven polls wag on: lips foam, but through them there still pours the incessant Allahallahallah. There are twenty-nine dervises, for one has fallen in a fit and has been dragged off into a corner by the heels. The motion of the twenty-nine is changed to a duck forward, which brings the nose into perpetual relation with the knees, and at each spasmodic bow "Allah" is now jerked out of the nine-and-twenty mouths in one spasmodic syllable, which seems to have been retched up from the nine-and-twenty stomachs.

The time changes. It is still the Festival of the Prophet, but it is day, and we are waiting near the principal tent of the dervises to see the ceremony of the Doseh or the Trampling. Thousands of people are assembled, some on the top of a great wall, some on tree-tops, some on house-tops, others on the top of our own toes. There is room among the crowd, however, for some stalls that have been set up by boys and women who sell oranges, sweetmeats, and sherbet. What would be the pleasure of a spectacle from which there was absent that æsthetic element of perfect refreshment represented at our own places of mental recreation by the body-soothing apples, oranges, and ginger-beer? There is a stir now in the crowd; the sea of heads rises an inch or two, for the spectators are on tiptoe. Flags are to be seen coming from the direction of the Iron Gate; most of them are green, inscribed with letters from the Koran. Clubmen who march before the flags hew out of the crowd an alley about six feet wide. We have felt the clubs, and have stood back, and are rewarded for our sufferings by a place in the front row of the human hedge by which the lane is bounded.

Two and two in a long file, the near hands of each pair clasped together, and the off hands resting on the shoulders of the men before them, down there comes rushing through the lane a torrent of about two hundred young dervises. As they come they sway with an uniform automaton movement from side to side, gasping out "Allah;" they are all pale and bathed in sweat; they appear to be all drunk with fanaticism, some perhaps with a draught of something better, which may help them to go through their plus work. Suddenly all stop, fall flat upon their faces, and arrange themselves side by side to form a living pavement, a sort of corduroy road of men.

Busy officials running to and fro fit all the human logs together neatly, by adjusting here an arm and there a leg. The logs, however, are not bound to lie quite still, but, on the contrary, they are expected to keep up, and do keep up, a convulsive twitching motion through their bodies, while at the same time these miserable men are all at work rubbing their noses violently in the dust from side to side, and grunting out the name of God in swinish accents. Some believing bystanders are infected with the fierce plague of fanaticism, and go down among the grovellers. There is a murmur, a shout, and a dead silence, while the crowd sways eagerly forward. A stout man, on a powerful horse, surrounded by about a dozen attendants, moves at a quick walking pace over the prostrate bodies. Each dervise receives the horse's tread over his loins; some throw up their heads and feet when the weight falls, *writhing* like worms. The sheikh rides on and away. The friends of the dervises run forward to pick them up, and whisper in their ears "Wahed," which means "Declare the Unity of God." Some can only groan, some are in a swoon, some respond to the appeal with foaming or with bleeding lips. A few have evidently passed through fanaticism into fits. There is a tall Arab who leaps like a fish whenever he is touched upon the breast.

Faint with the pressure of the crowd and with the repulsive nature of the spectacle, our own heads become dizzy, and objects become indistinct before our eyes. Possibly that may be also the effect of the Nile flood into which we have dipped. They say that a whole life-story becomes present in the compass of a minute to the drowning man; the Nile may therefore set another vision or two swimming in our heads before we rise up to the surface.

We are at the base of a pyramid of Dashour, and climb up to the entrance. A long, sloping gallery leads us down to a low passage, through which we creep with labour among huge stones into a gloomy chamber. A

stifling sense of heat oppresses us, but from this chamber—a vault of overlapping stones which meet at the height of about forty feet over our heads—we crawl upon our faces through a passage some twelve inches high and roughly paved, a group of pale men, each with a taper in his hand, the nose of one upon the heels of another, all rapidly becoming purple and perspiring out of every pore. The heat is frightful. Smothered voices from behind protest against the dust kicked up in front, and the reply comes back from the front in stifled groans. We wriggle desperately onwards through this worm-hole, but no end appears. If there should be no end, how can we get back to the light again? At length the first head and the first right arm that holds a taper is thrust out into an open expanse; a minute more and one man stands upright, giddy and faint, dripping with perspiration. The rest follow, dusty-haired and purple-featured. This chamber is precisely like the one we just now quitted. We ascertain this fact, and work our way back to regain the fresh air of the desert, the expanse of which we then see from the summit of the same pyramid swelling away in stony waves. A fox breaks from his hole under our feet, and runs before us.

Again we are about to burrow. The chief pyramid of the Sakkarah group rises from its vast pedestal of rocky desert in five great steps, that together reach a height of some three hundred feet. We are impelled to worm our way into its heart. The entrance, at the bottom of a great hole, is about forty paces from its northern front; we climb down, one by one, each making an avalanche of sand and rubbish, and enter, following an Arab. Turning his back to the entrance, each of us crawls in, feet first, while his mouth and his eyes fill with dust; the Arab takes each by the legs and pulls him then along a narrow passage, under a block of stone, the lintel of the ancient doorway. Here we have space to sit as we are pulled in by the Arab, and talk to one another with abated breath, by taper-light. Now we descend in file along steep winding passages cut in the rock, our tapers throwing about shadows that mysteriously come and go, and seem more real than we ourselves appear while treading thus upon the paths of a dead world. Passages branch off, upwards, downwards; we go on and down as if bound for the bowels of the earth. Sometimes the gallery expands in a vast crevice overhead; sometimes it narrows to a hole; sometimes we drop down as into a shallow well, and travel on again. At length we come into an open space, to which we see no boundary but a thick wall of darkness, in which our tapers cannot at first make a breach. As we become accustomed to the gloom, our eyes discern four walls of rocks rising around us, broken by the black mouths of passages or alcoves, but the roof we cannot see; for, high above our heads, beyond the power of the tapers, is a veil of darkness. We collect materials and kindle a great fire, about which we sit in the red light, upon great blocks of stone that make confusion on the floor; and now we see, a hundred feet above our heads, the roof of the great cave, all scooped out of the rock; the entire substance of the pyramid presses above it. In the centre of the cave a grand column of granite, fitted upon a hole, conceals a mystery. So might a demon be confined; and we, perhaps, are actors in some adventure of the old days of enchantment. In a corner we may find a goblet, which we break; and when we break it suddenly, the cave will shake, the granite column fall in powder from the hole it covers, and a resplendent fairy, who had been imprisoned in that cave by a malignant sorcerer, will rise and reward us with a plate upon which food never fails, and a bunch of everlasting grapes that distil at a wish any wine in the world, from Burgundy and Port down to the Greek resinous abominations. We do not, however, seek in any way like this to accomplish the adventure of the cave; we leave the fire behind us flickering and leaping to the lofty roof that is again hung with the tapestry of darkness, and struggle onward through another passage, half choked with great blocks of stone. It was a handsome gallery a long, long time ago, and lined with painted alabaster; now it leads us among dismal branching passages, which stifle us with heat and dust, and the Egyptian darkness that defies our tapers. We are glad when we get out again into the bright light of an Egyptian day.

Again we are creeping under ground into the ibis mummy pits. A faint gleam of light at the bottom of the descent shows where the Arab is, who has sped on too hastily before us. We have passed out of the narrow passage through which we were forced to crawl; the walls have retreated on each side; the roof has abruptly ascended, but we cannot stand up. We are upon a slope of sand that gently slides us on, one after the other, with our heads all downwards. It is impossible, without making the matter worse, to attempt either to get up or turn. We look ahead and see the stream of sand before us pouring in a gentle cataract over the edge of a square well, too broad to offer any hope of help by reaching out towards it sides. We glide on; but, as each head passes over the brink of the well, the swarthy face of the Arab is discovered looking up for it. The Arab stands with his outstretched legs planted upon two projections, close under the cataract of sand and stone; and, catching us as we come, plants us in safety. We are soon all down and roaming along galleries into chamber after chamber, into chambers by the hundred, some of them huge caves, and all the catacombs of ibises.

Rising now and shaking the Nile water from our faces, we look out over the surface

of the river. On one side the masts of an anchored boat lean against a grove of locust trees, in which a cloud of pigeons comes to settle, loading them as if with huge white flowers. On the opposite bank a long dense wood of sycamores and acacias just allows the setting sun to be seen in fragments like a distant conflagration. A mass of strangely contorted clouds, with broken rainbows here and there, tapestries nearly the whole circuit of the heavens. The lake-like reach of the river is steeped in the most gorgeous colours. It glows full of light from brim to brim, and burning eddies and rosy ripples come trembling up to kiss our cheeks as we are bathing. The world below, borrowing all the beauty of the heavens, seems to borrow also their transparency, and shines and glitters as if about to dissolve like a soap bubble.

On the shore we observe the gisrs or embankments, of heights varying from ten to twenty feet, by which communication is kept up between the villages. These gisrs are pierced here and there by sluice-gates, for they are accompanied by a system of canals which in the summer become dry and choked with mud. To keep canals and gisrs in repair much labour is required, and this the fellahs, or Egyptian villagers, are forced to furnish at wages that will barely maintain life even in Egypt. A gang of five or six hundred fellahs —men, women and children—may be met often by the traveller, listlessly at work with mattock and basket, under the eyes of appointed taskmasters—Arabs, like themselves —armed with swords and whips. And though, by taking earth to raise the gisr from the neighbouring canal which they have also to deepen, they might get through two labours with the toil of one, they may be seen actually digging here and there deep, useless holes in a field covered with green corn.

The villagers of Egypt are good fellows, but they have no motive to industry. Much of their life is spent in task labour, and if they earn more for themselves than bare subsistence, any superfluity that they may be discovered to possess is wrung from them by the officers of government. Extortion and cheating, garnished abundantly with blows, pervade the whole system of government in Egypt. The Governors of the great provinces are Turks, but the minor districts all have native officers of peasant origin, called Nazirs, who bring to the village doors the system of oppression. They are not loved the worse for it. They do as they are done by; they are beaten, and they beat. Excessive taxes are of course demanded of the fellahs, who of course, if they be respectable refuse to pay, of course are horsed in Eton style, and suffer the naboot. Blows are honourable, and the man is to be envied who has suffered most, and allowed the least quantity of money to be tortured from him. It is all done in a quiet family way. The sheikh of a hamlet sits under the palm in his market-place. The fellah who has paid his quarterly tax and taken his naboot by way of assurance that no more can be extracted from him, goes and squats down as easily as in his sore condition he is able, quietly to see the same process gone through with his neighbour, accepts a pipe from a friend whose turn is yet to come, and idly boasts of the few fuddahs he has saved, though he had held them in reserve under his tongue to pay in case the torture should prove unendurable. The sheikh appeals to Allah and the Prophet, does a hard day's work, and when he has raised the amount that he thinks sufficient, goes home in hope that he may be able in his turn to keep back a small proportion for himself. The Nazir of the district, however, keeps an eye upon the sheikhs of the villages, whose turn it now is to suffer, for the Nazir wants enough to satisfy the Governor of his province—through whose hands the money next will pass—and at the same time to yield a portion to his private pocket. But the Governor, who also wants to pocket pickings, holds the naboot over the Nazirs, and so on through every step.

When not collecting taxes, the sheikh is admired in the village as its most respectable first citizen. The fellahs treat him with respectful familiarity. The principal men of the village—the oldest and best behaved—collect about him in the evening, and talk politics over the pipe and the coffee cup.

Many of the Egyptian villages are mere miserable heaps of huts, around and among which rise palm trees, one or more of which belongs to each family. There is no visible mosque, but a room is generally set apart for public prayer. In larger villages the houses are still chiefly of one story, but many have an upper room used as a dwelling, with stores, donkeys, goats, and other property below. The upper floor is reached by an external staircase, and contains two or three rooms, each reached by a separate door from the open landing. The roof is of palm rafters, covered thickly with clay. The sheikh's house is, of course, on a larger scale, and in the neighbourhood of some populous villages are to be seen neat white houses in gardens, belonging to Nazirs and other great men. In such villages there is also commonly a grain store. The mosque is known by a pepper-box minaret, or an indented parapet of a terrace in the Saracenic style. There is a coffee-house with a carved woodwork front, a barber's shop with lofty narrow divans, and a square roofed with dhourra stalks, through which the sunlight filters upon stalls called shops, and women squatted on the ground who offer for sale trays of bread and heaps of vegetables.

The house of an ordinary villager has two rooms, furnished with mud divans raised a few inches from the floor. Its most im-

portant article of furniture is the Furn. That is a kind of permanent bedstead, built of brick, and containing an arched stove. This provides warmth in winter, and it is the cooking-place. The whole family sleeps sometimes, in cold weather, on the furn, which being fed with dung fuel, is maintained all night at a gentle heat. There are no chairs and tables, of course; but there is sometimes a dish-stand a few inches high, and there are a few earthen dishes, bowls, and water-jars. This dwelling has low doors, and windows about six inches square.

The fellah is apt to play the master in his household, as the master is played to himself out of doors. A great part of the land of Egypt belongs as estate to the Pacha and a few great landed proprietors, who farm it out. The people go with the soil: each peasant has a small allotment which he cultivates when he is able, but the man who farms the estate on which he lives has a right to his labour, and the giving of wages is often merely optional. In money, or kind, or personal service, the Egyptian villager is made to pay back ninety-five per cent. upon the produce of his labour.

For this plunge into the Nile and gossip upon Village Life in Egypt, we are indebted altogether to the pleasant book of Mr. Bayle St. John. We pay our thanks to him accordingly.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MADIAI.

Having received permission from the Tuscan Secretary of State to visit the Madiai in the prisons where they are severally expiating their enormous crime of possessing a Bible, we determined to take the husband first in order, for, by a refinement of cruelty, they are confined in separate prisons, in different parts of the country.

Francesco Madiai is confined in Volterra, a desolate town situated on a bleak hill in the midst of the Tuscan Maremme, but to the antiquary full of interest for its Etruscan remains, and to the lover of art as being the centre and place of manufacture for those alabaster ornaments which—from the tame and insipid snow-white baskets of the chimney-piece of a ladies' academy, to the classic vases of agate-alabaster in the cabinet of the connoisseur—are found as ornaments in almost every country.

Volterra may be approached from Florence on two sides, either by Poggiabonsi or by Pontadera; we were recommended the latter as an easier, though longer road.

Having taken our places by the railway from Florence, amid the parting smiles of an old flower-girl—who, as she forced her carnations upon us, tried to infuse into those smiles something of the sweetness of younger days—we steamed along, at some sixteen miles an hour, as far as Pontadera. Here, after refusing the invitation of a voluble *vetturino* to be conducted to the now deserted lakes of Montecatino, we effected an arrangement for Volterra at a price about the half of what he asked, and probably twice as much as he expected. The road was unexceptionable; such as we Englishmen are in the habit of assuming to be peculiar to MacAdam and ourselves. When seven miles from Volterra in distance, and two hours in time, the town, with its fortress, was seen crowning the heights, and apparently quite near at hand. From this point the whole route presented the wildest scene of desolation, as the soil consists of a cold white clay on which not a blade of verdure will grow, and which rain and torrents have worn away into romantic shapes, leaving the upper surface bare and full of cracks. The whole country, as far as the eye can see, has such an appearance as one might imagine the earth to have presented when the Deluge first subsided.

Under the walls of the town, we overtook a party of holiday-making "artists" in alabaster, and were told that, by accompanying them up a steep foot-path to the left, we should arrive half-an-hour before our carriage, which had to wind its way up the zigzags.

Arrived at the hotel, our landlord made much boast of "some Englishmen" who had been "staying for the last month with him." This turned out to be a true Samaritan who, with his son, had devoted all that time to cheering the sinking spirits, strengthening the drooping mind and enlivening the solitary hours of the poor prisoner we came to see.

As our time was limited, and we could not visit the prison before ten next morning, we arranged for an early inspection of the Etruscan remains in the Museum, being the most perfect collection of tombs (some of them, probably, but little later than the time of Abraham) that exists in Europe. It would be foreign from our subject to detail the treasures of this striking collection; but we may pause to notice one singular custom, which, if now adopted, would cause a complete revolution in epitaphs. Many of the older tombs represent, in the sculptured relief with which all are decorated, the passage of the soul to its destined state for the future. The spirit of the departed is mounted on horseback, and led on either by a good angel to realms of bliss, or by a bad spirit, with a huge hammer over his shoulder, to the place of torment. We could well fancy the embarrassment that would be experienced by the surviving relations in deciding so important a point as the nature of the entablature, and what a convincing and permanent proof it would afford of their opinion of the departed. In one instance, a departed spirit, whose horse, urged on by the bad angel, is conducting him at full speed to the regions of torment, is represented as pulling hard at

the bridle until he has fairly brought the horse's head aside even to the shoulder—and yet still progressing downward.

The hour for our admission into the prison having arrived, we presented our order, which seemed a mere matter of form, as our visit had been evidently announced beforehand. As Francesco Madiai was in the infirmary, we were conducted first over other parts of the prison, in which every prisoner is not only confined separately, but does his work and takes his exercise separately. Each man is put to the work which he followed before his committal, so that, as each cell was opened, we saw hatters, carpenters, weavers, and even blacksmiths, at work. The cells were all clean and well ventilated, a separate cell being usually provided for each, so that except in very rare cases no prisoner sleeps in his workshop. The diet was much the same as they would have been used to outside, while a portion of the produce of extra labour was permitted to be laid out in extra delicacies, thus affording this first incentive to even the least impressionable of rational beings.

Long corridors ran throughout the building with these cells on each side of them, and at the central spot was a small square space, where a crucifix is set up and the mass performed, so that care is taken to give to all the prisoners the comfort of religious services, except the unfortunate Madiai, whose deprivation in this respect is a severe, though inevitable, aggravation of their sufferings. The refusal of their Bible and other devotional books is an unnecessary, cruel, and dangerous feature in their solitary confinement.

We found Francesco in a comfortable room of the infirmary, and the exemption which his illness procured him from prison discipline and prison dress, along with the hopes of a speedy release which he seemed to entertain, gave him a more cheerful air than we afterwards found in his unfortunate wife. We had a long conversation with him in French, this language being adopted at his own request, in order that the governor and doctor—who, I conclude, had been ordered to be present—might hear it.

We did not feel ourselves bound to alter on this account what would otherwise have been the tenor of our conversation. As we had come with no intention of embittering his mind against the powers that be, no interruption was offered by either of those present. Nothing could be more pleasing than the whole conversation and manner of the poor prisoner. His reference to Scripture, which one naturally looked for in one whose love for it was his whole crime and must form his whole consolation, were frequent. But all such quotations were perfectly free from cant or affectation, and seemed to be but the utterings of his heart.

He was evidently much cheered by our visit, and his evenness of spirit and noble calmness seems to make an impression, even on the governor of the prison.

The route to the prison of Lucca is over much more beaten ground. Sparing you, therefore, as we rested at Pisa, all raptures over the unequalled grouping of the leaning tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery, is one noble space, we will invite you to enter the "Ergastolo" at Lucca. The arrangements of the prison are similar, though in some respects inferior, to those at Volterra, but it alone contains female as well as male prisoners. The proportion of the former throughout Tuscany is very small—under fifty females, to upwards of two thousand males.

We found poor Rosa suffering from headache, depressed in spirits, still liable to pain from her old spinal complaint, and, after repeated disappointments, unwilling to admit of hope. In her odious striped prison dress, with her hair cut to the prison regulation, and a cotton handkerchief over her head, those who had known her in her happier days would with difficulty have recognised her now. She was, however, well supported from within; though she spoke of her arrest as having come upon her like a thunderclap. Her chief anxiety seemed to be to conceal her own sufferings from her husband, and to have more certainty as to the state of his health, shattered as she knew it to be.

She had received visits from two remarkable personages—no less than the Grand Duchess and the Archbishop. *How so exalted* a personage as the former could have visited her in her cell, and for such an offence, without such a visit resulting in a pardon, I am at a loss to conceive.

Nor is it less singular that one charged with, and pronounced guilty of "Open impiety in the way of proselytizing," should have been twice requested by the archbishop to "pray for him."

Having given a temperate and scrupulously unexaggerated account of the present position of these unfortunate persons, we may with greater confidence solicit attention to the following statement, which should strike a chill on every heart, including even the hearts of their oppressors. It is our firm belief that if their present sentence be carried out, or even if their present punishment be continued much longer, their lives will be sacrificed. Time will show how far we are correct in our view of the present state of their health. We have done our duty in testifying to what we saw and know—the awful responsibility must rest with others.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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TRADING IN DEATH.

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect to their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honor to the memory of the dead, did great dishonor to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsibility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals—the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot—descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor, most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their iniquity, that language cannot stigmatize them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light, that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another —passing them on like water-buckets at a fire —every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the "black job." Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who have made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death be made the instruments of infecting, either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note, such examples have not been wanting. The late Duke of Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words, "I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible."

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled "honor" of

the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honor while England lasts!

We earnestly submit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honor in such a revival: that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralising practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be, have traded in this Death—have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly let it go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the long-deferred State Funeral has appropriately awaken, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of The Times.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with "the use of a piano"; and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of "The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine," which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also "The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake," which "delicious article" could only be had of such a baker; and likewise "The Funeral Life Preserver," which could only be had of such a tailor; and further "the celebrated lemon biscuits," at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunities the public had of profiting by the occasion.

LUDGATE HILL.—The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.

FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshments, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15s.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.

SEATS and WINDOWS to be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a few doors from Coutts' banking-house. First floor windows, £3 each; second floor, £3 10s. each; third floor, £3 10s. each; two plate-glass shop windows, £7 each.

SEATS to VIEW the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.—Best position of all the route, no obstruction to the view. Apply Old Bailey. N.B.—From the above position you can nearly see to St. Paul's and to Temple-bar.

FUNERAL of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, two windows, firing and every convenience. Terms moderate for a party. Also a few seats in front, one guinea each. Commanding a view from Piccadilly to Pall-mall.

FUNERAL of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—The FIRST and SECOND FLOORS to be LET, either by the room or window, suited to gentlemen's families, for whom every comfort and accommodation will be provided, and commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle. The ground floor is fitting up with commodious seats, ranging in price from one guinea. Apply on the premises.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—Terms very moderate.—TWO FIRST FLOOR ROOMS, with balcony all private entrance out of the Strand. The larger one capable of holding fifteen persons. The small room to be let for eight guineas.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, a FIRST WINDOW, with seats erected for about 20, for 20 guineas. Also a Furnished First Floor, with two large windows. One of the best views in the whole range from Temple-bar to St. Paul's. Price 35 guineas. A few single seats one guinea each.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, decidedly the best position in the whole route, a few SEATS still DISENGAGED, which will be offered at reasonable prices. An early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view.

FUNERAL of the Late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a SECOND FLOOR, for £10; a Third Floor, £7 10s. containing two windows in each; front seats in stage one guinea.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, for 5 guineas to a genteel family, in one of the most commanding situations in the line of route, a FIRST FLOOR, with safe balcony, and ante-room. Will accommodate 20 persons, with an uninterrupted and extensive view for all. For a family of less number a reduction will be made. Every accommodation will be afforded.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.—T. C. Fleet-street has reserved for clergymen exclusively, upon *condition only that they appear in their surplices*, FOUR FRONT SEATS, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15s. each; four third tier, at 12s. 6d. each; four fourth tier, at 10s.; four fifth tier, at 7s. 6d.; and four sixth tier, at 5s. All the other seats are respectively 40s., 30s., 20s. 15s., 10s.

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen all in six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls who have laid in abundance of "refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china," and other light matters too numerous to mention, and who keep "good fires." On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, "WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!" which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how

the lamented hero observed of it, "in his characteristic manner, 'Very good; very good indeed.'" O Art! *You* too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their places in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—TWO consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S [1843] highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, &c., that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON.—THREE original NOTES, averaging 2¼ pages each, [not lithographs,] seal and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, by a retired officer, FIVE LETTERS and NOTES of the late HERO—three when Sir A. Wellesley. Also a large Envelope. All with seals. Apply personally, or by letter.

THE DUKE'S LETTERS.—TWO highly interesting LETTERS, authentic, and relating to a most amusing and characteristic circumstance, to be SOLD.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH LETTER to a Lady, with seal and envelope. This is quite in the Duke's peculiar style, and will be parted with for the highest offer. Apply —— where the letter can be seen.

F. M. the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be SOLD, by a member of the family to whom it was written, an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of Wellington, on military affairs, six pages long, in the best preservation. Price £30.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the DUKE'S for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living 100 years; date 1847, with envelope. Seal, with crest perfect. £10 will be taken.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the DUKE, written immediately after the death of the Duchess in 1831, is for SALE; also Two Autograph Envelopes, franked and sealed.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH BUSINESS LETTER, envelope, seal, post-mark, &c. complete. Style courteous and highly characteristic. Will be shown by the party and at the place addressed. Price £15.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of His Grace, one written in his 61st, the other in his 72d year, both first-rate specimens of his characteristic graphic style, and on an important subject, to be SOLD. Their genuineness can be fully proved.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A very curious DOCUMENT, partly printed, and the rest writen by His Grace to a Lady. This is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of the curious. There is nothing like it. Highest offer will be taken.

TO be SOLD, SIX AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON, with envelopes and seals, which have been most generously given to aid a lady in distressed circumstances.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady has in her possession a LETTER, written by his Grace on the 18th of June, in the present year, and will be happy to DISPOSE OF the same. The letter is rendered more valuable by its being written on the last anniversary which his Grace was spared to celebrate. The letter bears date from Apsley House, with perfect envelope and seal.

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD, for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen.

ONE of the last LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for DISPOSAL, dated from Walmer Castle within a day or two of his death, highly characteristic, with seal and post-marks distinct. This being probably the last letter written by the late Duke its interest as a relic must be greatly enhanced. The highest offer accepted. May be seen on application.

THE GREAT DUKE.—A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address with offers of price.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most; the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells "probably the last letter written by the late Duke" before the aged hand that wrote it under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman—did he appear in his surplice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window?—who is so anxious to sell "striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities;" or the generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured "six letters with envelopes and seals" into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lasty come the relics—precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nelson, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

MEMENTO of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A LOCK of HAIR of the late Duke of WELLINGTON to be DISPOSED OF, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter, post paid.

VALUABLE RELIC of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR, cut in 1841, is willing to PART WITH a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, pre-paid.

RELIC of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for SALE. —The son of the late well-known haircutter to his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of HAIR, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to DISPOSE OF. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter

RELICS of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—For SALE, a WAISTCOAT, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article—quite unique—the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—La Mort de Napoleon, Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise.—A book, of which the above is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which we are authorized to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL.—A talented, interesting, and valuable WORK, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830 and immediately bought up by the above statesmen except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been extended through the whole of the present number of this Journal.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day—apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society—is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honors of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the leaders would have been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertakers' Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, "the Senate" would have been "mourning its hero" (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed without any violence to the truth, namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout, the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own countrymen; we must yet express our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine—worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was worthy to receive it—from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement—remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character—that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last

enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur Duke of Wellington.

WHEN I SERVED IN THE MILITIA.

The time?—more than twelve years ago. The place?—a small dirty village on the frontiers of Westphalia; a grey old church with an apoplectic steeple, a churchyard filled with turf-covered mounds, with the pastor's cows grazing between them; a straw-roofed parsonage on the one side, and a massive stone building, with large windows and a tiled roof on a gentle slope, on the other, surrounded by a score or so of cottages, forming a very dirty street and backed by orchards; behind the church a woody hill, surmounted in the distance by other hills; the green leaves just shooting forth, and rooks and crows by the hundred winging their way through the clear racy air.

I sat on the stone seat by the door, doing nothing. I looked at the hills and wished to fly over them. I was in that foolish, romantic, dozing mood in which boys will indulge at that dangerous age when they are too old for play, too active for study, and too young for the serious business of life.

I was just touching upon twenty. So, as I sat dreaming of wild journeys and adventures in foreign lands, of caravans, robbers, bivouacs, and fierce wars, I was suddenly awoke by the rattling of a metal sheath upon the stones. I looked up, and was at once brought back to the realities of every-day Prussian life. A very tall gendarme stood right before me.

These gendarmes exist still in Prussia, but the cut of their dress has, within the short space of twelve years, become matter for history. Now, as well as then, the corps of country gendarmes is recruited from the regiments of the King's guard. They are all tall, fine-looking, middle-aged men, disseminated through the country districts and placed at the disposition of the Landräthe. They are a kind of mounted police in military uniform, armed with pistols, carbines, and troopers' swords. Steel-clattering, bristly-bearded, rough-spoken men are they, and very awful objects to small boys and full-grown vagabonds.

The gendarme, standing before me, asked my name. I had no reason to conceal it, and besides, it was then in Prussia exactly as it is now: he must be a bold man indeed who refuses to answer any question which any one in the King's livery chooses to ask.

"Becher, is your name, is it?" said he thoughtfully, looking over a large bundle of small bits of coarse paper, which he produced, Heaven knows from what mysterious depôt; for the tail-coat of that time had no pockets. "Becher, is it? Then," said he, singling out one particular bit of grey paper, "this is for you, and mind you attend to it."

Saying which, and placing the paper in my hand, he turned upon his heel and marched on right into the village.

"Mind you attend to it!" I was very ready to do so; yearning as I was for excitement and some change of scene. And when a Prussian youth of my age receives a billet from the hands of such a messenger, he may be pretty certain that there will be some extremely violent changes, both of scene and circumstance, in store for him.

The paper was printed exactly like a tax-paper, with here and there a name or number in writing, exactly like a tax-paper too. In fact it *was* a tax-paper. It summoned me to pay my quotum towards the requirements of the War-Office—with my person. It commanded the p.p. Julius Becher—born at Glogau in the year 1819, and now residing in the commune of Müllenbach in the district of Gummersbach, Government circle of Cologne, and within the allotment of the twenty-ninth regiment of the Landwehr—to appear on a certain day before the Kreis-Ersatz Commission at Gummersbach, to be then and there dealt with according to the pleasure of the said Commission. And the said Julius Becher was especially admonished by a postscript, that in case he failed to appear, or if he were feloniously to absent himself, he would be considered a deserter under such and such a paragraph of the Military Code, supported by another paragraph of the Landrecht; and that he would be subject to certain pains and penalties enumerated in the said paragraphs.

I was quite bewildered. How could this paper ever have found me? What could the Commission, or the Landrath, or even the Bürgermeister of the commune know about me, my place of nativity, and the year of my birth? It had so happened that my parents having removed from Glogau when I was very young to another town, which they left when I was not much older, I had been a temporary sojourner in all parts of the kingdom; and, without any intention of concealment, I still had reason to believe that I was one of the lost children of the Prussian State. I expected to see my name gazetted some day or other among the list of those who were wanted for the conscription. My case was, indeed, an instance of the watchfulness of the State. The register of conscription had followed the vagabond boy from place to place;—from Silesia to the Baltic, and from the Baltic to the Rhine, until the day on which the War-Office could claim his body; and with that day came the gendarme and the coarse, printed tax-paper.

The care which the War-Office took to collect all the recruits was wonderful. All the young fellows of my age had the same form of summons served upon them; placards were posted on the church doors, and charges were delivered from the pulpits exhorting all youths of twenty, who might have been

forgotten, to proceed forthwith to the Bürgermeister, and register their names as liable to service. And I believe, if any were forgotten, they did register. They could not hope to avoid detection for any length of time.

The conscription was fixed on Monday, the eighteenth of the month, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. The whole of the previous week anxious fathers and mothers might be seen besieging the office of the Bürgermeister, or making their humble representations to the pastor, and in some instances to the schoolmaster. The conscription, though established for many years, was not altogether popular among the older peasants, who could not and would not understand by what right the King toook their boys from the plough and the thrashing-floor, to play at soldiers in some distant town. What was to become of the fields without Wilhelm? and how could old Schönenberg ever get his hay in without Karl? The King was high and mighty, and his will must be done, but if the Herr Bürgermeister would speak a word at the right time, the Herren of the Commission would certainly relent and spare Wilhelm or Karl, at least for a year or two, until the younger boys were fit for field work.

I made it my business to get upon a familiar chatty sort of footing with the Bürgermeister. I asked him about the anti-military tastes of the older peasantry, and understood from him that matters had been much worse years ago, when the new system was first established. Previous to the French war the Prussian army, like the English army of the present day, consisted of volunteers, with this difference—that the necessity of a great number of troops, and the comparative smallness of the sums which the State could devote to the acquiring and maintaining them, encouraged all sorts of low trickery and even acts of violence on the part of the recruiting officers. The service was for life, or until the soldiers were disabled. The usual plan was to make the men drunk, lock them up, and take them to the depôt in irons like so many convicts. A great many of them *were* convicts. Vagabonds, whenever they could be apprehended, were forcibly enlisted; acts of petty larceny, instead of being punished with the treadmill, were almost always punished by forcible enrolment. The arrival of a recruiting officer in any place caused a general jail delivery; and, all criminals who were not destined for the scaffold, had to exchange the prison dress for the King's uniform.

It was not an easy task to establish the present Prussian army on such rotten ground. Public opinion was against it. The three years' military service, which the State demanded from each subject, was considered in the light of the demand of an income-tax, "for three years." Three years, every one apprehended, meant always. That the State, especially in peace, would not spend its annual income of soldiers, and that some must be discharged to make room for others, seemed, however, obvious enough. In the opinion of many, the terms soldier and ruffian were synonymous. Hence it required severe and even tyrannical measures to prevent parents and guardians from hiding their sons and wards.

All this the Bürgermeister told me, together with strange stories of the cunning devices and stratagems which some of the country people of his youth resorted to, in order to avoid the dreaded conscription. For a long time the young men cut off their fingers; until it was decreed that the maimed recruits should be enlisted in the Train corps. They were dressed in coarse grey cloth, like as many convicts, and employed as drivers of artillery and baggage waggons. There were other young men who listened to the advice of old women cunning in herbs; and who, by dint of some poisonous salve, made their legs swell and fester. That was the way, said the Bürgermeister, in which lame old Löhr, the drunkard, escaped the conscription. They sent him to the hospital, but the surgeons could not cure his leg—(it was presumed that he contrived to use the old crone's salve while under treatment)—and he was sent back limping, "and he limps," said the Bürgermeister, "and has an open sore in his leg to this day. It is a visitation, Herr Becher—a special visitation to teach our young men that the King's will must be done. The King's service is God's service, and he who deserts from the one is a deserter from the other. I would rather," added the Bürgermeister, stroking his moustaches, "slay my son with my own hand (which would have been difficult, for he had no children) than do aught to enable him to desert from the King's service."

Phrases of this kind belong to the stock-in-trade of a Prussian functionary. He who repeats them often enough and loud enough has a good chance of promotion. Knowing this, the Bürgermeister spoke out on every occasion; but, with all his apparent fierceness, he was really a kind man, and on the day of the conscription, he used his utmost endeavours to obtain freedom or a respite for several of the poorer recruits in his commune.

The approach of that grand day was remarkable for various sly manœuvres on the part of those who had hopes to be declared "invalids" on account of bodily weakness. Others, being small and thin, expected to be "put back" for a year or two; for, when a recruit is not strong enough at the legal age, he is told to go home and come back next year, or the year after. The weak and small men did all they could to appear weaker and smaller. They neither ate nor slept, that their faces might be pale and their muscles flabby, on the day of inspection.

At midnight, on the seventeenth, the whole troop—about two hundred—from the hamlets and villages of the commune, mustered before the Bürgermeister's house; and, preceded by him, with the pastor and schoolmaster bringing up the rear, we marched through the dewy forests to Gummersbach, where the Commission sat. There was much shouting and singing on the road; much joking, and one or two quarrels; but the combatants were speedily severed by the Bürgermeister's interference, who threatened to denounce them as "ripe for the barracks." As we approached Gummersbach, we became all more subdued; only the wild fellows among us walked together in small troops, ready to pick quarrels with the young fellows from the other communes, who were likewise to pass muster before the Commission on that day.

The various communes always fight on conscription day. It is a time-honoured custom and it is always done, in spite of a large body of gendarmes which accompany the Commission for the express purpose of preventing quarrels. While the Commission was sitting, the young men were tolerably orderly; but, in the afternoon, on their way home, the war of the communes was resumed more fiercely than ever.

Behold, then, the large yard of the only hotel of which the town of Gummersbach can boast, filled with a motley throng of youths between the ages of from twenty to twenty-three. Each commune drawn up separately—Marienheide on the east side, Hülsenbusch on the west, Gimborn on the north, and Neustadt on the south—all in military order; each division with a real sergeant at its head, and gendarmes walking up and down between them, rattling their heavy swords and stroking their moustaches; every one looking to the door of the hotel, wondering when the "gentlemen" will be ready, and which commune will have to go first. At length an orderly marched out.

"Marienheide vor!"

The commune of Marienheide pressed forward in spite of the admonitions of the sergeant to keep places, and march in a soldier-like manner. Close to the steps of the door they were ranged in lines of twelve each.

Another word of command, and the front rank marched into the house, up the stairs, and straight into the large saloon. There, awful to behold, sat the Commissioner: a real Major, with fringed epaulets—corpulent as becomes a Major—and two thin lieutenants, with the Landrath and the posse of Bürgermeisters.

"Show them up."

Two gendarmes, who until then were concealed behind the door, darted forward, and one man after another was seized and pushed up to the table.

"Name?" said the Major in an awful voice. "Any reasons why you should not serve? Any objections?"

There was very little to be said. The Bürgermeister put in a word or two, appealing to the Landrath; the Landrath could not exactly see the force of the Bürgermeister's reasons. He left it to the Major. That laconic warrior placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and said

"To the doctor!"

Forthwith the astonished recruit was hurried to a small room, was stripped, and exposed to the examination of a military surgeon who made a note of his opinion, and handed the paper to the gendarmes. Recruit, gendarmes, and the surgeon's note, were again brought up to the table, and the Major gave his decision:

"Put back one year," or "Put back two years," as the case may be. But in the majority of cases the order was:

"Put him down for the Grand Commission."

And the recruit was put down for the Grand Commission accordingly.

The Grand Commission is held in the fall of the year. It disposes of those whom the Lesser Commission has picked out for service, and distributes them to the various corps of the army. The Lesser Commission decides as to the fitness of the men; the Grand Commission picks out the giants, and sends them to the guards; the short, stout men are given to the hussars; active men of moderate size are noted down for the lancers; the great men are distributed among the various regiments of infantry. It struck me at the time as a fault in the system, that little or no account is taken of the inclinations of the recruits; that men who hate walking are, without any apparent necessity, sent to the foot regiments; and nervous youths, to whom horseback is torture, are drafted into cavalry corps. Perhaps this is done to break their tempers from the first, and to show them that, in military affairs, the soldier's inclination and convenience go for nothing. *I* had no reason to complain; for the Colonel who headed the Grand Commission was kind enough to make an exception in my favour, and to allow me the choice of my corps. I choose the Rifles.

After the Grand Commission, we were all allowed to go home for a few months. The future heroes of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery—including six fine young men, who had been picked out for the corps of miners—followed their usual avocations, as if there were no army or Grand Recruiting Commission in the world. There was a little swaggering now and then; a few preposterous attempts at military bearing; and, after church, the boys would sneer and the girls would giggle at an incipient moustache; but in all other respects, we remained civilians until our time was up, and the tall gendarme made his appearance again with a fresh set of printed forms, ordering the recruits to make

their appearance in the district town, and to march off to the depôt at Cologne; where all the recruits of the province were to have a grand *rendezvous*.

To hear was to obey. Early on the morning of the appointed day, the whole of the soldier population for that year was drawn up before the Landrath's office. That functionary made us a short speech about duty and patriotism, and advised us to march "With God for King and Fatherland." We gave three cheers, and walked up the high street out of the town; two infantry soldiers in heavy marching order leading the way; while a lieutenant on horseback, supported by a sergeant and a couple of soldiers, brought up the rear.

Theirs was a disagreeable duty. We were all in a hybrid condition. The constituted authorities, do what they would, could not prevent our cheering every carriage as we marched along the high road; or carrying our bundles, in most unmilitary fashion, on the ends of our sticks; each man being dressed in his worst, since, for the next three years, we were all to be clothed at the King's expense. In the evening, when we came into quarters, there was no getting us into bed; and in the morning it was quite as difficult to get us out of bed. Then there was a great bother to make us take to the road. The lieutenant and his myrmidons bore all our freaks with exemplary patience; but the sergeant vowed with many a round oath, that "he'd tame us thoroughly when he got us into regimental training." He was laughed at for his pains; for there was not one of us who did not imagine, and there is not, I believe, one of the many thousand young recruits who are yearly marched to the Prussian depots, but think—as we thought—that nothing is more easy than to brave the fury of a whole staff; and that the army has been altogether in the dark as to the true independence of the soldier until we show them what the true independence of the soldier is.

Amiable illusions these; they came naturally, and went more naturally still. We got silent enough when, trudging along the dusty road, we neared the fortifications of Deutz. But when we passed over the drawbridge and through the narrow vaulted gate, where our footsteps made an ominous echo; when, emerging into the broad straggling streets of Deutz, the clear light of day fell upon our motley and travel-stained throng—where dragoons, artillery-men, and foot-soldiers, sauntering along in little knots, stood still to see us pass, mustering us as if we were so many cattle; and when our escort, stern and unbending as they were, paid the military honours to every officer who passed along, and when these officers showed by their conduct that this was not an extraordinary civility on the part of our valiant guardians, but that the "presenting" of the musket was a matter of course—then, indeed, we all felt very small, and many a longing look was cast back to the blue mountains where military law and martial discipline were never heard of. All our bravado exploded into a last burst of singing,

"At Strasburg on the rampart
My sorrow did begin,"

as we passed the bridge of boats, and gained our temporary quarters in Cologne.

The morning found us very tractable. We were drawn up in a grand square, and all the other recruits of the province were drawn up with us. Officers by the dozen—tall officers and short officers, young officers and old officers, stout officers and slim officers—walked round us and right through the midst of us, talking and joking, and conducting themselves exactly as if we were so many posts and blocks of stone. We looked for sympathy to the private soldiers who stood by; but their behaviour, too, was repulsive and supercilious. Alas! we had yet to learn what a wretched, contemptible animal a "raw recruit" is, even in the eyes of the youngest soldier who has once taken his place in a company.

At length the commandant made his appearance. We were told off according to our various corps; and we, who had to travel in search of our regiments to some distant towns, witnessed the capture of our brethren, who were given up to Cologne regiments, and marched off to their respective barracks forthwith. Our departure was delayed for a few days; and, strolling on the Neumarkt in the course of the second day, we had the pleasure of seeing our respected companions and fellow-sufferers clad in the most ungainly of fatigue dresses, practising the goose step, and looking altogether as miserable as the tamest recruits can look. They were mere worms, their wills and inclinations extracted from them; who could never regain their confidence until they had mounted their first guard.

I pass over the march from the depôt to the quarters of my corps at Natzlar; where we—about a hundred "Schützen," from all parts of the province—arrived one very rainy afternoon. We were immediately taken to the barracks, and distributed among the various rooms, each room receiving its complement of recruits. We, too, had to walk about in the cast-off clothes of the last generation of Rifles, and we, too, had to practise the goose-step; but the infliction was not nearly so severe in our case as in that of our poor brethren of the Cologne infantry. They had not much drill, but a vast deal of rifle practice in their open air shooting galleries. The corps was villanous in the parade march—that great criterion of military efficiency in the eyes of Brandenburg princes and Inspectors of Divisions. I still remember with vivid pleasure the attempts which were every now and then made to perfect us in that difficult manœuvre. Old Major Holleben, seated on

a plethoric white horse, would fume and swear to no purpose whatever. The Rifles were the Rifles. They were capital shots, but of the parade march they invariably made a mess; we were, as Major Holleben graphically described us, "capital stragglers." Field manœuvres in fine weather—marching out, dispersing through a plantation, dodging behind trees, lying down behind hedges or in dry ditches, and letting fly at all sorts of imaginary foes; scrambling, leaping, creeping, advancing and retreating to the deep ringing sounds of the bugle. Rifle practice in winter and bad weather—a short parade on Sunday morning and a merry careless life all the week through—these were, indeed, happy days. The discipline was pretty strict: but a soldier who knows his duty and does it, may laugh at the provost. Our scrapes (for we did get into scrapes) were confined to rows with the students from the neighbouring university of Giessen; and I verily believe the officers liked our pugnacity; for, although there were many inquiries after us, nothing ever came of them. Now and then some contumacious rogue was sent into arrest for contradicting an officer; or some careless fellow was punished for want of cleanliness or of punctuality; but on the whole, punishments were rare in this, the most impudent and jaunty corps in His Majesty's service. What we disliked most was the school. We thought it a pedantic affair to be compelled to sit on forms like boys; while the officers, by turns, lectured and examined us on the structure and capabilities of the rifle, the classes and meanings of signals, on guard duty, skirmishing, and the whole theory of a soldier's education. But those were worst off who had been lazy at school in their native villages. Little mercy was shown to bad readers and writers; they were pent up in a school-room by themselves with a sergeant for a schoolmaster, and continual threats of "three days' middle arrest" to quicken their understandings. The regimental school-system, however, produces good, intelligent soldiers. It is not too much to say that not one English officer in ten knows as much of the theory of his profession as every private soldier in Prussia is obliged to learn.

If I had not before been a good patriot and an admirer of our military system, my three years' servitude would have made me one. I had but to compare the full-blown soldier in his second year, with the squads of unmannerly, ungainly, awkward, sullen recruits which came to us, in due course, every year. These peasant boys, with dirty faces and dirtier hands, who knew neither how to dress properly nor to keep themselves clean when dressed, were, by a few months' service, converted into wholesome, healthy-looking, handy soldiers. They had their rustic conceit completely taken out of them; and, instead of it, they had some pride and dignity. They were proud of their corps and their country, of their smart uniforms and the formidable weapon which was slung to their side. They seemed to have obtained a freer use of their limbs; they looked, talked, and acted differently; and, above all, they were trained to punctuality and to a proper division of time.

The great advantage of the Prussan military system, as I take it, is—that imposing military duty on all the male subjects of the State, there is in that duty nothing lowering. The King's blue coat is the common lot of all men. No able-bodied man is exempted, unless he be the only son of a widow. No man, be he ever so rich, can purchase his freedom or a substitute, because each man has to do service for himself. Luck will not avail a man, for there is no ballot; there is no picking and choosing, no leaving that one or taking that one; it is a tax which every one must pay with his body and his time. It is hard in a few exceptional cases; but, surrounded as we are by bad neighbours, and compelled to keep up a large standing army, the Prussian can better afford to learn the duty of a soldier than to pay for an artificial army, raised by bounties and kept at great expense.

The military education of the Prussian does, indeed, interfere with his usual avocations, at least to some extent. But those whose time is more precious to them than it is to the mass of people—young men of liberal education, who have their way to make in the world, have very liberal provisions made to them by the military law. If they can prove their liberal education by passing an examination in history, geography, mathematics, and languages, and if they are wealthy enough to provide their own outfit, and pay their own expenses while in the King's service, the time of their soldiering is limited to one year only, and this year they may take at their liking, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. In service, they are distinguished by a mark on their shoulders; out of service, they wear uniforms which strongly resemble those worn by officers; they need not live in the barracks, and they are at liberty to walk out, after the "retraite" has compelled all other soldiers to go home. Most of the Prussian Universities have garrisons, and the students—who usually pass from three to five years at these upper schools—devote one year to their military education, while they still attend lectures and pursue their studies, just as the other students do. The only difference is, that these volunteers must not wear the fantastic coats and hats in which the German student delights. They wear the King's coat in the lecture-room as well as in the barrack-yard, in the fencing gallery, and in the riding-school.

After the volunteer has served his twelvemonth, he must go through an examination on military matters. If he pass that examination, he is entitled to a lieutenancy of the Landwehr; if the examination shows that he has been too idle, or too dull to learn, his

privilege ceases, and he must join the Landwehr exactly on the same terms as the three years privates join it.

The soldier, after three years training, returns to his usual avocations—to the plough, the woodman's axe, the loom, or the worktable. He has left the uniform in the garrison, and donned the smock-frock or the townsman's coat. But he is and remains a soldier. The first year after his dismissal to his home, his name is still kept on the regimental books; he is one of the Reserve, and is liable to be called back at any moment, whenever the War-Office chooses to "complete" the regiment. In the second year he becomes a member of the first class of the Landwehr, and in that class he remains until he has completed his thirty-fifth year.

The Landwehr of each district is occasionally mustered, and every now and then—usually on Sundays—the Landwehr-men are called together to practise shooting at the target. Twice every year, in early spring and autumn, the Landwehr is enrolled, is provided with uniforms and arms, and is compelled to join the regular manœuvres of the troops of the line; to rub off the dust of rural and town life, and to practise again the order, the movements, and the fatigues of soldiership. The men usually arrive at the depôts dressed in a variety of fashions. They are uproarious in their conduct, and are somewhat heavy and clownish in their movements. But, after a few hours they are all under the influence of the old spell. They have taken dress and weapons at the arsenal, and they turn out clean and orderly; erect in their bearing, and steady and decorous in their conduct. They have a few days' private drill to bring out their hidden virtues, and are then marched off to take their place in the grand manœuvres. After the manœuvres they again return home.

The Landwehr of the first class is the flower of the Prussian army, and its chief strength. Whenever a foreign enemy threatens the country, this first-class Landwehr is called out; the arsenals are opened; and, within the short space of a fortnight, the regular regiments are supported by above one hundred and twenty thousand young men and old soldiers, who are not likely to fight the worse for having a stake in the country. Their position and their instincts make them really and truly a Landwehr or defence of the country; for, established as they are in life, and most of them married and fathers of families, it is next to impossible to obtain their aid on behalf of foreign conquest.

The second class of the Landwehr, comprising the men above their thirty-fifth year, are not subjected to the annual manœuvres; but care is taken that each man shall take his share in regular parade and manœuvre, at least once every two years. This class of the Landwehr is not called out unless in case of a hostile invasion; and, in that case, it is destined to assist the garrisons of the fortresses.

Owing to these arrangements, Prussia maintains an efficient army of three hundred thousand troops, of all arms, at an expense considerably below the sum of the army estimates of Great Britain; while, in case of real national danger, nearly two hundred thousand more troops can be raised for the defence of the country.

THE GREAT YORKSHIRE LLAMA.

Sixteen years ago—that is to say, in the year 1836—a huge pile of dirty-looking sacks, filled with some fibrous material which bore a strong resemblance to superannuated horse-hair, or frowsy elongated wool, or anything else unpleasant and unattractive were landed at Liverpool. When those queer-looking bales had first arrived, or by what vessel brought, or for what purpose intended, the very oldest warehouseman in the Liverpool Docks couldn't say. There had been once a rumour, a mere warehouseman's whisper, that the bales had been shipped from South America on spec., and consigned to the agency of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. But even this seemed to have been forgotten; and it was agreed on all hands that the three hundred and odd sacks of nondescript hair-wool were a perfect nuisance. The rats appeared to be the only parties who at all approved of the importation, and to them it was the very finest investment for capital that had been known in Liverpool since their first ancestors had migrated thither.

Well, those bales seemed likely to rot, or fall to dust, or be bitten up for the particular use of the female rats. Brokers wouldn't so much as look at them. Merchants could have nothing to say to them. Dealers couldn't make them out. Manufacturers shook their heads at the bare mention of them. While the agents, C. W. and F. Foozle and Co., felt quite savage at the sight of the Invoice and Bill of Lading, and once spoke to their head-clerk about shipping them out to South America again.

One day—we won't care what day it was, or even what week, or month, though things of far less national importance have been chronicled to the very half minute—one day, a plain business-looking young man, with an intelligent face and a quiet, reserved manner, was walking alone through those same warehouses at Liverpool, when his eye fell upon some of the superannuated horse-hair projecting from one of the ugly dirty bales: some lady rat, more delicate than her neighbours, had found it rather coarser than usual, and had persuaded her lord and master to eject the portion from her resting-place. Our friend took it up, looked at it, felt it, smelt it, rubbed it, pulled it about; in fact he did all but taste it, and he would have done that if it had suited his purpose, for he was

"Yorkshire." Having held it up to the light, and held it away from the light, and held it in all sorts of positions, and done all sorts of cruelties to it, as though it had been his most deadly enemy and he was feeling quite vindictive; he placed a handful or two in his pocket and walked calmly away, evidently intending to put the stuff to some excruciating private tortures at home.

What particular experiments he tried with this fibrous substance, I am not exactly in a position to relate, nor does it much signify; but the sequel was, that the same quiet business-looking man was seen to enter the office of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co., and ask for the head of the firm. When he asked that portion of the house if he would accept of eightpence per pound for the entire contents of the three hundred and odd frowsy, dusty bags of nondescript wool, the authority interrogated felt so confounded, that he could not have told if he were the head or the tail of the firm. At first he fancied our friend had come for the express purpose of quizzing him; then that he was an escaped lunatic, and thought seriously of calling for the police; but eventually it ended in his making over to him the bill of lading for the goods in consideration of the price offered.

It was quite an event in the little dark office of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co., which had its supply of light (of a very inferior quality) from the grim old church-yard. All the establishment stole a peep at the buyer of the "South American stuff." The chief clerk had the curiosity to speak to him and hear him reply. The cashier touched his coat-tails; the book-keeper, a thin man in spectacles, examined his hat and gloves; the porter openly grinned at him. When the quiet purchaser had departed, C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. shut themselves up, and gave all their clerks a holiday.

But if the sellers had cause for rejoicing, not less so had the buyer. Reader, those three hundred and odd bales of queer-looking South American stuff contained "Alpaca Wool," at that date entirely unknown to our manufacturers, and which it would still have been but for the fortunate enterprise of one intelligent, courageous man. That bold manufacturer was Mr. Titus Salt, in those days a mere beginner, with a very few thousands to aid him in his upward career, but at present one of the wealthiest amongst the wealthy men of Bradford in Yorkshire. His fortune has been altogether built up by the aid of this same "Alpaca," to the manufacture of which he has for the last dozen years devoted the whole of his time and energies.

Alpaca is the long hair-like wool, from an animal something between a camel and a sheep, found in vast numbers in Peru. It is of the Llama tribe, and thrives only upon the elevated table-lands of the interior of South America, where it roams at full liberty, being gregarious, but is never kept in flocks of any number. They have been tried on the low lands, nearer the sea-coast of their own country, but, either from the excessive heat or the extreme moisture of those positions, always without success. The existence of the wool, as also of fabrics made from it, has long been known. Pizarro is said to have brought portions of the raw and woven articles to Spain on his return from his American conquests. Attempts have, on more than one occasion, been made to naturalize the Llama in this country, but as yet unsuccessfully. The late Earl of Derby possessed a few, and these are at present in the hands of Mr. Salt, and giving promise of multiplying.

The first sample of this hair arrived in England in a very imperfect condition. It now reaches us very clear and lustrous, and is known by its extreme brightness and softness. In colour it varies, being black, brown, grey, and white, and of several shades of each of these. As may be imagined, many trials of this new fibre had to be made, and many modifications of the existing woollen machinery to be undertaken, before the article could be successfully and profitably worked up. Mechanical ingenuity has, however, overcome every obstacle; and in the present day we may see very many beautiful and economical fibres produced not only with this, but by blending it in its manufacture with cotton, linen, wool, and even silk.

At first none but very plain and rather coarse goods were produced from Alpaca, and these were, consequently, not in general favour, although their extreme lightness has always rendered them most agreeable for warm weather wear. With time and patience many great improvements have been introduced; and now, not only are Alpaca goods produced in every conceivable variety and style, but at all prices, to suit the pockets of almost any class of the community. Blended with silk thread they are made to look like a fine lustrous satteen. With figures and patterns of various kinds thrown up on them in silk of different hues, they serve, as admirable substitutes for figured silks, both for ladies' dresses and waistcoat pieces. "Backed" with cotton or linen yarn, they receive a solidity which is very suitable for many purposes; whilst, with cotton woven amongst its fibres, the article may be sold at such a moderate price as at once to bring it within the reach of the most humble.

There can scarcely be a stronger proof of the improvements which must have taken place in this manufacture, than the single fact—that although, upon its first introduction, Alpaca wool was but eightpence or tenpence the pound, and is now worth two shillings and sixpence, the goods produced from it are sold at one half the old price.

The principal seat of the Alpaca manufacture, is at and around Bradford in Yorkshire, a town which is not only rapidly rising into importance from the skill and persevering

energy of its manufacturers, but gives every promise of shortly eclipsing Leeds in general business.

There can scarcely be a more picturesque journey than that through the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire. Approach Bradford which way you please, you cannot but be forcibly struck with the beauty of the country around. Bold hills, gently undulating meadow-land, highly cultivated fields, canals, railroads, a most charming little river, and all dotted about with copse and dell, and inoculated with pretty villas, and lightly sprinkled over with busy towns—Yorkshire looks like a somewhat uneven grass-plot stuck about with bee-hives. It is true the hives are rather smoky hives; but then the green hills, and the greener fields, and the fine bracing air, make one forget the colour of the smoke. You need not inquire when you are beyond Lancashire and into the confines of the West Riding: you can detect the locality by your nose. There is nothing but wool, and oil, and water, being knocked about, and mixed up, and torn asunder, and broken on savage, unrelenting wheels, and drawn out into "slivers," and scalded in hot soap-suds all day long, and all the year long. It may rain, hail, thunder, or anything else it pleases, but it 's all the same to the Yorkshire folk; there's no peace for the wool. The whole county smells fusty, frowsy, and moist: the length and breadth of the West Riding must be full of damp great-coats and wretchedly wet trousers, or I am much mistaken.

Now and then you get a mile or so of fresh sweet air as you are whisked along in the train; but only as a short relief from tall, dark, mysterious-looking buildings, like county jails or model prisons, with a curling black stream of smoke above, and another gurgling black stream of water below, which would induce one to believe the place to be a blacking manufactory, and that they were then busy washing out the old bottles. You whistle past it, and smell more great-coats and trousers, and then you come to some more green fields, rattle over a canal, wind round a hill, plunge under the high road, whisk round a corner, and there you are—in the very heart of damp wearing-apparel—in the town of Bradford.

If the reader should pay a visit to this interesting manufacturing town, he will perhaps feel, as I did, rather surprised to see so many over-grown school-boys lounging about. Why, some of those old boys in blue and white pinafores were really grey-headed. They had none of their books or slates with them, and, upon the whole, I thought they were taking it rather easy. When I entered one of the large stone factories, I found the ground floor filled with these elderly lads, and began to fancy I had walked by mistake into some extensive national school for adult pupils. However, this puzzle was soon solved. The men in pinafores were simply the factory-labourers, long custom having given them these long habits, which, however useful, are far from picturesque.

There is not a very wide difference between the mode of working up cotton, wool, and Alpaca, although of course there are many peculiarities in each set of machines adapted to the characteristics of the various fibrous materials. They are all beaten and shaken, and pulled to pieces, and put together again, and made even and straight, and worked into "slivers," and drawn out fine, and then "finished," and finally spun into yarn of varying thicknesses. In one respect, however, there is a wide distinction between the working of cotton, and of wool or Alpaca, the former never being moistened; whereas both the latter are not only well washed in hot soap-suds, but actually put through an oil bath. Some woollen manufacturers use as much as three or four hundred tons of olive oil in one year in the preparation of their yarns and cloths: very few, even of the smaller men, but use their tens of tons in that time.

In the spinning of Alpaca, the process, and the machinery also, bear a close resemblance to those of the cotton factories. Except in some few particulars, a description of one would be an account of the other. The Alpaca manufacture is, however, chiefly of interest, from the fact of its supplying us with fabrics which at once supplant cotton, silk, and woollen goods, for a multitude of purposes. Not only have ladies dresses and children frocks of light summer make, but the same for autumn and winter. Gentlemen are provided by means of this fabric with waistcoating as cool as any cotton, yet rich and lustrous as the best silk patterns. Dwellers in tropical countries are thankful to possess a black coat, which, while it represents a cloth coat, is not a fourth of the weight, nor a half of the price. Boots, caps, parasols, bonnets, trousers, cloaks, and I know not how many other things equally useful, may now be composed entirely or partly of this material.

There is, however, one building of Cyclopean proportions, rearing its Titan head—or, just at present, not more than its trunk—above the green fields of the Bradford neighbourhood, which deserves a passing notice, inasmuch as there is not only nothing equal to it in all Yorkshire or Lancashire—and that is saying something; but, when finished, there will doubtless be no factory in the world that shall approach it in magnificence, in extent, or in completeness of purpose.

This one factory, which is to be the astonishment of the manufacturing world, is in course of erection by the same person who, sixteen years since, caused so much amazement in the establishment of C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. about those three hundred and odd dirty bales of South American stuff. Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford, is engaged in constructing

a factory capacious enough to contain within its walls the machinery, or, rather, the equivalent to the machinery, now working in five of his Alpaca mills scattered over various parts of the vicinity.

At a distance of two or three miles from Bradford, the traveller by the Leeds Railway may observe a sweet spot of country where the river Aire meanders gently through as pretty a green valley as is to be seen for many a league. On that spot, just where the Lancaster and Glasgow Railway and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal diverge from each other, is a block of ground, now fast disappearing beneath a vast pile of masonry. This is the Saltaire estate, and is destined to receive the whole of Mr. Salt's operations, with new machinery and engines more than equal to his present force. The mill or factory is so situated with regard to the railway and the canal, that goods may be conveyed to it by either of them without the aid of cartage or porterage.

This vast building stands upon six acres of ground, running east and west, and is nearly six hundred feet in length, and eighty in height: the several floors and sheds will comprise a superficial extent of nearly fifty-six thousand feet.

Such is, and such will be, Saltaire; and the whole of this, it must be borne in mind, is created by the genius and industry of one quiet man of business. All these vast machines, these huge piles of works, these myriads of working instruments, this wonderful whole, spring from that one source—those three hundred and odd dirty bales of frowsy South American stuff

COGSWELL'S.

Cogswell's is my Coffee-house. It is not at all an aristocratic coffee-house. Hundreds of coffee-houses in London would feel offended at being compared with it; much less has it any claim to be likened to a Parisian coffee-house. It has no chandeliers, nor circular mirrors for the distortion of customers' faces, nor candelabra ornamented with lustre drops, nor tables of marble, nor chairs of crimson velvet, nor gilded panels, nor emblazoned ceilings, nor waiters with white neckcloths. A King is compelled to recognise in a beggar a man like himself; but a *café* of the Palais Royal or the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, would not discover in my coffee-house the slightest trace of affinity. Perhaps in the coffee which my coffee-house supplies, it would be equally unable to find any resemblance, in colour or flavour, to its own fragrant *cafe-au-lait*, at sixteen *sous* per cup. The thin brown liquid with a surface of oil floating in spots and streaks, like marbled paper, which my coffee-house calls chocolate, would be equally strange to it. The silent groups parted off in solitary boxes; the total absence of dominoes; the blazing coal fire, which any customer for a single cup of coffee has the right to stir and stand by; the very newspapers, huge broadsheets that do not offend your nostrils at five yards off with the smell of rank printing oil, or wear your eyes when you take them up, by the very small difference in the colours of print and paper; but mostly, the kitchen, whose screen and scanty curtain only half conceal from the eyes of customers in the coffee room its stores of eatables, and rows of cups and saucers—(not to mention its small tin cisterns, where tea and coffee simmer all day long, and all night too, for aught I know)—these have nothing to do with the Frenchman's *café*. If you ask for tea at my coffee-house, they don't bring you black and green imitations of tea in two snuff-boxes, and bid you make the infusion yourself; they don't require two able-bodied men, one with a milk-can and the other with a coffee-can, to pour out a cup of coffee for you. When a cup of chocolate is wanted, my coffee-house does not set complicated machinery at work to crush, and spread, and scrape brown paste upon shining steel plates. Ask my coffee-house-keeper for a roll, and he will not bring you a small, round, crusty something, big in the middle, and tapered off at the ends, like a rolling-pin seen through the wrong end of a telescope. People come to my coffee-house to eat and drink; not to lounge and sip coffee and sugar-water, to pass away time.

Having thus modestly repudiated, on behalf of my coffee-house, all pretensions to be compared with those glittering palaces in which Frenchmen pass three-fourths of the day, let me say what it is not among London coffee-houses. Its windows are not covered with bills; announcing sales to take place there, at every day and hour for a month to come; and it does not sell port, or sherry, or bitter ale, or Barclay's stout, or sandwiches. It is, in short, nothing like Garraway's coffee-house. Its frequenters' heads are not filled with ships and cargoes, like the frequenters of Lloyd's or the Jerusalem. It does not let rooms for arbitrations and noisy meetings of creditors, like the Gray's Inn coffee-house. It does not file all the papers in the world, like Deacon's. It is never appointed for a rendezvous in mysterious advertisements in the Times, like Peele's. It is not haunted by pale men in brown-black coats and white muslin stocks, ready to be hired to write or preach sermons by the job, like the Chapter. All these it knows to be far above its own humble pretensions. Yet is my coffee-house equally above the "Noted Cocoa-house," that paints itself all red from top to bottom, and writes up its proprietor's and its own name, in green and yellow flamy letters. It thinks the Temperance house—where the Building Society holds its meetings, and the respectful circular of Monsieur Starve (native of Paris) in vain invites young men to come in and be taught

French in a secluded box at sixpence a lesson—vulgar. It despises the Early Breakfast-House that never shuts up, to which the cabmen go from the opposite cab-stand, together with the waterman, and play at all-fours with a sable pack of cards. It contemns the coffee-shop that calls itself the Nottingham and Midland Counties' House on the strength of taking in a Nottingham paper. It has a poor opinion of Steggals's with a catalogue of its dirty, grease-stained, and coffee-rimmed library in the window, and a highly-coloured illuminated transparent blind, representing a fight between Italian brigands and a detachment of cavalry; and it laughs the useless efforts of that establishment to dispose of yesterday's Advertiser at half price, to scorn. It despises the Northern Star, where a stale copy of the Sun evening newspaper hangs over the screen; where the window is ornamented with eggs in blue egg-cups, one dark piece of bacon, two large coffee-cups and saucers, two fly-papers, a bill of performance at the Rottingham Saloon, and the question for discussion by the Bubb Street Debating Society on Tuesday evening next, at half-past eight precisely, "Is a Lodger Suffrage, or is it not, in harmony with the grand principle of all Legislation: namely, the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number? Question to be opened by Mr. Flynn. Strangers are invited to speak." As to all coffee-shops painted dingy white without, having white canvas screens, with inscriptions of "coffee twopence a pint," "tea twopence-halfpenny a pint," taking in only one weekly paper, and calling themselves working mens' coffee-shops, my coffee-house pretends not to know of such places.

Mr. Cowley bridles in his struggling muse with pain in rapturous description of his retreat at Chertsey, with a fear lest a captivated public should be induced to flock thither, and thus to "make a city of his solitude." For a similar reason I omit to point out the precise locality of my coffee-house. To use the technical language of the game of "hide and seek," if you should be looking for it anywhere between Fleet Street and the Thames, you would be "warm;" near the Times printing-office you would be decidedly "hot;" in every part of Doctor's Commons you might be said to "burn." Further than this I will not speak. We don't like strangers in my coffee-house. The proprietor himself does not encourage them. He has his regular customers, and quite as much business as he cares to have. He considers it a quiet, respectable and sure business, from which a man may calculate the time of retiring upon a small property with a moderate degree of certainty. Therefore, he puts up no flaming bill of prices; no claims to be the "original," or any particular coffee-house; no bills returning thanks to the public for the liberal support he has met with, and of which, by strict attention to business, punctuality, and the smallest remunerating profits, he hopes to merit a continuance. My coffee-house has nothing to say of itself, except that it is, or rather was, "Cogswell's;" and, that it was established it the year 1809. It is situated in a comparatively retired street. With a very little less traffic, grass might grow between the stones there. Its shop-front has white frames and moderate-sized squares of glass. Plate-glass has never for a moment tempted the "son-in-law and successor of the late J. Cogswell" to waste his capital in alterations. Dwarf Venetian screens secure privacy to the sitters in the lower room: linen roller blinds keep out the sun, when the days are hot. Walk up two steps (hollowed out by the feet of regular customers), brush your shoes upon a mat, push open a door—which, if its cloth were not green and its nails yellow, would look something like the lid of a coffin—and you are in my coffee-house.

You observe the kitchen, which I have mentioned—a corner parted off on the right of the door. The little door of the division is open; and you see the roaring fire, with the great kettles in front and atop, and the simmering tin vessels occupying every inch of hob. Bacon and eggs, and half-cut up loaves are on its dresser. Bright tins and rows of plates and cups, all one pattern—a landscape in Italy, with Cogswell-Coffee-house written in the waters of the lake—glitter with the fire in numberless places. The most regular of customers has never been in there. I have walked along dreary roads at night, with the wind blowing, and no moon or stars, and have thought of that corner in Cogswell's shop as a pleasant thing to fix the mind upon. I dreamt, once, of standing in a gusty rain at night before the front of a high building, looking in vain for bell or door to ask for shelter, when, suddenly, I heard a whistle, and beheld the high building split in twain from top to bottom, and each section go off in opposite directions, leaving me all at once in that very kitchen, taking the miraculous and delightful transition as a matter of course; although it was worth sitting there all the dog-days to enjoy at last that cosy corner on such a night.

The floor is neatly sawdusted; but the walls are dingy; the ceiling is dingy; the boxes on each side of the room are dingy. If I were a metaphysician, I might be able to discover why I like to see them dingy, and cannot bear the idea of their being repapered, or whitewashed, or painted. Why, too, do I like that round-faced clock over the mantelpiece, whose maker is long since run down and stopped, whose Arabic numerals are faint, whose minute hand is snapped shorter than its hour hand? I do not know: but I do like it, and am convinced it is exactly the sort of clock for my coffee-house. If the son-in-law and successor of the late J. Cogswell kept a book for his customers to enter any suggestions for the improvement of the establishment

(which he is not at all likely to do), I should have nothing to enter. I consider the arrangements perfect. I would not even have that skylight puttied, whose small panes, lapping one over the other like the steel plates of a frock of mail, let in a little water when the rain is heavy. Why should I, to remove a defect that does not annoy me (for I always sit at the last box on the left), deprive old Peddlers of the pleasure of going over and sitting directly under it, and making feeble jests about having "got a drop too much?" (He always puts up an umbrella, and says "it's too bad;" but they know he don't mind it in his heart.) The seats are so narrow, that *if* you don't sit bolt upright you slide off; but, when I first came to Cogswell's, they were not at all too narrow for that diminutive youth, who seems to me now to have no connexion with my present self; and it is sweet to be reminded of that time.

Ah! I remember well; I was the junior—*the minimus natu*—in the counting-house of Messrs. Drab and Gray, the corn merchants; where, under the pretence that I was learning something useful, I was persuaded to give the greatest amount of labour for the smallest amount of salary that ever sweater or middleman dreamed of in his Utopia. In those awful granaries, where I was so small, and everything else was so large; where there were rats big enough to knock me down if they had tried; where the barred windows were so dirty or so choked up with heaps of grain that it was twilight everywhere; where Drab, like Satan in the Book of Job, was always walking to and fro, and going up and down, I wished myself back at school many a time; and thought I could even bear to be a burden to my poor mother a little longer, in order to put off the dreadful day of "going and being" a clerk at old Drab's. Young Gray was better; but the fear of old Drab was upon him. He did not dare to give anybody a holyday, although I believe, if he had had his own way, he would have considered that *we* were not Quakers, though the firm was. He said to me, however, one day, "The firm does not expect your mother to give you money for dinner in the City. We will allow you two hours, so that you may walk over to Newington and dine at home." I did not tell him that I always brought some cold meat and bread in a paper, and went down to eat it and watch the barges at the landing-place at Queenhithe. I found out at once a wretched coffee-shop, where gentlemen were requested to pay on delivery to prevent mistakes, and not to keep the paper more than ten minutes after bespoke. Here there was always a great fire, and a hanger fixed to the bars, where any customer might cook his own rasher of bacon by the aid of an apparatus placed there for that purpose; whose peculiar advantage was, that it caught and preserved the fat that must otherwise have fallen into the ashes below. Here, calmly seated, beyond the terrible jurisdiction of old Drab, and as yet ignorant of the superior comforts of Cogswell's, with the last "Figaro in London" in hand, I tasted of a joy only slightly alloyed by a fear of the proprietor, who would sometimes come home drunk and insult his customers, obliging his wife (whom everybody felt for) to apologise afterwards, or even to call upon a customer the next day, if she knew his address. This man was a terror to me, but he was nothing compared to old Drab, and he did not get drunk every day. But they found me out and told young Mr. Gray. I don't know who saw me go in or come out there; though I think it must have been Skurry, the chief clerk, who liked to say that I was a "born idiot, and not worth my salt." I was accused of wasting my employers' time, or, as Skurry called it, "kicking my heels about in a low coffee-shop." I had to promise that I would go home in future; but I didn't go home. I did not dare to go to that coffee-shop again; but I returned to Queenhithe, and to the barges, and to the walks at low water along a beach of oyster-shells and broken tobacco-pipes, and to the amusement of making "ducks and drakes" on the surface of the river with bits of slate.

About this time, I found out Cogswell's. I could tell you what day of the week it was; whether wet or dry; where I was going, and how I came to be sent there; and, being sent there, how I happened, on my way back, to turn down (I was just going to divulge the name of the street) by where Cogswell lived; and what induced me to go in; and how I thought I would club the time I had been gone upon my errand with my dinner-time, and thus be away from Drab's for three consecutive blessed hours. But these things are not to you, reader, what they are to me; I know I am prone to be garrulous about my coffee-house.

I reconnoitred the place from the outside; saw the name of the proprietor; read how long it had been there, and, was afraid that so old established a place must require more than I had in my pocket for the smallest thing that I could demand: but I determined to risk that. I brushed my shoes, and pushed open the green baize door, dropped modestly into the nearest box, and tapped with a sixpence upon the table. Cogswell himself came (I see him now) and took my order, and brought me hot coffee in a cup shaped like a flower-pot, with a hollow bottom; as well as a roll and little dewy pat of butter, stamped with a swan. Fourpence I paid for this—being one halfpenny more than my old coffee-shop charged. But what a difference! The roll was a French roll, and the butter was not cheesy-flavoured. I had a little tray, and the milk and sugar (best loaf) were brought separately in a doll's milk-pot and sugar-basin. But the tranquillity, the gentle tone of the place, were *they* worth nothing? I knew

they could never find me there, and send after me before my time was up, to say "Mr. Gray wanted me," or that I was "to make haste." The granaries were too far off. I could come in there any day, and be sure of not being Drabbed or Skurryed for a couple of hours. Peace was in its dingy boxes; Lethe was in its coffee, whereof whoso drank straightway fell into a dream in which there were no granaries, nor barred windows, nor rats, nor Masters, nor head clerks. What a glorious thing to have got a holiday, and to have spent the whole day in Cogswell's! How often, I wondered, should I have been obliged to renew my order for a cup of coffee and a roll, to be tolerated there from morn till night. I might have chosen a wet day, and pretended to be always getting up to go away and always hindered by the weather, but I could never get through a roll every two hours; and I used to fancy that Cogswell wondered—as it was—how I could have the face to sit eating and reading there, at two-pence an hour. I suspected he talked about me to the customers, when I was gone, and contemplated declining to admit boys any more. I speculated upon how he would first intimate to me the unfeeling determination. Would he write it up in large letters, and silently point to it one day when I came in: or would he let me down before the customers, by calling it out to me from his place among the cups and saucers, and sending me away red in the face? It was long before I became sufficiently free from these doubts to feel quite at my ease in Cogswell's old established coffee-shop.

And yet, Heaven knows, I was meek and timid enough to conciliate the greediest of coffee-house-keepers, or the severest of regular customers. Old Perks did at last—after staring at me in silence for eight months—voluntarily admit that I was a "very well-conducted and unobtrusive youth." During all that time no one had ever heard me bespeak the paper, after any one. I had my opinions, and heard some say things there that I thought very foolish; but I never ventured to make a remark. I have watched the Morning Herald in the hands of old Perks, and hoped that he would go away and leave it there before I went. I have seen him, when I knew that he had quite done with it, lay it on the table and accidentally place his spectacles upon it, and I have never dared to touch it till that token of possession was removed. If an empty box were to be found, I never went into a box where another person was sitting. If I had hung my hat up at the bottom of some box, and a customer came and sat there, making it impossible to get it again without disturbing that customer, I would stretch my time to the utmost limits before I could make up my mind to ask him to move.

Cogswell's took in Blackwood, the Gentleman's, the Penny Magazine, and the Mirror, published by Mr. Limbird in the Strand, to whom I sent an epigram (for the Mirror liked epigrams) in the year 1833; and which I am not aware that he ever published, though I looked for it every week for a twelvemonth. Blackwood had fine stories in him; and Christopher North with his crutch, was a great fact to me. The Gentleman's I admired at first; but too many Discoveries of remarkable Urns in the county of Norfolk tired me. The Penny Magazine was my favourite. Its interesting bits of travels, and accounts of popular superstitions, and biographical sketches, determined me to be a great and wise man, in spite of Skurry's low estimate of my abilities. To have my name in a Penny Magazine! Wouldn't Skurry be savage then! Wouldn't old Drab be anxious, lest one day I should tell the whole world how he had served me? I had dreamed of annoying him by becoming immensely rich: by having a horse and dashing past his window, several times a day; but that was a vulgar revenge, compared with this. And all these things were somehow connected with the Penny Magazine. No wonder I liked that publication. No wonder that it is a pleasure to me to this day—and will be for many a day to come, I hope—to open an old volume, and turn over its pages—starting a whole covey of fluttering memories, and lingering fondly over its views of the Peak of Teneriffe, the Peter Botte Mountain with people—like ants, with little ladders—climbing up it: its portraits of Jupiter Tonans and the Saxon Deities, who gave names to the days of the week; its Maccaroni Eaters: its Tunny Fishery; its Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament; its Method of Curing Anchovies—droll woodcuts, which Corboy (a regular customer) was always admiring; saying, "Upon my word, they do bring these wood engravings to a wonderful degree of perfection, they do indeed. They are very little inferior to copperplate.

I was a favourite of Corboy's. He would invite me to play at chess with him sometimes with an old red and white bone set of chessmen, compounded of two sets of different sizes—with some of its knights' horses' heads broken off, a queen insecurely stuck upon her pedestal with a bit of red sealing-wax, and two pawns missing, which we supplied with two sixpences. He said I was "very strong indeed; very strong." but he never failed to beat me. I believe most of the customers liked me, at last. Drew did, I know. Drew was in some way connected with the Ecclesiastical Courts. He said he was not more than forty, but he looked fifty, in his white stock, and shirt with a dozen plaits to an inch. His faith was great in Cogswell's; and when I told him the story of my first coming there, he became my friend from that day. He recollected Mrs. Cogswell, poor thing, and, "she was a very talented woman. It was a bad day for Cogswell when he lost her." I don't believe any one

could have persuaded Drew that there was a better coffee-house in Europe, than Cogswell's. You would only be set down as a mendacious traveller, and forfeit his goodwill into the bargain, if you said such a thing. When Cogswell (at the request of a few friends, or rather as a compromise) consented to cook two joints on a Wednesday (only on a Wednesday), no man hailed the change with more satisfaction than Drew; yet he had never complained of eating chops, but only said, mildly, that a change, now and then, was agreeable. At this, Pedders (who used to make the joke about the rain) said something that ended with "chop and change;" but the pun only slept in Drew's ear. I could never help tittering behind my magazine or paper—boy as I was—to see Drew's restlessness when a stranger came in on a Wednesday, and hesitated what to have for dinner. He must speak: he could no more help it, than he could turn a summersault. "Try the roast lamb, sir. It's beautiful!" He would positively get up from his seat, if he happened to be eating, and, taking his plate over, exhibit its contents to the stranger, turning it sideways and back again with a motion of the wrist, in order that he might shew it to advantage; and then he would say triumphantly, "A perfect picture, sir!" I have even known him—though with the exception of this little mania, he was considered a polite man—go and stand in front of the stranger while he was eating, and say, "How do you find it, sir? Is it not excellent?" Cogswell lost in him his most devoted supporter. I went into Cogswell's one dull wintry afternoon, many years ago, when nobody was in the shop but myself; and as I was edging into one of the boxes, I suddenly gave so strange a shudder, that nothing shall ever persuade me but that I had edged right through the ghost of poor Drew, sitting in his accustomed place.

I can never think of Cogswell's, as it was in old times, without thinking of Godby, lean, shadowy, hollow-stomached, weazy, bald old Godby. He was a clerk to a proctor, and I think he must have been the eldest clerk in London. He had been a solicitor; but had failed, and become reduced to serve the aforesaid proctor at the salary of a mere lad. He told me, privately, that what he got from Scruff and Milder hardly paid for his snuff—yet I verily believe he lived upon it. His ordinary food was French rolls, with an occasional rasher of bacon. He used to say he "didn't like chops, and it was a pity Cogswell's did not cook a joint:" but, when they did cook a joint, he continued to eat rolls and rashers, and never uttered a complaint again. He wore his cravat so loose, that his chin would drop into it now and then; his face was thin and liney; and he had a hooked nose. When he began to be bald (about half a century before I knew him), he used to comb his hair upwards from all sides towards the crown; and he continued the practice, by habit, long after all chance of hiding his baldness had disappeared. He always wore his coat close buttoned across his chest: and he would spar sometimes at nothing, and strike himself such blows there, in proof of his iron frame—that he would afterwards pant with the exertion. When he entered sometimes breathless, from having walked a couple of hundred yards, and when any one jokingly enquired if he had been running, he answered, "No, sir. No man ever saw *me* run;" but on less serious occasions, he invariably spoke of himself in the third person: adding some epithet of endearment.

As I sit writing these last lines in my coffee-house, a crowd of long departed, but young and old customers come in, and silently fill all the boxes with their shadowy forms. Gravat is there, ready still to tell the history of any noble family in England that happens to be talked about. I know what he would say if I were to ask of anybody in his hearing "Who is the Duke of Blackwater?" "The present Duke of Blackwater, sir, is the son of the old duke, commonly called 'the limping Duke.' It was his brother, Lord Bonne, who obtained an unenviable notoriety by running away with the wife of Cole the actor, and afterwards fighting a duel with Sir James Portbin, who married Cole's eldest daughter—also celebrated for her histrionic talents." There is young Mr. Slip, whom Cogswell (contrary to rule) trusted, was deceived, and became hard-hearted in consequence. There is Parsons who always prefaced a remark with "Ahem! It is an observation of Paley—" There is Mr. Peep, of the staff of some evening paper, scribbling on tissue paper with a manifold writer. There is Coulter, who would roar out from the furthermost box for more milk or sugar, and could take more liberties in Cogswell's than any other man dared.

But these are the shadows of old customers; and many still remain in the flesh, of whom time serves not now to tell. It is time that I gather these leaves together, and pay my reckoning, and take down my hat and coat from their peg, and go out again into the bustling world.

CHIPS.

FUNERALS IN PARIS.

In London, discontent has often been expressed very strongly against the various abuses and absurdities connected with the business of an undertaker, as it is now conducted. Measures have been planned more than once for the purpose of providing a reform system of carrying the dead to burial, by which surviving relatives may be enabled to pay the last outward tribute of respect to the departed without paying a tribute too ridiculous to the good company by whom the funeral has been performed. It is

very hard to understand in London the various items of an undertaker's bill. If any sorrowing relict or rejoicing heir should be disposed to go into its details, it would be found very difficult to prove that the benevolent undertaker has not been selling off his funeral effects at the least possible advance upon prime cost. He can show his bills, perhaps; and who would venture to suggest that he has heard that upon the prime cost of some funeral properties, as stated in the invoice sent with them to the funeral manager, there is a matter-of-course discount of some sixty or seventy-five per cent, and that the price put upon paper is a little bit of humour proper to the trade—a *jeu d'esprit* for the amusement of the public?

In Paris, the undertaking of funerals is managed on a different plan. There, as we all know, everything, from the supply of milk to the furnishing of funerals, is systematised to a "service" or an "administration." Formerly the members or agents of the funeral "service," added to the function of burying the dead the privileges of crying wines for sale in taverns, of vegetables and meat for sale in the markets, and of announcing in the streets the loss of children and dogs. An ordinance of 1415 fixed the amount of the *crieurs'* fees. At first their number was only twenty-four, but by a decree of January, 1690, it was raised to fifty. At that period it was the custom to receive five or six bodies at a time in one hearse, to place the indigent in open coffins, and to toss them into a common grave. The undertakers, not being under control, often used to leave the bodies at the doors of public-houses while they enjoyed themselves.

Just before the Revolution, some hospitals in certain places obtained the privilege of burying the dead; but, after the Revolution, the privilege was transferred from them to the churches, as a means of contributing towards the revenues of the clergy. Three vast cemeteries were created at the north, the south, and the east of the city. The conveyance of the dead on men's shoulders, with the exception of the bodies of children, was interdicted. Hearses drawn by two horses, proceeding at a foot pace, and accompanied by an officer called an *ordonnateur* and three bearers, were made to replace the common open coffins. Finally, it was decided that a coffin and a shroud should be provided for every person dying in indigence. A certain M. Bobee contracted to execute all funerals, receiving a tax from the rich, and burying the poor gratuitously. But it was soon found that the former was insufficient to cover the expenses of the latter. The contractor was therefore authorised to treat with wealthy families for burying their dead with certain pomp, and he purchased a stock of funereal appliances for the purpose. The produce which he realised by these means was sufficient to cover the expenses to which he was subjected, and to yield a profit. By a decree of the eleventh Vendémaire, of the Revolutionary year XII., the exclusive right of effecting all funerals, and supplying all the *matériel* for them, was reserved to him, subject to the payment of a certain sum to churches and consistories, to be settled by agreement.

A later decree established a general tariff for the conveyance of the dead and the supply of different articles, the families of the deceased being at liberty to choose such articles as they pleased. For the convenience of families, a decree of the 18th of May, 1806, divided the tariff into six classes, according to the greater or less pomp of the funerals; and another decree of 1811 made some modifications in the distribution of the money among the churches, so as to secure to those situated in poor quarters a fair remuneration.

In 1842 M. Pector became contractor, and his contract still continues. On the twenty-fourth of the present month a new contract was entered into. The contractor is bound to abide by a fixed scale of charges, imposed upon him by the municipal administration, and graduated in such a manner that it is at the option of an executor to provide for the dead a funeral fairly proportioned to the means available for such a purpose. These are the ordinary and the extraordinary services. The ordinary service is for the poor. It must consist of a carriage of a certain form, drawn by two horses, and driven by a man in mourning. The coffin must be covered with a black *pall without* fringe, and the accompanying *mourners are* to be guided by a director of the *ceremony*. and attended by four bearers. In payment for this service, an inhumation tax of sixteen shillings and eightpence for an adult, and eight and fourpence for a child, is levied on the house, and the town adds an allowance of five shillings and tenpence for each body. The whole payment, therefore, to the public undertaker, for an ordinary funeral, is one pound, two shillings and sixpence for an adult, or fourteen shillings and twopence for a child. For all persons dying in indigence the undertaker of funerals is bound to supply, at his own cost, a coffin and a shroud.

The extraordinary service is divided into nine classes, out of which each family may select the class that provides a mode of burial most suited to its means. It is allowable in each class to require supplementary provisions, or extras. The fixed expense, then, for a funeral of the first class, with extras, is, according to the present contract, about two hundred and eighty-seven pounds sterling; without extras one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Second class with extras (named in the tariff as "first section") one hundred and thirty-seven pounds; without extras (or "second section") one hundred and fifteen

pounds. Third class eighty pounds, and sixty-seven pounds. Fourth class forty-four pounds, and thirty-six pounds. Fifth class twenty-two pounds, and fourteen pounds. Sixth class seven pounds, and six pounds. Seventh class seven pounds, and three pounds. To the eighth class funerals there is only one section, no extras being allowed, and its cost is nearly two pounds. For a ninth class funeral, no more than eighteen francs seventy-five centimes is charged.

In the year 1847 there were about twenty-five thousand burials, of which eight thousand belonged to one of the nine classes, and about seventeen thousand received the ordinary service. In 1848 there were twenty-four thousand burials performed by the public undertaker, of which about six thousand eight hundred paid for extraordinary service.

It is found that more than one-half of the families which pay for extraordinary service select, for their dead, a funeral according to the scale given for the sixth or seventh class; the expenses of which range between seven pounds and three pounds. Out of the eight thousand classed burials in 1847, only about three thousand belonged to the sixth class, costing a little more than seven pounds, and two thousand six hundred more belonged to the seventh class, and cost three pounds ten.

Next to the fifth class, the fourth is the one most frequently selected, but the funerals in that class—costing about forty-two pounds—do not reach five hundred in number. Next to the fourth class, the third is the one commonly chosen. In 1847, the ninth class—the cheapest form of independent burial—in which class the funerals each cost under a sovereign, numbered two or three hundred. In the second class, paying a hundred and sixteen pounds, there are about a hundred funerals; and funerals of the first class—the dearest and the rarest—occurred only twenty-seven times in 1847, and only twelve times in the year 1848. Funerals of the eighth class are also rare; there being about fifty or eighty in the year.

The undertaker of funerals has to pay church dues. These amount to thirty or forty thousand pounds a year, a varying amount which pretty exactly represents one half of his entire receipts. About one third of the remaining half is spent on the material necessary to his undertaking, namely, the maintenance of a hundred and six horses—that is always the fixed number, and when more are wanted they are hired—harness and carriage-work, palls, and decorations and costumes. The number of carriages of various kinds on the establishment is one hundred and ninety-two. Horses, of course, form the most costly item in the list. In 1847 more than a thousand pair were hired, in 1848 only three hundred and fifty. About ten thousand three hundred biers and deal coffins, and seven hundred coffins in oak and lead, are maintained as a trading stock. Nine or ten thousand biers and shrouds are supplied yearly without charge to the indigent. Upon the remaining two-thirds of the sum left to the contractor after payment of church dues, then lies the charge of paying salaries and wages to the men employed upon the business. The number of the staff is five hundred and forty-six, of which one hundred and thirty-nine are employed, and paid, only when their service is required; four hundred and seven have to be constantly maintained.

One hundred and thirty-seven of these men are administrative agents appointed by the Municipal Prefect, but paid by the undertaker. There is an inspector of funerals with a salary of one hundred and eighty-seven pounds ten; an inspector of cemeteries with the same salary; a sub-inspector of funerals, and so forth; funeral directors, bearers, and grave-diggers;—these last the undertaker pays, through the town authorities, at the rate of sixpence for each grave. There are fifteen such functionaries, each of whom receives in this way an average of thirty-five pounds a year. Four hundred and fourteen other men are employed by the appointment of the undertaker. Some of these are employed only on occasion, engaged constantly during winter, when mortality is high, and not employed or paid in the slack season. From among the men whose services are thus occasionally used, the ranks of the constant servants are recruited. There are forty-seven persons employed in the office business of the enterprise, receiving yearly payments that vary from one hundred and forty pounds for a cashier, to twenty-five pounds for a porter. There are ninety-seven permanent and ninety-five temporary servants, among whom is the chief director, who has lodging, lights, and one hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings a year. There is a veterinary surgeon who receives two hundred and sixty-five pounds a year for the shoeing of the horses, as well as for his professional attention to their health. There are persons concerned about the palls, working painters, tailors, saddlers, and coach-makers, earning daily wages in proportion to their skill, and having constant work. Thirty-nine persons—plumbers, carpenters, and others—are employed upon the coffins. Out of the whole number of five hundred and forty-six persons paid by the undertaker of funerals, fifty-two are women: seventeen of these being engaged upon the costumes, thirty-one upon the draperies, and four in the carriage department. Only two children are employed upon the business.

In this system there is no indecent preying upon grief, but there are some obvious objections to it. The time of mourning is not taken advantage of to cheat the mourners. The few who choose, from mistaken notions of respect for the dead, to indulge in funeral pomps and vanities, are not made to pay inordinately for their error. As to

our existing system in England, it is too ridiculous and humiliating, and too notoriously attended by a host of monstrous evils, to need a word of further notice here than we have, in this number, bestowed upon it.

TITTLEBAT TACTICS.

Most people know that every pool of fresh water, however small, is inhabited by a tribe of small fishes, called Sticklebacks by the vulgar, though they may not know that they are called *Gasterostia* by the learned. So numerous are these little fish in some localities, that they are caught in large quantities for use as manure; and we must not overlook their importance in affording sport to the younger branches of our ragged population; a class to whom the tittlebat fishery—a strictly British interest—appears more worthy of protection than the search for foreign cod. It is not, however, either as farmers or fishermen, that we may concern ourselves just now with these little creatures. The study of tittlebats has revealed some facts that are well worth relating; we propose, therefore, to relate them briefly.

Fishes, as far as our limited knowledge of their habits will enable us to say so, generally deposit their eggs, or spawn, in some place of greater or less security, choosing a spot far enough out of the way of the enemies of the young fry, but rarely taking any further trouble. In this respect they afford a striking contrast to birds, whose ingenuity in the construction of their nests, unwearied assiduity in the bringing up of their young, and courage in their defence, call for so much of the observer's admiration. Poets must not add, however, to their doves and robins, tittlebats as apt illustrations of maternal love. Among these fishes it is the male that takes all the parental cares upon himself; he builds the nest, watches the hatching of the eggs, trains up the young ones in the way they should go, and defends them in the hour of peril.

At the approach of the breeding season, which commences in May, the male stickleback—which then acquires great brilliancy of colour—takes possession of some particular spot which seems fit for his purpose; and chivalrously defends it against all comers. Any other fish that approaches the defended spot is instantly attacked with vigour; battles result of the most desperate description. Having secured possession of the chosen place by these repeated contests, the little fish begins the business of nest-building. He collects together every little fibre he can find which appears likely to suit his purpose; and in so doing he makes careful selection. The fitness of every piece he, in the first place, carefully tries by dropping it from his mouth and watching it as it sinks in the water; if it fall rapidly, that is to say, if it be heavy enough to lie still at the bottom of the water, it is immediately carried off and added to the materials already collected; but, if it fall too slowly, it is tried a second time in the same way; and if proved too light, it is abandoned altogether. If the tittlebat should chance to meet with any piece peculiarly well fitted for some special purpose, he carries it off immediately to his nest, where an extensive re-arrangement of his materials takes place, apparently in order to dispose of the new prize in the most favorable manner; and it is only by dint of great labour that he succeeds at last in getting every piece fitted in the best way to his perfect satisfaction. The fibres are pressed strongly into the mass of materials with the nose of the fish; any refractory piece is kept in the desired position by means of a small stone, or a few particles of sand brought in the mouth, and neatly dropped upon it; if, however, this method should not succeed, the offending fibre is rejected altogether.

After a short time the tittlebat makes a round hole in the middle of the mass that he has built, by pressing upon it with his snout; he then continues his previous operations, building up the walls of the nest by the constant addition of fresh fibres, pressing them in, and interlacing them continually with his nose. These operations, however, do not proceed without interruption. Any other male fish that may chance to make his appearance in the neighbourhood of the nest is promptly attacked; whilst, by way of a more agreeable distraction, the artificer sometimes dashes off in pursuit of the female, seizing her by the fins, and testifying the extremely lively nature of his love. Sometimes the materials collected are gently shaken up, or tugged asunder in various directions, then again compressed; sometimes the fish hangs head downwards immediately over the nest, with his body and fins in a curious state of vibratory motion, by which means a strong current of water is impelled over the structure, apparently for the purpose of testing its firmness, and for the washing out any light loose matter which might make the fabric of the nest unsafe. Sometimes he draws his body slowly over the surface of his work, apparently at the same time emitting some glutinous fluid, which, perhaps, assists in keeping the materials together, or which, perhaps, may be the milt, the same operation being performed after the deposition of eggs by the female fish.

The nest, when complete, is of an irregularly round form, measuring more than an inch across; the central hole is roofed in, and a small opening being constructed at each side of the nest, a direct passage is formed throughout. The nest is then carefully examined on every side; any loose ends are pushed in and loaded with additional sand. The whole arrangements having been thus carefully brought to perfection, the female approaches the nest for the purpose

of depositing her eggs. As soon as she appears, the male fish appears mad with excitement, darts round her in every direction, then darts to his nest and back again, betraying in every possible way the most frantic delight. The female then, passing through the nest, deposits the spawn in the cavity prepared for it.

The cares of the male fish do not end here. He remains assiduous in his attention to the nest: sometimes shaking up the materials, sometimes repairing it, sometimes putting his head into the aperture at the top, to assure himself of the continued safety of his treasures; or, now and then, hanging head downwards over it, to drive a current of water over the spawn, probably for the purpose of free ventilation. In the midst of all these occupations, he does not lose his chivalrous propensities: but still defends his charge, dashing down like a true fish-at-arms upon any stranger who intrudes on his domain.

But his assiduities increase when the young fry begin to be hatched; then the combats become more frequent and more prolonged, being conducted, according to one observer, with much science. The sparring, in one instance observed by Mr. Hancock, of Newcastle, "was very wary, and generally lasted a few seconds before the combatants closed. The attack was usually commenced by one quietly creeping up, watching its opportunity; on this, the other, acting on the defensive, would turn its broadside to the enemy, and raising the ventral spine, wait to receive the onslaught; the assailant, intimidated by this formidable demonstration, would then slowly retreat, and, in its turn, had in the same manner to defend itself. After thus advancing and retreating for a few times, one, taking advantage of an unguarded moment, would rush in upon its opponent and butt at it with its head, apparently endeavouring to bite: the other, rallying, returned the compliment and after dashing at each other in this way two or three times with extraordinary rapidity, the round would terminate, and each fish retreat to its nest to recommence its more immediate rudimental duties." Translated into proper scientific language, one might write such things of reasonable beings in a sporting newspaper.

The parent at this time rarely quits the nest; during the day, his attention to his offspring is unwearied; during the night, he rests either upon or close alongside the nest. When any members of the young family venture for the first time to swim out, they are instantly seized in the mouth of their ever-watchful guardian, and are quietly put back into the nest. Rarely do any of them, at this time, escape his vigilance, and when they do, it is commonly their fate to fall into the jaws of an enemy: they are devoured by fish of their own species.

In about three days after the first appearance of fry in the nest, all the eggs are hatched, and the parent's labour for the ventilation of the nest ceases. The young that were first hatched are then allowed more liberty, and the whole of the family is, by degrees, accustomed to a less restricted boundary. For some time, however, they are all kept within certain limits, and brought back in the mouth of their parent whenever they succeed in breaking out of bounds.

Another fish, nearly allied to this, the Fifteen-spined Stickleback, which is not uncommon on our coast, forms a very similar nest, and appears in other respects to behave like the common fresh-water species: and there are, no doubt, many more possessing habits quite as interesting, which have not yet been discovered, owing to the obvious difficulty of observing closely the behaviour of a fish in his own home. The extent of the difficulty may be appreciated, when we reflect that, although the tittlebat is so common an inhabitant of every puddle throughout the country, the facts in its natural history, of which we have just now been speaking, are quite recent additions to our knowledge.

A WEDDING IN THE CLOUDS.

After a climb up six hundred steps cut in the solid rock, I found myself the other day in the picturesque village of Anacapri, also, in the clouds. The excitement of the Feast of Saint Antonio of Padua was just dying away, but I found that the excitement of a grand wedding that was to take place on the succeeding day maintained abundant liveliness among the villagers. That very afternoon "things" were to be priced, and other necessary business was on foot; I had friends in the place, and was initiated into all the mysteries. I did but peep in at the bride, for she and her attendants were alarmed at our intrusion. Diana and her nymphs — the female members of her family—were seated round a table, many gossips helping them, and three or four valuers being at work among them upon the wardrobe of the bride, that formed a large heap in the middle. Love in most countries is acquainted with arithmetic, and in this case the bride was bound to carry to her future lord not only the treasure of herself, but also a fixed sum in coin or clothes. With a view to the strict fulfilment of this portion of the marriage contract, her wardrobe was, at the moment when I peeped in at her door, being examined and appraised carefully piece by piece. If a wife among these villagers die childless, the dowry she took with her to her husband, clothes and all, returns to her own family.

The treasures of this bride had been increased by presents from her friends, each of whom had brought to her some little keepsake—a handkerchief, a pair of stockings, or a sheet, perhaps—and now the resulting

mountain of female apparel was piled up before the group of the fair villagers, whose bright Italian eyes were feasting upon all the finery, and whose tongues were publishing reviews of stuffs and ribbons, all pronounced to be of the most admirable quality, and an honour to the village in which they had been produced.

I was next favored with an introduction to the bridegroom at his house, and there, of course, was able to walk boldly in and talk at leisure. That happiest of men had once been a labourer upon the soil, but had become in his neighbour's eyes a millionaire by inheriting the well-lined pocket of a sly priest, who was his uncle. "Look here, sir," said the bridegroom, who affected no regret at the departure of his sainted relative; "This was the niche at which he used to say his prayers. Under it we found his doubloons—such a quantity. He was a close-fisted old boy. One day I bought something of him and omitted to pay a few odd farthings—a sum so small that it escaped my attention. However, at my next confession, he refused to absolve me until the uttermost farthing had been got into his clutch." The old priest's house had, according to the taste of his heir, been gorgeously adorned. The bedroom walls had been painted in fresco; the bed in the centre looked intensely dignified with a pile of six pairs of pillows at its head. The number of pillows displayed on such occasions is regarded as a measure of the bridegroom's wealth. They show certainly how high he can carry his head, if he pleases.

We were next requested to look round the room and admire the pictures and images of madonnas and saints, together with some pieces of ebony work that would really have been purchased at a high price by collectors in this country. Such work is often to be met with even in the poorest and filthiest of Italian dwellings. We were then led up to the great subject of clothes. The dress of the bride and her flowers (which it is customary for the gentleman to furnish) were diplayed before us: we were instructed on the subject of their price and quality, and then a pause was made, to be filled up by epithets of admiration. From the dress of the bride, we were taken by the simple-minded bridegroom to the contemplation of the coat and pantaloons that he proposed to wear himself upon the morrow. Falling into his humor we spread out his garments on the table, felt their texture, held them up against the light, and scented them with the incense of praise until our friend was evidently gratified. Coffee and rosolio were then produced and pressed upon us very urgently. The departed priest had left behind him a cellar whose stock was in itself a good inheritance; he had evidently loved the bottle not less than the bag.

When I came out of the bridegroom's house, I found the villagers tying themselves up in knots about the road, discussing the great things that would be done to-morrow: and I travelled homeward down the six hundred steps a little vexed that I was not to take part in the festival, since I was not familiar with the family about to be beatified. Nevertheless, when the next morning arrived, I had found means to make a friend of a friend of the bride, and was sending up to Anacapri, as my wedding offering, several pounds of fish, which I proposed to follow. So I went up the steps again, and found that all the mountain had turned out and come into the village. The bridegroom, in his wedding pantaloons and coat of glory, was surrounded by his male friends, and on the point of setting out towards the dwelling of the bride. I attached myself to his procession, and away we went. At the bride's house we found the ladies: as for the bride herself, when I beheld a damsel in the dress I had examined yesterday, wearing the silver flowers I had fingered, bound up now with fresh carnations, I knew of course at once that it was she who was the happiest of girls. To the equipment furnished by her lover she had added an equipment of her own—such as Italian village-maidens love—of rings, and chains, and pins, and brooches, without limit as to number or size. One brooch was the representation of a ship in full sail. By the side of the bride there also dangled two great watches, quite as bright as gold. Whether there were any works inside them I do not know, but I do know that they shone like pocket suns, and what more could be wanted in a watch that was to be worn upon a gala day? I was rude enough to count the rings with which the fingers of the bride were crusted; there were *eighteen*, most of them monsters as to width. When they were too large in the hoop, they had been made to fit by the easy process of twisting a piece of string about the narrow part. The bejewelled beauty, overloaded with this village finery, really did not look overdressed. The decorations were in keeping with the place and the occasion; I could think of odd lines in Catullus when I saw her glittering under her white veil and her chaplet of gay flowers.

She was seated in her home. The bridegroom having informed her that it was now time to go to church, she arose, and, in affectionate performance of the usual ceremony, knelt before each of her parents, entreating pardon for her past offences, and a blessing on her future life. With tears from the old people, and not without emotion on the part of all bystanders—for villagers, in Italy, keep their emotions where they can be got at very readily—the home blessing was given, and the bride then, between a brother and a sister, was led out from the paternal roof. Then the wedding procession formed, I fell into my place, and we marched off in very great state to the church. A mass and a benediction there, and then the marrow of the

day—so far as it concerned her—was got at; the maiden was a wife, and was led out of church between the sister and the groom's-man of her husband.

Outside the porch we found the mountain. All the mountain had not put on its best clothes for nothing. The people, with their black eyes full of fun, were shrieking, laughing, dancing round the porch. The bride appeared; there was a merry shout. The bridegroom followed with his friends; and instantly he and his friends began to throw, over the bride's head, among the assembled folk, a storm of comfits. Woe to the bridegroom who is mean on such occasions, and economises in his dealings with the comfit merchant! No sweetmeats, no acclamation—for such is the custom of the country. Through a chaos of scrambling, rolling, fighting, laughing, and of all the passions that inhabit an Italian breast, we followed the impeded, half-affrighted bride to her new habitation. In the days of the old Romans, on occasions like this, the scrambling ceremony was precisely similar. If not comfits, there were nuts to scatter, as says Virgil in his eclogues, "While they bring you a wife—husband, scatter the nuts."

The door of the bridegroom's house had been prepared for our arrival. It was adorned with myrtle and evergreens, while in the courts, arches of evergreens were built; again, a custom that, like nearly all the others, has descended from the old Augustan days. We find it in the verses of Catullus. At the door the newly-married wife was met by the nearest female relation of her husband—a sister in this case—who, having put comfits into her mouth and into her bosom, bade her enter with her right foot foremost. This done, she embraced her, and the wife was so installed in her new dwelling.

Sweetmeats, rosolio, and such refreshments, were then handed round as the first offering of the new housekeeper to her friends; but, what next? The awkward half hour before dinner was, in this case, an awkward three hours and a half. It was then eight o'clock, a.m.—for your Italian villager begins the day betimes—and it was not until the dreadfully late hour of half-past eleven, that the husband was to give the customary dinner—customary, also, in the old classic times—to his wife's friends. What were we to do with ourselves in the meantime? Dinner was preparing in the house for sixty people, and we were of course quite in the way until it should be ready. We set out, therefore, in file, still keeping to the form of a procession, to enjoy a morning walk under the hot June sun and make a series of calls. We called first on a priest, an uncle of the bride, entitled in every respect to the honour of the first call; he treated us all with rosolio, and gave to me, as the foreigner and stranger, a bouquet. From him, too, I received, with other talk, a little information. He told me that the villagers of Anacapri had all become related so closely to each other by continual intermarriage, that it was very seldom that a marriage took place which was not within the prohibited degrees of affinity. For most marriages, therefore, among his parishioners, there was required, by way of license, dispensation from the Pope. On one occasion, when this dispensation was refused, the lovers voted on their own behalf marriage unnecessary. Dispensation was then granted at once; on the sensible condition that, by way of penance, they should carry lighted torches at their wedding, and lick the floor of their chamber on the wedding night. Having paid our visit to the priest and trailed off our procession to the houses of some other relatives, getting ourselves, by the way, thoroughly roasted against dinner-time, we at length all turned our noses in the direction of the bridegroom's smoking chimney.

Outside the door of the house of feasting there was a crowd still on the look-out for sweetmeats; inside there was a crowd of busy people playing at cooks, hurrying to and fro—too many certainly—but, if our noses were to be relied upon, the broth had not been spoilt. I, being a foreigner, was treated with distinction, and ushered into the state-room—which on this occasion was the bed-room—there, among the honoured few, were to be found the village Syndic and the notary, the conductor of the telegraph, and other members of the fashionable world of Anacapri.

This, let me tell the world of England, was no common wedding, and great efforts had been made to get it up with a becoming dignity. The chief motive for producing an impressive demonstration was a feud existing in the village, which was divided into parties who went with and against the vicar. The bridegroom who was Anti-vicarite was backed therefore by the Mayor and his clique—heads of the Anti-vicaritic section—for the purpose of producing, out of the gorgeousness of this wedding, an impressive demonstration of the respectability of the Anti-vicaritic, and, by consequence, the meanness of the Vicaritic, party. The Mayor, and the great dignitaries kept their corner of the room quite select, conversing only with each other. I recognised his worship at once, as having been formerly the keeper of the village coffee-house well known to me, and subsequently steward on board the Palermo steamer; having retired upon his earnings, he had been able to add dignity to his leisure by becoming Syndic of Anacapri. Although they had commenced their talk in whispers, the great men as they proceeded grew a little loud, and communicated some part of their wisdom to our friends in other corners of the room. They would talk politics, while they were waiting in groups for their dinner; and they felt a little proud of being able to do that, aloud, in a land where spies and worms are equally abundant. The

Syndic—who from his position was considered to be well informed upon the current movements of the world, and the diplomatic gossip of the courts of Europe—informed me, for my own comfort, that it was well understood England must go down, now that Lord Peel was dead. The doctor had heard that Palmerston had been put into prison in consequence of a letter from King Ferdinand to Queen Victoria; in fact, her Majesty had often been heard to declare that she would not tolerate him any longer. Lords Gladstone and Roosl were also discussed, and then a worthy priest assured me that the Roman Catholic religion had been recently proclaimed in England. I said that I did not know it. O yes, he answered, perfectly true; besides it had been long known here, that the Queen was favourable to the change, and that she had a private chapel in her palace, where she constantly heard mass. But Lord Roosl, it was supposed, had exercised a baneful influence upon her. The great guns having presently exhausted all their ammunition, there occurred a silence, during which I turned to the bridegroom, who was very anxious to be eloquent to me upon the private story of his feast. He had distributed so much bread among the poor; he had thrown so many pounds (a hundred and forty pounds) of comfits among the people; he was about to tell me what he had prepared for dinner, with the secret history of every dish, when we were told that it was ready, and proceeded to the table.

There was one small table reserved for the dignitaries, at the head of which sat, of course, the Syndic, supported on one side by the bride and on the other by myself, in my distinguished capacity of foreigner. Other distinguished persons ranged themselves about us with a cèremonious and impressive silence. The dinner was worthy to be set before a Mayor, and it was eaten rapidly by a large number of the guests. There was no uniformity displayed in the mode of eating, as there is at English dinner-tables. Every one threw his character into his work; and the long table was bordered round with groups of busy arms and heads amusingly contrasted; the even line being here and there pleasantly broken by an upraised hand, from which two or three feet of macaroni were in course of being dropped into a mouth below. Not one of the least important persons in the party was the village poet—a carpenter by trade—a Peter Quince, with a great faculty for rhyming, who produced many a burst of laughter by his couplets. Every chance incident that caught his attention at the dinner-table was improvised immediately into verse; *brindisis* were rhymed off to the health of everybody. The habit caught like fire on coal upon the fancy of the company; the people warmed, and fumed, and presently broke out into a blaze of verse; everybody had rhymed toasts to propose, or rhymed comments on a neighbour's nose, and thought it fit to show his wit by doing away with prose. As others became talkative, the impelling genius who had set loose the flood of rhyme became reserved, and hiccupped secretly behind his hand. His poetical abilities being esteemed, a peculiar flagon of wine had been placed at his side when dinner commenced, in order that he might be forced—by aid of a glass, as they force cucumbers—to flower early. He had accordingly burst out into bloom very soon after dinner had commenced, but, by the time dinner was over, his productive power was exhausted.

Dinner being over, they removed the tables and called in guitar and tambourin. Dancing began, at which the guests acquitted themselves gracefully and merrily, labouring well to tire each other down until it was nearly sunset. Then the whole party turned out to escort me in triumph to the steps that lead down into Capri. There was no cloud in the sky as we exchanged farewells on the brow of the hill; the Bay of Naples lay before us like a great, calm lake, bounded by islands which seemed lost in the deep golden tints of the departing sun. The eye could skirt the coast and rest upon Misenum, Baiæ, Pozzuoli, Naples, which at a distance of twenty-three miles was so clearly seen, that it almost invited one to look in at its open windows; then there was the rich back-ground far away, and coming back from this, my eyes dwelt cheerfully again upon the gay little crowd of villagers of Anacapri, with his worship the Syndic joking at their head, all ready, with bright eyes, waving handkerchiefs, and a fire of absurd amiable couplets, to see me safely off upon my journey down the mountain stairs.

I was hospitably urged to visit Anacapri again, when, according to just custom, the return feast would be given by the relations of the bride. It was quite fair that the bride's family should have its turn of merriment, since its members were bound, by a custom rigidly observed, to stay at home upon the wedding-day as mourners for the loss of the departed girl. Before I end my story, let me say for the credit of Italian villagers, that although most of the guests at the wedding-feast were of the lower orders—fishermen and rustics—and neither wine nor mirth were stinted, I saw no trace of intoxication, if I except the prostration of the poet, who enjoyed the privilege of poet's license in his measures; and I heard no syllable, in jest or earnest, that was not as pure as the fresh mountain air.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A HOUSE FULL OF HORRORS.

CLUMP LODGE, Brixton, is this quarter being rented by a very miserable man. I rent Clump Lodge, Brixton, and I have been very miserable for the last five weeks. Up to the middle of October I was always happy. When I used to come home out of the City of an evening, I was in the habit of talking the news over with my neighbours in the omnibus—there are half-a-dozen of us who leave town at the same hour—in a most chatty manner. After I came in to Mrs. Crumpet, she was in the habit of remarking that my cheerfulness was like a bird at tea. When we shut out the twilight, and I lighted the camphine—which I always do myself in order to prevent what I used to call, when I was jocular, a Rising of the Blacks—I seemed to shut out care, to lighten up my heart as well as my small parlour. When, after exchanging coat and boots for dressing-gown and slippers, I sat down in my large easy chair, I seemed to have put on inside as well as outside comfort and ease, and to find rest for my thoughts as well as for my body. I used to apply to myself and Lodge the following sweet lines, when I heard my eldest daughter Polly sing them in a powerful tone of voice to our piano:

> "O, am I not happy? I am! I am!
> To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
> Are the diamond turrets of Shadderabam,
> And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad."

But now, alas! as Polly—or Marie, as she would have us call her—says of her poor father, out of a poet whom she considers to have had a truly deep insight into human nature, his life is become a wilderness of brambles tearing at him right and left, so that for the last five weeks there has been

> "A stain on every bush that bore
> A fragment of his palampore."

And, in truth, I am not sure that I should not now prefer Palampore and Amberabad to Cheapside and Brixton.

For the last five weeks I have been haunted by the most horrid shapes. When I get into the omnibus I ride home silent, for I see, nine times out of ten, in some corner or opposite to me, nestling on a friend's bosom, or in his lap, unobserved by himself, some dreadful thing. When I come home a dozen hideous forms glare at me in the hall. My snug parlour maddens me; the walls and floor are densely covered with the most frightful objects; a detestable thing lies spread out at full length before my fire; the persons of my wife and daughter are surrounded very often by these horrors. When I draw the curtains and shut in my room, I shut myself in with all these terrible companions, whose hideousness is visible alone to me. When I light my camphine lamp it glares upon me in the shape of something evil; my dressing gown and slippers torture me, as though the gown were made by what's-her-name for me instead of Hercules; and the slippers were on the plan of the tight boots in the Middle Ages. My chair, and every chair I see, is occupied by ghastly shapes, upon which I must sit if I would sit at all; and, when my daughter goes to the piano, I am agonised by the horror of the thing she touches when she puts her hand on the music stool. It is not in this chamber only that I suffer; my whole house is full of horrors, and I meet them in the streets. Yet I am a quiet City man; I dream little of nights; I do not diet myself on cold pork and half roasted potatoes, eaten with the skins; my health is good; my appetite is well controlled; I am quite sure that I am not delirious or likely to go mad. I was delirious when I was satisfied. You are delirious who do not share my tortures, who have not felt that—as Marie quotes, in illustration of my opinion, though she does not practically understand it—

> "We madly smile when we should groan;
> Delirium is our best deceiver."

The matter is this: I have acquired some Correct Principles of Taste. Five weeks ago, I went to the Department of Practical Art in Marlborough House, to look over the museum of ornamental art. I had heard of a Chamber of Horrors there established, and I found it, and went through it with my catalogue. It was a gloomy chamber, hung round with frightful objects, in curtains, carpets, clothes, lamps, and what not. In each case the catalogue told me why such and such a thing was n't endurable; and I found in the same

place also, on equally good authority, in black and white, a few hints of what the correct principles of decoration are in each class of ornamental art. I could have cried, sir. I was ashamed of the pattern of my own trowsers, for I saw a piece of them hung up there as a horror. I dared not pull out my pocket-handkerchief while any one was by, lest I should be seen dabbing the perspiration from my forehead with a wreath of coral. I saw it all; when I went home I found that I had been living among horrors up to that hour. The paper in my parlour contains four kinds of bird of paradise, besides bridges and pagodas.

As for the spaniel that Marie has worked in Berlin wool, to sit upon while she plays the popular song of "O, am I not happy?" I know what they would say about *that* at Marlborough house. If I could afford to buy another, I would pack off as a present to the gentlemen of the Museum in Pall Mall, as a choice horror, my wife's best gown; but I must wait, and bide my time. As old horrors wear out, I shall replace them according to Correct Principles of Taste. Whenever any new thing is to be bought, since it will cost no more to have a thing in right taste than in wrong, I mean to be particular about the choosing of it. Moreover, to make all secure, I shall lose no time in giving Mrs. and Miss Crumpet an hour or two of the horrors in Pall Mall, after which I shall persuade each of them to pay two or three visits to the Museum there, and spend two or three sixpences saved from the pastry-cook's upon the education of another kind of taste. I mean also to persuade all my friends—especially those who have houses to fit up and furnish—to go to the same place; for as the world wears now, in town or country, house or street, I am a haunted man, molested in my peace by horrid sights, which follow one another almost without intermission. A person with my present correct principles of taste is naturally shocked every hour of his life in London.

One of my best friends and town customers is Mr. Martin Frippy, a young man of good fortune recently married, whom five weeks ago I regarded as an extremely elegant and tasteful gentleman. He knew that I had that opinion of him, and he liked me for it, condescending often to consult my opinion upon things that I admired. Two days ago he entered my counting-house in a sudden way, and took me so much by surprise that I was compelled to ejaculate "Goodness gracious!" for his attire was literally demoniacal. I believe Zamiel, in Der Freischütz, wears a suit of red, by which means he fails to produce any great effect, for there is nothing horrible in a suit of clothes all of one colour, and that colour a warm and pleasant one. Mr. Frippy I consider to have succeeded much more satisfactorily in dressing like a fiend. He wore check trowsers of a large and distinct pattern, so that on each leg there were six black garters; and there were three belts of colour round his body. His waistcoat was buttoned with half a dozen studs of horses, and a large pin was stuck through the face of an opera girl who danced upon the bosom of his shirt. On the head of the pin there was a jockey riding at full speed. Mr. Frippy wore a black tie, which, stretching abroad on each side like a transverse beam, formed a cross in combination with the upright line of his body. On the day to which I allude, he had on a black frock coat, and a mourning band over his white hat, in allusion to a great historical event then on the point of coming off.

"Now," says he, "Crumpet, I promised my wife that I would take you home with me. We've just put the last touch to our furnishing, and you must come and dine and wish us joy." Now, I had dined in town at half-past one, but, as a citizen of London, I like dining twice a day. Mr. and Mrs. Frippy, who live at Stockwell, are very good friends, and my woman-folk, who had gone that morning, as I knew, to call on Mrs. F., had been detained, and were expecting me at Stockwell, as I was now informed. "I should like your opinion, Crumpet, on a thing or two about the house—I know your taste was always very good," (O miserable me; for I, too, had worn horizontal bars upon my trowsers,) and "I should like you to run down with me at once, if you have time to spare, so that we may look over the rooms while it is light."

"Mr. Frippy, sir," I replied, "I shall be only too happy." So I locked up my safe, and we went out and took a Clapham omnibus from Gracechurch Street, which set us down at Stockwell Green at about a *quarter* before four o'clock. During the five minutes spent in walking to the house I delivered myself candidly of some part of the agonies I had been suffering, as I sat opposite to my friend in the omnibus. "Mr. Frippy, sir," I said, "those trowsers are beasts."

"My dear fellow," he replied, "what is the matter with them?"

"That shirt 's a hideous rag."

"You use strong language, Mr. Crumpet. Justify yourself."

I apologized for my wrath. I explained how I had come by correct principles of taste, and how in the freshness of my zeal my feelings were perpetually outraged; how my own home had became a houseful of horrors; and how I felt disposed to preach a great crusade for the maintenance of my new principles. Mr. Frippy enjoyed my distraction very much, and clapped me on the back, saying, that if my principles were sound he was not afraid to let them be applied to anything with which he had surrounded himself at Chimborazo Villa. What had I to say against check trowsers—to begin with his immediate surroundings?

"Mr. Frippy, sir," I replied, "one correct

principle of taste in dress is, that the pattern of a dress should harmonize with the form and motions of the body upon which it is worn. Stripe your trousers vertically if they must be striped, so that the lines may harmonize in direction with the movements of your figure. The bars across your legs and body suggest obstacle and opposition. They are ungraceful also in being large and violently visible. Against a small check in which there is no strong constrast of colours, and which has no strongly pronounced lines running in any direction, the authority on which I stand wages no war. There are four trouser patterns hung up in the Chamber of Horrors at Marlborough House, not one of which is so detestable as that which you are wearing.

"In the next place, sir, I must be allowed to point out that those ballet dancers that are stamped in dabs, as with a butter print, about your shirt, are the direct reverse of ornamental. I saw four pieces of calico for shirts hung up among the horrors. One piece was covered with perspective representations of a summer-house and trees in stripes; the others were censured for presenting direct imitations of figures and animals, ballet girls, polka dancers, and race-horses in various attitudes. I will tell you, sir, part of the reason why these things are ugly. The ornament of fabrics, whether for clothing or for furniture; whether in wool, silk, wood, metal, glass, or what you please, should in the first place be closely fitted to the uses of the thing. It must convey a sense of fitness to the mind, and vex the eye with nothing that suggests a consciousness of incongruity or contradiction. Now, there is no fitness in stamping race-horses over a shirt, and tucking them away under your outer garments."

"I don't know that, Crumpet," said my friend. "It is a moral hint to fast young men who affect race-horses and betting clubs, that they run a risk of being left with that one garment to call their own."

"Mr. Frippy, sir," I replied, "I discuss principles of ornamental art; you speak of principles that relate to the great betting-house question. Ornament, sir, is in its essence geometrical. Direct imitations of nature may be here and there appropriate, but as a rule they are in opposition to correct taste. Ornament, sir, requires symmetry, a careful correspondence of parts, and a nice balance of colour. Each object of nature, Mr. Frippy, is an ornament. Take a pheasant, for example; it is clothed in colours mingled according to a harmonious design, but not with direct copies of other objects—when did you see a pheasant stamped over with race-horses or ballet dancers? Allow me on this head to quote to you a few sentences that I have taken the trouble to learn by heart out of the catalogue. They are the words, sir, of Mr. Dyce. 'The art of ornamenting consists in the application of natural modes of decoration, not in applying pictures, or sculptures of natural objects to our fabrics. If you ask me why Oriental ornamentation is so agreeable and natural, though it consists of little that resembles natural objects, I reply at once, it is because Oriental fabrics are ornamented in the same way as natural objects are. The forms employed are natural and beautiful forms; the colours are arranged, and contrasted, and modified as we find them in nature. The lines are such as we find in almost every other flower or object that meet us, and therfore always pleasing. The object of the ornamentist is not to make mere copies of natural objects, and to paint pictures, or carve images of them on the furniture and appliances of life. His purpose is to adorn the contrivances of mechanical and architectural skill, by the application of those principles of decoration, and of those forms and modes of beauty, which Nature herself has employed in adorning the structure of the world.'"

"I see sense there, Crumpet," said my friend.

"Of course you do," I answered. "Why does a lady look so well under an Indian shawl? Because the worker of the Indian pattern, however badly he may have drawn his design, has harmonised its parts, chosen his tints well, and selected the right quantity of each; his design has been to produce such a harmony of colour as his pure instinct has felt to exist in the bird's feather or the flower cup. Such a shawl is only seen to fresh advantage when it hangs in drapery, and gains new grace by following the movements of the body. But just look at the shawl upon that lady's back as she walks now before us. What a vile discord of colours, and observe how the pattern is broken up into a jumble by the folds that interrupt it. If we are to see the pattern of that shawl, she should carry it on her back spread out quite flat and nailed on a square board, making a sort of tortoise of herself; but indeed I am sure the pattern is not worth displaying.

"Consider me a lecturer, Mr. Frippy, if you please," I said; "stand here for a minute, and let us have an object lesson on the people in the road. Now there's an object for you, a lady in a silk dress covered with vases—how often you see vases, by the bye, on muslin window-curtains!—what fitness is there in that? How can a vase be folded, and what business have vases on that lady's person? Look at that little boy who wipes his chilly nose upon the Sydenham new palace, which he has just pulled out of his jacket pocket! Here comes a gentleman, well dressed as he fancies; look at the pattern of his waistcoat, a direct imitation of marble. If men have sometimes flinty hearts, is that a reason why they should wear marble waistcoats? Look at the colours in the clean print dress of that servant girl who has just opened the door over the way; observe the total want of

geometrical distribution in the pattern, which is, moreover, too large for the fabric, and how violently all the colours are contrasted! The colouring, also, is by far too full. The dry surface of cotton, Mr. Frippy, will not bear so much fulness of colour, as silks and delaines. I would remark also, on the authority of Mr. Redgrave, which is quoted in the catalogue of the Museum of Ornamental Art, that woven patterns in silk, formed by tabby and satin, or a self colour, will bear much larger figures than are applicable to either woven patterns in varied colours, or the same printed on cottons or silk. Every design must be adapted to the fabric for which it is intended, and a design suited to a texture of one description will not answer for another differing in lustre and other important respects."

By this time I had cased my mind a good deal, and might have continued farther to explain to my friend who was so fiendishly attired, some of the correct principles of dress, when we reached the door of Chimborazo Villa, and he laid his hand upon the knocker. Having said so much, I abstained from asking why a Sphinx in brass, with a large wart upon her neck, had been selected as the knocker to a door stained in imitation of rosewood, and why the door stood between two wooden Ionic columns painted to resemble porphyry. Young Mrs. Frippy, with hospitable smiles, was peeping over the parlour blind, and the most correct taste can feel only gratification in the vicinity of Mrs. Frippy. I pulled out my shirt frill, laboured to forget the horrors that surrounded me, and talked thenceforth of ordinary matters of a cheerful gossippy character,—the great funeral, the recent earthquake, the late floods, and the other floating topics of the day. The time, I said to myself, is now come, when—as I heard it said at Sadler's Wells, and I believe, therefore, the chaste thought is Shakspeare's —when hollow hearts must wear a mask. You must not find fault with a man's domestic arrangements when you are about to eat his dinner. The crumpet that is going to be buttered ought not to look black.

At the same time I must remark that, although I said nothing, after hanging my hat up in the hall, I had great trouble in straightening my hair as I went in to the ladies, it would stand upright at the horror of my friend's hall-paper. I had seen it in the Chamber of Horrors—perspective representations of a railway station frequently repeated. Why is it that people do not understand what I have understood quite well for the last five weeks? that pictures of any kind, and above all, perspectives, are unusually out of place repeated round a wall. One picture can be seen correctly only from one point of view; and when it is repeated up and down, and round about a place, the result is a nightmare.

When I really entered my friend's social parlour my hair would have gone quite up, like the hair of the small head on an electrical machine, if Mrs. Frippy with her bright smile and joyous greeting had not antagonised her furniture. My wife and daughter also mended the room with their faces; though, as my wife wore her best gown, and my daughter, in that tawny stripe of hers, looked like an atrocious zebra, they threw something also into the bad side of the balance. It was past four o'clock, and as we had begun a little general conversation, Frippy rallying my daughter on the subject of young Lunn; she saying scornfully, that he lived upon pale ale and oysters; I saying gravely that Sally Lunn his mother was a sister of mine, and I didn't approve of cousins marrying; things going on in this way for a few minutes very pleasant, I was in hope that I should not be asked for further criticism, or taken round to see the fittings. Suddenly, however, Frippy said something about the snugness of the room.

"You've made the place quite lovely, Mr. Frippy," said my daughter. "What pains you must have taken, and what taste you must have! You can't conceive how I admire the harmony between the carpet and the paper!"

"What I covet," my wife said, "is the rug; did you work it yourself?"

"And what do you say, Crumpet?" asked my friend. "Would it pass muster at Marlborough House?"

"O that horrid Marlborough House, that department of Practical Art and Ornamental Museum! Has papa been teazing you very much, you poor dear Mr. Frippy?" that was what Miss Maria said, the *minx*! "Papa don't speak, you see; he thinks *everything* hideous; but as you've paid for *it*, he is unwilling to disturb your peace. Is it not so, papa? O yes, I know. My papa, Mr. Frippy, is in the position of the person mentioned in Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, who possibly was troubled with what papa calls 'Correct Principles of Taste in Decoration.' He said, you know,

> "'There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
> Of pleasure unembitter'd;
> And not a trapping deck'd my power,
> That gall'd not while it glitter'd.'"

It being generally wished that I should speak my mind, I said that I would merely allude to what my daughter had said about the paper-hanging and the carpet. "We who are sitting in a room," I said, "grouped in our natural way, together with the furniture and ornaments about us, are the subjects of a picture which each room presents, and to which the decoration on the wall serves as a background. In the first place, the background should be calculated in such a way as to heighten the effect that is to be produced by the arrangements made before it. 'It may enrich the general effect,' we

are told, 'and add to magnificence, or be made to lighten or deepen the character of the chamber; it may appear to temper the heat of summer, or to give a sense of warmth and comfort to the winter; it may have the effect of increasing the size of a saloon, or of closing in the walls of a library or study; all which, by a due adaptation of colour, can be easily accomplished?' Very good; but if you consider the walls of your room as a background, you will cause them to throw out into the best relief everything else without thrusting themselves upon attention. The ornament upon your paper, whether full and rich, or light and elegant, ought to be subdued in character, presenting no strong contrasts in colour, and if it be not composed of several tints of the same colour, but of several colours absolutely different, the greatest pains must be taken to assure the nice adjustment of the proportions, and to prevent anything from staring out to catch the eye. I am perpetually grieved by rooms papered as this is, in which we now are sitting. Though the room is small, the paper has a large pattern, boldly defined in stripes of lilacs, lillies, and moss roses very nicely drawn. There is no fitness in the paper as a background to a parlour, or as a background to anything; the direct imitation of flowers is also impertinent. Fancy scrolls and ideas suggesting flowers, that is to say ornaments designed with a present sense of the beauty of natural forms, balanced with geometrical correctness, and with an exact regard to the proportion of the colours, are the proper things. Flowers were not made with a direct view to paper-hanging, and if a wall paper be covered with direct imitations of these or any other natural objects, the chances are ten thousand to one that the whole effect of the colouring will be inharmonious and bad. The designer is compelled to use the paints wanted by this rose and that lily in constant violence to the principles by which he should be guided, if he remembered that he was working to produce a harmonious design of decoration for so many square yards of flat wall. Then again, we have to remember that the wall is flat, and that there are four walls differently placed, and all receiving light from the same quarter. Does not a little reflection upon this fact show the gross absurdity of painting roses, scrolls, or any other objects in relief, and having light and shade about them, casting shadows, when the shadows will practically be turned all manner of ways—from the light on one wall, and towards it on another—in the most ridiculous confusion. From this consideration follows a fixed law for all wall papers, that the pattern upon them should be treated in a flat way, and that no flower, festoon, scroll, or line of any kind should be represented as projecting, by the introduction of a shadow. The flowers on your wall being imitated from nature are all full of shadows, and those at which you are now looking contradict in an absurd way, Mr. Frippy, the real position of the windows. I don't wish to be rude, Mr. Frippy, sir. I've not a paper that don't agonize me at Clump Lodge, and I sit down to my tea at home among birds of paradise and pagodas, which I don't scrape down because I haven't a deep pocket."

"You seem to have learnt a great deal at the Museum, Crumpet," Mr. Frippy replied; "and I don't mind saying, candidly, though I hadn't thought of these matters before, that I see sense in a good deal that you have said though I think it's just a leetle over-done. But you take the matter, my dear friend, too much to heart. Home is home, be it ever so—so—"

"So horrible, sir. Yes, I admit that. But allow me to remark, that if your carpet were what it represents itself to be, I couldn't walk to the door without treading upon half-a-dozen thorns, and, perhaps, dislocating my ankle among the architectural scrolls that I see projecting out of it. What I have said of the paper-hanging is in a great measure true of the carpet in a room; it is to be considered as a background. Imitations of fruit, shells, and hard substances in relief are improper. Treat the forms of flowers and leaves flatly, as ornaments, and not as imitations, if you please, but in the design painted upon a floor there must be nothing to contradict to the eye the necessary element of flatness. Neither must there be any strongly marked forms or violent contrasts or displays of colour, to take from the floor its character of background to the chairs and tables, and the people who stand over it. In the Marlborough House Chamber of Horrors there is a carpet with a landscape pattern on it, asking you to walk on sky and water. There is another carpet drawn to imitate an ornamented ceiling, with its beams and mouldings. Another is dotted about with cornucopiæ filled with flowers resting upon nothing. Another imitates a wall with gothic panelling in oak."

"And I suppose, Mr. Crumpet," said my wife, "that you object to this darling tiger that is worked upon the rug, and would make as much outcry over it as if it were a real tiger that we must step upon."

"And you would cry out, I do believe," said Mrs. Frippy, "against those delicate convolvulus blossoms on the curtain poles."

"There is something of that kind, certainly," I said, "in the Chamber of Horrors."

"It's of no use," said Polly, "to discuss furniture now with papa. 'What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife, the feast of vultures—'"

"Dinner is on the table," said a voice from the door. There was no more to be said. I was spared a journey through the house. Frippy shirked that, evidently. I dined and talked of other matters, but I saw that I had boiled fish and oyster-sauce put on my plate over a delicate bouquet of pink and

yellow flowers, and I knew what I had learnt at Marlborough House of the impropriety of putting elaborate patterns—to say nothing of direct imitations of Nature—on that part of a plate or tray which is intended to be covered. I took wine with Mr. Frippy out of a glass, of which the bowl was cut to the destruction of all elegance of outline; but I said nothing of that. I had beer poured for me out of a jug representing the trunk of a tree, with bacchanals and grapes imitated, out of all proportion, round about it; a jug so glaringly ugly in its outline, that when I saw it over my shoulder as I put my glass round for some beer, I almost shrieked. I poured water for Mrs. Frippy out of a glass jug upon the table, and, to do so, had to put my hand upon the body of a snake, so that I was reminded of the late horrid affair of the cobra. Light was dispensed to us from an expensive camphine lamp, to which Polly felt quite safe in calling my attention.

"Is it not chaste, papa?"

"It strongly resembles one that I have seen in—in—another place. I could characterise it by quoting a few lines from the Catalogue of the Museum of Or—"

"Nonsense, papa, how tedious you are, to be always quoting." I said nothing, but repeated the passage to myself for my own relief. "'This glittering article is of French manufacture, and in all its parts, without exception, illustrates some false principle. Its general constructive line is bad—the heavy top totters upon an unsubstantial base; it rests upon the points of leaves which seem ready to give way under the load; these leaves are direct but bad imitations of nature. The porcelain vessel for holding the oil, with its coarse gilding, affects to look like metal; the upper portion of the metal work is entirely out of scale with the lower.'"

At tea-time it was spec or die with me, but I continued to take in convulsively; with my eyes, as I felt rolling in the direction of the tray. I must have been very near the last gasp when Frippy came near enough for me to catch him by the button. I made him sit down by me, and whispered in his ear. "That tray with a bit of one of Landseer's pictures on it, you will find to correspond with the seventy-ninth item in the Catalogue of Horrors, at which you will find these observations. It is 'An example of popular but vulgar taste, of a low character, presenting numerous features which the student should carefully avoid:—First, The centre is the piracy of a picture; Second, The picture, on which most labour has been bestowed, is thrown away. It is wrong to hide a picture by putting a teapot upon it; if a picture is wanted it should be placed where it can be seen, and will not be destroyed by use; Third, The scroll lines of the ornament, instead of following the form, are directly opposed to it, and are scattered, as if by chance, anywhere; Fourth, The glitter of the mother-of-pearl is the most prominent feature of the whole, and, being spread about, creates the impression that the article is slopped with water, or——'" finishing my cup of tea just at that time, I dropped my cup and saucer—to their utter destruction, I scarcely regret to say—with a cry of agony—

"Papa, papa, what is the matter?" cried my child; and my wife ran to me, and Mrs. Frippy, for I had fallen back in my chair almost deprived of reason.

"A but—" I gasped.

"But what, my dear?" asked my wife.

"Butter—fly—inside my cup! Horr—horr—horr—horr—ri—ble!"

I was taken home in a cab. Frippy whispered to me in a soothing manner, as he saw me down his stairs and buttoned my coat for me in his hall,

"My dear Crumpet, you have picked up some wholesome views, but you have swallowed them too eagerly, and choked yourself. I shall go where you have been, and take the lessons you have taken; but I shall not bolt them in a lump as you have done, and get a nightmare for my trouble; I shall discuss them in a reflective way, and leave them to be quietly digested: after which I have no doubt they will do me good. A little precise knowledge of some true principles of design is wanted just now, quite as much by manufacturers as by the public. The schools of design connected with that department of Practical Art and its Museum in Pall Mall will lead, I have no doubt, to great improvement hereafter; and I much like the idea of the Chamber of Horrors that you speak of, backed, as it is, by an instructive catalogue. But, trust me, Crumpet, I shall not get myself, as you have done, into a state of mental apoplexy. We say in this country that there's no accounting for tastes, and it will be many years before mere abstract principles of choice in ornament can become familiar—I will not say to us, but to our children. In the meantime we must live happily in the endurance of worse daily sights than check trowsers and clumsy paper-hangings. Pork is an excellent and nutritious meat, my dear Crumpet; but the whole Hog and nothing but the whole Hog, on any terms—for anybody's dinner—is a little indigestible."

IMPERIAL ANECDOTES.

Napoleon the Great—by comparison—said of his two wives; the faithful one whom he abandoned, and the imperial one who cost him his Imperial crown: "I have occupied myself considerably, during my life, with two women, the one all art and grace, the other all innocence and simple nature, and each had her value. The first, at all periods of her life, was mistress of every description of seductive and agreeable quality: it would have been impossible to surprise her in an unguarded

moment. Whatever art can imagine to enhance female attraction, was cultivated by her; but, with such cautious mystery, that its existence could never be divined. The other, on the contrary, never even suspected that the most innocent artifice was requisite to assist her attractions. The one was for ever avoiding the truth, and a negation was her first impulse: the other was ignorant of the nature of dissimulation, and subterfuge was foreign to her. The first never made a request to her husband, but overwhelmed herself with debt: the other never hesitated to ask for what she wanted when she required it; which was rare. She never conceived the idea of having anything for which she did not pay instantly. With all this difference;—both were equally good, equally gentle, and equally attached to the husband whom their destiny had appointed them."

Equally!—poor Josephine, it is true, died of a broken heart for wrongs and injuries most undeserved. Marie Louise saw the overthrow of the Empire, of which she shared the rule, with more than indifference; and cast aside—as unconsidered trifles only fit presents for her femme de chambre, who sold them to a pawnbroker—all the *gages d'amour* given her by her Imperial admirer; sacrificing, without a sigh, even the locket containing the hair of her ill-fated son.

The coronation of the first Emperor of France—since Charlemagne, when the fascinating Josephine was in the utmost height of her glory and perhaps of her happiness—began to be talked of in 1804, at the time Napoleon was at Boulogne, superintending the manœuvres of those famous flat-bottomed boats which, to the number of two thousand, were destined to land an army on the coast of amazed and terrified England.

While her ambitious husband was busy with his great scheme, Josephine was preparing to pay a visit to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle; some said for health, and some whispered to reconnoitre a city where the powerful Emperor of the West had preceded the Modern Charlemagne in an august ceremony, of which the magnificent cathedral still retained relics.

The official addresses now in vogue in France, are exact parodies of those which every prefect and every mayor, in the towns through which the Court was to pass, was tutored to pour forth at the Empress's feet; and the replies dictated by Napoleon to his wife, and carefully studied by her, were no doubt extremely like those uttered at every place where the pageant of Empire is at this instant being exhibited. But, occasionally, Josephine forgot her part, or became wearied with its sameness. Whenever she did so, she never failed to make a deep impression; so charming was her manner, so sweet were her words.

All the meanness, the servility, the grasping for power and place, which now distinguish the worthy magistrates who paraphrase the Lord's Prayer and the whole gospels to do honor to the shadow of Napoleon's greatness, were brought into play at the time when the bewitching Creole—who was more sinned against than sinning throughout her career—was journeying to Aix-la-Chapelle. The Empress, "well-born, matched greater" by her first sad marriage, had no occasion to take lessons of an actor to learn how to support her dignity with effect. Nature had endowed her with that grace beyond the reach of art, which, in her case, art had rendered irresistible; and many of those of her Court who could scarcely conceal their contempt for the pompous and vulgar habits and manners of the great sovereign, could not but render justice to the superiority of the late Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

At that period there were no good roads in France where the Emperor had not passed; and, in the department of Roër, nothing could be more wretched and neglected than the public ways which, for the first time, were traversed by an Imperial cortége. Most of the travellers whose evil stars led them into these regions, were forced to ride on horseback after leaving the wrecks of their carriages in ruts, and sloughs, and precipitous passes; but, as the Empress could not be expected so to travel, it was found necessary to apply to the Minister of the Interior. The Director, willing to gain credit for his zeal at as little expense as possible, lost no time in ordering loads of sand to be thrown into the frightful holes which honeycombed the way, and which threatened an overthrow at every step. The Empress's carriage would, by this transient means of repair, get on unscathed; but, with regard to her suite, he troubled himself little concerning their fate.

The inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle were indignant at this proceeding, and resolved to pay the Director *des ponts et chaussées*—as hard-hearted as our mythic Woods and Forests—in his own coin. Accordingly, when it came to his turn to travel along the same road from Liège in order to pay his respects to Josephine, they set to work and diligently removed the whole of the sand which had concealed the true state of the dangerous way. The unlucky Director was, of course, overturned without mercy, as so many unheeded travellers had been before; and, he suffered more even than former victims, for he was a remarkably fat, heavy man.

The catastrophe of poor M. Crété, the Director, so far from exciting pity at the Imperial Court, afforded an endless source of merriment; and while he was overwhelmed with expressions of sympathy, the affair was looked upon as a certain means of procuring a good road; a consummation which no representations, however eloquent, could have produced.

Josephine, who never disputed her husband's

when she has predicted new triumphs for him."

Napoleon was greatly annoyed by a prediction insolently made by Népomucène Lemercier: who, disapproving of his departure from Republican principles, had sent back to him the cross of the Legion of Honour; and as he took leave of the Emperor, remarked, "You are amusing yourself by re-making the bed of the Bourbons; well, I predict that you will not sleep in it ten years." By a singular coincidence, Napoleon's career was ended in nine years and nine months from the day the prediction was made.

Poor Josephine was destined to many little mortifications to which her vanity and love of admiration exposed her. Amongst others, was one brought about oddly enough. Picard, the manager and author, had produced a new piece, bearing the startling title of "The Woman of Forty-Five;" the whole drift of which was to ridicule a person of that age who strives to avert the injuries of age by means of dress.

The whole Court sat to see this unlucky piece, in agonies at its inappropriate sallies; while the Empress could with difficulty conceal her annoyance. One of her ladies, of whom she asked her opinion of the new piece, contrived to elicit from her a smile of approbation by a ready reply.

"I cannot be a fair judge of the piece," said she with rather a bitter smile; "it would be well to hint to Picard to have it played in future only before women of twenty-five."

"I think, madam," replied the lady, "those might be included as audience who *look* only that age."

Josephine, in the midst of her occupations of parade, pleasure, and study to play at court well, received daily a courier from Napoleon at Boulogne. In the evening she generally communicated part of the information she received from the Emperor to her assembled guests in terms dictated to her by him, but conveying by no means the exact truth of events.

In particular, the version with which she amused the company of the frightful tempest which endangered the French flotilla was extremely far removed from the fact.

An intimate friend of Admiral Bruix (who commanded the flotilla) then at Aix-la-Chapelle, received a courier at the same time as the Empress, giving a very different detail of the circumstances. The letter was written by a naval officer, almost a stranger to the Admiral, but who, knowing the interest his friend took, was anxious to explain to him, at once, the cause of the disgrace which had fallen on the distinguished naval commander. The letter ran as follows, and is a curious document when compared with the current report that "an imprudence on the part of the Admiral had nearly caused great disasters; but the fleet had braved the fury of the tempest, and nothing could equal the enthusiasm of the men as to which should first set foot on the British shores." The Emperor's letter, read by Josephine, ended by relating a comic scene, in which he reproached himself for being half killed with laughter to see his Minister of Marine tumble into the water in attempting to cross a plank. "It will be said, nay, published everywhere, that your friend is in the wrong: do not believe it, it is not true; if I should lose my men and my command I would still repeat that it is false. The other morning, as he mounted his horse, the Emperor announced his intention of reviewing the naval squadron: he gave orders that the position of the vessels which formed the line, should be changed, being desirous, as he said, to pass them in review out at sea. After these commands he went to take his usual walk, accompanied by Roustan (his Mameluke servant), desiring that all should be ready by the time of his return. These orders were transmitted to Admiral Bruix, who answered very quietly: 'The review cannot take place to-day: therefore let nothing be changed.'

"The Emperor, soon after this, returned to the port and enquired if all was ready: the answer of the Admiral was then reported to him. He had it repeated to him twice, and stamped his foot on the ground as he listened: rage flashed from his eyes, and he commanded that the Admiral should be instantly sent for: but so impatient was he, that he would not wait till he arrived. He met him half way from his post: the staff of the Emperor passed and formed a circle behind him in solemn silence, for Napoleon had seldom before been seen in so tremendous a passion.

"'Monsieur l'Amiral,' said he in a *stifled* voice, 'why are not my orders executed?'

"'Sire,' replied Admiral Bruix, with respectful firmness, 'a frightful storm is on the point of bursting over us. Your Majesty may observe the indications of it as clearly as myself. Will you then expose the lives of so many brave men?'

"'Monsieur,' replied the Emperor, more and more irritated, 'I gave a command; once again, I ask you, why it was not executed? I take the consequences on myself—your part is to obey.'

"'Sire, I shall not obey,' said the Admiral.

"'Monsieur, you are insolent!'

"As the Emperor uttered these words, he advanced towards the Admiral with his riding-whip in his hand, in a menacing attitude. The Admiral drew back a step, clapped his hand to his sword, and, turning deadly pale, said—

"'Sire—beware what you do!'

"Every one that saw this scene shuddered with terror. The Emperor, in an immovable attitude, with his hand still raised holding his whip, fixed his eyes on the Admiral; who did not move from the position he had assumed. At length Napoleon suddenly

threw his whip on the ground; and, at the same instant, M. Bruix removed his hand from his sword, and stood uncovered to hear the Emperor's further orders.

"'Vice-Admiral Magon,' said Bonaparte, 'you will instantly see that my orders are obeyed, and that the movement I commanded take place. As for you, sir,' he added, turning to M. Bruix, 'you will quit Boulogne in twenty-four hours and retire to Holland.'

"The Emperor then withdrew to witness the movement which Vice-Admiral Magon was ordering. But scarcely had the first manœuvre begun to satisfy the Emperor's wish, when the sky became obscured with heavy clouds—thunder burst forth, and wind, with a mighty rush, broke all the lines at once. In fact, what the Admiral predicted had happened. The vessels were dispersed, and the most imminent danger threatened the whole fleet. The Emperor, his head bent down, his arms crossed, his aspect haggard, traversed the port with rapid strides; when, suddenly, the most heart-rending cries were heard. More than twenty war-sloops were stranded on the shore; the unfortunate crews struggled in vain against the fury of the waves, shrieking for help; but, so terrific was the danger that none dared to attempt to save them.

"I saw all this with my heart burning with rage and indignation, and I inwardly cursed the obstinacy of the man who had caused so sad a disaster. Presently I beheld him break from the arms of several persons who were striving to detain him; and, leaping into a safety-boat, exclaiming loudly,

"'Let me go—let me go—some effort must be made to save them!'

"Already the boat was filling: the waves dashed all over him, and his hat was knocked off into the water. The courage he showed animated the rest; and, in a moment, officers, men, lookers-on, and sailors, dashed into the surf; some swimming, some in boats, in the hope of affording succour to the unfortunate victims. But alas! in spite of every exertion, very few were saved; and the tide of the next morning cast upon the shore more than two hundred corpses—and the hat of the hero of Marengo!" This account is confirmed by Constant in his memoirs of the time, and may be relied on.

It was not etiquette from that time to mention the tempest at Boulogne; and the jocose story of M. Crest, the Minister of Marine, having got a ducking, was the sole topic of the Court when the Emperor's letter was alluded to.

When the great man himself arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited the relics in which the cathedral was then rich; amongst them was an arm of Saint Charlemagne, which was always held in great reverence. As Bonaparte was examining it, he called Doctor Corvisart to him, and begged him to explain to what part of the arm of the conqueror belonged an enormous bone which had been for ages carefully kept under a glass-case. Corvisart at this question smiled, and remained silent. The Emperor renewed his question; when the doctor answered in a low voice, that the bone was a *tibia* which might have belonged to the leg of Charlemagne; but could by no possibility have had anything to do with his arm.

"Very well," said the Emperor, "keep the secret; it is better not to offend ancient and respectable prejudices."

But the anatomical comment of the learned doctor had been overheard, and the story was repeated from mouth to mouth with no little merriment.

Nothing could exceed the servility of the bishop and the clergy on this occasion. They descended to a variety of tricks to please the Empress; offering her a sacred box to which, they said, a tradition attached that it could never be opened but by a person who brought good fortune everywhere. Of course it opened in her hands, and flattered her not a little. The shrines were all laid bare for the Emperor. The inscriptions were read on the doors of the palace; which he chose to interpret as a sign that he was destined to renew the Empire of the East, and be as great a conquerer as Charlemagne himself.

CHIPS.

ANOTHER LUNG FOR LONDON.

As executors of a projector who has departed this country and gone to a better land at the Antipodes, we proceed to administer and pay over to the public his bequest. Should the nation, upon getting the scheme which we are about now to present to it, desire to send a fast steamer after the vessel which is carrying a great projector from its shores, and fetch that great projector home to carry out his own designs, we are prepared to give whatever information may be necessary. At present we can only say that we have received by post from a large-minded gentleman, whom it is one of the regrets of our life never to have seen, something for presentation to the British public. "In autumn last," says the projector, "Lord John Russell acknowledged, as did Lord Granville, a suggestion of mine for an 'Albert Park;' and Mr. Peto was good enough to thank me for details I gave him." The details being now communicated to us for the use of the public, we, having a belief that the public will be good enough to thank us, give the details in our own way as accurately as we can, and as well as we are able to understand them.

To make an Albert Park, exceeding good, take

Of freehold land, in a romantic suburb, two thousand acres; enclose with a "strongly fortifying boundary wall" one half of this, which is to be your park. Slice an entrance

through each corner of the wall, and let eight stewards' residences—for estate steward, steward of works, &c.,—be placed outside the crust of the park, one at each corner, and one on each side. Line the whole crust or fortifying boundary on its inside to the north, facing the south, with a conservatory for tropical plants, &c., that shall enclose twenty acres; line it to the south, facing the north, with a conservatory of the same size for "cold-natured vegetation." These walls are to be thus graced by the labours of nature. Line the whole crust, or fortifying boundary on its inside to the west, facing the east, with workshops for delicate handicraft; to the east, facing the west, with workshops for rougher operations. These walls are to be thus graced by labours of man; and a display both of nature and of art will thus be made to form the inner lining of your park.

Take four hotels, adapted for the rich, and place them in your park, on four sites facing the four corner entrances, but at a little distance from them. Take two great factories and place them in your park, before the east and west walls, opposite to each other, each factory being situated between two grand hotels; let one factory be for light departments, and the other for heavy departments of labour. These represent manufacturing interests. On the two sides of your park left vacant north and south, place arable and pasture land in patches; namely, one hundred acres of arable farm-land in a square patch to the north, and one hundred acres of pastural land and horticultural grounds to the south, for model farming, &c. These represent agricultural interests. Between the factories and farm lands then will be indicated a large central square, open at all corners, which you now proceed to fill. Take four square buildings for baths and wash-houses; for bake-house, brew-house, butchery, and mill; for store-houses, shops, and bazaars; garnish with these at the four corners opposite the corner entrances into this inner square. Take now a thousand cottages, and enclose therewith an innermost square or lawn, upon which, and over the whole park, sprinkle shrubs and trees of every kind that will grow in this climate. Let the rows of cottages which form the square leave every corner open, and let the rows north and south be parted in the middle, and leave space for two square refreshment halls accessible on all sides, and adapted, one to the means of the poor, and one to the means of the middle-classes. Upon the innermost lawn, within the square formed by the thousand cottages and the two refreshment halls, place a new Crystal Palace—to be used as a Free College—into which put, as seasoning, a thousand boys. In the central dome of the new palace, and as the very pith and centre of your park, let there be an assembly hall for oratories and for select dramatic and other entertainments. Warm the whole with a good fire of cash, and add to it the sauce of public favour.

As our friend says, underlining what he says, "*This is the project*,"—and we will let him expatiate upon it in the words prompted by his own enthusiasm. "To form a really attractive resort for all the world—a resort for the wise, for the wealthy, for the inquiring poor man, for the apostle of human redemption, for the marvel-loving, and for the pleasure-seeking. The arts and sciences should here find full development and illustration. The most accomplished workmen should be voted in by local committees, and the same committees should introduce talented boys who would otherwise go through the world with only a rough tug. A thousand boys are admitted; a thousand accomplished workmen ply their functions, and live in the tenements marked ten"—(ten refers to a plan with which we have been honoured from the hand of the proprietor). "Each lodges a pupil. Those pupils start in their training at one end of the college (*under literary professors*), and complete 'schooling' at the other end. This during two and a half years. *The boy's fitness*" (we feel called upon to copy the italics and all that is most minute in the exposition of so grand a scheme—*fitness*) "or aptitude has been discovered, and he is assigned to a department accordingly. The opposite side to that in which he has been schooled *is* the experimental or *illustrative* department. A term of two and a half years more in the working department finishes his education. The slightest breach of pure morals being punished with instant expulsion, those who go through the five years' *training* exhibit to the world unexceptionable *models* of working men, and their *thorough* accomplishment (of skill and character) will be commanding anywhere. The end of the five years realises a grand international exhibition; but the galleries and the avenues below afford a *perpetual* exhibition. The grand feature in the palace would be its assembly hall—the crescent having amphitheatre constructions—machinery underground at the entrance to the west avenue raising planks of different heights, to form stages or an orchestra, whilst the productions of R. A.'s form the stage decorations and scenery. The royal box to be a superb structure at the entrance to the east avenue: the dress boxes to be in tiers on each side of the Queen's. The *electric light* to be supplied from the fountain in the centre, and, suspended above, a powerful organ, and accommodation for a *full* band."

This is the scheme that we are empowered to make known to the public, and we are also authorized by the projector to state that if, when he is settled in Australia, "he should have the good luck to buy an estate there, he would endeavour to effect this project." If we have been disposed to smile in the

narration of this plan, it must be understood that we by no means print it to be laughed at. Speculative as it is, and here and there ridiculous, it contains one or two points worth serious attention, and the scale on which it is cast may be taken as a measure of not a few thoughts that have been apt to spring up lately in the heads of the many. Great public achievements have produced a tendency to large desires. The project here stated is but one specimen out of a thousand ideas, all tending grandly in a right direction, which float through the mind of our people like chaotic masses out of which a world of beauty may perhaps hereafter be created.

THE GHOSTS' BANQUET.

The fields are blank, the trees are bare,
The snow is dancing in the air
A dance fantastical and strange;—
A dance, whose dancers, white and soft,
Fall like spirits from aloft,
Waltzing in their boundless range
Over woodland, over grange,
Over the uplifted hills,
Past the dumb, ice-solid rills,
Down into the valleys hollow,
Till the wind can scarcely follow,
Up the lanes and through the hedges—
Though the trees stand close in wedges—
Right across the open heath,
Mangre the prickly furze beneath,
Round about the old church spires,
Where the golden vanes live fires
Gleam, yet warm not; and so on,
Ever noiseless, swift, and wan,
Outward to the lonely sea.

Upon an evening such as this,
To wander foodless, moneyless,
And far from home, you'll all agree
Is somewhat melancholy work.
Right so thought young Ralph Chetwynd, who,
In the December shadows murk
Of the year Fifteen fifty-two,
(Three centuries from this present telling)
Had left his wretched country dwelling,
To seek in London's active strife
Some honourable means of life.
Full fifty miles was he from home;
And underneath the heaven's wide dome
He stood, and looked into the night.

The fields were quickly getting white
Under the snow-flakes: all around,
Like sheets in which a corpse is wound.
The meadows stretched into the dark.
The red West, like a beacon-mark,
Burnt slowly out; and, that being dead,
The waves of blackness crept and spread,
And Death reign'd victor over Life,
The wind was eager as a knife,
And made a sort of ghostly talking,
As though some awful thing kept walking
Close against Ralph Chetwynd's side,
With stealthy footsteps undescried.
The trees and hedges, thereto replying,
Gave a low and weary sighing;
And never another voice was heard,
Either of man, or beast, or bird.

Ralph looked about, in hope that he
Some mansion or some hut might see,
Where he might crave to pass the night;
And at the last he saw a light
Steadily shining through the trees.
Nearer he walked; and, by degrees,
Beheld from out the darkness harden
A mansion standing in a garden,
With woods and silence all about.

Ralph, with a heart right glad and stout,
Stepped to the gate, and pulled the bell.
The sound was solemn as a knell,
As into the wide night it ran.
But soon an ancient serving-man
Came forth; to whom Ralph briefly told
His hard condition, and made bold
To hope his lord would succour him.
The servant, with a visage grim,
Went to the house, and soon came back
With two lean-blood-hounds in his track.
"My master is no friend," quoth he,
"To such night-wanderers as ye;
But says that if you like to go
To some old ruins that have stood
Mouldering, a hundred years or so,
About a stone-cast from the wood
On the right hand, you may prevail,
Upon the ghosts with which they're haunted
(Provided that your heart's undaunted)
To give you shelter, bread, and ale."
And with these words he shut the gate.

Ralph stayed a moment more, to hurl
Contempt upon the sneering churl:
Then, weary and disconsolate,
He turned him from the lighted house,
And, underneath the drooping boughs
Of the dark forest, went his way.
"Perhaps," thought he, "within the bound
Of those old ruins may be found
Some shelter till the break of day."

By this, the snow had nearly ceas'd.
Over the dim line of the East,
And through the clouds that weltered by,
The moon had risen into the sky:
A spirit bright—a face of light—
It looked between the dusky trees;
And white beams fell on snow-paths white,
Like super-sensuous sympathies.
Thus aided, Ralph beheld at length
A building (sometime of great strength,
But crumbling now from roof to base)
Rising from out a grassy space.
A warlike castle it had been,
As by its loop-holed towers was seen,
And by its moat, weed-choked and dry,
And by its ramparts mounted high.
But now its chambers were bare and lonely;
The winds and the tempests entered only;
The doors swung to and fro on their hinges;
The ceilings had gotten them green mossfringes;
The shadowing ivy made funeral bowers
Of the winding stairs in the four round towers;
The brown-gold lichens had woven their tissues
Into the depths of the stony fissures;
And bearded grass, storm-beaten and ragged,
Clung round the tops of the battlements jagged.

Silent and dark the ruins stood,
Fronting the dark and silent wood;
When suddenly, across the night,
The empty windows flared with light,

And from the great mid-hall there came
A sound as of a gathering flame
That laps and strains upon the wind.
No longer did Ralph lag behind,
But o'er the weedy threshold went,
Nerving his heart to'ards his intent

The hall was bright, the hall was warm,
The hall was peopled with a swarm
Of stately shapes that sumptuously
Were round a black, carved table sitting
On golden chairs, for a palace fitting;
And every one with an awful eye—
An eye like gloom and flame commixed—
Looked at Ralph, who stood transfixed,
But steadily looked at them again.
He saw, and felt within his brain,
That they were ghosts. The eddying air,
Which his quick entrance woke up there,
Made them waver like a mist:
It was an uncouth sight I wist!
The wall behind was scarcely veiled:
Yet some of those strange shapes were mailed;
And some were clad in coloured silk,
And some in vestments white as milk,
And some in velvet rayed with gold,
And all in fashions quaint and old.
With mystical light their features burned;
And Ralph, in every ghostly face
Which met him in that haunted place,
Strange likeness to himself discerned!

Brave at all times, he did not run;
And the ghosts rose up, every one,
And bowed to him, but spoke no word;
Then motioned him towards the board,
And seated him in pomp and state
At the upper end; and, on a plate
Like moonlight, gave him food divine,
And, in a sparkling goblet, wine
That kindled in his heart and veins.

But I must here draw in the reins,
And must in briefer language tell
The wonders of that spectacle:
How viands, marvellous and rare,
Came swiftly sliding through the air,
And being done with, vanished straight;
And how, all round, there seemed to wait
Invisible servants, who supplied
Ralph's vaguest wish; and how the room
Grew gorgeous with its pomp and pride,
And like a flower appeared to bloom;
And how no syllable was spoken,
Leaving the quietness unbroken,
Save by a low, long music sound,
That filled the air, and lingered 'round,
Like one heart-deep and endless sigh
Welling from out Eternity;
And how, when all the feast was ended,
With odours and sweet airs attended,
The banquet faded noiselessly;
And how a dance went through the hall
Wild, flashing, swift, aërial.
With bird-like pipings heard aloft,
And inner chucklings, deep and soft:
These matters I must quickly pass.

At length, as in a magic glass
Where shades of unborn things appear,
Ralph all too plainly could espy,
In every spectre's troubled eye,
Strange tokens that the morn was near.
The phantom light shrank up in fear;
The ghosts began to droop and languish;
The music wailed and writhed in anguish;
A sense of Death was in the place.
Then one of that unfleshly race,
Older and greyer than his brothers,
Stood some way forward from the others,
And spoke to Ralph (who dumbly stood
And listened to him in his blood)
These words which made a musical chime,
Like echoes of a far-off time —

"Oh, living flower upon the tree
Of our defrauded pedigree!
True son of our majestic line!
We are thy fathers (though our bones
Lie under long-forgotten stones),
And all these spreading lands are thine.
They are now held against thy right,
By him who shut thee out this night,
The scion of a younger branch
Which, in a former day, did launch
At their own kindred poisonous lies
And subtly-painted perjuries,
Wresting from us our just estate,
And these old halls—now desolate—
Deserting for a modern house
More fit for revel and carouse.
Thou see'st where I am standing. Here,
Beneath this flag-stone, which shall bear
Marks of my presence, thou shalt find
A written parchment, making clear
The truth past doubt. But now, behind
The Eastern hills I feel the sun;
And his sharp arrows through me run
Like ice. I dare no longer stay."

Instantly, all had passed away.
The white dawn looked into the room,
And shivered within the empty gloom;
Ralph shivered, too; and on the ground
Fell suddenly into sleep profound.

Our Tale may now be ended soon.
Ralph woke from out his sleep at noon,
Removed the stone, and, in a hole
Beneath it, found the parchment scroll;
And in short time the lands were his.
Urged by his ghostly sympathies,
The ancient castle he restored,
And lived there like a worthy lord,
In pomp, and gravity, and state.
The old possessor, from whose gate
Ralph, the right owner, had been spurned,
He would not suffer to be turned
From out his home, but still allowed
A sum sufficient to maintain
His kinsman in that mansion proud,
On this condition—broad and plain—
Never again to let his door
Be barred against the homeless poor.

Now, ever as the ages roll,
God prosper such a noble soul!

MECHANICS BY INSTINCT.

If sponges were created before insects *Euplectella* must have been the first wea but man's teacher of the art of forming th by interlacing thread was undoubtedly spider. An African species of that is made doors for its dwelling, long be

the human race thought of closing the entrance to their huts; and no doubt the first cunning hunter took lessons at the same school in the art of spreading nets and snares for his prey.

Amongst us of the human race, the diving-bell is a recent invention, but among spiders it is as old as creation. Look into a large glass globe filled with water, in which are immerged several portions of aquatic vegetables, some floating on the surface, and some lying at the bottom. Amongst the blades of grass and bits of reed, you will remark a sort of purse, closely resembling in shape and size the shell of a pigeon's egg, but pierced transversely through the middle. It is filled with air, and perfectly closed, except in its lower part, where there is an aperture just sufficient for the egress and ingress of a very small spider. A strong and semi-transparent substance, resembling white gauze, forms the texture of the bell, firmly moored and anchored to the submerged plants by threads and cables, which hinder it from mounting to the surface.

M. Berthoud, the French naturalist, in giving an account of these bell-divers, says, he first discovered them in the ponds of Gentilly, where they exist in great numbers, but their habits have been long known. "During the last week," adds that gentleman, "I have been studying its habits."

Watch, he says, the lady coming out of her retreat. Her length is about one eighth of an inch, her body is brown, and on the upper part of the back is drawn a dark patch, having four little dots on its centre. This spider lives under water, and yet requires air to breathe. Her Maker has taught her how to solve a problem which would have baffled the genius of Newton. She swims on her back, and her abdomen is enveloped in a bubble of air, which, reflecting the prismatic colours, looks like transparent mother-o'-pearl. She then rises to the surface of the water, and elevates above it the lower portion of her body; for, amongst the arachnidæ, the orifice of the organs of respiration is placed in the abdomen. Once on the surface, she breathes strongly, inhales as much air as she possibly can; then she gets beneath the water and gives out gently the liquid particles with which her lungs are gorged to excess; the long, silky, clammy threads which cover her retain in its place around her the bubble with which she is surrounded. This done, she dives with precaution, and carries into her nest—her diving-bell—a provision of air to replace what she had consumed. When once ensconced in her nest, she lies in ambush, with her cunning little head lowered, watching for any prey that may chance to pass. Woe to the tiny worm that wriggles on the stalk near her den! She darts forward, seizes him, and bears him off to her bell of impermeable gauze. While her habitation was in process of making, and until it was finished, it was naturally filled with water. But once the work was ended, it became necessary to expel the water, and replace it by atmospheric air. In order to attain this end, our spider had to make more than a hundred trips to the surface. Each bubble that she introduced into the bell, mounted towards the top by its specific levity, displacing an equal quantity of water, which was forced out through the orifice below, until at length the bell contained nothing but air.

Who knows whether the aquatic spider may not have suggested to Fulton the idea of constructing submarine boats, which were first tried in 1804, at Rouen, and then at Havre; and the following year in the Seine? Yet the submarine vessel hardly yet is complete. Until Dr. Payerne took the subject in hand the other day,* the invention of Fulton had scarcely advanced a step since the death of its author; and man is still inferior to the insect in the construction both of the diving-bell and the submarine boat.

At the Cape of Good Hope there exists a bird well known by the name of the Republican Sparrow, and which is named in science, *Philaterus Socius*. This little creature builds a regular square. With a number of its congeners it takes possession of a tree, and constructs around its summit an immense nest, containing perhaps two hundred compartments. Each has his own snug little dwelling, where he lives with his wife, brings up his family, and enjoys the most absolute liberty. They are Communists so far as is required for constructing their common habitation, repairing it, defending it in case of danger, and going in search of provisions. Does any bird display an unsocial disobliging disposition?—he is sure to be visited by a select detachment of police, who turn him out with merciless thrusts of their strong little beaks, and never allow him to re-enter the common precincts. Does some felonious reptile try to wriggle in?—a civic guard is formed instantly, and as soon as the vigilant sentinel gives notice, the gallant troop sends forth a shrill cry, hastens to reinforce the regular garrison, and almost always forces the enemy to retreat before a mass of threatening beaks, which form a bristling and impassable stockade.

Another bird, inhabiting the same locality, constructs for himself a house consisting of three apartments, with arched entrances like those used in Roman architecture. This bird, a species of heron, named *Scopus umbretta*, builds his nest in a bush, or rather around a bush, gives it a circular form, and divides it into three compartments, communicating with each other by means of arched openings. He commences by setting up the framework of his dwelling, profits by the branches which suit his plan, and destroys those which come in his way; then he seeks for the bits of stick needful to com-

* See page 76 of the present volume.

plete the structure, and to give it a solid regularity of which any carpenter might be proud. When the framework is finished, he fetches clay to fill up the interstices, and finally plasters it outside with a coat of granulous earth, perfectly waterproof, and capable of resisting the beak of the strongest bird of prey. When the nest is finished, it looks like a miniature Arab tent, divided, as I have said, into three rooms. No one has yet discovered the purpose of the two first; they are always kept perfectly clean, and apparently uninhabited. In the third lives the *Scopus umbretta*. There, on a couch of soft moss and feathers, the female lays her eggs, and hatches her young ones. When her mate goes out to fish, he carefully closes up the three doors, by the aid of small stones and clay, and thus immures his family to preserve them from the attacks of reptiles. He returns with his store of fish, demolishes with his beak the fortification, carefully ejects its fragments, and then rejoins his family in the inner chamber. If any noise is heard, or any danger threatens the household, the *Scopus umbretta* hastens immediately to place himself before the outer entrance. There, with beak advanced and ready to strike, he awaits the enemy, strikes him ere he can enter, and usually comes off victorious. It is not rare to find near the nest dead reptiles, lying with crushed heads, trophies of the valour of this sagacious bird.

These nests are as common at the Cape as the nests of the common swallow are with us; but to them we usually take little heed, because they are to be found under the eaves of our houses, and we need only raise our eyes to see them.

All Paris felt interested in the famous well of Grenelle, since known as the Artesian well; during five years the public attention, and that of the Institute of France, has been preoccupied by the labours of M. Mulot; and there was a general cry of joy and admiration when the water spouted upwards from the bosom of the earth. During centuries past, the animals which inhabit the arid sands of Africa excavate the soil to discover water, and have no need of the hazel wand cut by moonlight, which the ancient water-seekers in the South used to employ; nor of the science of the Abbé Paramelle, that skilful discoverer of hidden springs.

During the mission with which I—we are still quoting M. Berthoud—was charged in 1848 to Algeria, some of the natives gave me a young hyæna, which soon became attached to me, after the manner of a faithful and gentle dog. This creature became the inseparable companion of my rambles. With an instinct aided by her uncommonly acute sense of smell, she served me as a guide, and with her I felt certain of never going astray, to whatever distance I might penetrate, either into a forest or a mountain ravine, or amongst those immense sandy plains which so much resemble the sea. As soon as I wished to return—or even before it, if she herself felt weary—the hyæna, with dilated nostrils, snuffed the soil; and after a few moments spent in careful investigation, she used to walk rapidly on before me. Never did she deviate from the track by which she had come, as I constantly perceived by the mark which my foot had made in stopping to pluck some rare herb, or the evidence of where my hand had broken a branch from some stunted shrub. From time to time she used to stop, and seat herself on her haunches like a dog, fawning for a caress, and after having obtained it, she would trot on again. If any noise were heard in the midst of the profound silence of the desert, she used to erect her ears, and make inquisition with her quick scent and hearing. If the result produced nothing alarming, she would gaily pursue her route. If an Arab appeared, she bristled up her long mane, took refuge between my legs, and remained there until she saw him pass on, after exchanging with me the salutation which every native bestows on the traveller whom he meets on the way.

One morning, enticed onwards by the strange phantasmagoria of a mirage in the sandy plain near Thebessa, I found myself at length in the midst of a desert. I could see nothing on every side but sand, heaped up like waves, and over which the burning heat of the atmosphere formed that sort of undulating reflection which produces the illusions of the mirage. Fatigue at length overcame me: suddenly I fell on the ground without strength, my head burning, and ready to perish with thirst. The panting hyæna came up to me, and smelt to me with apparent disquietude. Suddenly she darted off so abruptly, and with such rapidity, that *I* thought she had left me to my fate. I tried to rise and follow her, but I could not. Ten minutes passed, and I saw my faithful pet returning. She rushed towards me, and began to lick my hands with her cool tongue, while her lips were dripping with fresh water. I observed that her track through the sand was marked by drops of moisture.

The certainty of finding water restored my strength. I arose, and managed to follow the hyæna, who walked on slowly in advance, turning her head from time to time towards me. Ere long I reached a hole scooped out of the sand; its bottom was moist, but contained no water. I tried to dig it deeper, but my hands, scorched by the sand, reached no water. Meantime the hyæna wandered about scenting the ground. Suddenly she began to work with her paws, and made a small hole, which speedily became filled with water. Although somewhat brackish, it seemed to me delicious; I drank of it freely, bathed my hands and face, and then proceeded homewards, following my faithful guide.

Such was the extreme acuteness of this

creature's sense of smell, that at the distance of five or six leagues from the house which I inhabited at Philippeville, she used to discover the existence of the carcass of a dead animal. Then the natural instinct of the wild beast awoke, and would not be restrained. She used to manage to elude my vigilance, dart off with marvellous rapidity, and ere long return, gorged with flesh and half dead from fatigue. It was in one of these gastronomic excursions that I lost her. A panther, who had committed great ravages in the district, attacked and wounded her so severely, that she died in a few hours after her return home.

This account we can corroborate. Colonel Sykes having sent a pet hyæna to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, returned several years afterwards, and went to visit the Gardens. The moment the creature caught sight of him, he recognised his former master with all the joyful manifestations of an attached dog.

STOP THIEF!

I AM not quite old enough to recollect the stage waggons, in which the wearied passengers performed a tedious journey that now occupies a few hours; and in which so many strange adventures occurred; including perils by land and water, and an occasional stoppage by highwaymen or footpads. But I remember the time very distinctly when coaches were first introduced, — long, heavy, lumbering vehicles they were. They were as unlike their successors the Phenomenon, or the Tally-Ho, as their predecessors, the Yorkshire Diligence or the Edinburgh Fly. Nor were adventures altogether unknown. Very lively expectations of a double-barrelled pistol being popped into the window, accompanied by a demand for money and jewels were still momentarily entertained; and, on entering some of the long lines of road which were then bordered by woods, the most courageous might be accused of keeping a sharp look-out for the leap of the highwayman's horse as he sprang over the small fence of the plantation, and breathing freely as he emerged again into the open country. It is now more than sixty years since I was face to face with one of the "minions of the moon," and a very accomplished gentleman of the road he proved, as you shall hear when I tell you the story. But I must go back a little to explain to you how I got into such agreeable company.

I was only six years of age when I was sent home from our estate in Jamaica to be educated in England. I was consigned to the care of the excellent Mr. Davies, who was curate of Moddingfield, in Warwickshire; who performed his duties so well—was so kind, so charitable, and such an honour to the church—that you will not be surprised to hear that he never rose above the degree of a curate. But he was happy, nevertheless. He had no other pupil, and I was in great danger of growing up that most miserable of creatures—a man without any friends of his youth; who has never played, quarrelled and made it up again with companions of his own age. But I was fortunately saved from this wretched fate by the appearance in our parish of a little girl. This great event happened when I was ten years old, and the little girl was five. I could tell you how beautiful I thought her when we first met; although we were both so shy that we looked at each other from the corners of our eyes, as if afraid of being caught in the act; but you would think it ridiculous in an old man of seventy-four to dwell upon the charms of a long-haired, red-lipped child, and you would laugh still more if I told you that that vision of beauty has haunted me ever since. It was gratitude perhaps; for I feel day by day a softening and refining of my own nature by having something to love and protect.

So Mary—let that be her name—and I grew lovers in a very few days; and, whenever we thought of the future, it always was with a splendid vision before us of our being constantly together. Life would have had no happiness even then, if we had contemplated the possibility of our being separated. Mary resided in the old Manor House, which was the property of her godmother—a silly queer old maid of the name of Sidleton—who was perpetually on the point of marrying somebody or other, and who carried on enormous correspondence with the happy expectant; but, as all her mysterious announcements of approaching bridecake and whispered denunciations of the tediousness and intricacy of settlements, always came to nothing, it came at last to be believed that the wooers were entirely the work of her imagination; and that she would continue her course to the end,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Yet this was a bold supposition, for the power of wealth was almost as great then as now, and Miss Sidleton was immensely rich. The last of a large tribe of that name, that had been settled in the county for many generations, she united in her person the fortunes of several branches of the family; and had no one to leave it to except a cousin who lived with her—a girl, at the time I speak of, of fifteen or sixteen years of age—who held the dubious position of half-kinswoman, half-dependant; but grew up, in spite of all drawbacks, one of the fairest and gentlest creatures I ever saw. Well, here were three of us, and the retirement in which we lived united us in the firmest friendship—which was still further increased by our combined veneration for Mr. Davies, and our united dislike of Miss Sidleton. But we were not always alone. There came down to see his sister Mary, once or twice a year, a tall, handsome, clever young man, whom

we will call Charles Ardley. From the first —when he was near the head of a great public school; then when he was at college; and finally when he had achieved his degree, with such honours as the University then had to bestow, was admitted to a fellowship in *Alma Mater*, and was pursuing the woolsack through the dining-room of Lincoln's Inn— Charles Ardley never seemed to like me. I was a shy proud West Indian. He despised the colonist, and had imbibed some astonishing notions on the subject of our slaves. But a fine noble fellow he was, notwithstanding his moroseness to me. Even that occasionally wore off; and no wonder, for the presence of Miss Sidleton's cousin, the beautiful Fanny Osgood, was enough to repress any such uncharitable feeling. It was impossible to see much of her without loving her; and, as Charles saw a great deal of her, the result is not to be wondered at. But what was the use of love without the means of procuring even the cottage with which, in romantic minds, love is usually combined? They were both very poor; Fanny's fortune hung on the caprice of the overbearing and selfish kinswoman, who might leave wealth enough to bring the peerage to her feet; or might perhaps, and most probably would, cut her off without a shilling. Meanwhile love went on; and until fourteen I was the happiest boy in the world. Studies went on also surprisingly well, under the influence of hope and affection; Horace was my familiar companion, and in this there was a sympathy between Charles Ardley and me which almost overcame the sin of my being a West Indian. We read him together whenever he came down, and even when he was an inhabitant of "the dusky purlieus of the law," he was true in his allegiance to the most gentlemanly of the Romans.

Now came on the trial to us all. Miss Sidleton fell into what *she* called religion, which with her was another name for bad health; and, instead of the wonderful accounts of colonels and majors who were impatiently waiting the signature of marriage articles, the part of the future bridegrooms began to be played by venerable archdeacons, and prebendaries, and deans. "Now, Miss Osgood," she would say, "I don't think the Doctor will like his privacy disturbed by the presence of a poor relation. You will therefore have to look out for another situation. The wedding will take place very soon; and a great difference you will find between the comforts of this house, and the struggles of a very wicked and unregenerate world." Preparations in apparent accordance with the matrimonial change would go on as if there were no time to lose. The library would be aired and dusted; an old study chair would be new lined and stuffed; and the ancient damsel—on pretence of retirement for solemn meditation—would occupy herself all day long in trying on old-fashioned gowns, and in practising an interesting walk to the altar, with a handkerchief thrown over her head, by way of a bridal veil.

None of the military or aristocratic suitors for her hand had ever made their appearance at the Manor; but, what was the surprise of the parish when, one day, there presented himself a reverend gentleman from the University of Oxford, wigged, starched, and knee-buckled; who was at once received as an inmate of the house, and who took on himself such airs of lordship and authority, that people began at last to believe that the Hour and the Man were both come, and that Fanny Osgood was disinherited in earnest. Shortly after the arrival of the divine, he was followed by a gentleman of the same name, whom we soon made out to be a lawyer; and then supposition became certainty. They were closeted for hours at a time with the lady of the mansion. Parchments of large size and mysterious shape came out of a little blue bag belonging to the lawyer; and we were all in momentary expectation of the announcement of the approaching marriage.

That announcement never came. Instead of it, a third individual made his appearance, in the person of a neighbouring physician, and we could not help perceiving Miss Sidleton's matrimonial boastings were likely to come to nothing. We felt sure that the conferences between the Oxford divine and his legal brother, had more reference to the bestowal of her estate than of her hand.

At last she told us so herself. She said that as she was about to be married she had disposed of her fortune in the event of her having no heirs; conveying all she possessed to her kinswoman Fanny Osgood—provided she married with the consent of *Dr. Dibble*—but, if she married without his consent, *then* she conveyed all she possessed to the said *Dr.* Dibble in consideration of his having instructed her in the duties of confession, and absolved her upon easy penance. This news was communicated at once to Charles Ardley. He saw the manœuvre at once by which the brothers had achieved their object; and, although he did not care about the practical disinheritance of Fanny Osgood, he felt an insurmountable objection to the bestowal of so much wealth on Dr. Dibble. Mr. Davies was astonished; Mary and I cared nothing about it, only we hated the intruding brothers, and couldn't bear to see Fanny Osgood in tears. The old maid sickened more and more, and boasted of her generosity to her dependant as if she had left her really heiress of all her wealth—occasionally dropped a hint that she was on the point of a long journey to marry a general of great reputation, who had repented, and was now a bishop. At last, at the beginning of November she died. A sad time it was for me; Mary and I were to be separated for years; for she was now to be transferred by her brother to the care of a relation in Essex, and I, after two years' study at a great public school,

was to rejoin my family in Jamaica, and probably spend my life in that most maligned and beautiful of islands. The final journey, however, was to be made in company. The will was not even read, the contents of it being merely communicated to Fanny Osgood, with a significant hint that only if she married Dr. Dibble, would she ever marry with Dr. Dibble's consent; and we all—that is Mary, and Fanny, and I, and the elected brothers—got into the great heavy coach; which, for a wonder, was to take us from Warwickshire to London in the course of one day. With the will carefully locked up in a bag, and guarded by the two brothers with unceasing attention till they could legally prove it in Doctors' Commons, we commenced our journey at early dawn, and rolled along at the rate, including stoppages, of at least five miles an hour.

Animal magnetism was not known in those days; but some mysterious sympathy which enables coming events to cast their shadows before, inspired the two brothers with the certainty of approaching evil. They whispered dismally to each other as we entered upon long tracts of uninhabited country, and were incessantly engaged in watching on each side of the road. Nothing, however, occurred until we came upon a bare open expanse, without a hedge or tree, not far from where the pleasant inn, with its pretty garden and well-filled stables, gives such life and beauty to Chapel House. Our horses were tired of the long stage and lumbering vehicle; then, all of a sudden, a horseman was seen in the horizon, pushing his horse across the flat expanse, evidently in our direction. The brothers watched his motions with increasing anxiety as the distance, rapidly diminishing between them and the object of their observation, revealed his outward appearance with greater distinctness. It was easy to see the butt-end of pistols of the largest size projecting from his holsters. From a black leather belt round his waist was suspended a sword, which jingled on the flank of the large and fiery black horse he bestrode. A three-cornered hat rested on the curls of his flowing wig; and it was very evident that he was either a young gentleman determined to defend himself from the assault of the highwaymen who were reported still to infest that neighbourhood, or—frightful, but still more likely supposition!—that he was neither more nor less than a dashing highwayman himself. There was no room for doubt ere many minutes had elapsed; a black crape was hung over the upper part of his face; while his chin and lips were sufficiently concealed by a handsome beard and very glossy moustaches. On—on he came with slackened rein; and, on reaching the side of the coach, said sharply and decidedly to the driver, "Stop a few minutes;" and then lifting his hat, bowed in the politest manner to the passengers inside. "What do you mean, sir, by alarming people on the King's highway? and what do you want with us?" said the legal brother in a trembling voice.

"Merely to enquire how you have enjoyed the drive hitherto, and to wish you a prosperous journey. In the meantime, I invite you to get out and stretch your limbs;" as he said this he touched the butt-end of his pistol, and we all descended from the coach.

"What! load yourself with a bag of that enormous size?" he continued, as the brothers refused to part company with the treasure they had guarded so long; "Come, drop it—or I shall conclude it is stuffed with bank notes—let it go, gentlemen, or—" and again he laid his hand on the brass-mounted handle. The bag was dropped from the unwilling hands of its supporters; the highwayman, dismounting and carrying the rein upon his arm, neglected the booty at his feet, and politely begging us to excuse the liberty he was taking, requested the loan of any jewels we happened to have about us. Fanny Osgood wore a beautiful cameo brooch which had been a gift from Charles Ardley, and tried to cover it with her shawl in vain, for the robber's eye was upon it in a moment; and, in no gentle manner, he wrenched from her breast the Ariadne and Theseus which had been her favourite ornament ever since it came into her possession. Search was made in all parts of the coach; the pockets were rifled, the seats lifted up. The gentlemen were ordered to throw open their waistcoats; and, at last, the disappointed marauder turned to the bag, and was assured by the trembling lips of both the brothers that it contained nothing but a few shirts.

"They must be prodigiously well starched," said the robber, as he wrenched it open. "for they crackle like so much paper."

So saying, he laid hands upon the will. "Ha!" he cried, "this is worth all the rest of the jewels. Whoever wants to recover this, need only write to the Silver Cups, Duck Lane, offering a good reward, and Jack Mollet is not the man to be unreasonable."

"Allow me to write down the address, sir?" said the lawyer, a little comforted with the robber's promise of restitution; and we were again permitted to enter the coach. Before I did so, however, I managed, while unobserved by the highwayman, to pick up a small volume which had fallen out of his pocket on dismounting from his horse, and I quietly stowed it away in hopes of discovering the culprit through its means, and of punishing him for his crime. And in this I succeeded, though several years intervened before I could bring him to justice.

Every effort to discover the malefactor or regain possession of the will was unavailing. Charles Ardley, however, continued true to the disinherited heiress, and married her in a few months, Doctor Dibble no longer refusing his consent, as he kindly expressed it, that one beggar should marry another. A

lawsuit, however, in the absence of the will, was not long in starting up to settle the succession; and, to my great delight, I heard in a few years, that it was decided in favour of Fanny, as heir-at-law against several competitors. Charles thus had the reward of his disinterested conduct; and, having had the good luck in the days of her poverty to gain Doctor Dibble's consent to his marriage, he felt that the ghost of the deceased kinswoman might rest in peace, as her will had been fulfilled to the letter. Nine or ten years passed on, and I was now four-and-twenty. Business had brought me to England, and again I found myself in the quiet parish of Moddingfield, a guest of my good friend Mr. Davies; but, every day and all day long, a visitor at the Manor. Charles Ardley had made great improvements on the estate, and had settled down as an active country gentleman, the terror of poachers and evil-doers, far and near. Mary also lived at the Manor, and all my former feelings of love and attachment had awakened with tenfold force. Nor had hers altogether died out. In short, we were very happy; except that we saw no possibility of overcoming Charles's antipathy to a West India planter; and, without his approbation, I felt too sure that Mary would never accept my hand. One day, Charles told me a culprit was to be brought before him accused of highway robbery; not a common-place foot-pad, he said, but a dashing fellow, mounted on a good horse, and armed with sword and pistol.

"How strange," I said, "if he were to turn out to be the hero of our adventure at Chapel House. I should like to be present at the examination, for I think I could recognize him at once."

He laughed at such a boast, and agreed. The prisoner was a hard-featured vulgar fellow, whom the disturbed state of the country had set upon desperate expedients—very different in outward appearance from the well-remembered freebooter of former days. But there is something, I suppose, in the atmosphere of guilt which is favorable to the recollection of a crime. All the circumstances of the will-stealing adventure came clearly before me, as I looked on the features of the prisoner. "Mary," I said, "don't let us be afraid of any opposition to our marriage. I have hit upon a plot which is sure to succeed." The culprit was dismissed for want of proof; and the magistrate, glowing with the dignity of his office, came into the library into which I had gone a few minutes before. Charles started as he saw a little book lying on the table. He took it up with the greatest surprise. "My own old Horace," he said. "I have missed it for many years. Where can it have been all this time?"

"I have had it with me in Jamaica," I said.

"I don't remember lending it to you," said Charles, coldly; "and I am certain I never made you a present of it. How did it happen to get into your possession?"

"You had better ask Mrs. Ardley," I said, "how she managed to recover her cameo Theseus and Ariadne, which she lost at the same time you did the Horace, but which I see now in its old place on her breast."

The magistrate was quelled in a moment.

"You have an immense memory," he replied at last. "Do you really think you should recollect the freebooter of Chapel House?"

"Certainly," I said; "but I am not insensible to the power of hush-money."

"How much?" he inquired with a laugh, as at that instant Mary came into the room.

"This hand," I said, taking Mary's hand in mine;—and we have gone upon our way rejoicing, hand in hand together, ever since.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KING Henry the Seventh did not turn out to be as fine a fellow as the nobility and people hoped in the first joy of their deliverance from Richard the Third. He was very cold, crafty, and calculating, and would do almost anything for money. He possessed considerable ability, but his chief merit appears to have been that he was not cruel when there was nothing to be got by it.

The new King had promised the nobles who had espoused his cause that he would marry the princess Elizabeth. The first thing he did, was, to direct her to be removed from the castle of Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire, where Richard had placed her, and restored to the care of her mother in London. The young Earl of Warwick, Edward Plantagenet, son and heir of the late Duke of Clarence, had been kept a prisoner in this same old Yorkshire castle with her. This boy, who was now fifteen, the new King placed in the Tower for safety. Then he came to London in great state, and gratified the people with a fine procession; on which kind of show he often very much relied for keeping them in good humour. The sports and feasts which took place were followed by a terrible fever, called the Sweating Sickness; of which great numbers of people died. Lord Mayors and Aldermen are thought to have suffered most from it; whether because they were in the habit of over-eating themselves, or because they were very jealous of preserving filth and nuisances in the City (as they have been since), I don't know.

The King's coronation was postponed on account of the general ill-health, and he afterwards deferred his marriage, as if he were not very anxious that it should take place: and, even after that, deferred the Queen's coronation so long that he gave offence to the York party. However, he set these things right

in the end, by hanging some men and seizing on the rich possessions of others; and granting more popular pardons to the followers of the late King than could, at first, be got from him; and by employing about his Court some not very scrupulous persons who had been employed in the previous reign.

As this reign was principally remarkable for two very curious impostures which have become famous in history, we will make those two stories its principal feature:

There was a priest at Oxford of the name of Simons, who had for a pupil a handsome boy named Lambert Simnel, who was the son of a baker. Partly to gratify his own ambitious ends, and partly to carry out the designs of a secret party formed against the King, this priest declared that his pupil, the boy, was no other than the young Earl of Warwick; who (as everybody might have known) was safely locked up in the Tower of London. The priest and the boy went over to Ireland, and at Dublin enlisted in their cause all ranks of the people: who seem to have been generous enough, but exceedingly irrational. The Earl of Kildare, the governor of Ireland, declared that he believed the boy to be what the priest represented; and the boy, who had been well tutored by the priest, told them such things of his childhood, and gave them so many descriptions of the Royal family, that they were perpetually shouting and hurrahing, and drinking his health, and making all kinds of noisy and thirsty demonstrations, to express their belief in him. Nor was this feeling confined to Ireland alone, for the Earl of Lincoln, whom the late usurper had named as his successor, went over to the young Pretender; and, after holding a secret correspondence with the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy—the sister of Edward the Fourth, who detested the present King and all his race—sailed to Dublin with two thousand German soldiers of her providing. In this promising state of the boy's fortunes, he was crowned there, with a crown taken off the head of a statue of the Virgin Mary; and was then, according to the Irish custom of those days, carried home on the shoulders of a big chieftain possessing a great deal more strength than sense. Father Simons, you may be sure, was mighty busy at the coronation.

Ten days afterwards, the Germans, and the Irish, and the priest and the boy, and the Earl of Lincoln, all landed in Lancashire to invade England. The King, who had good intelligence of their movements, set up his standard at Nottingham, where vast numbers resorted to him every day, while the Earl of Lincoln could gain but very few. With his small force he tried to make for the town of Newark; but the King's army, getting between him and that place, he had no choice but to risk a battle at Stoke. It soon ended in the complete destruction of the Pretender's forces, one half of whom were killed; among them, the Earl himself. The priest and the baker's boy were taken prisoners. The priest, after confessing the trick, was shut up in prison, where he afterwards died—suddenly perhaps; the boy was taken into the King's kitchen and made a turnspit. He was afterwards raised to the station of one of the King's falconers; and so ended this strange imposition.

There seems reason to suspect that the Dowager Queen—always a restless and busy woman—had had some share in tutoring the baker's son. The King was very angry with her, whether or no. He seized upon her property, and shut her up in a convent at Bermondsey.

One might suppose that the end of this story would have put the Irish people on their guard; but, they were quite ready to receive a second impostor, as they had received the first, and that same troublesome Duchess of Burgundy soon gave them the opportunity. All of a sudden there appeared at Cork, in a vessel arriving from Portugal, a young man of excellent abilities, of very handsome appearance and most winning manners, who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward the Fourth. "O," said some, even of those ready Irish believers; "but surely that young Prince was murdered by his uncle in the Tower!"—"It *is* supposed so," said the engaging young man; "and my brother *was* killed in that gloomy prison; but I escaped—it don't matter how, at present—and have been wandering about the world for seven long years." This explanation being quite satisfactory to numbers of the Irish people, they began again to shout and to hurrah, and to drink his health, and to make the noisy and thirsty demonstrations all over again. And the big chieftain in Dublin began to look out for another coronation, and another young King to be carried home on his back.

Now, King Henry being then on bad terms with France, the French King, Charles the Eighth, saw that by pretending to believe in the handsome young man, he could trouble his enemy sorely. So, he invited him over to the French Court, and appointed him a body-guard, and treated him in all respects as if he really were the Duke of York. Peace, however, being soon concluded between the two Kings, the pretended Duke was turned adrift, and wandered for protection to the Duchess of Burgundy. She, after feigning to inquire into the reality of his claims, declared him to be the very picture of her dear departed brother; gave him a body-guard at her court, of thirty halberdiers; and called him by the sounding name of the White Rose of England.

The leading members of the White Rose party in England sent over an agent, named Sir Robert Clifford, to ascertain whether the White Rose's claims were good; the King

also sent over his agents to inquire into the Rose's history. The White Roses declared the young man to be really the Duke of York; the King declared him to be PERKIN WARBECK, the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, who had acquired his knowledge of England, its language and manners, from the English merchants who traded in Flanders; it was also stated by the Royal agents that he had been in the service of Lady Brompton, the wife of an exiled English nobleman, and that the Duchess of Burgundy had caused him to be trained and taught, expressly for this deception. The King then required the Archduke Philip, who was the sovereign of Burgundy, to banish this new Pretender, or to deliver him up; but, as the Archduke replied that he could no control the Duchess in her own land, the King, in revenge, took the market of English cloth away from Antwerp, and prevented all commercial intercourse between the two countries.

He also, by arts and bribes, prevailed on Sir Robert Clifford to betray his employers; and he denouncing several famous English noblemen as being secretly the friends of Perkin Warbeck, the King had three of the foremost executed at once. Whether he pardoned the remainder because they were poor, I do not know; but it is only too probable that he refused to pardon one famous nobleman against whom the same Clifford soon afterwards informed separately, because he was rich. This was no other than Sir William Stanley, who had saved the King's life at the battle of Bosworth Field. It is very doubtful whether his treason amounted to much more than his having said, that if he were sure the young man was the Duke of York, he would not take arms against him. Whatever he had done he admitted, like an honorable spirit; and he lost his head for it, and the covetous King gained all his wealth.

Perkin Warbeck kept quiet for three years; but, as the Flemings began to complain heavily of the loss of their trade by the stoppage of the Antwerp market on his account, and as it was not unlikely that they might even go so far as to take his life or give him up, he found it necessary to do something. Accordingly he made a desperate sally, and landed, with only a few hundred men, on the coast of Deal. But he was soon glad to get back to the place from whence he came; for the country people rose against his followers, killed a great many, and took a hundred and fifty prisoners: who were all driven to London tied together with ropes, like a team of cattle. Every one of them was hanged on some part or other of the sea-shore, in order that if any more men should come over with Perkin Warbeck, they might see the bodies as a warning before they landed.

Then the wary King, by making a treaty of commerce with the Flemings, drove Perkin Warbeck out of that country: and, by completely gaining over the Irish to his side, deprived him of that asylum too. He wandered away to Scotland, and told his story at that Court. King James the Fourth of Scotland, who was no friend to King Henry, and had no reason to be (for King Henry had bribed his Scotch lords to betray him more than once, but had never succeeded in his plots), gave him a great reception, called him his cousin, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a beautiful and charming creature related to the royal house of Stuart.

Alarmed by this successful re-appearance of the Pretender, the King still undermined, and bought, and bribed, and kept his doings and Perkin Warbeck's story in the dark, when he might, one would imagine, have rendered the matter clear to all England. But, for all his bribing of the Scotch lords at the Scotch King's Court, he could not procure the Pretender to be delivered up to him. James, though not very particular in many respects, would not betray him, and the ever-busy Duchess of Burgundy so provided him with arms, and good soldiers, and with money besides, that he had soon a little army of fifteen hundred men of various nations. With these, and aided by the Scottish King in person, he crossed the borders into England, and made a proclamation to the people, in which he called the King "Henry Tudor;" offered large rewards to any who should take or distress him; and announced himself as King Richard the Fourth, come to receive the homage of his faithful subjects. *His faithful* subjects, however, cared nothing for *him*, and hated his faithful troops: who, being of different nations, quarrelled also among themselves. Worse than this, if worse were possible, they began to plunder the country; upon which the White Rose said, that he would rather lose his rights, than gain them through the miseries of the English people. The Scottish King made a jest of his scruples, but they and their whole force went back again without fighting a battle.

The worst consequence of this attempt was, that a rising took place among the people of Cornwall, who considered themselves too heavily taxed to meet the charges of the expected war. Stimulated by Flammock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a blacksmith, and joined by Lord Audley and some other country gentlemen, they marched on all the way to Deptford Bridge, where they fought a battle with the King's army. They were defeated—though the Cornish men fought with great bravery—and the lord was beheaded, and the lawyer and the blacksmith were hanged, drawn, and quartered. The rest were pardoned. The King, who believed every man to be as avaricious as himself, and thought that money could settle anything, allowed them to make bargains for

their liberty with the soldiers who had taken them.

Perkin Warbeck, doomed to wander up and down, and never to find rest anywhere—a sad fate: almost a sufficient punishment for an imposture, which he seems in time to have half believed himself—lost his Scottish refuge through a truce being made between the two kings; and found himself, once more, without a country before him in which he could lay his head. But James—always honorable and true to him, alike when he melted down his plate, and even the great gold chain he had been used to wear, to pay soldiers in his cause; and now, when that cause was lost and hopeless—did not conclude the treaty, until he had safely departed out of the Scottish dominions. He and his beautiful wife—who was faithful to him under all reverses, and left her state and home to follow his poor fortunes—were put aboard ship with everything necessary for their comfort and protection, and sailed for Ireland.

But, the Irish people had had enough of counterfeit Earls of Warwick and Dukes of York, for one while; and would give the White Rose no aid. So, the White Rose—encircled by thorns indeed—resolved to go with his beautiful wife to Cornwall as a forlorn resource. and see what might be made of the Cornish men, who had risen so valiantly a little while before, and had fought so bravely at Deptford Bridge.

To Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, accordingly, came Perkin Warbeck and his wife; and the lovely lady he shut up for safety in the Castle of St. Michael's Mount and then marched into Devonshire at the head of three thousand Cornish men. These were increased to six thousand by the time of his arrival in Exeter; but, there the people made a stout resistance, and he went on to Taunton, where he came in sight of the King's army. The stout Cornish men, although they were few in number, and badly armed, were so bold, that they never thought of retreating, but bravely looked forward to a battle on the morrow. Unhappily for them, the man who was possessed of so many engaging qualities, and who attracted so many people to his side when he had nothing else with which to tempt them, was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, he mounted a swift horse and fled. When morning dawned, the poor confiding Cornish men, discovering that they had no leader, surrendered to the King's power. Some of them were hanged, and the rest were pardoned, and went miserably home.

Before the King pursued Perkin Warbeck to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest, where it was soon known that he had taken refuge, he sent a body of horsemen to Saint Michael's Mount, to seize his wife. She was soon taken and brought as a captive before the King. But she was so beautiful, and so good, and so devoted to the man in whom she believed, that the King regarded her with compassion. treated her with great respect, and placed her at Court, near the Queen's person. And many years after Perkin Warbeck was no more, and when his strange story had become like a nursery tale, *she* was called the White Rose, by the people, in remembrance of her beauty.

The sanctuary at Beaulieu was soon surrounded by the King's men; and the King, pursuing his usual dark artful ways, sent pretended friends to Perkin Warbeck to persuade him to come out and surrender himself. This he soon did; the King having taken a good look at the man of whom he had heard so much—from behind a screen—directed him to be well mounted, and to ride behind him at a little distance, guarded, but not bound in any way. So they entered London with the King's favorite show—a procession; and some of the people hooted as the Pretender rode slowly through the streets to the Tower; but the greater part were quiet, and very curious to see him. From the Tower, he was taken to the Palace at Westminster, and there lodged like a gentleman, though closely watched. He was examined every now and then as to his imposture; but the King was so secret in all he did, that even then, he gave it a consequence which it cannot be supposed to have in itself deserved.

At last Perkin Warbeck ran away, and took refuge in another sanctuary near Richmond in Surrey. From this he was again persuaded to deliver himself up; and being conveyed to London, he stood in the stocks for a whole day, outside Westminster Hall, and there read a paper purporting to be his full confession, and relating his history as the King's agents had originally described it. He was then shut up in the Tower again, in the company of the Earl of Warwick, who had now been there for fourteen years: ever since his removal out of Yorkshire, except when the King had had him at Court, and had shown him to the people, to prove the imposture of the Baker's boy. It is but too probable, when we consider the crafty character of Henry the Seventh, that these two were brought together for a cruel purpose. A plot was soon discovered between them and the keepers, to murder the Governor, get possession of the keys, and proclaim Perkin Warbeck as King Richard the Fourth. That there was some such plot, is likely; that they were tempted into it, is at least as likely; that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick—last male of the Plantagenet line—was too unused to the world, and too ignorant and simple to know much about it, whatever it was, is perfectly certain; and that it was the King's interest to get rid of him, is no less so. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn.

Such was the end of the pretended Duke of

York, whose shadowy history was made more shadowy—and ever will be henceforth—by the mystery and craft of the King. If he had turned his great natural advantages to a more honest account, he might have lived a happy and respected life, even in those days. But he died upon a gallows at Tyburn, leaving the Scottish lady who had loved him so well, kindly protected at the Queen's Court. After some time she forgot her old loves and troubles, as so many people do with Time's merciful assistance, and married a Welsh gentleman. Her second husband, SIR MATTHEW CRADOC, more honest and more happy than her first, lies beside her in a tomb in the old church of Swansea.

The ill-blood between France and England in this reign, arose out of the continued plotting of the Duchess of Burgundy, and disputes respecting the affairs of Brittany. The King feigned to be very patriotic, indignant, and warlike; but he always contrived so as never to make war in reality, and always to make money. His taxation of the people, on pretence of war with France, involved, at one time, a very dangerous insurrection, headed by Sir John Egremont, and a common man called John à Chambre. But it was subdued by the royal forces, under the command of the Earl of Surrey. The knighted John escaped to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was ever ready to receive any one who gave the King trouble; and the plain John was hanged at York, in the midst of a number of his men, but on a much higher gibbet, as being a greater traitor. Hung high or hung low, however, hanging is much the same to the person hung.

Within a year after her marriage, the Queen had given birth to a son, who was called Prince Arthur, in remembrance of the old British prince of romance and story; and who, when all these events had happened, being then in his fifteenth year, was married to CATHERINE, the daughter of the Spanish monarch, with great rejoicings and bright prospects; but in a very few months he sickened and died. As soon as the King had recovered from his grief, he thought it a pity that the fortune of the Spanish Princess, amounting to two hundred thousand crowns, should go out of the family; and therefore arranged that the young widow should marry his second son HENRY, then twelve years of age, when he too should be fifteen. There were objections to this marriage on the part of the clergy; but as the infallible Pope was gained over, and as he *must* be right, that settled the business for the time. The King's eldest daughter was provided for, and a long course of disturbance was considered to be set at rest, by her being married to the Scottish King.

And now the Queen died. When the King had got over that grief too, his mind once more reverted to his darling money for consolation, and he thought of marrying the dowager Queen of Naples, who was immensely rich: but, as it turned out not to be practicable to gain the money, however practicable it might have been to gain the lady, he gave up the idea. He was not so fond of her but that he soon proposed to marry the Dowager Duchess of Savoy, and soon afterwards the widow of the King of Castile, who was raving mad. But he made a money-bargain instead, and married neither.

The Duchess of Burgundy, among the other discontented people to whom she had given refuge, had sheltered EDMUND DE LA POLE (younger brother of that Earl of Lincoln who was killed at Stoke), now Earl of Suffolk. The King had prevailed upon him to return to the marriage of Prince Arthur; but, he soon afterwards went away again; and then the King, suspecting a conspiracy, resorted to his favorite plan of sending him some treacherous friends, and buying of those scoundrels the secrets they disclosed or invented. Some arrests and executions took place in consequence. In the end, the King, on a promise of not taking his life, obtained possession of the person of Edmund de la Pole, and shut him up in the Tower.

This was his last enemy. If he had lived much longer he would have made many more among the people, by the grinding exaction to which he constantly exposed them, and by the tyrannical acts of his two prime favorites in all money-raising matters, EDMUND DUDLEY and RICHARD EMPSON. But Death—the enemy who is not to be bought off or deceived, and on whom no money, and no treachery, has any effect—presented himself at this juncture, and ended the King's reign. He died of the gout on the twenty-second of April, one thousand five hundred and nine, in the fifty-third year of his age, after reigning twenty-four years; and was buried in the beautiful Chapel of Westminster Abbey, which he had himself founded, and which still bears his name.

It was in this reign that the great CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, on behalf of Spain, discovered what was then called The New World. Great wonder, interest, and hope of wealth being awakened in England thereby, the King and the merchants of London and Bristol fitted out an English expedition for further discoveries in the New World, and entrusted it to SEBASTIAN CABOT, of Bristol, the son of a Venetian pilot there. He was very successful in his voyage, and gained high reputation, both for himself and England.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A FOE UNDER FOOT.

I SUPPOSE that if there were established, under sundry and divers parts of London, ovens maintained at a great heat for the drying of the superincumbent soil, it would not be thought right that those ovens should be so hot as to slack-bake the people who live over them. I take it for granted that if, while such an arrangement were in force, it proved a very common thing for people under whose premises an oven ran, to be found of a morning smoking hot, covered with tender crackling, having mattrasses saturated with their gravy underneath them, painfully reminding us of Yorkshire pudding; such a state of things would be considered uncomfortable, and would excite an outcry along all the lines of longitude and latitude that cross the globe between Bermondsey and Onololu.

Now, if for ovens we read sewers, for heat stench, and for a baked fellow-creature, one dried and tortured and destroyed by putrid fever, do we make the matter pleasanter? I think not. Surely all people ought, by this time, to know how dangerous it is to smell the drains, in or near a house; how destructive it is to the life overhead, when there exist under a city, drains that *can* be smelt. Such a broth as there is under London, and such a Babel of cooks as there is in London, who seem unable ever to agree how, when, and into what, they should pour out that broth, is not to be thought about with a clear head. Since the remote days in which we ascertained who was the father of Zebedee's children, we have never, never, met with any puzzle like the question—Which are the old, new, consolidated, or other—if other—Commissioners of Sewers; what have they said or done, or meant to say or do; what have been their intestine wars, their toils and trials, and in what relation do they now stand towards the drainage of the metropolis? Happy are all provincial towns that are not too unwieldy to be purified at once. We have had a crow's nest on the top of St. Paul's, and a tremendous trigonometrical survey of the whole town, preparatory to a grand measure of universal sewerage reform; useful local measures have been discouraged, in anticipation of the coming universal measure that has never come, and never can come in our day, simply because there is no door large enough for it to enter by. In the same way, not very long since, a very useful measure of pure water supply by private enterprise, was checked by Parliament when on the point of execution, in deference to a coming comprehensive universal measure from the Government, which turned out to be good for nothing when it came. Surely, by this time, sanitary reformers must have lost their taste for magnificent prospects, and must have found out that it is impossible to drive a coach and four into a parlour. Having cast a net into the sea, haul in by inches. We are terribly behind-hand as to public health, and sanitary boards have recommended to us seven-league boots, wherewith to make up for lost time. There may be seven-league boots, but as there is no one with legs long enough to bear the stretching they would give him, we had better move on step by step; but, above all things, we had better be instantly and constantly stepping on.

The existence of preventible disease costs, now, in London, ten thousand a year in lives; and, in one way and another, perhaps about a million in money, through the loss of health, and life, and labour.. Throughout the rest of the towns in England and Wales, the expense of preventible disease and death is upwards of twelve millions in money; and in life, the loss is equal to the depopulation of one large county annually. To a great and urgent evil, one is naturally in a hurry to apply a great and instant remedy. But, since that is impossible, let us work as we can, hand over hand, remembering, however, that the simultaneous active help of every man able to help in amending some unwholesome state of things, however small may be the work of each, becomes in fact a mighty engine working out good over the whole country daily.

Perhaps it is worth while, by a few examples, to strengthen our sense of the reality of drain-poison. Typhus, of course, is not its only mode of manifesting itself. For the foul air of our courts and alleys the only two tests known to chemists are concentrated sulphuric acid, which it blackens; and organic life, which it weakens or destroys. In man, it affects the most delicate bodies—especially

those of children—most distinctly; manifesting its action, first upon the weakest part—as any part that may have been reduced in tone by previous disease. There used to be an ill-drained school at Clarendon Square, Somers Town, of which Dr. Arnott reported that, every year, while the nuisance was at its height, and until it was removed by drainage, the malaria caused some remarkable form of disease. In one year, there were extraordinary nervous affections, rigid spasms, and convulsions of the limbs, such as occur after taking poison into the stomach. Another year there was typhoid fever; and the year after, perhaps ophthalmia, or obstinate constipation.

As Niger fever does not destroy negroes, so it would appear that men can become, in some degree, acclimatised, even to the emanations from corrupt animal matter. The man who has spent all his life in a foul court, acquires a constitution adapted by the beneficent operations of nature to that external condition of his life; of his children, some perish, some survive and become also acclimatised. But the adaptation cannot be perfect. In one chance hour of bodily weakness the poison often takes possession of the stronghold of the man's life, and he perishes. Nightmen, and the workmen at the depot for animal matter in Paris who have become in this way acclimatised, even seem to enjoy exemption from some maladies, by the change effected in their blood; as vaccination causes in the blood a mysterious and permanent alteration which protects us against small-pox. While the workmen in the Montfauçon are robust, the inhabitants of houses in its neighbourhood are tormented with fevers; and, at the Hospital of St. Louis, half-a-mile distant, wounds and sores become foul whenever the wind blows from the direction of the Montfauçon. Hospital gangrene is more frequent at St. Louis that at any other hospital in Paris, though there is none other so airy and so little crowded.

It may be curious to note the effect of a London life on birds. In the course of some inquiries made by certain gentlemen, one of whom was Professor Owen, a slaughterman was questioned who was also a bird-fancier. He had lived in Bear Yard, near Clare Market, exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter-house and a tripe factory. He particularly noted, as having a fatal influence on the birds, the stench raised by boiling down the fat from the tripe offal. He said "You may hang the cage out of the garret window in any house round Bear Yard, and if it be a fresh bird it will be dead in a week." He had previously lived, for a time, in the same neighbourhood in a room over the Portugal Street burial-ground. That place was equally fatal to his birds. He had removed to Vere Street, Clare Market, beyond the smells from those two places, and he was able to keep his birds. In town, however, the ordinary singing birds did not usually live more than eighteen months; in cages in the country, they would live nine years or more, on the same food. When he particularly wished to preserve a pet bird, he sent it now and then into the country for a change of air.

Let us take two or three cases, such as might occur in London to the most prudent of us; drawing them from a letter addressed by Mr. Cooper to the Dean of Westminster. "I was passing the drain grating at the corner of Union Street, Bond Street," Mr. Cooper writes, "when I perceived a most faint and disagreeable smell arising from it. Being immediately attacked with nausea and an indescribable sensation of illness, I at once returned home and drank half a wine-glassful of brandy. After a short time, the indisposition appeared to pass away, but the peculiar smell of the drain still remained in my nostrils." Again, a stout healthy servant maid was passing a drain grating at the corner of Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, perceived an unpleasant smell, and became faint and sick. On getting home she took a cup of tea, but was soon after seized with retching. Then she had headache, shivering fits, pains in her back and limbs, and the next day was visited by the doctor, and found with a foul brown tongue, a flushed face, a hot dry skin, and a pulse running at one hundred and twenty. The attack quietly subsided. It is not worth while to multiply such cases: they occur within the experience of most Londoners, and relate simply to the effect of passing the emanation from a foul drain. What would be the effect of sleeping by it? Let us see. The following is a short tale of City life—and death—related on the authority of Dr. Good.

A family in the City of London had occupied the same house for many years, enjoying good health. One day a nursery-maid was seized with typhus fever. She was removed from the house, and there came another in her place. In a short time the new nursery-maid was attacked by typhus fever, and was also sent away. A few weeks afterwards, typhus fever attacked one of the children. The medical man then saw that there must be some local cause at work, and instituted an inquiry. He brought out these facts:—that the nursery was situated on the second floor of the house; and that, two or three weeks before the first case of fever occurred, a sink had been placed in the corner of the room for the purpose of saving labour to the servants. This sink was found to communicate with the common sewer, and to be quite open or untrapped. It was effectually trapped, and there was no more fever in the house.

We are proving principles which are well known, but they never can be made too notorious, or kept too obstinately present to the general mind, while there is still such great need as there is in our time to bring them into common application in our towns and houses.

M. Piorry, a French writer on dwellings, says that "however intense may be the smell arising from cesspools, it is only disagreeable and not directly injurious." Let us take a French answer to this staggering statement from M. Ruige Delorme. He informs us that in Paris, at the Bank, there used to be in the porter's chamber a small crevice in the tube leading to the cesspool. The smell in this room was insufferable. The porter died, and no one could assign the cause of his death. Eight months afterwards, the tube not having been repaired, a second porter died in the same mysterious way. M. d'Arcet discovered, however, that the fissure was the cause of both the deaths, and gave the necessary cautions. Nothing was done. M. d'Arcet had distinctly stated that if nothing were done, the next tenant of the room would also perish. Nothing was done and the next porter did perish.

Horrible neglect, no doubt; horrible apathy. Yet it was only a single porter, says some one, perhaps. Aye, but ten thousand people die yearly in London alone, much in the same way. And we accept with apathy our zymotic diseases—nearly all preventible afflictions of this kind—though there occur in England and Wales a hundred thousand annually. They are accepted even with more apathy, it is fair to own, in Paris than in London; for, our neighbours are not ill-content to be told in the weekly reports that "diseases of the zymotic class are not above the average." To go back to the parallel with which we started, the apathetic reception of such a fact—and we assume it with sufficient nonchalance on this side of the Channel—resembles a state of quiet satisfaction in such intelligence as, that "There were two hundred and fifty cases of baking to death returned last week; but, allowing for the increase of the population, this is not above the average. Of these cases, the majority were young persons; only one hundred of those who have been baked, were above fifteen years of age." If Typhus were a murderer, and we could lock him up, should we put his murders into the weekly bill of mortality and leave him loose as an accepted fact? He *is* a murderer, and we *can* lock him up. Dogberry and Verges are discussing how to set about it.

There is a lake of filth under London, large enough to swallow the whole population. There need be no cesspools; there need be no house-drains, or sewers, containing a corrupt deposit, under any part of the metropolis. Even in very common and roughly made clay pipes, as compared with the best brick sewers, the rapidity of flow and power of sweep for a drainage is one third greater. Large brick sewers have been opened, through which the diffused flow of a small stream of house sewage has trickled over stagnant deposit, and they have been found to be simply elongated cesspools. Inside such sewers, pipes have been laid down to do their work, having the same inclination and the same runs of water; through such pipes, the stream has been found to flow with a velocity that has kept everything clear. It has been found that the smallest tubular house-drains—which have, in proportion to the flow of water, the most friction—are kept free from deposit without flushing. It is quite certain, therefore, that the larger mains, when duly adapted in form, size, material, and inclination, for the work they have to do, with less friction and more water-power, will remain clear without artificial help. Old engineers, some of them men of note, hold an entrenched position in their capacious old brick sewers; but the pipe drainage proves itself, in every fair trial, not only cheaper, but a good deal more effective, than the old system of drains and sewers of deposit. Where a district is a dead flat, or below high-water mark, so that no natural fall assists what may be called the natural system of drainage, the fall can be made artificially at a comparatively small expense, and the drainage at last lifted by steam power, which enables us to raise eighty thousand gallons a hundred feet high for a shilling.

The poisonous effluvium that rises from the openings of our old-fashioned sewers is not the result of immediate decomposition, but of a decay which is found to be established about four days after the discharge of the decaying matter from the house-drains. The rate at which the sewage matter travels through pipe drains and sewers, is about three miles an hour; it could therefore all pass from under the metropolis before the stage of poisonous decomposition begins.

There are, under London, about a thousand miles of sewer, formed upon no common system in which floats the poison ready to ascend by any outlet. During the years 1849, 1850, and 1851, however, there have also been laid down about fifty miles of pipe-sewer, and upwards of a hundred and fifty miles of pipe drain, which work in a wholesome way and cost no money for cleansing. Upwards of eighteen thousand houses have been pipe-drained, chiefly by private enterprise. The expense of cleansing the old brick sewers under the metropolis, has varied between seventeen thousand five hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred pounds a year.

What conflict of interests, what vestry oratory, what heart-burnings between old school engineers and young school engineers, what clashing of boards, and jealousies of superseded men, and mountains upon mountains of controversial nonsense, would make up my tedious tale, if I endeavoured to narrate how the allied wants of a high-pressure water supply and a pure system of pipe drainage have fared amid the din of London. One month, we are to have a clean Thames and a long tunnel; in another month, we are to be piped throughout, and are told, not without some truth,

that it would not cost to pay the piper more than half the annual charge for cleansing and repairing the existing cesspools, house-drains, and sewers of deposit. Soon afterwards, there are new counsels to the fore. Trial works, requisite for the adjustment of the size of pipes, to the services they are to render, are abandoned; proceedings under the Public Health Act for compelling the abolition of cesspools, or the amendment of house drainage, are dropped; and it is declared that all investigations as to the means of applying the refuse of London to agricultural uses are beside the purpose of the Commission. Young surveyors carry out some plans of tubular drainage, while the old surveyors bring their bricks into the field. A great brick sewer, already producing poison, has been constructed for Victoria Street, at a cost of one-third more money than would find pipe sewerage for the whole of Westminster, except Belgravia and Pimlico. Outlying townships, that could be got at in a simple quiet way—Croydon, for example—are being supplied with a complete new suit of water supply and drainage, in the most approved style; but, in the metropolis itself, where the need is so great, we make small progress. We have a foe under our feet that is not conquered, and against which no public effort appears likely to have much effect. There is a Birnam wood sort of prophecy that this foe cannot be vanquished until Ministers, gentlemen of the Board of Health, Commissioners, engineers, and surveyors, can all come to a friendly understanding with each other, and obtain the blessing of a Beadle on their measures.

DOCTOR CHILLINGWORTH'S PRESCRIPTION.

Some years ago I read the Life of Gifford, and straightway determined to go to some college, and become a great scholar. In what way this was to be done, I did not know; nor, indeed, did it seem very easy, for my mother was a widow, and her property was small. But whatever scheme I might decide upon, to come to London, it seemed, must necessarily be the first step; so to London I came in my eighteenth year.

I wandered in grand squares and crowded streets. I loitered at print shops and book-stalls. I idled in museums and galleries—profiting by nothing that I saw, because I was haunted with a bewildering feeling of how much there was to be seen. I delayed presenting letters of recommendation, and when I did present them, was treated so coldly that I never went again. I looked for Milton's house at Westminster, and could not find it. I took a book sometimes and lounged all day in one of the Inns of Court, where there was a garden; and I felt more lonely than Robinson Crusoe. My faith in London was gone. I saw plainly enough what London was. A great family of rich and comfortable people, all leagued together against strangers; a community pretending to be open to all, but secretly agreed to dishearten intruders, by simply shunning them.

But while I had been thus staring about me, the very thing that I wanted had been lying at my feet. Opposite my window, in one of those quiet cross-streets in the City, that connect the narrow and comparatively unfrequented lanes running down to the river, was a little plot of ground, with a solitary sycamore tree, and a thin down of grass-plot, shut in with a wall breast high, and a row of weather-eaten iron railings. Next to this was a large house, almost entitled to be called a mansion, for it had a flight of many stone steps, a heavy oaken porch, profusely carved with fruits, and tangled ribbons, and leaves, and cherubim; a massive iron-ring knocker, a link extinguisher, and a pear-shaped bell-pull. I had settled in my own mind that this was the residence of the clergyman of the parish; but, one day, induced by that curiosity to know my neighbour's business that comes of idleness and sitting near a window, I made inquiries, and learned that this was known as Doctor Chillingworth's Library. Now, on reference to Maitland's History of London, I discovered that this Doctor Chillingworth was a relative of the great divine of that name, who died in Charles the Second's reign, and left large property for the founding of a theological library; for the re-publication to all time, of certain religious works written by himself, that I had never heard of; for the annual charitable relief of the widows of poor clergymen (who should be found to have studied those works); and, lastly, for the sending yearly to a Scotch College, three scholars who should have proved themselves, upon examination, to have been the most studious and deserving amongst the competitors.

There was the library still, evidently—though nobody seemed to know it. I could see the ends of bookshelves near the upper windows. No doubt there were the scholarships, too, if any poor student chanced to hear of them. I would just step over and ask.

I did step over and pulled the pear-shaped bell-handle, making such an incessant ringing in some distant part of the house—that if the trustees of Doctor Chillingworth had resolved to go into a long sleep (as to all appearance they had), they might have done so with a perfect assurance of being roused on the first application. No trustees, however, came; but only an old man, who said Mr. Thaine, the librarian, was out, and so was Mrs. Thaine; but that Miss Thaine was in the library. I desired to see Miss Thaine—and the man bade me follow him upstairs.

There was a close smell of dust, but the great hall was extremely neat and clean: and the wide oaken stairs were all polished and bare, except a little rivulet of carpet,

flowing down the centre. Portraits of old divines, in ugly skull caps, hung on the walls of the staircase, and at the bottom of a passage I found the bell that I had set in motion, still swinging faintly in a corner. My guide pushed open a door, and then another door, covered with black cloth and studded with nails; and I found myself in a long room lined with books on shelves, and saw a young lady sitting writing at a table at the bottom.

"A blue stocking," thought I; for she dipped her pen into the great round pewter inkstand, and went on writing without seeing us; but my guide went forward, and she looked up.

"Mr. Thaine is not in, miss?" I said.

"No, sir. Is it anything about the library?"

"About the scholarships——"

"O yes. There will be no examination till next October; for the last examination has just taken place. You can send in your testimonials. You will be examined in the Iliad—first four books; the Antigone and the Medea; and generally in Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, and Terence. In English, the authors are Paley, Locke, and Lardner. There are some other subjects which you will find in this paper." She looked very serious, as if it was quite natural for a young lady to know all about such things; and then putting her hair behind her ears, she bent forward, and went on with her writing. I was awed. I had been taught to consider a learned woman as necessarily something old and ugly; a pretty young lady who could speak so familiarly of the classics deprived me of utterance. I could only stammer out "Good morning," and retreat.

I found by the paper she had given me that the successful competitors were allowed a bursary of forty pounds per annum, for their support during their studies—not a large sum, truly; but many great scholars that I could call to mind would, at one period of their lives, have thought themselves rich with such an income; and in Scotland perhaps it would be a fortune. I almost wished it had been less—for how noble it reads in the life of a scholar, that he nourished his body with bread and water, while his mind banqueted with the wisest and the mightiest. The following day I presented myself again at the library, and saw Mr. Thaine the librarian. He was a man in the prime of life, tall, and dressed like a clergyman. There was a certain severity in his tone and manner, which struck me at first; but it wore off when I had explained to him the object of my ambition.

"Are you well versed in the authors in which you will be examined?" he asked.

"In some of them," I said.

"You must lose no time, then. There is rarely a great competition; indeed, we have had no applicants on some occasions. But the examiners will not appoint you unless you show considerable proficiency."

"If I have only health," I answered, "I doubt not of being ready."

My confidence seemed to please him. He offered me the use of the library; and, promising to assist me in any way in his power, he bade me good morning.

And now behold me wandering no more in galleries and museums, loitering no more at shop windows, reading no more in Inns of Court! That feeling of vagabondage which pursues the idler in a bustling city was gone. I could sit in my solitary room, poring over my beloved books all day, and feel no jealousy of the crowd who went about their own business and left me to myself. Whatever might be my ulterior object—whether I might become a college professor, a tutor, or a lawyer—I too was doing my part, with that individual perseverance, by which the great aggregate business of life is carried on. From early morning till night I pursued my studies near my window, looking out sometimes for a few moments upon the quiet street, and the great house opposite, which seemed to me now the only Temple of Fame. I rarely went out, unless it was to cross the road to refer to some book in the library. I did not often see there the young lady that I had spoken to the first time; but the librarian visited me, and chatted with me upon the authors I was reading, till, by degrees, he grew more friendly with me. One day he said, "Would to Heaven I had still a son who would devote himself as you do to the pursuit of a worthy object!"

"You have only daughters," I said, for I had seen several young ladies, younger than the first.

"I had a son once," he replied, "but"—he paused a moment, and then added, "he is dead." His voice faltered and his agitation was so evident, that I thought his loss must have been recent, but he did not wear mourning. Such a display of tenderness in a man who had at first seemed to me naturally stern, surprised me; but I said nothing, and soon afterwards he left me abruptly. I read in the library for some time, but he did not come back. The next time I found his daughter there, and asked her if her father was at home, but she said that he had left London for a few days.

"Perhaps," I said, "you can direct me where to find an Euripides with the best notes;" and then she smiled, and said, "I think I can; our catalogue is very incomplete." She went to a shelf and took down a book. "There is the best edition, I believe."

She looked at me, and seeing me smiling in my turn, she divined my thoughts. "You think it very strange to find I know these books," she said. "But I am not such a blue stocking as I seem."

"A lady will never admit that she understands Greek," I said.

"But I don't understand Greek," she replied.

"A little," I said, pressing the charge.

"Not a word. I know the books and the authors' names, like a parrot. I have read most of the books of history and some of the old divines; but I have so often searched for interesting reading that I know where to find any book in the library."

"I own I thought you a great blue stocking," I said.

"Oh no, I hope not; the world is so prejudiced against them. However, if you will keep my secret, I will own that I know a little Latin."

She looked, to me, so interesting as she said this, slightly colouring, that I fell straightway in love with her. I saw her afterwards frequently and chatted with her, till my attachment to her became confirmed. This was a serious obstacle to my studies. I found that I could read whole pages, word by word, without attaching any meaning to them. I was continually tempted to rise from my seat and watch the house opposite. I ceased to be an early riser: I delayed lighting my lamp when it was getting dusk, to sit and watch the glowing cinders on the fire. It was winter time; and one day when the rain was falling, making pools in the smoky little garden opposite, and the drops kept gathering in ledges and window-sills, and falling with a continued plash, I stood a long time at the window and felt as lonely as I had felt in the old times. But at last I made a solemn resolution to avoid the place, and apply myself wholly to my studies; not thinking thus, to come to love her less, but choosing this as the best means of winning her one day. For as yet I felt that I could not even speak to her of my affection. I had nothing. Even if I won this scholarship, which I felt now I must do, my future was still uncertain. The growing kindness of her father towards me was another reason for my silence. I felt that to have spoken to her in secret of my feelings towards her would be a wrong done to him, and once when I saw her coming down the street I turned aside as if I had not seen her. Her father invited me to his house several times, but I excused myself each time, and he ceased at last to invite me.

The examination-day arrived at last; and I presented myself, and was one of the two chosen among four competitors. I was to start for the college in a few days. It seemed to me very hard to leave her for three years, trusting to the hope that she would form no attachment in all that time; but my mind was made up. "She will love me the better perhaps," thought I, "when she knows of this;" and I felt almost a superstitious conviction that all would turn out well one day. But, meeting her father in the library, the day before I started, the kindness of his words touched me so deeply, that I was tempted to open my heart to him. I delayed long, searching many pretexts for waiting a moment longer, till I saw he was about to leave me; and then I told him boldly of my affection, and how and why I had said nothing so long.

"It must not be yet," he said. "I am not one to make a money question of such things. You are both young, Kate is younger than you. You must make no engagement yet. Let me see, in two years' time, what progress you have made."

Two anxious years! but a strong hope sustained me. My patron received me, when I returned, with the affection of a father. "I have told Kate all about it long ago," he said; "and she loves you, and is as proud of your honors as if they were her own." My measure of happiness was full that night. Kate told me her first impressions of me, and other little secrets, with the simplicity of a child; and I related my own old hopes and doubts. My time was not yet completed. In a few days I started for Scotland again: but this time I had nothing to fear. Kate had promised me to write continually, and had pledged me her word not to forget me a day in my absence.

That day twelvemonth, I returned to London again. I came a little before the time I had mentioned, thinking to surprise them. It was on an afternoon in November, just as it was growing dark, that I turned again into the old street. There was no one passing through it, but myself; I looked up at the window where I had sat at my studies, and saw that it was dark; but at the library there was a strong light upon the blinds, on the ground floor—a light so unsteady, that I knew it came from a blazing fire—and I could hear voices; though I tried in vain to distinguish Kate's. Lingering, with that strange irresolution with which we delay sometimes to seize a pleasure within reach, I even shrank into a door-way opposite, when I saw the great door open. I could see that it was Mr. Thaine who stood on the threshold. He waited there a moment, and held out his hand; for a fine snow was beginning to fall; and then went in again, and shut the door. I crossed the road quickly; but as I passed the iron railing, I noticed some one in the enclosure. It was a man, and he stood quite near to the window of a little room at the side of the house, almost on a level with the ground. I had never seen any one in this enclosure; and to find a man there, at dark, in the winter-time, excited my curiosity. I heard him tap upon the glass; and a moment after, the window was opened cautiously, then I could hear voices whispering indistinctly; till at last, they grew louder and I could catch the words. It was Kate's voice I heard first: I knew it too well to have any doubts.

"I dare not stay here any longer, Henry," she said. "My father would never forgive me for not telling him of this, if he knew my secret."

"No, no, Kate; you want to be gone," said the man. "You hate me. You haven't a spark of love for me."

"Indeed I have," said Kate. "I love you dearly, in spite of all. But I tremble so every time you come."

"Very well, Kate. I will go. I know I oughtn't to vex you. You are a good soul. Kiss me!"

I could see her in the dusky shade of the wall, leaning forward from the little window, while the stranger held her in his arms, and kissed her. They stood like this for a few moments; and then they parted; and I heard the window shut down. Drawing back, I saw the stranger look through the railings to see if the street was clear; and then he climbed over the high spikes, and dropping on the pavement, walked quickly away.

I walked after him, determined to ask him for a confirmation of my suspicions; and, if I found them true, to go away again without entering the house. He quickened his pace, hearing me behind him: but I kept up with him till, having accidentally turned up a street which I knew to have no outlet, he was compelled to turn back and meet me.

"Stay!" said I. "A moment ago you were in the garden of Chillingworth House. May I ask what you were doing there?"

"What busybody are you?" he asked, in a tone so coarse, that I shuddered to think I had just heard Kate confess her love for him.

"I have a great interest in knowing this," said I. "You shall not leave me till you tell me."

"Do you threaten me?" he asked in a bullying tone; but immediately, changing his manner, he said, "But tell me who you are; and why you ask this."

"It does not matter who I am," I answered. "If you will tell me the truth, I will keep your secret. Was it not as the lover of Miss Thaine that you were there?"

"I wouldn't stand to be bullied thus," he said, "if you did not hold me at an advantage. I don't exactly want to be caught brawling in this neighbourhood."

"Answer my question," said I, seizing him by the arm. "I will not trouble you again."

"Well," said he, "I don't mind owning that it was as her lover that I was there. But mind, you promised to hold your tongue."

I let go his arm at this; and he hastened away, leaving me bewildered. I scarcely needed this confirmation, after what I had heard; and now the letters which I had lately received from Kate seemed to me to have been colder than usual. But how could I have believed that she could have loved such a man as this; or that she would consent to see him clandestinely? I remembered how long I had forborne to tell her of my affection; and blamed myself for not having seen that she was unworthy of my respect. I had resolved not to enter the house any more. I would go home; back to Scotland, abroad: anywhere, rather than meet again a woman who had so deceived me. My absence, I thought, will tell her that I have discovered her secret. But my old love for her struggled for mastery. I lingered about the street the next night, till the lights were out, scarcely knowing why. I could not resolve to depart. If I could only see her once, unobserved, I thought, I would go away content. The next night I waited about there again, and saw her mother go out with a younger sister; but I did not see Kate. It was getting late; when, passing the railings again, I saw a faint light in the little room where the stranger had spoken with her. I thought that it must be Kate there once more, perhaps expecting again the coming of her lover. My pride would have led me to depart at once; but the thought of the danger to which she was exposed in her unhappy attachment to such a man, made me shudder. My anger was changed to compassion. I knew how ignorant of life she was, having grown up from childhood in that place, with all about her simple, kind, and gentle! Where was she to learn, save by bitter experience, that life was mostly evil. It seemed to me, that I must reproach myself for ever if I went away and left her in such peril. "Yes," thought I, "it will be a sad shock to her to know that I have discovered this; but I must warn her."

I walked about, until looking up and down the street, from end to end, I could see no one. Then I clambered up the railings, and with difficulty let myself down into the garden. The snow that had been worn away by the tread of passers in the street, lay thinly on the ground, within the enclosure; I could see no footprints in it, and I knew that no one had been there that day. Creeping along by the wall till I came to the window, I listened and heard no voices; so that I thought only one person was there. The lower panes, however, were of ground glass; and I could see nothing through them but the weak glimmer of the light. I hesitated a moment, for it might not be Kate who was there: and my position would be embarrassing if any one else had seen me. I resolved to tap faintly, and draw aside, so that if any one but Kate appeared, I might escape, and leave them to think that they had been deceived by the wind shaking the window-frame.

The window opened slowly, as I drew up closely to the wall beside it. Then I heard Kate's voice say, "Henry!"

I came forward. "It is I, Miss Thaine," I said, "do not be alarmed."

"O heaven! how you terrified me. How do you come here? We expected you yesterday."

"Kate," I said, "I know all. I know now that you do not love me any longer: but I am not come to reproach you. I come

only to entreat you to take warning, lest one day you repent in vain. Kate, you do not know how bad the world is, and to what danger you expose yourself. I will not say any more now, lest you think me only selfish, but I implore you to think of my words when I am gone."

"No, no, do not go," she said, holding my arm. "You must hear me first. What is it you accuse me of? But I know; I know how it has all happened," she added, bursting into tears.

"Two nights since," I said, "I came to London the happiest man on earth. I thought to take you by surprise; to make you as happy as myself. But as I passed this enclosure, I saw and heard that which has destroyed my happiness for ever."

"I know what you mean," said Kate, sobbing. "I will tell you the truth. The stranger you saw was my brother."

"I cannot think you would deceive me," said I, catching at her words. "But he told me, himself, that he visited you as a lover."

"It was a wicked falsehood," said Kate: "a falsehood that might have ruined me; and this, though I have been the only one who forgave him and was kind to him. But, thank God! I can tell you the truth; and you cannot be angry with me when you know."

"But your father has told me from his own lips," said I, "that he never had but one son; and that that son is dead."

"It is a secret," she replied. "My father would be much pained if he knew I had told you; but I cannot conceal it now. My brother has sinned, and my father has no forgiveness for evil. One day he cast him off for ever; and from that time he has always spoken of him as dead. He dreads my father; and dare not come here, save now and then, by stealth, to see me."

"Forgive me, Kate," said I, "for not having kept my faith in you in spite of all. I ought to have known you better; I might have seen that your brother only told this falsehood because I drove him to it. I had judged you and condemned you in my mind already; and I would not let him go until he had confirmed me in my injustice. But you must pardon me all this, Kate, and think how wretched I have been these two days."

"Go now," she said. "We will talk of this by-and-by. It would be so strange if you were found here. Go and knock at the door as if nothing had happened. Stay. Give me five minutes to dry my eyes, and not to look embarrassed. There!"

In a few minutes I was beside the fire in the great parlour, and we were a happy circle that night. Kate was a little thoughtful, and her father rallied her; but Mrs. Thaine begged him "not to tease the young people," and her little sister Ellen went and placed her hand in hers. When we parted that night, Kate said, "The thought of Henry, and what he may become, will not let me rest." Therefore, I set before all other things the object of raising him, if possible, out of his sad condition. The next time he came into the street, I met him, and talked to him with kindness, saying, that his father would be glad to pardon him, if he saw any signs in him of a real change for the better. Many months had passed before I succeeded, through my old introductions, in procuring his admission to a merchant's counting-house. Meanwhile, I had myself gained a footing in life. Then came a marriage-day—the beginning of long years of happiness for us. But, on the evening of our marriage—for we had no strangers there—the unforgiven son was brought in, and the story of his reformation, and the proofs of its sincerity, were told: and thus we were all made happy that evening.

REALLY A TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

Amongst the good things looming in the future, we may venture to name wine for the million. We don't mean the dark-looking home beverages concocted from dry raisins, sour oranges, immature currants, and flavourless grapes. They are doubtless all very good and innocent in their way, but, from long habit and prejudice, we have become habituated to consider wine, in the broad acceptance of the word, as indicating the rich, rosy contents of that army of casks rolling and rollicking about in the great stone yard of the London Docks in such reckless wild confusion, that one might well imagine them to have imbibed rather more than is consistent with the sobriety of well-seasoned pipes and hogsheads.

Foremost among the more astonishing anomalies of this very astonishing age, may be mentioned the legislative fact, that whilst France, Spain, and Portugal have laid their national heads together, and by high or prohibitory Customs duties interdicted, to a great extent, the importation into their territories of the produce of our looms, our steam-engines, and our collieries, preferring to use the inferior and dearer productions of their own lands, we, in our retributive turn, have placed such high duties and such vexatious restrictions on the importation of their wines, as most effectually to shut them out from the possession of our middling and lower classes. And this exists in what is termed a Free Trade age.

It needs but the will of the nations to demand a modification of this absurd state of things, and at once place on the humblest tables, generous, wholesome, wine; while, at the same time, our friends across the Channel would be enabled to supply themselves, at half the present prices, with our cotton fabrics and iron wares. Neither they nor we would require money to effect all this: it would amount to a simple case of barter, and both would be infinitely the richer.

One of the most striking results of fiscal legislation, has been the rapid increase in the consumption of ardent spirits in this country, attended by a proportionate decline in the use of wines, especially those of a light and harmless description. In Hollingshed's Chronicles, we find it stated that, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, there were at one time in the River Thames, as many as four hundred vessels laden with French wines for the use of Englishmen of all ranks, even to the peasantry. If we refer to statistical records of a more recent period, we shall there learn that the use of wine was far more general in those days, than at the present moment. Looking to three distinct periods, namely, the years 1795, 1803, and 1825, we observe that the consumption of wines of all sorts in each of those twelve months, amounted as nearly as possible to eight millions of gallons; yet the number of persons drinking those wines varied very greatly. For, in the first-named period, the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland was no more than about thirteen millions; at the second period it amounted to fifteen millions; in 1825 it had increased to twenty-one millions. Last year, with a population of more than twenty-seven millions, we did not consume more than six millions of gallons; that is, just three-fourths of the quantity used by the thirteen millions of 1795!

It is, moreover, stated, that in the reign of Charles the Second, our ancestors contrived to drink, annually, forty thousand tuns of French wine: a quantity very nearly approaching our total consumption of wines of all sorts, in the present day. Besides this quality, there were then consumed upwards of fifty thousand tuns of other sorts, and that, too, at a time when our population did not exceed five millions! But it should be borne in mind, that at the period last named, the import duty upon wines of all sorts was not more than fourpence the gallon; since then, it has been gradually raised to the enormous amount of nineteen shillings and eightpence, though, in more recent times, again reduced to five shillings and ninepence. This goes far to account for the altered position of the wine trade of the country; and, when we bear in mind, also, that while the more wholesome liquids have been thus heavily taxed, spirits have been favoured with comparatively easy burdens, our surprise will cease. The duty on English gin is at the rate of one shilling and threepence-halfpenny the bottle; that on Scotch whiskey, sevenpence-halfpenny; on Irish whiskey, only fivepence farthing; while wine of not more than one-twelfth the strength of the latter, pays at the rate of elevenpence-halfpenny the bottle; a duty amounting to from twenty-two to six hundred and sixty per cent. on the value of the article.

With these plain facts staring us in the face, we cannot be surprised at learning that, in Scotland, the use of spirits averages three gallons per annum to each inhabitant, and for the whole of the United Kingdom rather more than one gallon to each person, while our consumption of wines does not average quite one fourth of a gallon.

Contrasting this state of things with that across the British Channel, we find Paris alone consuming nearly twenty-six millions of gallons of wine; and the entire quantity drank in one year in France, gives quite nineteen gallons to each individual, or more than seventy times the consumption of Englishmen.

It must have been the knowledge of some of these startling facts, which, in the early part of this present year, moved the House of Commons to appoint a committee of inquiry upon the "wine duties." This committee sat very perseveringly during several months, examining not less than forty witnesses—nearly all directly interested in the wine trade—and eliciting from them some very curious details connected with the production and sale of wines and spirits. This evidence is now before us in the shape of two thick octavo blue books; and from the six thousand and odd questions and answers contained in the twelve hundred and odd pages of these volumes, we propose placing before the reader the pith and marrow of the facts elicited during the investigation.

The main object of the promoter of this inquiry appears to have been to ascertain, from persons thoroughly conversant with the various branches of the manufacture and trade in wines, if a reduction of our present import duty to a duty of a shilling a gallon would so stimulate the consumption of wines in this country, as eventually to make up a revenue equal to that at present derived from the same source: and whether, if this were possible, the vine-growing countries of continental Europe were in a position to produce the large additional quantity of wine thus required.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the evidence is that which relates to the chartered monopoly of the Oporto dealers, known as the Alto Douro Company, by means of which the supply of Port wines to this market is kept at the lowest possible amount, and at the highest possible price. During the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, the supply of Portugal wines ranged from one million to three millions of gallons yearly. About the middle of the latter century—that is, just one hundred years ago—this monopoly was established, avowedly for the prevention of adulteration, but really for the maintenance of monopoly prices. And so nicely have the shipments of wine to this country been managed, that we find, during the whole existence of this Company, the exports of Port wine to England have, with the exception of nine years only, been within two millions and odd hundred gallons per annum.

The whole produce of the Port districts is

under the immediate control of this Company, whose servants—usually of the most ignorant description—are empowered to taste and certify as to the character of every gallon manufactured. These men classify the wines under four heads: the first, includes all of a warm, sweet, and dark quality, and this alone is permitted to be shipped to any European country; the second, which is still darker, sweeter, and stronger, containing often thirty per cent. of spirit, is for export to any part of the world out of Europe; the third, and the most pure and wholesome description, is retained with great consideration for the use of the Portuguese themselves, from the prince to the peasant: none of it being allowed by law to leave the country; the fourth quality, is inferior wine, retained for distillation.

The Portuguese Government levy a duty of upwards of three pounds the pipe on all Port shipped to this country, while on wine sent to America or Asia a duty of sixpence per pipe is considered sufficient, and this in the teeth of a treaty which stipulates for their placing us on the footing of the most favoured nation! In this way, not only are we compelled to pay a very exorbitant duty, but we are refused the wine most suitable to our taste, and obliged to take that which the Company's tasters consider best suited to us. For the trouble of tasting these wines, the Company are paid one half of the export duties: but there is a further source of revenue derived by the sale of the permits of shipment, or "*Bilhettes*," as they are termed. These, the wine-shipper pays for at the rate of three pounds the pipe: making a total of six pounds impost on every pipe sent to this country as against sixpence on wine shipped to America. This state of things has led to a singular evasion of the law, by some merchants, who find it their cheapest course to ship their Ports to America and thence back to England; by which means they get their wines out of Portugal at the sixpenny rate, while the double freight does not cost more than three pounds.

In spite, however, of the severe restrictions of the Portuguese authorities, a little of their own pure wine does find its way to this country; for, one or two English dealers, having purchased grapes and made the genuine article, are enabled to ship it under a *Bilhette*, given for the authorised quality.

There would appear to be no difficulty in the way of obtaining a vast increase to our supply of wines from the three great producing countries, but the more especially from Spain and France; when, even at the present moment, there are millions of gallons of wholesome nutritious wines consumed like water—wines totally unknown in this country, in consequence of our excessive import duties. In some of the wine districts of Spain there are good wholesome red wines consumed at twopence the bottle; in many parts of the Continent, really excellent wines can be purchased at from sixpence to tenpence. Not only would Spain and France find no difficulty in providing us with any quantity of wine we might require, but the quality of their principal cheap wines would be greatly improved if taken for export; as it is, their sale is so limited to the poor peasantry of the various districts, that the manufacturers cannot afford to take any pains in their preparation.

In the south of France some millions of gallons of a fine red wine, quite equal to Port, could be produced and shipped hither annually, at a very low cost. From Sicily, Italy, Hungary, and even the little island of Corsica, we might draw large supplies of pure, wholesome wines, at prices which would render them accessible to the poorest of our labouring classes.

The opponents of cheap wines exclaim that the English, as a nation, are too addicted to beer to be induced to take to wines: but, in reply to this argument, it may be remarked that good cheap wines would scarcely interfere with the consumption of beer: they would find their way mostly amongst people who are at present consumers of spirits, often more from necessity than choice. Spirits and water are found to be cheaper than any wine of fair quality. It is not supposing anything unreasonable, to suppose that if good wine were sold at one shilling a bottle, the tradesman or the artificer would drink it at his own table among his family in preference to, as at present, resorting to the public-house for his daily glass of grog. The Dutch ship a good light wine to Java, able to stand the long voyage and the climate, and sell it in that island at eightpence the bottle. The same article might not suit many in this country, but it shows what is done, and what might be *done* with more suitable wines.

Even with the present high duty on wine some very considerable progress is making in their retail sale, at various public establishments where Port and Sherry are sold over the counter at fourpence the glass. Doubtless these wines are not what they are represented to be; but, that they are liked, may be inferred from the astounding fact that, at one gin-palace, the sale of wine in this way has amounted to one pipe a day. To get through this large quantity, it would require five glasses to be filled, every minute, for twelve hours.

The evidence of the proprietor of certain Shades near London Bridge, was especially interesting on this one point.

He disposed of three pipes of wine weekly, nearly all in glasses and half-pints, though a good many people came some miles to fetch a bottle of his cheap wines for family use at home. The price appeared to be two shillings the bottle, and fourpence the glass, of which twopence farthing was duty. If the duty were lowered to one shilling, he believed he should vastly increase his business. In addition to the stronger wines, a good deal of

Hock and Bucellas, with some Moselle, is also disposed of in a similar manner, and to similar customers. The people frequenting these Shades are clerks, artizans, day labourers, and others; and they all come for wine—few, if any, for spirits. Speaking of the proposed reduction of duty, this witness observed:

"If we could sell it at twopence or threepence a quartern, we should have them all day; even as it is now, if you were to see my bar, and see the people how they come there and drink wine!—they take a glass of wine—bricklayers' labourers, coal-heavers, journeymen carpenters, and men of all grades, come in and take their fourpenny glass of wine, and they go out sober. You never see anybody drunk in my house. We have one thousand people a day in it and not a drunken man among them. We have a great many cabmen and omnibus men who used to drink gin—they come often to my house, five or six of them together, to drink a glass of sherry for fourpence, instead of gin at twopence. . . . Irish labourers very often carry home a bottle of Port wine to their sick family."

Of the moral effect of supplying the bulk of the labouring population with wholesome wine at a less cost than the poison sold as gin, there can be but one sound opinion. There is, however, another class, not so large, but still more capable of being benefited by a reduction of duty. The sick poor in hospitals, in workhouses, and in their own humble dwellings, would all be largely indebted to any legislature, which placed within their reach a supply of generous wine: now but too often impossible to be obtained. How many cases of low fever among the poor might not be arrested and cured by the timely use of a little good wine! One of the witnesses spoke to this point, for, in his evidence as to the advantages of lowering the duty on all kinds of wine, he said, "A little girl I was fond of, thirteen years of age, was attacked with typhus fever. Dr. S——, a friend of mine, said, 'We cannot bring her about, except by wine. I cannot give her quinine enough. She must have wine every four hours.' I left my own bed to attend to her, and she took no less than six bottles of Port wine in eight days: she recovered. You debar the population of a sovereign remedy by your high duties on wine, in a Christian land." The medical value of this wine consists in the tannin found so abundantly in it, similar, indeed, to the principle of quinine, but more capable of being taken in quantity without ill effects.

It is further argued by the advocates of free trade in wine that if, with the reduction of duty, the license to retail the article were reduced from the present sum of ten guineas to one or two, very many shopkeepers of respectability would gladly become retailers of wines. In foreign countries, the traveller may obtain a glass of wine at many places; in this country, only by entering a public-house or gin-palace, which none but the lowest orders care to do. There is no doubt that, were wine obtainable at pastry-cooks and similar places, very many persons of both sexes and in the middling and better classes, would resort thither for an occasional glass after a long day's walk in town: materially helping the consumption.

Mr. Redding, the author of a work on wines, gave some curious evidence relative to the blending and adulteration of wines in this country by dealers and retailers. It would appear, indeed, from the substance of his remarks, as well as from the evidence of other witnesses, that the chances of our ever swallowing a glass of genuine wine are against us by very long odds. One witness, an importer of Spanish wines, on being asked how much genuine Sherry reached this country, replied, "None whatever." The real vintage of Xeres, it seems, is blended with a dozen other varieties, far inferior, but with more body. Yet we are told that Spain could supply this country with hundreds of thousands of gallons of beautiful choice wines not known in this market.

If to the medication pursued by the original producers of these wines we add the additional doctoring bestowed upon them after their arrival in this country, it will no longer appear wonderful that the English nation are not given to such beverages, but prefer beer and spirits. The "Making up" of wines, whether in or out of dock, would seem to be a comparatively harmless process, merely consisting of a blending of Beni-Carlos, Figuera, red Cape, Port, Mountain, Brandy-washings, and Elder-juice, with sundry pleasant articles, such as salt of tartar, gum dragon, sanders wood, &c.,—included under the head of etceteras. These "blenders" would seem, however, to be spotless beings as compared with certain other gentry of the vinous profession, who are in the habit of cooking up pipes of Port from the most extraordinary materials. These gentlemen have stolen the laurels from the brows of Anderson and M. Robin, and actually produce "fine old Port," and "excellent Sherry," from no wine at all. One of these wine wizards takes certain proportions of brandy, cider, elder-juice, and other innocent matters, places them in a Port pipe, with an old brand on it, and lo! with one wave of the magician's—pen, it is found to be fine old Port! Those who are very particular, and painfully conscientious, prefer adding a few gallons of real Port; but these are not the bold scientific men.

When the above magical compounds are bottled, the ends of the corks are steeped in a strong decoction of alum and Brazil-wood, with the view of inducing an appearance of premature old age; a tea-spoonful of powder of catechu being added to each bottle. a fine crusted appearance will quickly follow. Who would be silly enough to keep his Port twenty years in his cellar, when, by the friendly aid

of the chemist, he can secure a fine crusted appearance in as many days.

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the perfection to which the art of our wine wizards has been brought in modern times. The Prince of Wales had a small quantity of remarkably fine wine; and his household chose to drink it out. The Prince one day ordered some of this identical wine for his table, and there was but a single bottle left. The person who had the management of the wine went to a merchant in the City, and stated what he wanted. The dealer said, "Send me a bottle of what remains, and what I send must be drunk immediately; I can imitate it." The trick was perfectly successful. The prince enjoyed the "remarkably fine wine" with evident satisfaction, and was afterwards supplied with more from the same bin.

The facts elicited during this inquiry prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that high duties on wine, act as they do on other articles; injuriously to the revenue, to the trade, and to the nation. They open a very wide door to frauds, and stimulate the use of far less wholesome liquids. The people require, and will have, a beverage possessing more or less of stimulant qualities; and if, by wise legislation, they can be provided with a genuine, wholesome and cheap wine, the effect must be to rescue hundreds of thousands from the vice of gin-drinking. It has been stated, and we fear with too much truth, that in Glasgow alone twenty thousand people go to bed drunk every Saturday night.

There surely cannot be a doubt as to which is the less hurtful, and the more likely to elevate the character of the consumers: Port or rum, Sherry or gin, Claret or whiskey, Moselle or cognac. Of the advantages certain to result to this country, not less than to those producing wines, from a liberal reduction of our duties, there is ample evidence in these volumes; we cannot do better than conclude with the following testimony:

An old resident on the Continent "alludes to the great probability of an increased demand from Spain for our casks and bottles; articles in which that country is deficient; while Portugal is ready to 'reduce the tariff upon our cotton and woollen goods, if we reduce the wine duties.' To these results, must be added the immense impetus that will be given to our shipping interests and the industry of numerous classes connected with them."

An extensive wine importer stated that he did not know any "article in commerce that would give so much employment to labour as an increased importation of wine. It is bulky; and, being in casks, would require a great number of ships to bring it over; to land and store it on the quays for gauging; to convey it to the cellars; to fine and to bottle it; and to convey it away when sold. A large quantity of cork-wood must be imported additionally, which would employ many vessels. Bottles must be manufactured as well as cases and baskets; all these manufactures employing manual labour."

FORTY FAMOUS ARM-CHAIRS.

Here follow some notes upon the French Academy, with its forty famous *fauteuils*, or arm-chairs, the gift of the Grand Monarque. The original chairs ceased to be used after the transference of the sittings of the Association from the Louvre to the Palace of the Institute; but the order of them is still religiously preserved, and the honour of a seat in the Academy is to this day is accounted great. At this day in France there are some things called great that are particularly little. What our neighbours regard as a new and gorgeous throne may be but ricketty old lumber; nevertheless, we think the arm-chairs of the French Academy to be thrones in their way better than lumber, representing powers that deserve the honour of a little history.

The first literary society in France which took sitting in Paris was founded in 1570, by John Anthony Bayfius, a writer of Latin verses, and a son or nephew of the once celebrated Lazarus Bayfius, a learned, turbulent, and unfortunate scholar. The academy of Bayfius, which appears to have been intended quite as much for the encouragement of music as of literature, was duly registered, after considerable opposition, by the parliament of a famous King, that is to say, Charles the Ninth—author of St. Bartholomew, a tragedy—and it enjoyed the protection both of that sovereign and of his successor. But those times were so noisy that learning was impossible, and the academy of Bayfius broke up, after an existence of twenty-five years, expiring with its founder. An attempt to revive it in 1612, made by one Daniel Revauet, author of a book called "A Plan for a New Academy, and for its introduction at Court," met with no success. Peter Ronsard the poet, Desportes, and the elder Du Perron, were the most distinguished members of the academy of Bayfius: of which the sittings were held in a mean building, not very long since demolished, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor.

The founder of the present French Academy was Valentine Conrart, secretary to Louis the Thirteenth, and an indefatigable writer of manuscripts, none of which, we believe, have ever been committed to the press. At the house of this gentleman, in the years 1630 and 1631, Godeau Gombauld, Giry Habert, Serisay de Malleville, Chapelaine, author of La Pucelle, and other men of genius or men of letters, were in the habit of assembling once or twice a week for the discussion of literary subjects, and the advancement of new works. Their sense of their own importance was acute; for these gentlemen, of course without any charter,

dubbed their party in a *parlour* sometimes "The Academy of Wit and Eloquence," and sometimes "The Eminent Academy." Faret, a friend of Malleville, was introduced at Conrart's house in 1633, and he in his turn obtained the admission of Desmarets and the Abbé Bois-Robert; the latter a well-known hanger-on and flatterer to Richelieu. The Abbé took an opportunity of mentioning the new Society to his great patron, who was graciously pleased, in the following year, to offer to the members his protection—a gift well worth having—and to obtain letters for their formal incorporation into a public body. Serisay de Malleville, and another or two, opposed the proposition; but the great majority of the associates, Conrart included, were very glad to accept Richelieu's offer: and Bois-Robert was formally authorised to inform his patron, "That the Society very humbly thanked him for the great honour which he had done it, in taking it under his protection, and though they should not of themselves have ventured to entertain so lofty an ambition as being incorporated by a charter, and were mightily surprised at his Eminence's condescension, the members were willing to submit themselves in all matters to his guidance."

An active mind was now at work on their behalf; and the gentlemen proceeded, at the Cardinal's suggestion, to draw up a complete code of regulations, by one of which they professed, after the modern fashion of Academies, to receive only a limited number: they would have only forty members. They then also adopted the new title, at once modest and ambitious, of "The French Academy." In a preliminary discourse—the composition, it is believed, of de Malleville—the great object of the new Academy's existence is laid down, and its necessity is strongly urged. "Nothing is wanting," says the orator, "to the felicity of the French people, but that their language should be rescued from out of the number of barbarous tongues. Nearer to perfection already, with all its numerous faults, than any other living language, French may be made to take the place of Latin, as the Latin language took the place of Greek, if only proper pains be spent upon it. It shall be the object of the new Academicians to purge out of it those impurities with which it has become polluted in the mouths of the common people and the hangers-on about the Court, by quibbling lawyers, by corrupt writers, and in the pulpits of dull priests, who make the very Gospel ludicrous by the barbarous phraseology in which they preach it."

The Letters Patent of the Academy were signed on the second of January, 1635, and the Chancellor, Peter Séguier, when he affixed his seal to the charter, paid the Academy the compliment of desiring to be entered on its list of members. Montmart, Master of Requests du Chastelet, and Bautru, Counsellor of State—the former a man still honourably remembered in French literature, and the latter a well-known wit and buffoon in the train of Anne of Austria—together with Servien, the King's secretary, followed the lead of the Chancellor. Soon afterwards the great Cardinal sanctioned the statutes; but of course cancelled one of them, by which the members bound themselves and their successors "to reverence the virtue and blessed memory of his Eminence." One formality, however, was still wanting. It was requisite for the complete constitution of the Society that it should be registered by the parliament of Paris; and at this stage, as had been the case with the Academy of Baïfius, great difficulty was experienced. It was not until after a delay of two years and a half, during which time three thunder-and-lightning letters had been written by the King to the recalcitrant counsellors, and a world of menaces set moving by the Cardinal, that the consent of parliament could be obtained. When given, it was exceedingly ungracious, and it was expressly stipulated that the Academicians should add to their statutes one more article, by which they bound themselves to take cognizance of no other matters than the embellishing and enriching the French language, and to sit in judgment upon no books save such as were written by their own members, or by authors who should willingly submit themselves to Academic discipline.

The Academy at length having been fairly launched, its first step was to nominate a director and a chancellor—both for short periods only—and a secretary, who was to retain office for life. The latter appointment was, of course, unanimously conferred upon the hospitable and industrious founder of the feast of reason, Conrart, who continued to hold it for upwards of forty years. A smart fire of jokes formed the salute of Paris to the new association. The better to maintain the visible respectability of the members, many of whom were in very needy circumstances, each of them was endowed by Richelieu with an annual pension of about eighty guineas. It was found out, in an hour lucky to all dealers in sarcasm, that the salaries of the Academicians were defrayed out of a fund of forty times eighty guineas that had been created to pay the expense of scavengers' work in the streets of Paris. Some of the first acts of the Academy were indeed very little calculated to inspire the public with respect. The "Cid," a tragedy by the immortal Corneille, which the author had submitted to its decision, was unscrupulously condemned; Chapelaine, a rival playwright whom the world has forgotten, being appointed, at Richelieu's instigation, to draw up an unfavourable report.

Mazarine, the successor of Richelieu, a patron more to art than literature, took but little interest in the Academy. But the distinguished favour of Louis the Fourteenth made ample amends, a few years later, for the

coldness of his early minister. Moved by the statement of the Cardinal D'Estrées, who was old and infirm, that his seat as an ordinary member was exceedingly uncomfortable, and that instead of attending to the business of the sittings, "his mind was distracted with envy of the luxurious *fauteuil* of the President," His Majesty was pleased to present the Society with forty soft armchairs, "in consideration of the hardness of their benches;" and having thus provided for the bodily accommodation of the members, he attended also to their mental comfort, and endowed them with six hundred volumes, the foundation of the present magnificent library of the Institute.

The reign of Louis the Fourteenth was the golden age of the Academy. "Then," says the delighted de Chambre, "was it indeed a glorious and triumphant body; it was clothed with the scarlet of cardinals and the purple of chancellors; it was protected by the most puissant sovereign upon the face of the earth; its rooms were thronged with princes and senators, ministers, peers, and councillors of state, who, divesting themselves of their proper splendour, would agreeably lose themselves in an infinite crowd of excellent authors without precedence or distinction."

Such prosperity unluckily conduced to various abuses. Literary merit in a candidate became a secondary qualification, and the interest of any powerful person sufficed in itself to obtain the title of Academician for himself or his nominee. A few examples of this meanness on the part of the Academy can be cited. On the death of Montmor, in 1679, one Lavan—librarian indeed at the Louvre, but not the less a notoriously ignorant person—demanded, and obtained a chair in the Academy, as a reward for his services in successfully negotiating the marriage of one of Colbert's daughters with the Duke de Montemart. In 1685 died the great Peter Corneille. The young Duke of Maine, a lad of fourteen, to the wants peculiar to juvenility added a want to be an Academician. He communicated his wish to Racine, who called a meeting of his colleagues and proposed the nomination of the gracious boy. These worthy gentlemen not only unanimously voted the young duke's admission to the chair vacated by Corneille, but authorised Racine to inform his Highness, "that even if there had not been a vacancy at the time, there was not one of their number who would not have cheerfully resigned his place for the express purpose of creating one." Louis the Fourteenth—placed by his own rank above the necessity of tuft-hunting,—refused to ratify the duke's election, and Thomas Corneille was then chosen to occupy his brother's chair. The chair vacant by the death of Tourreil, in 1714, was hastily offered to Desmarets, Comptroller of the Finances. "I know nothing myself of literature," was the reply of Desmarets, "but there is a clerk in my office who is fit enough for that sort of thing." This clerk was one Malet, the obscure author of a ridiculous ode. The Comptroller's recommendation was irresistible; Malet was elected, and occupied one of the chairs of the Academy for more than twenty years. To the credit of Marshal Saxe, it must be told that he declined an honour for which his education rendered him unfit: "they wants," the great commander said in a letter to one of his mistresses—it is his own grammar and spelling that we imitate.—"they wants to putt me in the Cadmy; wich would soot me like a ring upon a catt." It was not, therefore, without reason some years afterwards, that Voltaire described the Academy as "a place intended for the reception of men of title and men in power; for prelates, soldiers, lawyers, doctors; and where they sometimes, by way of variety, condescended to admit a man of genius."

The republic of letters has been outraged, now and then, by the Academy in a way that is still more discreditable. In the present century alone, no less than fourteen members have been ejected from its body for political considerations; three of them having subsequently been restored to their position.

The practice imposed upon every new member, of pronouncing a panegyrical harangue upon the memory of his predecessor, has contributed in no small degree to throw an air of ridicule over the proceedings of the Academy. This practice was first introduced by Oliver Patru, in the year 1640. Upon the death of De Porchères, an original member, Patru, who had been chosen to succeed him, discoursed so well upon the loss which the Academy had sustained, that his speech was established into a precedent in the case of all future elections. The rule so established has been very rarely set aside. Colbert was the first exception to it, and in later times, and for less complimentary reasons, it has been dispensed with in favour of Chateaubriand, Maret, and St. Jean d'Angely. It is related of the celebrated de la Rochefoucauld that, despairing to be excused from delivering the usual encomiastic discourse, and conscious that his overwhelming nervousness would render him physically incapable of addressing the shortest speech to a public audience, he reluctantly forbore to become a candidate.

Louis François Richelieu, the fop and general, had neither the scruples of Saxe nor the diffidence of Rochefoucauld. Though one of the most illiterate men of his rank in France, he composed, and actually delivered an oration, of which a copy is still in existence, written with his own hand; a piece of orthography that would have astonished even Marshal Saxe. "It was quite evident," said one of his colleagues, "that Monsieur the Marshal had made it himself."

Another absurd introductory discourse was

that delivered by the Abbé de Hardion; who, having been appointed temporary secretary to the Academy during the illness of the regular functionary, had to reply in that capacity to the speech of a new member, Monsieur de Mayran. The Abbé was really a man of learning, but lamentably deficient in the art of composition. Words, such as never were heard before, and sentences of immeasurable length came thundering on the ears of the perplexed auditors; and the public was shortly afterwards amused by the appearance of a book from the pen of de Beauveau, entitled, "A Treatise on a Sentence two hundred words long, comprising very many new ones, in a late speech of the Abbé de Hardion."

Of Patru, a bold and honest man, whose excellent speech established the precedent of panegyric, it should be recorded, that on one occasion, when some titled dunce was on the point of being elected, he addressed his brethren in the following apologue:—"An ancient Greek possessed a lyre that was attuned to the most perfect harmony. By accident, one of its chords was broken, and the Greek must needs replace it with a silver string. His vanity was fatal to his reputation, for the beauty of his music was destroyed." The fable, it is said, did wholesome service for the time; but, when it was no longer fresh, it could no longer excite lively emotion, and produce effect in an academy of Frenchmen.

The Abbé Tallemant having published a book containing some highflown notices of deceased Academicians, de Boze, on taking possession of his chair, in 1715, paid compliment to the Abbé's production, in accordance with a time-honoured class of blunders: "The admirable manner in which the eloquent author has depicted our losses inspires me," he said, "with the fervent desire that he may have many more opportunities to write about us." This reminds one of the heedless reply of Miss Chudley, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, to George the Second, who did her the honour of inquiring, upon her presentation at Court, "how she had enjoyed the sights of the metropolis?"—"O wonderfully, sire; but there is one sight above all others that I have the greatest curiosity to behold."—"And what may that be?" asked the King.—"A coronation, may it please your Majesty."

The practice of panegyric which continues to this day in the Academy, so manifestly bad, has been protested against frequently. "The necessity," said Voltaire, "of making an harangue, the difficulty of finding anything to say, and the desire to appear a person of wit, make the most sensible speakers ridiculous. It has passed into a practice for every new member to assure his colleagues that his predecessor was a great man; that Chancellor Séguier was a very great man; and that Cardinal Richelieu was a greater man still: to which Monsieur le Sécrétaire is in the habit of replying, that all this is exceedingly true; that the new Academician is on the high road to become a great man likewise; and that he the secretary, ventures to hope that he is something in that way himself. Such speeches," he goes on to say, "remind one of the Barmecide's banquet, where the guests were in danger of dying with hunger all the time they were pretending to eat." De Mesme, himself an Academician, compares them to those solemn masses in which the priest, after absolving everybody present, ends by absolving himself. Piron, the sworn enemy of the Academy, informed the secretary, that against the time when he should one day or other be elected a member, he had already composed both his own speech and the secretary's reply. "I shall rise up," said Piron, "take off my hat to the assembly, and thank the members for the very great honour which they have been pleased to confer upon me: whereupon you, Mr. Secretary, will rise up, take off your hat to me, and say, 'Monsieur Piron, I beg you will not mention it. It is not worth the trouble of your thanks.'" Piron composed his own epitaph in derision of the Academy: it may be rendered thus:

"Here lies Piron; who was nobody; not even an Academician.

Another practice of the Academy, not less injudicious than panegyrical orations, is that of giving out subjects for literary compositions, and rewarding with prizes of money some of the competitors. Intrigue often presided over these adjudications; and even when the decision has been honest, the public, by a sort of fatality, most frequently preferred some unsuccessful essay. "I wrote," says Voltaire, "when I was eighteen years old, an ode upon a subject given by the Academy, and a very miserable ode too. Bad as it was, there could be no doubt that it was infinitely superior to the successful poem; which was written by the Abbé du Jarri, a man quite old enough to have left off writing nonsense; for he was at that time nearly seventy years of age. One of the Abbé's lines ran thus:

"'And from the freezing to the burning pole.'

I took the liberty of asking Monsieur de la Mothe—by whose voice it was commonly reported that the judgment of his colleagues had been mainly influenced—what he thought of the Abbé's geography? 'Young man,' said he, with an air of severity, 'we are a literary association, living at Paris, and cannot reasonably be expected to know anything about such very distant places as the poles. Besides, the Abbé is a friend of mine.' An ode by de Gacon was so intolerably bad, that the Academy, while they decreed it a prize, sent a private message to the author, begging him to put the money into his pocket and say nothing about the matter."

The design of compiling a dictionary of the French language—the one great labour of the Academy—was taken into serious consideration so early as the year 1638. Two plans for its composition were submitted to their colleagues by Vaugelas and Chapelaine. That of the author of La Pucelle was preferred, and Vaugelas was consoled by being appointed Secretary of Definitions, with an annual allowance of two thousand livres, in addition to his pension as an Academician.

The first thing done was to draw up a list of authors in prose and verse, whose writings should be considered as authorities in the choice and meaning of words. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, Montaigne, of whom too little use was made, du Vair, Charron, Bertaud, Marion, de la Guesle, Pibrac, d'Espeisses, Arnaud, Coeffeteau, d'Urfé, de Molieris, Noué, de Dammartin, de Refuge, d'Aubignier, Duplessis-Mornay, and the recently deceased Academicians Barden and du Chastelet, were among the undefiled fountains of prose literature. In verse the authorities were Marot, St. Gelais, Ronsard, du Belloy, the "divine" du Bartas (a sort of compound of Sternhold and Blackmore), Garnier, des Lingendes, a famous preacher as well as poet, Motin, Touvaint, Montfuron, Théophile, Passerat, better known for his Latin than his French poetry, and St. Marthe, a celebrated scholar, with more learning than taste. Desportes, du Perron (the cardinal), and Malherbe had the double honour of being selected as classics in both kinds of composition.

The work proceeded with exceeding slowness; commonly the fate of joint-stock literary productions, especially when all the contributions are gratuitous. The letter F in particular hung so long a time in hand, that Bois-Robert, then a very old man, exclaimed—

> "Doubly a Nestor shall I be
> If I survive the letter G."

The first edition of the Dictionary, after a gestation of fifty-six years, was introduced to the world in 1694. A second, very little altered and not at all improved, made its appearance in 1718. Since that time there were four other editions up to 1836, and a supplement has been recently published, as bulky as the dictionary itself, containing many thousand familiar and technical words and phrases, to which the puritans of the Academy had previously closed their pages.

The dictionary of the French Academy, the work of forty men, has often been disadvantageously compared with Dr. Johnson's English dictionary—the work of one man. There is some force in the comparison, but not so much as would at first appear. The two labours were different. The French language, when the Academy was founded, had no settled form; between north, middle, and south France the difference of speech was so great that there existed no complete and consistent body of words whereof the French language might be said to have been composed. Redundancies, inconsistencies, and great varieties of spelling and pronunciation, were weeds that called for extirpation. The Academicians set themselves to work on this untidy mass. The first Academicians and makers of the dictionary affected a precision of speech, and fought for a rigid system of pronunciation with a zeal that exposed them to a thousand jokes. They, however, were the right men for the work they undertook. Language could not be dammed up; any obstructions would be broken down; but the confinement of its course within one deep and fairly defined channel could lead only to good results. This purpose the Academicians, when they formed their dictionary, really did fulfil. The dictionary of the Academy converted French into a polished language, and was made only the more efficient for its purpose by the pedantry of its promoters. It is said to have been once a subject of debate whether the innocent adverb "car" should cease from that time forth to form a part of the French language. Fontenelle complains bitterly of this puritanical pedantry, and Ménage, in some clever Hudibrastic verses (which cost him the honour of a chair), introduces Nicot, of tobacco fame, Calepin, Ouden, and Estrenne as humbly remonstrating with the Academicians on the exclusion of their favourite phrases. "If," says Diderot, "the gentlemen of the Academy had been a little more particular about their own definitions, and a great deal less so about the French language, it had been better in both ways for the public." Several of their *definitions*, and those perpetuated in very recent *editions*, are excessively absurd. We are told that the Academicians were once on the point of admitting the following definition of a lobster: "a little red fish that walks backwards." "Gentlemen," exclaimed Furetiere, just as the secretary was about to record this lucid explication, "the definition is undoubtedly a very ingenious one; but it is open to three objections. In the first place the little animal in question is not a fish; in the second place, it is only red when boiled; and in the third place, it walks straightforward, though it may not be at a very rapid rate." Without going through the entire series, we will note here and there the names of a few men who have been connected with the forty chairs of the Academy.

No. one was originally filled by Barden, who held it for only two years. The most celebrated of his successors was Cardinal de Fleury, the Minister of Peace, who was elected to it in 1717. Florian, the fabulist and biographer of Tell, a bold and eloquent writer—not famous for personal courage—was chosen in 1788, having been decorated a few days before, through the powerful patronage of the Duke

of Penthièvre with the then coveted Cross of St. Louis. His double honours were thus commemorated—

"Courageous pen, and coward sword—
Due fame to Florian see decreed—
The warlike cross his wit's reward;
The peaceful chair his valour's meed."

Penthièvre, the patron of Florian, gave so splendid a repast to the members on the day of his protégé's election, that he was afterwards known by the name of "Restaurateur to the French Academy."

No. two had du Chastelet for its original occupant. It is now filled by Mignet, the historian, elected in 1836.

No. four has been honoured by the occupancy of Racine and the elder Crebillon. Monsieur Scribe is their successor.

No. five is now the academic seat of M. Guizot.

In 1811 Chateaubriand was elected to No. six; and, lest he might perpetuate some eloquent "escapade" in honor of legitimacy, was excused from making the usual introductory oration.

No. seven has been occupied by Boileau.

No. eight has been voted to no person of any literary eminence. One Lormian-Balurd—a man who had neither birth nor brains to recommend him, and whose only title to such a distinction was his fanaticism for the Bourbons—was elected to this chair in 1815. The following doggrel lines commemorated the choice of the Academy—

"A man so stupid and absurd
As Monsieur Lormian-Balurd—
So stupid and absurd a man
As Monsieur Balurd-Lormian—
In fitting company to be,
Is named of the Academy."

The ninth chair was successively occupied by the brothers Corneille, and afterwards by Foncemagne and Chabanon. Of the latter, an excellent fiddler, it was commonly said that he was chosen to infuse a little harmony into the meetings of the Academy. Victor Hugo was elected to this chair in 1841.

Bougainville, the circumnavigator of the globe, was elected to number eleven in the year 1754.

Number twelve was the chair occupied by Voltaire.

The Duke de Montesquiou-Fesenzac, a man of illustrious descent, of which he was ridiculously proud, was elected in 1784 to chair number thirteen. His claim to it was thus described—

"'Tis ruled a man a book should make
Before elected he can be,
So Montesquiou his place may take,
For he has writ his pedigree."

The Duke was so proud of his alleged descent from Clovis "that it was a lucky thing," said de Maurepas, "he had not taken it into his head to lay claim to the crown of France."

The honest and courageous Malesherbes was elected, in 1774, to chair number fifteen. Monsieur Thiers has occupied it since the year 1833.

D'Alembert was chosen to number seventeen in 1754, and held it for the long period of thirty years.

Chair number eighteen, the seat of Fénélon, was subsequently disgraced by the election of the stupid, haughty, and vindictive Count de Clermont, of the blood-royal of France. Several anecdotes have descended to us of this man, all greatly to his disgrace. Lecourbe, a poet of the day, having written some verses on his election to the Academy beginning thus—

"Fat cousin of Louis,
So lean your wit,
The chair still is vacant,
In which you sit,"

he was so brutally beaten by the Count's servants, that he died of his injuries; "a lesson," said the offended Count, "of which this sort of writing-people stand in much need; that princes are not to be lampooned with impunity, and that cudgels hit at least as hard as couplets." Clermont made himself conspicuous at the time of his nomination (1754), by omitting in his introductory discourse all mention of Barbier d'Aucourt, his predecessor. "He had invariably made it a rule," he said, "never to utter anything in praise of Roturiers;" but the Academy, for once, was independent, and he was compelled by the general indignation to introduce into his speech, when printed, a few unmeaning compliments to the memory of his predecessor.

Cardinal Dubois, the reverend scamp of the Orleans regency, was chosen in 1722 to fill chair number nineteen. It has since been occupied by Casim Delavigne, the Alfieri of the French drama.

Fontenelle, the clever old glutton, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, whom Napoleon pronounced to be "the greatest scoundrel in all my empire," have sat in chair number twenty-two.

Perrault, author of "The Hives," and la Condamine have filled chair twenty-three. The latter, who was exceedingly deaf, at a supper which he gave to his brother Academicians on the evening of his election, produced the following verses:—

"La Condamine this day to greet,
The Louvre's gates have opened wide,
With joyful mien he takes his seat
The Academic gods beside;
So hard of hearing, thanks to Fate,
No nonsense to his ears can come,
But when his colleagues hear him prate,
Instead of deaf, they'll wish him dumb."

La Bruyère, the sketcher of characters,

was elected to number thirty-two. He was so little thought of, when nominated in 1693, that the following epigram was current in Paris:—

"Fret not, good people, at the thought
Bruyère has got the vacant chair,
Forty to make we need a naught,
And naught's the value of Bruyère."

Number thirty-six was the chair voted to Laharpe the grammarian; a man whose honesty has been accused, rightly or wrongly. Upon his election, among other epigrams, ran one not very complimentary to his associates—

"Laharpe—all other degradations past—
Lights on the Academic chair at last!"

His chair belongs now to Lamartine.

Conrart, the founder of the Academy, occupied chair number thirty-eight.

The last in number of the Forty Arm-Chairs has been occupied in succession by the illustrious Cuvier, and the clever, time-serving Dupin.

THE CRUSADE OF THE NEEDLE.

Since the year eighteen hundred there have been not less than four hundred parliamentary committees formed for the express purpose of taking Irish affairs into consideration: vast grants of money have been made to relieve the sufferings or stimulate the industry of the Irish, and a variety of fiscal immunities have been conceded to the tax-paying portion of the community. Yet all this has been done in vain. Not one of these many agencies has shed a single ray of Hope over the darkened scene.

In one corner of that land, however, there is a hopeful glimmering of light; a ray that although small and apparently stationary is, in reality, expanding on many sides. That light flows from a cheerful, noble, swelling band of workers, toilers at the hearth. The band numbers upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand labourers, never flagging, never wearying, but always progressing. The task they labour at is a crusade, more fruitful, more blessed, more lasting than those of bye-gone ages, for it is the Crusade—and, reader, smile if you will as I tell you—the "Crusade of the Needle." Spreading to the westward and the south westward of Belfast, this army of crusaders has gone on establishing itself in villages, and towns, and hamlets; entrenching itself so quietly, yet so strongly, in the very hearts of whole communities; throwing out advanced guards here, and picquets of sharpshooters there, and then drawing on the main body so stealthily, that even the very parish priest knew nothing about the matter until the army were at the chapel doors, and had obtained possession of the keys.

The sewed or embroidered muslin trade, the heart of which beats at Glasgow and in other towns in Scotland and the north of England, has of late years so grown and extended, that to obtain a sufficiency of female labour to meet the wants of the public, it has been found expedient to send the plain goods required to be embroidered, across the Channel to the north of Ireland; whence, by means of agents in Belfast, who employ sub-agents in the villages and towns of Ulster and Connaught, the work is distributed into the most remote hamlets. For some years this new branch of home industry has been moving onwards, south and west, slowly but steadily, like the ripples on the water, until there are at the present moment upwards of a quarter of a million of persons so employed in that country. One house in Glasgow alone gives work to twenty thousand Irish females, and it is not at all too much to estimate the yearly sums of money thus annually circulated through many of the poorest districts of Ireland at between one and two millions sterling. At first, there was a positive disinclination amongst the cottagers to apply themselves to this kind of work, even though it was brought to their very doors, and their labour paid for weekly. They were obstinate, and showed no desire to give up old time-worn habits of idle wretchedness. But, by degrees, as one or two attempted the task and found how easy it was, and how little it interfered with their few domestic duties: how even the young girls could work at it: and how wonderfully the few shillings at the end of the week added to their scanty comforts and soon gave them a feeling approaching to independence: then others followed the example, worked, prospered, and *found* their homes and themselves changed as by some magic spell. Soon the cry was "more, more:" and there is no longer any difficulty in obtaining recruits to the ranks of these Needle Crusaders.

Having thus glanced at the work in the camp, it may be well to complete the picture by an inspection of the operations at head quarters. For this purpose I must tell the reader that, crossing the Irish Channel from Belfast, I landed one fine morning on the banks of the Clyde, and during my sojourn in the town of Glasgow, inspected a sewed-muslin establishment which is the largest of the kind in the United Kingdom, and probably in the world.

I must confess to perfect ignorance upon the subject of ladies' worked collars and sleeves, and babies' embroidered caps. I am not quite sure that, before visiting Glasgow, I had not a faint indistinct impression, amounting almost to a belief, that the mysterious embroidered articles in the linendrapers' shop windows were worked by the young women behind the counters. Certainly I had not the slightest conception of the magnitude and value of the trade in these small articles of luxury; of the gigantic piles of

buildings needed to carry on the business of that one firm; of the apparently complicated ramifications of a sewed-muslin factory; nor of the vast numbers employed by means of this one branch of industry.

In describing the many departments of this interesting establishment, it may be as well to classify them under three heads, all perfectly distinct from each other. These are, the tool and pattern rooms; the preparing and printing rooms; and the receiving, finishing, and sale rooms.

Wending my way through a huge gateway and up a noble flight of stairs, I reached a long suit of quiet, business-looking workshops full of young men of gentlemanly appearance. They were all busily employed with pens, pencils, tracing paper, and sundry curious-looking surgical sort of instruments. I scarcely knew whether they were studying comparative anatomy, civil engineering, or architecture, and was not a little astounded on learning from my guide that this staff of draughtsmen were designing and drawing patterns for infants' caps and young ladies' collars! After that, I felt perfectly prepared for anything.

I examined, and sure enough they were all hard at work upon flowers, and fruit, and cross-bars, such as we see on the surface of raspberry tarts: evidently intended for embroidery work of some description. Every one of these patterns must, of necessity, possess novelty, or the work would not sell; and for the guidance of this *corps artistique*, there were kept on shelves in an adjoining room volumes on volumes of their own old patterns, as well as of those issued by other houses, not only to form new combinations from, but to prevent repetition of worn-out designs.

Some of these draughtsmen receive as much as two hundred pounds per annum, and that for work occupying not many hours a day. There were at that time about a dozen men and lads thus engaged, and I learned that the business of the house could, at most seasons of the year, give ample employment to them.

In a new workroom, well lighted from above, we found six or eight persons occupied in copying the last finished patterns from the designers' sheets, upon transfer paper, ready for throwing them upon zinc plates and stone blocks, from which to be printed off on the plain muslin ready for working.

And here it must be observed that, to enable the thousands of workwomen to embroider the tens of thousands of little articles of dress required, the patterns are not worked by them direct from the paper on the cloth, as I remember to have seen done by my young lady acquaintances; this work, like everything else, has been so perfected, that a far superior and more economical mode is adopted with the designs. In place of stitching the paper pattern on the back of the material and working from that, the design required to be embroidered is printed on the cloth by means of zincography and lithography, with a fugitive ink which is afterwards easily washed out. Passing on from the workmen who were preparing these transfers, I entered a large room in which were a party of workpeople engaged upon blocks of wood, masses of metal, and curiously shaped tools. These were cutting patterns of a particular description upon lime wood for block-printing direct, or for forming matrixes for metal moulds to be framed from them. Here I witnessed a very ingenious method of cutting designs in wood; it was performed by means of a hollow pointed tool, fixed perpendicularly, the extremity of which was kept almost at a red heat by means of a lighted jet of gas thrown within it. The operator having the pattern inked on the wood, moved the block against the fiery cutter which, tracing out the design instantly, burnt in at one regulated depth the lines and corners of the pattern. This work was performed with astonishing rapidity and precision.

Amongst other curious apparatus for transferring patterns on muslin fabrics, I observed a pair of copper cylinders; on one of these a number of half-circular devices were engraved; these turned out to be patterns of ladies' collars, which, by means of an inking apparatus, were transferred from the revolving rollers with wonderful rapidity to long slips of muslin. In one ordinary working day, a man and a boy could print off in this way fifty thousand of collar patterns.

On the same floor were extensive workshops for the manufacture and repair of the numberless tools and machines employed throughout the establishment; and, below them, were other large apartments, in which were made card-board boxes and heavy deal packing-cases for the reception and despatch of the wares of the factory.

From these ranges of workshops I proceeded to the preparing and printing rooms. There, might be seen whole hecatombs of muslins ready to be offered up to the printers and sewers, from the finest French cambrics for babies' best caps and ladies' superior worked handkerchiefs, down to the low qualities for servants' collars; the goods were ranged around in Titan heaps. Burly-limbed, beef-fed porters staggered and reeled under enormous piles of stuff for ladies' sleeves; giants of labourers perspired under the infliction of infants' caps. In fact, it seemed marvellous what was going to be done with so many little round pieces of muslin; there could not be such a number of babies "expected" for many years to come to fill all those caps, unless, indeed, there was some large society about to establish infant hospitals throughout Central India and the Chinese empire.

In one of these initiatory rooms young wo-

men were busily employed measuring and cutting up enormous heaps of cloths, of various qualities, into squares and lengths for handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and arranging them in neat piles ready for work. Some of these fabrics were of exquisitely gossamer lightness: so fine, that in one yard of the material there were six thousand threads lying side by side. Such is the variety of quality to meet the many grades of demand that, while there are pocket-handkerchiefs sent out at as low a price as ninepence each, the article is likewise to be had so fine, so richly embroidered, as to be worth ninety shillings.

From the cutting-up room the cloth was removed to the preparing room, where each lofty pile of grey blank squares and slips was arranged in dozens, and marked with the number of the pattern to be given to it. Thence we passed on to long suites of rooms, where a busier though equally quiet process was going on. These were, in every respect, similar to printers' offices, save that, in place of paper, muslin, coarse and fine, was being operated on.

Huge lithographic printing-presses were there, and from these, every minute, one attendant lifted the device of some exquisite flower-work on a piece of muslin, so fine that it looked like a handful of Scotch mist rather than Scotch cambric.

The patterns printed from these stoneblocks were of the most costly description; the more ordinary qualities being worked from the zinc plates, or from metal castings. The rapidity with which these sheets of fine linen were made to receive the impress of all the varied patterns, the precision with which they were imprinted, not less than the delicacy of the outlined figures, were, indeed, matters for admiration and wonder.

Adjoining these printing rooms were others, in which a number of men were employed in transferring narrow neat-looking patterns to long strips of fine cloth, containing a sort of open-work through the centre. This I learnt, was what is known as "insertion:" the pattern was here worked or cut into the edge of a little brass wheel, which, being fixed firmly in a handle and fitted with a Lilliputian inking-apparatus, kept itself supplied with ink, and, as it was rapidly rolled along the insertion, transferred its figure to the muslin with great precision. This neat little machine, the invention of one of the principals in the firm, is called a "monkey."

I observed upon each piece of cloth that came from the various printing-presses two lines of letter-press with a few figures. On examining them, I found the words were a caution to the workwomen to perform their task with care and dispatch, whilst the figures denoted the rate at which the work was to be paid for if well done; in this way the poor people, as well as the owners, were protected from any blunders or extortions of the petty agents in the rural districts, for, although it was probable that education had made small progress in some of the villages, there would always be one or two in each hamlet who could read these instructions.

The last room in this department was devoted to assorting and packing the printed muslins ready for conveyance to and distribution in the sewing districts. The cases receiving those goods were sturdy-looking old fellows, with rare substantial sides, all well fastened down with long-bodied screws—bidding defiance to damp or dirt. These are carried from Glasgow to Belfast by steamers, and thence by rail, or otherwise, to the sub-agencies.

I was then shown into the final division, where the worked goods are received from the agents, or from the hands of such as are employed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow to perform this labour. Here, ranged on long tables and shelves, were many piles of goods all worked over with patterns, but so changed in colour, so dingy and dark, that one might well imagine them to have been to the dyer's. Three or four respectable-looking women were occupied in a narrow scrutiny of each piece of work, as it was placed before them from the packing-cases, in order to detect any bad or imperfect work. Every single piece was passed between their eyes and the light, and, by the aid of strong glasses, the least defect was in this way discovered, and the faulty piece laid on one side for remedy.

Some idea may be formed of the vast magnitude of the operations of this one house, when I say that in an adjoining workroom—the hospital, where all these diseased collars and disabled flounces were being cleverly cured by female practitioners—there were not less than one hundred young people constantly employed in remedying the slight defects of the Irish needle-women.

Everything was on a gigantic scale. Adjoining the muslin hospital was another room, in which an army of girls were working on the various articles a set of private marks, by a tambour stitch, for the purpose of distinguishing the goods at the bleach works from those of other houses, as also to indicate the price paid for the work, the district in which they were sewn, and the class number to which they belong in the warehouse. All this being completed, the goods are despatched to the bleaching works, whence they are returned white as driven snow, all traces of the pattern-inking and the Irish fingering having disappeared from their fair forms.

Coming from the bleach houses the goods have to be "made up," and for this purpose are passed on to other busy workrooms, where it would appear as though all the civilised world were having its ironing done. Huge stones are there bristling with burning hot irons: there are round irons,

flat irons, semi-circular irons, and irons so thin and long they must be intended to iron the inside of ladies' dress gloves quite to the tips of the fingers. How hot the rooms were! for it was in the month of August, and I felt rather relieved when passing out of these tropical regions to the temperate zone adjoining, where I found neatly dressed, taper-fingered, little Glasgow lasses, stitching pretty pink and blue ribbons upon thousands of small worked articles, of the uses of some of which I had not the least conception, and probably never shall have.

From these interesting workers I proceeded to other apartments equally large, wherein other neat-looking lasses were engaged in the various "making-up" processes of ribboning, folding, ironing, ticketing, marking, and assorting. Thence the finished goods were conveyed in dozens to the ware-rooms and sale-rooms—fine, well-lighted floors, in which the articles were arranged for the inspection of buyers for the wholesale houses who supply the shops.

At the time of my visit there were buyers examining those goods from America, Germany, the Levant, as well as from the chief cities of Great Britain. Indeed, our sewed muslins find their way over most parts of the civilised world. There is one country, however, who has hitherto done all in its power to exclude this branch of our industry from its shores. France, by prohibitions, declares that its people shall buy the dear embroidery of its southern towns instead of the much cheaper work of Scotland, forgetting that, if it relaxed these foolish laws, we should, in return for our worked muslins, take from them their full value in French wines, whilst the revenues of France would be gainers by the duties both ways of the goods bought and sold.

Before taking leave of the establishment I have thus been endeavouring to describe, I may mention that the number of hands—chiefly female—employed within its walls, amounts to about five hundred, whilst it furnishes work—in Scotland and Ireland, but by far the greater part in the latter—to fully twenty-five thousand women. The total value of the embroidery trade within the city of Glasgow alone, cannot be less than seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds yearly, the greater portion of which value is made up by human labour, and paid for in sixpences and shillings.

Such is the internal and external working of one of the enormous establishments happily called into existence by the fictitious wants and luxurious tastes of the present age. We thence see how the demand for a little finery for our wives, our daughters, and our infants, brings into active operation a whole army of workers, male and female; how it employs steam-ships, waggons, porters, steam-engines, mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill; and how, above all, it takes the means of food and clothing to the humble door of the poor peasant in the remotest and wildest districts of Ireland.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

ON HORSEBACK.

I RECOLLECT having a conversation with a worthy old Mussulman, who confided to me, in the course of a long friendship, his extreme astonishment that any one should ever walk anywhere who could ride. A walk, however, if we do not fall into a brown study, as studious men are apt to do, is the best and healthiest exercise possible. Laughing, therefore, to scorn the doctrine of the Moslem, still even Captain Barclay might agree that a carriage or an ambling cob are both very good things in their place. The first thing most of us do, who have money enough, is to buy a horse; the next, to mismanage it. What those poor animals go through in the hands of ladies, boys, and other utterly misguided people, nobody can know but themselves.

Let us begin with a boy's pony, and see if we are not able to point out one or two little things that might be altered. In the first place, then, we wholly disprove of the pad, or soft saddle (without a tree), as a most cruel invention. It does not sufficiently protect the backbone, and every sudden jolt or movement of the rider is likely to injure it. Let the pad be replaced by the common saddle by all means. The saddle should not be so small either as it usually is, and should be well stuffed, especially towards the shoulder. It should be remembered, also, that when a saddle has been used a little while, this stuffing gets sweated through, and becomes hard and knotty from unequal pressure. To avoid this, the stuffing should be taken out frequently, and though the same material may be put in again, it should be thoroughly pulled and dried. I have often seen saddles as hard inside as they were out, and the horses on which they were put writhing about like eels, till they got warm enough to soften their dirty uncomfortable harness. This often makes high-couraged horses difficult to mount and apt to kick at starting, nor will all the coaxing in the world cure them if the rider's common sense does not point out the evil; and it very seldom does. When a horse is vicious to mount, nine times in ten he is or has been badly saddled. Saddles should also be kept in a dry place, and the lining carefully dried either by the fire or in the sun, before they are used again. Nothing is more apt to gall a horse's back than a damp saddle. An excellent means of getting rid of the brand-new look of a saddle fresh from the maker's, is to wash it with a weak solution of coffee, and then two or three washings with common soft soap will give it a good gloss. Oil should never be used; it is dirty in the extreme. A

well-cleaned saddle and bridle should not soil a lady's glove, or a pair of white trousers, and should be as supple as silk. Soft soap is the only thing that will make it so.

Horses in England have their harness on generally a great deal too tight, and even the best grooms want looking after to prevent this. Horses are very often cut by their curb chains in a cruel manner, half throttled by the throat-strap, and stifled by their girths. The two former make them carry their heads awkwardly, and spoil the natural curve of the crest. I have seen a strong man six feet high straining at the girths of a pony he could push over with one hand, till he was black in the face; and then the poor little wretch would hobble out of his stable like a trussed fowl. The girths should not be too forward. If any one wish to prove the justice of this maxim let him buckle a strap tight round his own chest, and try to run with it. He can bear it round the waist well enough, but the chest expands with exercise, and to confine it must be very severe punishment.

Many horses have a trick of swelling themselves out when first saddled; it is, therefore, a good plan to saddle them about half an hour before they are wanted, and girth up a hole or two just before mounting. If a saddle is really well made, the girths will want no straining at to make it sit safely. With thorough-bred horses, or those having flat sides and bad barrels, a false collar and a couple of straps will keep the saddle from slipping too far back. I object strongly to martingales, except with young horses, and to teach them to carry their heads properly. A horse should never be put at a jump, with a martingale on, or he is almost certain to fall into it or over it. A gentleman named Singleton was killed some years ago by his horse jumping the turnpike gate near Woodstock, with a martingale on. I remember seeing a horse break his neck at a hurdle not five feet high from the same cause. A martingale is still more dangerous, jumping lengths. The severest fall I ever had was jumping a brook with a martingale. With a gag snaffle, or a very severe bit of any kind, a horse with a martingale is extremely apt to get into mischief; and if he does so, it must be a light hand indeed to get him out of it. The rings of a martingale should never be put over the curb rein, and leather sliding-stops should be always put before them to prevent them slipping over the buckles, a mischance often followed by a pair of broken knees. Great care should be taken that the martingale is not shorter than absolutely necessary, and a rider should so play with his reins as never to keep a dead pull upon a horse's mouth, and let his head have as easy play as possible. A martingale will ruin a horse's temper if this rule is not followed.

There are few things more misunderstood than bits. I heard one of the best trainers in England say, "If you can't hold a horse with a snaffle, you can't with anything else," and I am almost of the same opinion: a thin twisted snaffle is one of the severest bits made. I hold the gag and the Chiffney in abomination. I have seen scores of horses' mouths spoiled by them, and never saw any good come of either. If a horse does not go well and easily with a man who knows how to ride him, the fact most likely is, that he is not in his proper work. I had a little chestnut mare more vicious than enough to ride, yet she would go like clockwork in harness. Many horses, too, who never bear a collar, are the best of hacks. A horse I am now driving in a team, pulls my gloves nearly off as a wheeler, though if put in as a leader he does not hang an ounce. Most hard pulling horses make good leaders. In pairs, the smallest horses go better and look better on the off-side.

But to return to bits. They are, generally, a great deal too heavy; while the mouth-piece should still be left of a moderate size, the rest can hardly be too slight consistent with strength. The best bit for the road is, undeniably, a snaffle; but for park riding or anywhere in a crowd, horses will perhaps go cleverer with a curb, managed by a light hand. No grooms or horse-breakers have ever light hands, therefore, they should be made invariably, to ride with a good strong plain snaffle and a broad rein. A groom will spoil a well-broken hack in a week, and often ruin a hunter for any man's riding but his own. A bit I have found very efficacious for very high-couraged horses with bad mouths, is a Pelham, with rollers. It prevents a horse getting the bit in his mouth; they want however, a very light hand. If you are surprised by a very hard puller and have only a snaffle bridle, get off and cross your reins—that will stop him. If you find he still gets along too fast, pull up again, let him wet his mouth, or crop a bit of grass, and then start very gently until you master his head entirely; keep your hand low and steady, give and take; humour him, and he will go pleasantly. Many horses pull from fear, and want coaxing much more than a Chiffney: a thirsty horse with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, black and swollen, will always pull—such a horse should have something to play with in his mouth; rollers and pointed bits are best. With a mere stubborn, wrong-headed pony, who bores away like a wooden thing, a ragged curb may teach him to keep his head up and go decorously. Spurs are bad and cruel things, except on very cautious heels and with young horses.

Stables should be much better ventilated than they are, and should be always scrupulously well drained. Horses, too, are very often lamed by inequalities in the ground they stand on; it should therefore be perfectly level, and well perforated with holes to carry off wet and keep the stall dry. In-

numerable horses go blind from the bad drainage of their stables, in consequence of the vapour of ammonia which is generated from stagnant stable refuse. Even a greater number of horses become broken-winded from defective ventilation:—bad air ruining their lungs. Grooms have an idea, that by keeping their cattle swathed up in hot clothes they get good coats. The practice should be discouraged. Care should be taken to keep the stable at a healthy moderate temperature, however, and if in a cold situation this should be done by artificial means. A groom should never be allowed to clean his horses in the stable; this is a common reason of horses leaving their food: it gets impregnated with the dust and scurf of the curry-comb and the brush, and becomes, indeed, uneatable. Few grooms either seem to have a proper idea of the use of water. Whenever a horse is washed, the groom should never leave him until every hair is dry. As you cannot expect the ostlers at inns to do this unless you look over them, I never allow my horses' legs to be washed anywhere but at home. The hoof may be brushed out and washed as much as they like: that will dry again; but no ostler shall ever wet a hair of a horse of mine if I know it.

With proper management, however, water is invaluable after hunting; I generally have my horses' legs put into a regular bath (made on purpose) full of hot water, then dried and bandaged when they come out. I do not like the bandages, however, left on the legs too long; they stop the circulation; three hours is quite enough, and then a good hand-rubbing will freshen a hunter's legs more than any thing, and the groom can feel if any thorn has got into them, or if there be any trifling strain upon a sinew, and attend to it at once. An acquaintance of mine tried a complete warm bath for his horses after a hard day's hunting, but he told me it did not answer. The horses broke out into a profuse sweat afterwards; I found this the case in a less degree with the leg bath, but I did not find that the horses were the worse for it.

If horses will not eat their oats, mix it with chaff and beans; a sprinkling of salt is a good thing, and so are cut carrots. In Austria, they give their horses small doses of arsenic, but I should not like to try it. I once had a mare so thin as to be a disgrace to any stable, yet so fast and high-couraged, and with such sporting points about her, that I could not make up my mind to get rid of her. Yet she was the plague of my riding life, a perfect Rosinante. I tried everything I could think of, but what with rejecting her food and fretting over her work, she was nothing but a bag of bones. At last, chance brought me acquainted with a noted character, now no more, Dick Wetherall, the trainer. "My Lord," said Dick, who always used this form of address as a matter of refined diplomacy, "I'll tell you what you go and do with her. Take a lot of barley, a good lot on it. Power some biling water on it just enough to cover it. Then putt it, or leastways afore you putts the biling water, putt the barley in a glazed pan so as nothing of the steam can get through, and there let it soak. Next morning go and putt some molasses in along with it and stir it all up. Don't trust your groom to do this if he ain't one of the right sort, cos he'll eat the molasses if you do, or perhaps take 'em 'ome to his missus. When you've made this mixter up (it's like a stiffish pudding it is, when it's made right; or a jelly as you may say), give her a lot on it, mixed in with her corn, and if she don't slobber *that* into her and get fat on it too, never you trust me again. Let her have four or five feeds on it a day." Such was the summary of Mr. Wetherall's wisdom, and the best advice I can give the reader is, in the words of the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Napier, "If you understand these instructions, go and execute them."

One evil, however, it may be well to guard against. It is apt to teach horses the abominable trick of crib-biting. The sugar soaks into the woodwork of the manger, and they will keep on gnawing to get it out. To prevent this, a manger of polished stone is best, or one lined with zinc. I was apprehensive that the constant use of sugar would spoil the horse for other food if obliged to return to it, but it has not this effect. I have found, too, that nothing will improve a horse's mouth and temper, more, than giving him now and then a lump of sugar. Barley, however, is a bad thing for fast work. To check crib-biting a muzzle is better than a strap.

Horses should not be fed immediately on their coming from their work, as they are nearly sure to blow upon their corn and leave it; a pailful of water at a time is quite enough, and that should be given in the morning and evening. Now I will let the reader into a choice little secret. I had a very beautiful entire horse, an Arabian. I found it dangerous to take him into the park; at last, however, noticing the sleepy effect produced on myself by a large glass of cold water, I bethought me of trying the experiment on the Soldan. I kept him short of water in the morning, and just before my ride gave him as much as he liked. The effect was most satisfactory. Timid horsemen, and old gentlemen who will ride high-couraged cattle, should have their horses watered in this way by their friends, whether they will or not. A bucket of water might have saved Sir Robert Peel's life. I know one wilful old gentleman who always will ride horses that are too much for him. I gave my recipe to his son, and he told me that his father never got into mischief afterwards, "though," said he, "he would never forgive me if he knew he had a bucket and a half of water under him."

Horses are often frightened or excited by music. To cure them of this, it is a good plan to ride them with a military band every morning. If you have not such a thing near, blow a horn in the stable until they will put their noses in it and take out a piece of sugar. You can get them to do it in a very short time, and afterwards they will hardly prick their ears at the most intolerable Italian organ-grinder who ever was in league with an undertaker to ply his trade upon the wooden pavement.

I remember once finding a horn a very useful thing. When a lad, I was on a visit to a gentleman who hunted one of the Midland counties, and his second "whip" being taken ill, I supplied his place, and never enjoyed a hunt so much in my life. Lad-like, however, I rode my horse almost off his legs, and going home I was left behind by the whole field. My horse had had enough for one day; and no coaxing and (I am ashamed to say) no thrashing would prevail upon him to go further. I was about five miles from home and mortal hungry; I knew, too, that if I was not at the Hall by five, every vestige of dinner would be devoured by the hungry gentlemen who had gone on before, and who invited themselves regularly on hunt days to my kind-hearted host's table. Well, thought I, playing with my stirrups, what's to be done? Echo answered or might have answered, what? To assist my reflections, I took out the horn I had been blowing with high glee for the greater part of the day, and made such a discordant noise, and one so unlike anything my horse had ever heard before, that, seized with the utmost alarm, he carried me home like steeple-chasing. I blew like mad whenever he slackened his pace, and was quite in time for dinner, with plenty to spare.

Fifteen hands is the best height for a hack; a hunter may be higher. As long as your weight will allow it, ride light thorough bred horses. Avoid Irish horses, unless you are a bold temperate rider; they are almost as difficult to manage as Irishmen. They are particularly awkward in harness, and nearly always gibbers. When they will go, however, and if you are not afraid of them, they go well. Never buy a horse who has not good, airy, cheerful action; it is combined, generally, with every other good quality. For harness, horses should have plenty of bone and substance, with short pasterns and round action. For saddle, they should be light, with long springy action and long pasterns. Chesnut horses are nearly always hot; roans as generally sluggs; mares are hardiest, horses quietest; grey horses are difficult to keep clean, and look miserable when they are dirty. Horses should only be clipped when they are in hard work. I do not hold with trimming the legs even, except for Park work. Hunters' legs should never be trimmed, the hair on the fetlock protecting them from sharp stones, thorns, and so on. A little patience and time will enable you to dispense with punishment of any kind. If you say "Steady!" to a horse whenever you want him to go slower, and "Wo!" when you wish to stop him, he will moderate his pace, or pull up without having his mouth hauled about, and likes it better too. In the same way you may teach a hack to canter whenever you raise the right curb-rein, and to trot when you drop your hand and take the snaffle. "Gently, lad!" or "Steady, lass!" may bring you to a walk, and "Wo-ho" to a dead halt. Feed in small quantities every two hours, and give no hay to horses in fast work—supplying its place with clover-chaff. Beans only do for hard work, and, even then, horses fed upon too many of them are apt to fly at the heels. As they are very fond of them, however, a few beans bruised are a good thing to give horses off their feed, or in raw cold wintry weather, or on a long journey. The feet should be stopped twice a week, not oftener, except in the height of summer, or the hoofs will get too soft, and the pressure of the shoe bring on corns which make a horse unsound. A dandy may have his hacks' hoofs polished with honey, boiled oil, and beeswax, mixed and put on very lightly, and after the hoof has been washed quite clean. Blacking or varnish is very mischievous.

I have some ideas of my own about shoeing, and think that iron and nails *might* be replaced by some lighter and softer *material*: but I shall not say anything about *this, until* I have completed some experiments: except that we all know very well that more horses are lamed by shoeing than by every other cause put together; and that more horses fall down, in towns especially, from iron shoes than from the wooden pavement. I do not think that with a proper shoe, even the wooden pavement would be dangerous. Iron shoes get hot going over the stones, and the nails burning their way out, the shoe comes off. I know a farmer in Wiltshire who never shoes his horses; but as he rides mostly over soft ground, and never beyond the steadiest of jog-trots, it will not do to cite him as an example to be followed. If, therefore, we must shoe our horses (a fact which I am not altogether going to admit, as I think the hoof might be hardened by proper treatment), let us set about finding some lighter and better shoe than the present one as soon as possible.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SOME COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

REMEMBERING as I do, what good and wise and learned men have said and written of the strong connexion that exists between the human heart and the human stomach, may I (as a humble and commonplace man) broach the as humble and commonplace, and by no means novel theory, that there is likewise a strong connecting link between the season of Christmas and good eating and drinking.

Two or three months before Christmas the public-house puts forth a notice that a few members are required to complete a Goose Club. A picture of a goose, painted in defiance of nature, with variegated feathers, and walking in a fair landscape, embellishes the announcement. The proprietor of the gin-shop at the corner of the street exhibits a bill which, disdaining to catch the eye with a mere picture, seeks rather to startle the beholder by the gigantic scale of the raffle, which is to take place there on Christmas Eve. For one shilling, a chance is to be had; and the prizes are, three thousand five hundred geese, two thousand pieces of beef, fifteen hundred pair of fowls, and a total of bottles of rum, gin, and other liquors, which would appear fabulous if they were not stated, with an appearance of exactness, in long and odd rows of figures such as are used to distinguish public conveyances and Bank of England notes. The prizes are to be drawn and distributed immediately, in the presence of the subscribers; and a glass of any spirituous liquor is destined to console the unsuccessful speculator. "Vivat Regina!!" with several notes of admiration, give a finish, and official character to the announcement. The grocer, also, gives notice of a raffle on Christmas Eve. He, too, gets up things on a large scale. Nothing will serve him, but four, nought, nought, nought parcels of currants; three, nought, six, five ditto of plums; three, seven, five, four packets of candled peel; and spices in proportion. He, too, has a balm for unfortunate subscribers—hot elder wine and cake being, in his opinion, the most powerful agents for that purpose. Another grocer, accommodating himself to the resources of the poor neighbourhood, announces some weeks before Christmas an intention of opening a series of Pudding Clubs, by which the immense advantages of combination will result to the public. There is no risk with him. Threepence per week will be paid in advance, and the Christmas pudding will not be problematical. No glass of any spirituous liquor, no hot elder wine, no cake, will be required to soothe any disappointed customer. His dealings are straightforward; as his advertisement of "Cat out of the bag! Turkey chicory at sixpence." will corroborate. Therefore, if your subscriptions have been paid up, you will call on Christmas Eve, and take away your grocery.

The Christmas preparations begin to thicken. The grocer becomes poetical about his tea; facetious as to his plums. The invigorating influence of tea, at this festive season of the year, is set forth in a poem, in which the first letters of each line, read downwards, form the words "John Warmer and Company's Tea Mart." This invigorating influence is further insisted on, in a short history of the tea plant, accompanied by Lord Bacon's opinion of the properties of coffee, printed on the paper which serves to wrap up those articles. The excellence of the fruits sold within, and the general wholesomeness of Christmas pudding, are set forth in the conversation of a stout gentleman and his wife, to be found beneath their portraits in the window. This firm is the original vendor of "Warmer's celebrated Mixture;" and is nervously anxious that Warmer's may not be connected, in any wandering mind, with any other house in London. The ready-made clothes shop at the corner of the street, of which the gin-palace is at the other corner, though not venturing to imitate its neighbour with a leviathan clothes-lottery, avails itself of the season to present the public with a liberal supply of almanacs, containing two pages of a useful calendar, and twenty-four pages devoted to the praises of the Great Clothing Establishment. The baker makes a loaf, which no family, however large, could be expected to get through before it became mouldy, and exhibits it in his window, decorated with blue ribbons. It has entered the cheesemonger's head to give fantastic shapes to his butter, besides converting it into models of the Crystal Palace. Holly sprouts out of skins of lard, and sides of bacon, and

butter-firkins, and hams; while its scarlet berries are sunk into the sides of cheeses, in devices and letters, wishing a merry Christmas to all purchasers.

Christmas and good eating are joined together (indissolubly, save by Twelfth Day) in Leadenhall Market, where the bold-faced gas throws groves of ducks and geese and capons, into Rembrandt-like *chiaro-scuro;* where it flares impudently upon corpulent turkeys which have been sent to all sorts of Coventries in the ribbon line, but which seem not in the least abashed, but, rather, a trifle the bolder, for the parti-coloured humiliation. Cochin China fowls with shrill voices, and bargain-making housewives swell a chorus, of which I cannot exactly catch the words, but which signifies, I am sure, that Christmas and good cheer are conjoined. The very lop-eared rabbits anatomising cabbage-leaves in their little dens, twinkle their bead-like eyes in a merry manner, as though they would say that, in consideration of the season, they would not object to be smothered in onions at a moment's notice. As to the sucking-pigs lying innocently dead in snowy cerements with their rosy little trotters turned up, they smile as only sucking-pigs can smile. "Bless you all," they seem to say; "this is Christmas. If you prefer pig to beef or turkey, eat us by all means. Put lemons in our mouths, and scorch our innocuous cuticle into crackling. Beat up those guileless brains of ours into sauce; scrunch our bones; simper over our delicate layers of fat; only be thankful when you have eaten us, for this is Christmas."

Christmas and good cheer have cemented an union, (never to be repeated, save in the Opera season, when the guinea bouquets and half-a-crown Camellia Japonicas oust the fruit from their stalls,) in the central avenue of Covent Garden Market. Ruddy oranges that have sunned themselves, I warrant, in their time in Spanish maidens' eyes in sultry southern islands, and in those hot landscapes of Spain, where you can see nought for miles but hot blue sky and hot red earth, and hot white houses, and hot dusky mountain sierras in the distance; sly smooth-faced Barcelona nuts, which seem by their looks not worth a farthing the gross, but which are, notwithstanding, marvellous good eating—like rich men who wear ragged coats; luscious black grapes; fat fellows of chestnuts, troubling themselves very little at the thought of going to torment in a fire-shovel; sulky, reserved, Brazil nuts, who won't come out of their corrugated shells for all the parlour-doors you may scrunch them in, or all the case-knives you may hack them with;—all these, with the juicy Marie Louise and *mouille-bouche* pears, the blushing apples of Kent, and more hardened, impudent, dusky Ribstone pippins, seem to my mind to cry out with rich fruity voices, that Christmas is come, that they are anxious to meet with their deserts. Oranges long for the parlour magician, who is to turn them into sucking-pigs, and cups, and false sets of teeth; cobs, Barcelonas, and filberts, sigh for the nutcrackers; even the surly Brazil nuts growl forth (to my ear), "Crack us and eat us if you like (or can); if not, be jovial, and burn the oil out of us in the flame of the candle." As to the apples—they are pining for the knife that is to peel them. Happy apples! for their peel (entire and cut without fracture or abrasion), cast over a lady's shoulder will twine and twine till it forms the initials of that lady's sweetheart.

Streets and squares, markets and hucksters' stalls, market baskets, costermongers' carts, pastrycooks' boxes; the grocer's window running over with pudding gear, almonds and raisins, and candied citron; the butcher's shop, where the ruddy man in blue seems to have slaughtered mammoths and mastodons this Christmas instead of ordinary beef and mutton, and sits smiling on his block, eyeing triumphantly a megatherium of an ox he has hung up outside—a bovine Daniel Lambert, with yellow fat on him like the layer of clarified butter in a pot of anchovy paste—an alderman ox with ribbons in his ribs, and a nosegay stuck on his huge brisket, giving occasionally (the butcher, not the ox) a sly Christmas wink to his pretty wife, who sits smiling over her cash-book at the other end of the shop in a gas-lit bower of beef: not in only these shops, but in out-of-the-way little sweetstuff warehouses, where a double stock of alecampane and "Bonaparte's ribs" is fighting for the shop-board with small, weazen sticks of parti-coloured tallow, popularly believed to be capable of burning in toy tin sconces of rude design, and known as Christmas candles; in slap-bang shops of an inferior kind—a very inferior kind—where the proprietor has been cutting roast beef since early dawn, and the proprietor's wife has been slicing up formidable looking rolls and globes of large plum puddings, whose number is uncountable, whose perfume riding on the gale as in Araby the blest, is positively maddening to the three barefooted boys who have been consuming a Barmecide feast of roast and boiled meats through the windows for hours; in almost every dwelling in every street, in every quarter of this gigantic city, Christmas is heralded in with a clatter of knives and forks, a flourishing of spoons, and a jingling of glasses. In courtly chapels Royal, where doles of bread are given to the poor; in miserable garrets, where the addition of another red herring is made to the always scanty meal, on the ground that it is Christmas there, low down, as well as elsewhere, higher up; Christmas is brought in with a jovial, genial sort of—let us not call it by a harsh name—gormandising.

As we trudge through the streets everybody seems to be eating and drinking, or preparing to eat and drink. The crossing

sweeper munches a huge paralellopipedon of bread and treacle, bestowed on him, no doubt, by some kindly spinster in the neighbourhood; the policeman leans somewhat lazily against a railing, notwithstanding the cold. He looks plethoric, dyspeptic. Goodness! what number of supports has that municipal officer consumed with what number of cooks? How many puddings, in their raw state, has he tasted? How many sly little nuggets off noble joints have been broiled for him? How many sausages—links in that chain which binds the turkey to our heart—will be missing to-morrow, owing to his Christmas Eve rapacity. Will X 99 dine? Of course he will; and Mrs. Policeman X 99 is at this moment concluding the purchase of a mighty piece of pork and a colossal amalgamation of cabbages, known in the precincts of the Brill, Somers Town, where the transaction takes place, as a "green:" which pork and green will cheer the heart of honest X 99 when he comes off duty.

As it grows later on Christmas Eve, hot elder wine comes out at corners of streets. A polished, brazen urn sends up a fragrant steam in the midst of lamps, and glasses, and heaps of rusks; while its proprietor, boasting of its power to make the coldest individual as warm as a toast in one moment, swings his arms across his chest, and runs to and fro, in front of his establishment, with a blueness of nose that rather exposes the weakness of his case to thoughtful minds. I have time to turn down one of the alleys in this neighbourhood. I have known this part from childhood. It is not much changed since I thought it a lawless place, inhabited chiefly by boys with whom my white collar and general cleanliness were the unfortunate causes of much irritation. Some weavers live in it; as frequent announcements of "Rooms to let, with standing for loom and quilling, at three shillings per week" will confirm. But the majority are cabinet-makers—sallow men, whose hair and clothes are full of mahogany dust. Some of them buy bits of wood cheap, and make up complete articles to be sold as soon as made, for anything they will fetch. Others make only some portion of an article, of which they scarcely know the use, and by long habit grow swift-fingered, to keep up with falling prices. Out of their branch of labour, they are for the most part stupid. Mangling seems to be done everywhere. Children are taken in to mind at twopence per day. There is a court, with the announcement, "Small houses to let up this passage, at three shillings and sixpence per week." But the houses in this poor neighbourhood are mostly high. Some have once been a kind of mansion, when perhaps there were few houses near. They stood at that time, very likely, in gardens, and in the midst of fields; for of the once rural character of the neighbourhood the names of streets and places still tell. One of these is now inhabited by some twenty poor families, and has strangely fallen from its old gentility. Another is shut up; perhaps too ruinous for habitation. Every window in the front is broken, in consequence of a ghost which has been seen there at various times—off and on—for some years past. There seems a general love of animals in these parts. Dog-fanciers are in every street, and stuffers of birds, beasts, and fishes. One of them exhibits a cat with two heads in a glass case, as well as a canine coincidence with the Siamese twins. The canine twins I suspect to have been strangers to each other previously to their decease.

Next to the chandlers' shops, the rag-shops are the most numerous in the poor neighbourhood. The rag-shop keeper has been betrayed into poetry by the advent of Christmas. He gives the highest price for anything, from kitchen-stuff to a highly-coloured and tinselled portrait of Kean as Richard the Third. His shop is covered with bills, having pictures of the once popular Jim Crow and his wife, and profane portraits of the Parish Beadle, and an enormous representation of a Christmas pudding. The shaving shops are also numerous. One Trinnick, Easy Shaver, long established in this part, with a fine head of hair, takes the opportunity of the season positively and with pleasure to assert, that having given the whole of his time, up to the present period of his life (age not stated, though he appears to the writer, allowing for the effects of art, to be about forty) to the study of the human frame, he is capable of making an improvement that will astonish every person giving him a trial. Jireh Meeting proposes to improve Christmas Day with Discourses upon Death and Flames. Its appeals to the profane are disguised under such titles as "The Christmas Fire," and "Emigration;" the former, terminating in a graceful allusion to the general conflagration of the world, and the latter referring to a land of promise, the precise locality whereof, as well as the only direct road to which, will be communicated to any sinner who will enter by the little back door of Jireh Meeting, and consult an oracle certainly not inspired with grammar. The Ragged School is not wanting in the poor neighbourhood. There, too, there is to be a feast to-morrow.

Dusk puts an end to these observations. I can tell the direction of the busy street by a long red flare in the sky, as if there were a great fire that way. A full stop, and a new paragraph will take us back there again.

The street, from end to end, is in a blaze of gas. Pavement and roadway are filled with people, so that I can hardly get along. No cab or coach that values time would think of driving down this way to-night. The street has become one great fair, with such a hubbub of cries, that I am stunned. The greengrocer's house is covered with vegetables from basement to pavement, and looks like an

enormous Jack in the Green. Legs of mutton and ribs of beef have run up the butcher's house to the third floor window. The poulterer's abode has put on a warm fur garment. The grocer's is besieged. The six supernumerary young men, behind his counter (in spite of all their dexterity in making up a packet, and snapping the twine with a jerk of their finger) cannot serve fast enough.

The busy street is at its busiest. The row of hucksters along the pavement, who sell onions and cabbage-nets, penny meat-jacks, carpet-stools, and toasting-forks, and all kinds of tin-ware, shout loudly against each other.

At last, the busy stream of purchasers and gazers, chafing against sellers of all kinds, begins to slacken, slackens more and more, and gradually leaves its channel almost dry. Midnight, and the bakers' shelves are empty; nothing remaining but the great loaf, which must be getting rather stale by this time. Most of the other shops are bare, as to the exterior, at least. Only the cheesemonger's streams of gas continue to smoke pieces of bacon, and to turn the edge of a half double Gloucester (I don't mean a single Gloucester) into Welsh rabbit. All the tumult is hushed, and so we come into Christmas Day.

It is good to take a walk almost anywhere, after church on Christmas Day; for it shall go hard but some wholesome thoughts are to be got from it. There are worse places to walk in hopefully (among others) than cemeteries, on Christmas morning; for it is the happiest morning in the year on which to remember those whom we have laid there. Then, in the streets of towns, the humbler people going out, and the dinners coming home from the bakers' shops, and the children, and the old people, and the universal recognition of one great holiday, are all delightful to consider—none the less so, for being all steeped in a prevailing fragrance of pudding! So, in up and down-hill little villages, and on bleak bare highway roads where there are solitary wayside houses, you shall still find expressive signs of Christmas Day; and even at the lonely turnpike you shall see the Christmas fire gleam bright and cheerful, and find the very tollman sticking up, in unusual acknowledgement of his kindred with humanity, a little red sprig of holly, in the little window from which he looks athwart the looming flat of mud and mire, prepared to pounce out on the mounted traveller like a spider on a fly.

Still trudging on, it gets later; and, as we peep down the areas into the kitchens, people begin to pass us, all with Christmas and dinner written in their faces as legibly as may be. There are smooth smug gentlemen, with new-mown chins, unwrinkled neckcloths, and polished boots, who walk with a confident strut and a satisfied smirk, and who twirl their canes or pull on their gloves. These men are invited out to dinner. They are happy bachelors, contented widowers. Their hats are on—their houses are covered. They are sure of a skinful of the best. They have their latch-keys in their pockets, and sufficient loose silver to pay a home-returning cab, should Bacchus wrestle with them somewhat too roughly this Christmas night, and essay to trip them up. Bless the men! how they smile and giggle, and act little off-hand bits of wriggling pantomime to themselves. They are conning, no doubt, the smart things they will say about the weather, looking up their most dine-out-able old jokes, rehearsing soft nothings for the young ladies, politic feelers for papas, mollifying and soothing anecdotes for testy grandmammas who have a balance at the banker's. Other men pass—worthies of portly mien and jovial presence, who rattle seals and loose coins in their pockets, sway their heads with a humorous gravity, and ever and anon execute a quiet pirouette on their boot-heels. These are fathers of families who are going to give dinners. They are happy but thoughtful:—happy—for there is as great, if not greater pleasure, in giving as in receiving; thoughtful—for a dinner on Christmas day is not a thing to be trifled with; and should the yellow seal not come up to the mark, should the turbot fail, the pudding crumble—horrifying thought! Forbid it, Yule; for Thomas Thompson of Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, is bidden to the feast, and Thomas is a hundred thousand pound man, and hath looked lately with no eyes of disfavour on that fair-haired daughter of ours, who *will* wear the black velvet collar round her neck, like the *dame au collier de velours* in Hoffman's horrible story.

I look down into all the kitchens I pass today with insatiable curiosity, and am dreadfully disappointed when I see a kitchen with a little black fire in it, until I console myself with the reflection that the people of that house have all gone out to some other house, where the kitchen fire is bright and high. I have seen the kitchen fire of Royalty at Christmas time. My recollection of it is very dim, and is in some manner connected with an organ, a large chandelier, and a Lancer in full uniform; but I am certain that once, as a very small child, I did pass through the kitchen of the Pavilion at Brighton, towards the end of December. I believe, being a wall-eyed boy, I had been to see the King's oculist, who dwelt in a little turret like a pencil-case; and that coming down, I was shown as a great sight and wonder, the royal kitchen. There were a great many cooks all of a row, in white jackets and aprons and there were a great many joints roasting at once. The tables, too, were very white, and the saucepans and stewpans very numerous; but I was not struck with awe or astonishment or delight. I think I was disappointed; I had expected that a King's kitchen would be like the one in *Pea d'Ane* into which the King himself was not ashamed

to enter, to demand who had put the golden ring into his soup. I had imagined a *cuisine* similar to that in which the Queen sat eating bread and honey, while her royal spouse was in the parlour making out his accounts. A Royal Kitchen, to my mind, should have been like that dear, and famous, and ever-memorable kitchen in Riquet with the Tuft—the kitchen in the bowels of the earth, with the elfin cooks in white, hurry-skurrying about like ants.

They have changed the venue of the royal kitchen, now, to Windsor, where barons of beef are cut up in great style (I am told) by yeomen carvers. The last time I saw the kitchen at the Pavilion they were hesitating as to what use they should turn it—whether to make it a lumber-room for old concert-boards and rout seats, or a show-room for the Brighton artists to exhibit their paintings in. But I have no more leisure for kitchen thought; my hour of kitchen-action has arrived, and I am ready!

WHEN THE MILL GOES—

I HAPPENED, many years ago, to be making an ornithological trip in East-Anglia. I was anxious to complete a set of papers on the birds of the English coast and marshes, and was succeeding beyond expectation in getting the information I wanted;—though I found it unsaleable afterwards. Once or twice, I unexpectedly stumbled upon localities that were rich in materials beyond anything that this generation knows of, at least at home. Thus, on one occasion, I remember tracking the road along the line of coast on a bright June morning; on turning a corner in the parish of Salney, there lay spread before me an expanse of water of many hundred acres, smooth as a mirror, blue as the sky itself, and covered with hundreds and thousands, and, probably, tens of thousands of birds, all sporting and enjoying themselves, as if there were no such things as guns, no such beings as men on the face of the earth. The dove-like gulls were lightly floating on the water; little troops of shore-larks wheeled to and fro, in utter restlessness; the curlew and the peewit each uttered their own peculiar and plaintive cry; and the only thing to call human society to mind, was the intrusion of a few half-tame ducks, and their broods, belonging to the villagers, by whom they had been turned off to shift for themselves during the summer, and to contract a pert sort of bowing acquaintance with the really strange visitors of that out-of-the-way watering place. A narrow strip, partly of velvet turf, partly of coarse pebbly shingle, barely divided this swarming lagoon from the tumbling waves of the German Ocean; and on this isthmus, sheldrakes, ruffs, and reeves, and a longer list than you care to hear specified, were to be met with on careful and timely search. Fancy my delight! Bruce, arrived at the sources of the Nile, was not more ready to jump for joy, than I was then.

But it is all done for now. The squires and the squirelings found the Salney marshmen and eel-catchers too independent to their liking, so they determined to drain this rendezvous for wild fowl, though they knew it would cost them almost as much as the fee-simple of the land. And the task is finished. The muscular powers of some hundred navvies have converted that shining sheet of water into a dingy, desert swamp of mud. By-and-bye, I grant, it will be a verdant meadow, fattening bullocks and sheep instead of widgeon and teal; but when the birds come to pay us their Christmas visit, they will find clay-treading and brick-burning going on, upon the very spot over which they used to float in the enjoyment of a hospitable and secure retreat.

Well; although this is not my story, it leads to it. The discovery of one paradise of marsh-birds made me long to find another. I had heard of Shroudham "broad" as a remarkable piece of water in a little-known district, and to Shroudham I went. If neither that nor Salney are in your map, you must search out the localities for yourselves, as I did.

At Shroudham, my first business was to fix myself in a temporary home, as a centre of operations, which I found at the sign of the Blue Boar, kept by a respectable young man named Robert Rudd, of about thirty years of age. He evidently was looked up to by his neighbours, and knew everybody within a circle of considerable diameter; and though his young wife had a nice little girl of two years old upon her hands, and shortly promised to present her husband with another olive-branch, the cooking, which she did herself, was excellent in its own provincial style; and my humble quarters were as neat and comfortable as it was possible for daily tidiness, with the occasional help of old Nurse Andrews, to make of such an odd-looking couple of rooms.

The next important step was to find up an aid-de-camp with proper qualifications. I well knew, that without either a guide, or the power of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the country every hundred yards of my way, I should soon get mazed in a labyrinth of cuts and creeks, and "decks," and rivers; and that, without a boat, I should often be unable to pass over places which an unthinking visitor might take to be dry land.

Rudd helped me over that difficulty too. He was then going to the other end of the broad, in his own flat-bottomed little craft, to speak to the steadiest and "cleverest" marshman for miles round, who was cousin to the man that had hired the "coy;" and I should be favoured with an introduction. The boat would be left at the marshman's staith, to bring back a load of sedge for litter next day, and we could walk home by the marsh-wall

—the dyke raised to prevent the waters of the broad from inundating the neighbouring lands, many of which are beneath the level of its surface, and even of its bed.

Preliminaries were soon arranged to our entire mutual satisfaction. While returning by the path running along the top of this artificial mound, which was based with large rough flints against which the wavelets from the vast sheet of water were breaking with a sort of affectation of playing the part of real waves of the sea, I had an admirable view of the country, and a capital opportunity of getting acquainted with its physical geography. Reed-beds, marshes—covered some with rank coarse vegetation, some with fine rich pasture—and the interminable expanse of the broad, stretched away for miles and miles. At one part of the panoramic circle were uplands, with the village, the scattered houses, the occasional large mansions grey with age; and at one extremity the church, as if it were running away from its congregation, at the other a windmill of unusual altitude.

"That's a fine mill," said I to my conductor Rudd; "we don't see many so lofty as that."

"It is a good height, sir," he replied, drily; —"especially when you're on the top of one of the sails. But what would be a greater novelty to you are the little low marsh-mills, like that we are now coming to, which drain the country, by pumping up the water out of the ditches into the broad."

It was blowing a fresh breeze, and the marsh-mills were whirling their sails round, as if trying which could spin the quickest. Before we reached the one indicated, a squall come on with a heavy shower. We approached the mill, and it certainly was "delivering" the drainage-waters at a most efficient rate. The sails were revolving with a rapidity which affected the eye in the same way as carriage-wheels going at full speed; and they were so low, they worked so near to the ground, that any animal, a donkey or a pig, straying within their reach, would have been dashed to pieces, or whirled up into the air by their force. Still there was plenty of room, between the plane of their motion and the mill itself, to enter it with perfect safety, due caution being exercised; and as the door stood invitingly open, I was about to take shelter there till the squall was over, and have a gossip with the water-grinder within.

Rudd perceived my intention, and arrested me by the arm. "Not there, sir, if you please," said he.

"I shall take good care to avoid the sails," I replied. "We may as well avoid this shower; it will be over in three minutes."

"Not there, sir, if you please," he persisted. "I have my reasons. You had better get wet through and through, than make any acquaintance with the Bammanta."

Of course I acquiesced, as he spoke so decidedly; he knew the neighbourhood better than I did. Just as we were proceeding on our walk, a pretty little girl, six or seven years old, well cloaked and bonnetted, stepped out of the mill, tripped fearlessly behind the rushing mill sails, and was making for our path on the bank, when a man looked out from the mill-door, and shouted to her not to stop at the village, but to get back again without losing a minute. He perceived us; a black look came over his face at the sight of Rudd, and I thought that he had to try hard before he could fix a steady stare upon us. He succeeded for a few moments, and then withdrew to the inside of the mill. That was all I ever saw of *him*, or heard of his voice; but the effect was most unprepossessing. You do sometimes take an instantaneous dislike to people whom you meet; and you are often right in doing so. There certainly exists a sort of mesmeric repulsion, as well as an attraction, between individuals. This man's countenance, not naturally bad-looking, exhibited that peculiar blasted and lightning-struck expression, that we should imagine belonged to fiends, who have known good and rejected it, who have preferred evil and gloated in it.

The little girl ran on before us, to do her errand in the village; that was the last I ever saw of *her*, but I well remember her bright blue eyes, and her rosy cheeks, and a thoughtful, puzzled look that overshadowed her face. We soon reached the Blue Boar, and in few minutes a good fire, and a hearty meal of fish, wild-fowl, bacon and eggs, put all other earthly considerations to flight.

Rudd's house was built on the *simplest* of architectural plans, numerous examples of which are still to be found in the district. It was merely a parallelogram two stories high, divided into a series of rooms by partition-walls running across it. There was not a passage in the whole building. The apartments communicated by doors leading from one to another, which could be hooked and bolted on either side. Almost every room on the ground floor had a door leading into the open air, and a staircase up to the room above it; so that it was easy to divide the house into several distinct and separate habitations, all under one roof, but having exactly as much or as little connection with each other, as the respective inhabitants of the compartments chose to maintain.

One end contained the parlour and the best bed-room; at the other extremity were the dairy, scullery, and "bac'us," which etymologists are yet undetermined whether to interpret "bake-house," or "back-house." In the middle was the room which served as kitchen, bar, club-room, and living-room for the family.

Of course I was installed in the parlour end—a room below and a room above. The

people of Shroudham could no more conceive why any guest, however great, could require more than one day-room, than most Frenchmen can understand what a single man can want with more than one room at all. A staircase at one corner led up to my dormitory. It had a neat little table, four elm chairs, and two arm ditto, all shining from the effects of what is there called elbow-grease; and, by way of company, a tall, round-faced, eight-day clock, stood up in the corner opposite to the staircase, and evidenced the principle of life within it, by uttering its monotonous unceasing tick. The remarkable feature of this clock, however, was its being six inches too tall for the room it stood in,—a difficulty which, though puzzling, had still been overcome. The Patagonian clock remained untouched, neither spoiled of its crown of carving and gilding, nor dismounted from its broad and solid pedestal; but a square hole had been dug in the floor, paved with bricks and lined with a skirting board, and into that convenient hollow the too tall clock had modestly stepped. Opposite to the clock was the door into the front yard; in the other wall forming the angle was the door into the central kitchen.

My supper, or, as we should now say, my dinner, was over. I stirred my fire, sipped my glass of grog, and took out the county map to make sure of the ground of to-morrow's campaign, when the "customers" began to assemble in the next room. At first there were only a small farmer or two, a marshman or two, and a travelling draper, who periodically supplied Shroudham and other neighbouring "towns." Others arrived afterwards. To enliven the party, Joe the ostler was invited in, not in his professional character of ostler, but to make his celebrated display of ventriloquism, for which he was usually rewarded by draughts of beer and sips of brandy and water; and, at rare and blessed intervals, by a sixpence or two. So we had conversations with the boy up the chimney, and the man going down the lane, witty enough, as they gave entire satisfaction to the public of Shroudham. All this I could hear, without playing the eaves-dropper. Presently, Joe approached my parlour door, and in a delicate way improvised an imaginary dialogue with some one on my side of it, by which I was given to understand, that it would not be taken amiss if I joined the select circle on theirs, for half-an-hour. On this hint I rose, opened the unsocial barrier, and entered the assembly, where I was ushered to the seat of comfort, and therefore, in village inns, of honour. Mrs. Rudd and Nurse Andrews were also in the room giving the baby a final dandle, and haranguing her in mother's nonsense, before putting her to bed.

The party had scarcely had time to settle in their own minds what sort of a looking fellow, I, the stranger, was—and I, the gentleman with the wonderful "fancy" for birds, had not yet decided which of the marshmen I should make friends with and give a glass of grog to, in the hope of gleaning a little lore in return—when the outer door of the apartment opened, and a tall, strong-built man entered, with the air of feeling himself quite at home. His dress at once announced that he was a miller by trade. He might be fifty years of age, but his countenance still retained a hale and ruddy complexion, and was of that open and frank-looking character, that you would at once say to yourself, "this man, at least, must be honest." The whole expression of his face was that of habitual cheerfulness, though just at the present moment his mind seemed to be occupied by some unusual cause of thoughtfulness.

The new-comer nodded familiarly to the customers, one by one, in a friendly way, but without a smile,—a gravity of salutation which seemed to astonish them greatly.

"Raven is very solid to-night," said my intended confidant to his neighbouring smoker. "I wonder what can be the matter. That 's John Raven, Rudd's father-in-law," he added to me. "We never have such pleasant evenings as when he is here."

Raven stepped, with a peculiar gait, across the room to the spot where I was sitting by the side of our host. He drew a chair behind us, gave me a sort of half-bow, half-nod, and sat down. I then perceived the cause of his halting motion. He had lost a leg, which was replaced by a wooden one; and since the accident he had evidently grown heavier and stouter, without losing his activity.

Rudd looked at him, as if to ask the cause of his seriousness. He leaned forward, and said in a low voice—not as if he were uttering any secret, but rather to prevent his words from being heard in the further part of the room where the women were—"There 's something happened at Bammant's marsh-mill late this afternoon. Has Jane heard of it yet?"

"No, nor I either, nor I think has any one else. We hear the news here, you know, as soon as anywhere. What can have happened at Bammant's mill?" asked Rudd, anxiously, and looking exceeding thoughtful in turn.

"A very shocking accident. It seems as if ill luck and mills were to go together, as far as that rascal is concerned."

"Good God!" said Rudd, still more excited. "He has not been playing his old tricks again? He hasn't been driven to murder?"

"No, no, not this time," said Raven. "It *is* an accident, and nothing worse, though that 's bad enough. He doesn't know of it yet himself; I met him going out of the town, as I was coming up from the mill, where I heard of it. When he caught sight of me, he began whistling, by way of bravado;

but he little guesses what they 'll have to show him, as soon as he enters his own door again."

Rudd listened with painful curiosity: his father-in-law proceeded:

"You know Bammant's girl Mary. Well, poor thing, she 's killed; killed by the mill-sail. She was in too much of a hurry to pass, and it dashed her brains out."

I was then too young to have had much to grieve or shock me—and I was oppressively grieved and shocked at hearing this dreadful piece of news.

"What!" said I, "that pretty little child we saw this very afternoon, coming out of the marsh-mill where you would not let me take shelter?"

My host slowly nodded his head in the affirmative. I felt the room spin round; the heat and the tobacco-smoke, before unheeded, were now suffocating and unbearable. I was rising to leave, when Raven perceiving it, said,

"Excuse me, sir, but you will perhaps do us a service by remaining quietly a few minutes longer. You know, Robert, Jane must hear of this, sooner or later; and after what happened before, I thought it best to come up at once, and let you tell her the news yourself. As she is at present, it might be of consequence to be told of it too suddenly."

A slight gesture and a look of intelligence expressed Rudd's thankfulness, as well as his perfect acquiescence. He rose at once, and walked to the nook where his wife and Nurse Andrews were having their very last game with the baby. He took the child in his arms, kissed it, and began a conversation inaudible to us, but to which the women listened breathlessly. In a few minutes the tears were running fast down Jane's fair cheeks; she took the infant which her husband held to her, and kissed it as if she had never before been aware how very, very dear it was to her.

"She 'll do now," Raven quietly observed to me.

"That 's the first judgment upon him," said Nurse with impressive bitterness, "and there 's more in store to follow it."

"Poor dear child!" said Jane, with a strange kind of interest which I could not then understand. "Her death will be a great blow to him; perhaps it may bring him to a proper state of mind. I am told she was the only child that he ever cared for, or that ever cared for him, or that seemed at all glad to see him when he went home to his meals."

"She 's the only one that 's at all like him in the face," remarked Nurse indignantly; "and if she had lived, he 'd have made her just such another as her mother and the rest of them. He 'd have sold her, and driven her to it, and then have been the first to publish her shame. I say she can't go better. And as to the man, he must know that 'tis a judgment upon him, though he do swear that he don't believe in either God or Devil; but that, perhaps, is only brag."

"Did she suffer much?" asked Jane, addressing her father.

"It was done in an instant — momentarily!"

"Thank God for that!" she replied, wiping her eyes. "Nurse, we 'll now put baby to bed."

"Good night, sir," said Raven, offering me his hand. "It has gone off better than I expected; perhaps all the more so that there were visitors in the room."

He left, and the party broke up earlier than usual. Some of the guests went to learn further particulars in the village; others to relate the particulars they had just learned: but all seemed to look upon the terrible end of the poor child, as something strange, and yet not to be wondered at—under the (to them) well-known circumstances—in short, as a judgment. During many subsequent visits to the waters and marshes of Shroudham, I never heard that fatal accident afterwards alluded to, directly or indirectly, in Rudd's house; but I contrived to obtain, from other sources, some little bits of information which helped me to understand both the scene I had witnessed, and Raven's allusion to "what had happened before."

You are aware that Shroudham, although surrounded with water-courses and "broads," or small lakes, has no water-power, in consequence of the peculiarity of its levels, but rather the reverse; it is obliged to make use of wind-power to raise the water that falls from the clouds to the level which will enable it to flow into the sea. Consequently there are no water-mills; steam was not then employed on any and every occasion, as it now is; the population wanted their corn ground into flour; and the result was, that Shroudham possessed the very handsome, tall, brick-tower windmill which I have mentioned—of I don't know how many stories, eight or nine. It commanded, and was seen from, a very considerable tract of country, and had business connections over even a wider area. It was, in short, a large and important concern.

At this mill, John Raven had for some years been, and still continued, foreman; Rudd was employed there in an inferior capacity; and an additional hand being subsequently required, Bammant was taken in, after some hesitation, which his previous character inspired. Rudd was a single man, but Raven had a daughter Jane; everybody about the mill saw that what they called an "acquaintance" was fast coming on between her and Rudd, and Raven showed no objection to its progress.

Bammant was married; and the disinclination to take him arose as much on that

account, as from the distrust with which he himself was regarded. For his wife's relations were a set of people alike remarkable for their good looks (in a certain animal class of beauty) and their indifferent characters. With both men and women, any strict observance of the marriage vow, either by themselves or their partners, would have been looked upon as the height of greenness and superstitious prejudice. Whenever they did go to church, it was not for the sake of what other folks are supposed to go there for. To use the expression of the neighbourhood, "They did not care how the pot boiled, so long as it boiled fat." A successful piece of swindling, horse-dealing, or cheating at cards by the males, a new wealthy acquaintance, and a finer dress than became her station, by the females, was, among their own set, matter for boasting and vanity, rather than for shame. In higher life, they would have made the stuff to rival the infamies of the most disgraceful epochs of history, English or Continental. With more courage, they would have been the agents to commit great and frightful crimes. Luckily, they wanted that; or rather unluckily, for society in general; because their caution enabled them to continue their career without coming to a check or a catastrophe. The idea of the hangman always timely interposed between themselves and any temptation to clutch at the good things of life too violently. Utterly abolish the punishment of death, and they would instantly have been converted into a gang of Thuggish murderers. But they had cast aside all honour, shame, and honesty; to lie, and to stick to it, was the family maxim; and all that gave them considerable power.

When Bammant married, no one who really knew him considered that he had made a mis-alliance. The match was a very proper one, they said; like was yoked to like; better one bad house in a lane than two. Of his tastes and principles I, therefore, need say little more.

For some little time, after Bammant worked at the mill, everything went on as usual. He was handy, obliging, quick, intelligent; he never did anything likely to run counter to the notions or habits of his betters; he was so full of tact, as to incur the contempt of one or two blunt, straight-forward workmen; he was not nice about over-hours, but, apparently, rather glad to give an additional hand's-turn late at night, or early in the morning.

But afterwards, sundry little unpleasantnesses arose; and no one could trace their origin. The former cordiality amongst the men themselves, the old confidence between them and their master, seemed to be at an end. The miller now and then put strange questions to them, in an unaccustomed tone of voice, which made them stare, and return short and sulky answers. The short and sulky answer confirmed the master's suspicion that there was something wrong about that particular man who had given it.

Petty thefts were constantly occurring, or rather were suspected to occur; which if actually perpetrated, made up by their sum total for their apparently trifling amount in detail. The fruit and vegetables in the garden, the coals in the shed, the wood in the stack-yard, the eggs in the fowl-house, were all seemingly under the spell of some evil eye; they became less and less, wasting beneath an invisible agency.

Gates were, therefore, fastened, that had never been fastened before; doors were locked, that had not known the touch of a key for years. Everybody's eye inquired of everybody's countenance, "Is yours the face of a thief?" Everybody's unspoken reply to everybody's muttered question was, "I'm no more of a thief than you are; perhaps not so much." Bammant alone took things easily; the only difference that could be observed in him was, a more glassy twinkle of his green-grey eye, and, frequently, a suppressed smile as he turned away his head.

I may as well tell you that he was the thief; that he was the person who, by artful words, and looks, and signs, which he confidentillay let escape him now and then, had contrived to get suspicion cast on everybody about the premises, except himself.

Early one morning, as he was stealing off, a few minutes later than was quite prudent, with a pailful of coals secreted over-night, having half-a-dozen eggs lying on the top of them, he fancied that Rudd, who was coming to work, had perceived both himself and the contrasted hues of the strange contents of the pail. Rudd, however, was quite innocent of either discovery. Late one evening, as he was leaving the garden with some booty, by climbing over the wall by the aid of a fruit-tree, he saw Rudd crossing the meadow homewards. He was obliged to drop to the ground on the outside of the wall, for he heard footsteps approaching within. On alighting, he listened breathlessly, fancying that Rudd had perceived him a second time, and was coming to charge him with the trespass he had witnessed. He was mistaken. Rudd had merely stopped a moment to look around him, and then proceeded straight on his way. However, to Bammant's conscious mind, Rudd had him in his power, and was, therefore, to be undermined and destroyed; he must try and strike the first blow. That Rudd's behaviour to him was the same as it had always been, was, in his eyes, merely a proof of Rudd's enviable powers of dissimulation.

A dissipated farmer of the neighbourhood, —an acquaintance, or patron, of one of Bammant's sisters-in-law—had said in his hearing that, after all, he thought that, present company always excepted, Jane Raven was the prettiest girl in the parish; that he would not mind paying a guinea for the first kiss

she would give him, and five guineas for the second; that, perhaps, she only pretended to be more nice than other people, who were just as good-looking as herself; and other remarks in a similar strain, which were received with applause by the women present, and by Bammant with merely a knowing wink of the eye.

Within a fortnight, Jane by some means was persuaded that Rudd was the vilest and the most debauched of men, who had hitherto only escaped discovery, by being the most artful. Rudd, in turn, was fully persuaded that Jane, with all her pretended innocence, was a faithless, double-dealing girl, looking out for nothing but the main chance; her character had not been attempted to be injured in his opinion, but he was convinced that she liked to have two, if not three, strings to her bow—and that did not suit him. The parish soon knew that the "acquaintance" had grown cold, though no one was able exactly to state the reason why. Neither can I explain precisely the means by which the breach was effected; I believe, however, that anonymous letters, personations, the mixing up of a particle of truth with a mountain of falsehood, and the assistance of confederates, were means of intrigue in which Bammant was a practised proficient.

He was now going on so smoothly, that he hoped for further successes. One morning, it was found that the counting-room belonging to the mill (where all the books, papers, and cash were kept) had been attempted to be broken into during the night. A bar had been removed; some of the things lying within reach were disturbed, but nothing taken away. Other parts of the premises also bore traces of burglarious attempts. The men were more uneasy than ever. Who could have done this? Such a thing had never been heard of in Shroudham. Bammant gave it as his opinion, as the miller was passing by, that the place was not safe, unless some confidential person slept in the counting-room; and the expression of his face seemed to signify to the miller, that he Bammant, had no objection to be selected as the trusty guardian of the treasures of the mill.

The miller, however, had his eyes open. He sent for an officer of experience. They inspected the premises together, marked well the spots at which the burglary had been attempted, and after an hour's private consultation, the officer left. Half-an-hour afterwards Bammant had been paid off, and was walking slowly homewards, with a variety of strange thoughts crowding into his brain. To his urgent inquiries why he had been so dismissed—was *he* suspected of attempting a robbery?—to his remonstrance, what a cruel thing it was to him, with a wife and family, what an injury to his character, to send him away so suddenly at such a time—the only answer the miller would give him, besides contemptuous and indignant looks, was a command to take himself off instantly, and to trouble the place with his presence as little as possible in future.

He remained some weeks out of work, idling about the country, relating his grievances to whoever would listen to him, and calumniating his late employer and his fellow-workmen in the ears of every one who did not turn away from his slanderous tongue. Subsequently, by some influence of his wife's family, he got the cottage and the charge of the marsh-mill where I saw him. But the sources of the income by which his weekly expenditure (extravagantly large for his station) was defrayed, were a matter of mystery to some of his neighbours, and of dark surmises and hints to others.

Rudd could not settle comfortably to work, even after Bammant had left. There seemed no probability of any explanation and reconciliation between himself and Jane. They neither of them had a sufficient clue to the real nature of the "honest Iago," who had contrived their mutual estrangement to guide them to a mutual understanding. Of course there had come on a coldness between himself and Raven. It is hard to have the wreck of one's hopes constantly in sight; so one day he informed the miller that he thought of leaving and getting employment elsewhere, as soon as his master could suit himself with a man to take his place.

Rudd shortly left the mill, with expressions of regret and respect on the part of his master, and with offers of ready and willing occasional service on his own; sincere on both sides. He did not, however, continue his old trade of a miller, but, a good opportunity offering, he started a public conveyance for passengers and parcels between Shroudham and the county town, every market-day.

People have sometimes found, in the course of their lives, that the enemy, who has failed to crush and ruin them entirely, has, instead of that, just placed their foot on the first stave of the ladder by which they are to mount to success and good fortune. So it was with Rudd. Though grieved at heart, he was not dispirited; he was active, enterprising, and punctual in his dealings; people trusted him more and more, in spite of slanders and attempted opposition by the Bammant gang. An inn fell vacant; he took it, with the aid of his mother, a widow, but still an active woman, who acted as his housekeeper. Custom came; the concern throve; his connexion with the East-Anglian capital gave him an opportunity of dealing, profitably to himself and with advantage to all parties, in many of the peculiar products of that isolated district. Knowing heads believed that though there was but little show

under the roof of the Blue Boar, wealth was fast accumulating there.

The friendly connexion with the miller continued. On the occasion of his visits there, Raven received him coldly, but sometimes half-sorrowfully, as if he longed for old times to come over again. After a violent storm one night, which upset many an old pollard willow, and covered the marsh wall, on the lee side of the broad, with foam from the waves that dashed against it, there came next morning a request from the miller to Rudd, that he would have the kindness to inspect (as he had been accustomed to do in former days) the damage that he feared the sails had sustained. Rudd sent word that he would be there at noon. One of Bammant's intimates was present when this message was delivered and answered.

The day after the storm the wind was lulled, there was hardly a breath stirring, the weather was calm and fine. At mid-day, all work had come to a momentary cessation, and everything was almost as still as at midnight. The mill had been stopped in the usual position, namely that called "top-sail," with one pair of sails standing perpendicularly, the others stretching horizontally. The pair that were upright were those that required his attention.

He first employed himself about the lower sail, which he reached from the gallery that ran round the outside of the mill about half way up. It looked a bold and hazardous performance, but was not really more, if so much so, than the feats of climbing which sailors daily practise among the rigging of a ship. Having done what was required there, he climbed up that sail, to inspect what was wrong in the upper and fellow one. As he was mounting, he felt a light breeze play upon his cheek, and slightly move his hair. "The wind is rising," thought he to himself; "if I can put this to rights as easily as the other, they may go to work again in the afternoon."

Although intent upon his task, he still was conscious that the noontide calm was soon to be followed by a steady breeze from the sea, which he could perceive looking more and more darkly blue in the distance. As he was giving his last touch to the apparatus, he heard some light and rather stealthy-sounding footsteps approach from behind the mill and enter the building, and then a noise, as if half-a-dozen stout sticks had been thrown together upon the floor.

"Halloo!" shouted Robert. "Who's that? There's nobody in the mill, if you want anything there. But I have just done: wait a minute, and I'll be down to you directly."

The sail was all right, and he was commencing his descent, when he felt a slight tremor run through the whole frame-work of the machinery, and communicate itself to the sail to which he was clinging. "The wind *is* rising," said he; "and I am glad of it, for the work is behind-hand." In one instant another thought flashed before him. "Am I giddy? or—good God! the mill is off and I shall be dashed to pieces!"

The mill *was* off; the sail up which he had climbed was descending slowly; it would rise again with increased velocity, to descend once more ever faster and faster. He felt all this, and foresaw the necessary consequence; his fate on earth was sealed, unless he could make the stranger within the mill know what danger he was in, and stop the machinery—if, indeed, he happened to know how!

"Help, man! Help!—stop the mill!—Hoy! man; I'm on the sail—hoy!" he shouted, with a voice of resolute and unfaltering energy. "Hoy!—For God's sake stop the mill!"

But no answer was returned by word or deed; the motion of the sail increased, not rapidly, but so steadily, that Robert could hope only for a few minutes' respite.

"Hoy! man—stop the mill!" he again shouted, with an effort which he felt must be final.

This time he was heard; but not by the party that he expected. A well-known head and shoulders peered above the garden-hedge of the mill-house; it was John Raven, who instantly saw the perilous situation of his former friend.

"Hold on, Bob," he almost screamed, "hand over hand, and I'll stop the mill. Hand over hand," he repeated, halting for one instant, to describe by signs, if the words should not reach Rudd's ear, the action of a sailor in clibbing sideways, by taking a hand-hold constantly to the left, or to the right, of the former one, according as the direction of his intended passage may require. Robert both heard, and saw, and understood; and his ready comprehension saved his life. As he was standing when the mill set off, he was upright, in the usual position, like a man upon a ladder; but, when the sail brought him with his head downwards, his standing-place would be so no longer; clinging with his feet, instead of standing on them, could alone prevent his falling from the sail, even if he were not thrown off by the increasing centrifugal force. But, by performing the "hand over hand" evolution, in a direction the reverse of that in which the sails were turning, he managed still to keep his head uppermost and his feet downwards, and to retain his place longer than he otherwise could.

"Hold on, Bob, hand over hand," still gasped Raven, as he hastened with a rapidity that seemed almost supernatural in a wooden-legged man, to stop the machinery. Other people—women as well as men—belonging to the mill, were now aware of Rudd's fearful flight in mid-air. Jane was amongst them. They all saw that Raven had run to the rescue; and they stood still, staring with that

fixedness which is so often the first emotion at any shocking catastrophe,—and sometimes the only one, till any further effort is too late.

Raven was inside the mill; his hand was almost upon "the gripe," when he was thrown to the ground with a heavy fall. A large bundle of rakes, such as haymakers use, lay exactly across the path from the mill-door to the gripe.

He felt a crash, and he heard a short snap, as of something breaking, but he suffered no pain, except a bruise or two. He looked—his wooden leg was broken by the fall. "Thank God," said he, "the other one is whole; I shall save him yet!" And then, whether by hopping or crawling, or by walking on *all-threes* for want of all-fours, he never could afterwards tell, he reached the gripe, and seized it with the grasp of victory.

In spite of his terrors, his excited hopes, and his stunning accident, he yet had presence of mind enough not to check the motion of the machinery too suddenly, lest the friendly aid should prove, by its jerk, as fatal as the uncontrolled whirling by the winds. He also afterwards related, that in the midst of that intense stretch of his mental faculties, when he felt to his inmost nerve, that the least moment then was of more consequence than a month at other times, he could not help indulging in a passing laugh, for the minutest fraction of a second, at the sight of his broken wooden leg, and his self-congratulation that it was not the other limb. Thought may be quick: emotion is sometimes even more rapid in its transitions.

The dash had been successful. The mill-people were officiously offering all sorts of unnecessary assistance to aid Rudd in getting safely down from "that bad eminence," Raven breathed, deeply, regularly, like a man in a tranquil sleep; for he felt sure that Robert's life was saved. He stood upright, leaning against some wood-work, and looked around him, not that he expected to see anything unusual, but rather to assure himself that he was not actually in a dream. Some way off he saw, first the cold glimmer from a pair of eyes, and then the slight figure of a man, not absolutely hiding himself, but retired to the spot of deepest shade, and shrinking into nothing—if such a process were possible for material bodies.

"Who the devil are you?" said Raven; "come here and show yourself."

"Your servant, sir," said Bammant (for it was he), touching his hat, and advancing with a plausible and half-confident air. "I met with a bargain of rakes last market-day; and as they come gain, I thought you might like to have them for next haysill."

"You need not have laid them just in the way," growled Raven, with forced calmness, "to hinder any one from stopping the mill." But as the other approached within reach, "You villanous scamp!" he exclaimed, losing all self-control, and seizing him by the collar with a grasp from which there was no escape. "I've thought for some time you deserved hanging, and now I know it."

"What can you prove?" said Bammant, turning deadly pale, but with perfect self-possession; "*I* didn't set the mill a-going. Where's your witness?"

Rudd entered at that moment, and Jane with him. One of his arms was round her waist, and their hands were clasped. Raven, seeing them, shifted his hold on Bammant to his left hand, without setting him at liberty, and offered his right to Robert, who shook it long and heartily, without uttering one word.

"Let him go," he said at last; "it is not worth soiling your fingers by touching such a wretch. Hell will be sure to have its own, without our taking the trouble to punish him."

"Let him go indeed!" muttered Bammant, with malicious spite; "it's all very well to say let him go. But are people to be assaulted in this way for nothing, and have their characters taken away, I should like to know? I'll take good care you shall pay for this, Master Raven."

"Be off!" thundered Raven, in reply, "without another syllable, unless you have a mind to be put into the broad. I know the men's fingers are itching to do it, and if you're here a minute hence, they shall!"

The hint was taken; the baffled murderer stole away looking like a fiend; and you can guess all the rest of my story, as well as if I were to spin it out for another hour.

THE BUSH WITH THE BLEEDING BREAST.

[In Cornwall, as in the East, the names "Uncle" and "Aunt" are not only titles of kindred, but words of endearment and respect. So it was with an impulse of love and honour, that the ancient Cornish were wont to call the Virgin Mother, "Aunt Mary."]

Now, of all the trees by the King's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast!
The holly, with her drops of blood for me
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's Tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor;
Summer and Winter it shines the same
Beside the cottage door.
O! the holly, with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our kind Aunt Mary's Tree.

'Tis a bush that the birds are loth to leave;
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,
Is to hear the robin's song.
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea,
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's Tree.

So, of all the growth by the King's highway
I love that plant the best;
'Tis a bower for the birds upon Christmas Day,
That bush with the bleeding breast;
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's Tree.

SOUTH AMERICAN CHRISTMAS.

For many years I have been accustomed to eat my Christmas dinner in a white jacket and a loose shirt collar, the doors and windows thrown wide open, admitting with the warm and sluggish breeze the scent of summer flowers and newly made hay. A much prized lump of ice cooling my tepid lemonade, has long been to me the only sign of frost—the sole memento of old-country Christmas weather. In Tasmania, a dessert of juicy English cherries, ripe jolly-looking gooseberries, ruddy bunches of newly-gathered currants, and delicious strawberries, formed a repast far more in keeping with the weather, than the dinner of roast beef and hot plum-pudding which, in obedience to the good old custom, we vainly strove to swallow. But still, in Australia, as in every English colony whatever be its latitude, Christmas retains its old associations, and loved usages; and the Yule log, and midnight waits, the rich spice cake and mellow cheese, recall to the long absent settler many a happy Christmas of his boyhood. In the bunch of mistletoe that hangs above his head (for Australia has her mistletoe), the newly landed emigrant sees the bright eyes and sunny smiles of that fair cousin who was his partner all last Christmas eve; and in whose company he was continually losing himself among the dancers, and as often turning up beneath the glistening bough that hung in the ball-room kitchen of the old house at home.

But, although thus inured to hot Decembers and no longer wondering to meet old Christmas dressed in flowers instead of holly, and adding to his English winter cheer the fruits of summer; yet, in some southern countries, I have seen him so disguised as scarcely to admit of recognition: and in none, perhaps, does he wear a stranger garb, than in the half Indian and half Spanish cities of the South American republics. Of these not one presents so singular and so interesting an aspect as Lima, the capital of Peru. Its Moorish architecture, its magnificent religious festivals; its many-coloured population; its picturesque costumes; and its strange mixture of the customs of old Spain with those of the ancient empire of the Incas; combine to form a picture that offers to the traveller many rare attractions.

On Christmas Eve—*noche buena*, the good night, as the Spaniards call it—the whole city is alive with preparations for the approaching festivity. Droves of asses crowd the streets, laden with fruit, liquors, and merchandise; ugly calezas, ornamented with gaudy paper instead of paint, rattle over the rough pavement; and Indians with ice pails on their heads, elbow through the crowd, crying in musical tones *helado! helado!*

Suddenly the great bell of the cathedral, with three slow and heavy strokes, calls to *oraciones* or evening prayers. The effect is magical. The life of the city is instantly suspended. Every foot is arrested; every tongue is silent, and the whole population kneel or bow in whispered prayer. With the last stroke of the bell the silence is broken; each individual turning to his neighbour wishes him "good night," and the busy stream flows on all the more rapidly for the transient interruption. This scene is enacted in the streets of Lima every evening in the year; but on Christmas Eve it is more especially the signal for the cessation of toil, and the commencement of the merry festival.

The Alemadas or public walks outside the walls are, on Christmas Eve, crowded with pleasure seekers; and the great square is filled by a motley throng, whose faces present every shade of human colour, from the aristocratic white and slender figure of the pure Spanish creole through fifty crosses and gradations, to the jetty black and robust frame of the equally pure negro; each deepening of the tint marking a new and more degraded race, distinguished by a different name, and scornfully looked down on by the lighter-hued mulatto or mestizo, in whose veins a drop of pure white blood has mingled with the darker stream. Numerous ice stalls surrounded with chairs and benches, are scattered over the square, and drive a busy trade; for, to the Limeña ice is a necessary of life, and never is it more welcome than during the sultry Christmas tide. As the night darkens the crowd increases, and presently is heard above the hum of voices the wild chanting of the Peruvian waits: bands of negroes dressed in flowing robes of red; with thin, black faces, sometimes disguised by ugly and still blacker masks, and carrying in their hands small painted gourds or calabashes filled with pebbles. To the monotonous music of the guitar and clattering castanets, they sing strange guttural songs, and dance wild and uncouth measures, rattling the pebbles in their gourds to mark the time: and, seen by the flickering lamplight, they bear to us a greater likeness to a mosque of devils than to English waits.

After the negroes, come groups of Indian women, loosely dressed—their long black hair, unbound, falling round them—carrying long slender wands fluttering with ribbons. In the low soft tones peculiar to their race they sing sweet melodies, and move in circles performing the most graceful dances, waving their light wands in time to the music of a flute and harp.

As we wander through the streets we find the doors all open, and hear music in every house, catching sometimes a glimpse of the

dark faces of the dancers as they move through the graceful evolutions of the zambacucca—the favourite dance of the coloured races. Lima is, perhaps, the most hospitable city in the world; although many of its old customs are falling into disuse. Even yet, as you traverse its streets after nightfall, you may see shining in many a gateway, the "welcome-lamp," once universal; which tells to the passing friend or stranger that the family is "at home" and ready to receive him. At Christmas every house is open. Strangers enter without fear. To be a foreigner is to have a double claim and to be greeted with a double welcome. The ceremony and restraint which we associate with Spanish manners have no existence here, and no introduction is necessary. With the prettiest girl in the room for a partner (if she be disengaged, and the stranger can muster sufficient courage and Spanish to ask her) he may join the waltzers, who are spinning round the saloon; or, he will find in the adjoining apartment, cigars, ices, liquors, sherbet, and pastry, to which he is expected to help himself without ceremony. A sudden intimacy springs up between him and sundry gorgeous little officers in small moustaches and large silver-hilted swords, or with beautiful women, who introduce themselves by some startling Christian name—the surname being seldom used in conversation. A child born on any festival or Saint's day receiving the name of such Saint or festival, and it is amusing to hear names, which translated into English, would be Donna Nativity, or Donna Ascension; or not unfrequently Donna Holy Ghost (*Espiritu Santo*) or Jesuita. The visitor is at once invested with a title; and by the lips of a fair companion, the plain John, which his godfather gave him, is transformed into the more sonorous Don Juan.

Among the loungers in the saloon may be noticed several ladies wearing a dress peculiar to Peru, and which, on the perfect figures of the Limeñas, has a very graceful appearance. From the waist descends the "saya," a skirt of stiff-padded silk, gathered at the top in small plaits, and falling to the ancles in voluminous folds, which stand out like a hooped petticoat, displaying the small and pretty foot,—for which the Lima ladies are so deservedly celebrated,—enclosed in a white satin slipper worked with gold and silver thread. From the head droops the manta, a thick veil of dark silk, enveloping the upper part of the person, and drawn round the face so as to leave one bright eye only uncovered. One little hand confines the folds of the manta, whilst the other holds a nosegay, or a highly-scented handkerchief. In this dress the lady becomes the "tapada"—the concealed—and, thus disguised, she indulges in the most satirical comments on her neighbours, without fear of discovery; for the sacred manta may not be profaned by the rude hand of even a husband or a brother. Stiff French fashions are now rapidly superseding this graceful costume; although the tapadas attend the religious processions in great numbers, and the piquant coquettish manta may frequently be met with in the city.

In many private houses a sort of theatrical representation of the Nativity is displayed on Christmas Eve; resembling, in some respects, the old English mysteries. It is often got up with considerable skill and at great expense; the child being sometimes cradled in a silver manger.

Later, the bell of the cathedral tolls again, and every church in the city, with answering chime, summons to the midnight mass,—the most gorgeous of Rome's splendid pageants. The crowded plaza empties itself into the noble church; whose vast area, unbroken by pews or benches, is covered with kneeling figures. Around the walls are numerous shrines, on which stand large waxen images of saints, coloured like life, clothed in rich robes, and hung around with costly offerings. Before them burn immense wax candles six or eight feet high. Above the altar many valuable paintings are displayed, the gifts of former kings of Spain. On either side stands a massive silver candlestick with many branches, weighing upwards of a hundred pounds: whilst round the shrine are ranged seven silver columns, twelve feet high; each column bearing as its capital a gilded crown. The shrine itself is pure gold, beautifully wrought, and glittering with a profusion of precious stones; and on the golden altar service, the lustrous diamond sparkles beside the pale-green emerald.

At the first notes of the organ pealing through the church, a procession—consisting of richly-dressed priests who appear from the vestries, and a long file of priests and monks, led by the stately archbishop—winds slowly round the church; the black and scarlet robes are seen for a moment as they pass the lighted shrines, and then are lost in the obscurity of the darker aisles: whilst, flung from a hundred silver censers, heavy clouds of incense fill the air with sickening perfume. It is then that they raise the gorgeous chalice to celebrate, in splendour and magnificence, the lowly birth of Him who knew not where to lay his head,—who taught that gentle doctrine—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

The Limeñas are early risers; and, by six o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day the market-place is crowded with customers, among whom appear many ladies attended by their slaves; for whilst the importation of negroes into Peru is prohibited, and the laws declare that the moment a slave brought from another country touches the soil of the republic, he is free; yet those already in bondage remain unliberated, and even their children up to a certain age, continue slaves; although

their slavery is now almost nominal, for many privileges have been granted to them by the government, and before long this stain upon the country—once a very deep one—will be totally erased.

On one side of the market-place stands a gloomy building which gives its name to the square—the Plazuela de la Inquisicion. But the Inquisition has long been banished from the land, and its deserted palace now looks sullenly over the busy market, once the scene of many a terrible martyrdom; for here were performed the fearful "acts of faith." Now, the only faggots to be seen are those brought from the mountains to serve as fuel for cooking our Christmas dinner.

Upon the ground of the square are heaped great piles of fruit,—plump, juicy melons, yellow plantains, luscious grapes, and fragrant limes. Baskets of crimson chilis and red-hot love-apples shine conspicuously among the green heaps of vegetables. Scattered round are monster yams and feathery corn-cobs, oranges, ripe dates and cocoa-nuts. The butchers' stalls display their stores of beef and mutton; and rows of fowls and turkeys promise plenty of good Christmas cheer. In the great square the flower-market displays a richly scented bouquet, such as Lima only can produce. Upon a large green leaf rests a foundation of small, beautifully-coloured fruits; above them glows a posy of bright flowers tastefully arranged, giving forth a most delicious fragrance, and brightened by a sprinkling of some delicate perfume. The whole is crowned by a single fruit, on which the sun has lavished all those soft, yet brilliant hues unknown beyond the tropics. One of these much esteemed *pucheros de flores* is the most acceptable present to be offered to the Lima ladies; who are all passionately fond of perfumes. Pastiles are constantly burning in their houses, and showers of scented water frequently salute their visitors, who receive such marks of attention as high compliments.

By eight o'clock the markets are almost deserted, and at nine the bell gives notice of the elevation of the host during the celebration of high mass. The scene at evening prayers is reacted, and again the whole city is wrapped in momentary silence; not a whisper nor a footfall sounds in the crowded streets. Every festival in Lima is marked by a religious procession, and the frequent repetition of these shows, does not appear to lessen in the slightest degree the intense gratification which they afford to the inhabitants. The festival of St. Rose, the patron saint of the city, and the twenty-eighth of October, the anniversary of the great earthquake of 1746, are especially noted for the magnificent ceremonies with which they are celebrated, and Christmas day is always inaugurated by one of these splendid spectacles. In the church of San Domingo, which almost equals the cathedral in grandeur, is a beautiful marble statue of St. Rose, richly decorated with gold and precious stones.

By this time the bells of each of the fifty churches in the city are clanging most discordantly, and the people are flocking in thousands toward the cathedral. Outside in the square, is marshalled the army of the republic, consisting of some two thousand men, who always form a prominent feature in the processions. At length there issues forth a long train of monks chanting psalms, each bearing in his hand a taper, and dressed in the habit of his order. At intervals appear the statues of the Saints, decked in all their rich ornaments, resting on a small platform, covered with thick velvet hangings, and borne by eight or ten strong negroes. On each side marches a line of soldiers fully employed in keeping off the eager populace, who throng around the statues, shouting with delight. The roofs and balconies are covered with spectators, strewing flowers upon the passing cortége; and the disguised tapadas flit about the procession—throwing on the monks the most bewitching glances, tempting them to look aside and lose their grave demeanour for a moment, and then instantly assailing them with showers of laughing, taunts, and biting jests, to which the good fathers must fain submit in quiet, or try to drown them with their psalmody.

In the middle of the train comes the figure of the Madonna, bearing the holy child; and behind it, the archbishop walks beneath a silken canopy, heavy with golden fringe. In a rich casket he carries the holy sacrament, and, as he passes, the noisy multitude is hushed in its sacred presence, and every head uncovers, and every knee is bent, in silent adoration. The president of the republic, with his ministers and generals, in their gorgeous uniforms, relieve the dark dresses of the monks; the military bands play in the procession, and a regiment of mounted lancers with long streaming pennons, finishes the array.

So far our Christmas day has been well spent, but now there comes a blot upon it; though to the Limeña that blot is its greatest beauty and its chief attraction. It is a bull-fight, to which barbarous amusement the latter part of the day is always devoted. During the season these exhibitions are of almost weekly occurrence, and Monday being usually set apart for them, that day becomes a general holiday. The excitement that prevails on these occasions is astonishing. The bull-fight is the sole topic of conversation; for the Peruvians are more enthusiastically attached to this sport than even the old Spaniards, and Lima surpasses her ancient mistress, Madrid, in the number and splendour of these national diversions. The Christmas bull-fight is commonly the best of the season, and eight or ten bulls are frequently killed on that day, besides several horses, and not unfrequently one or two of the

riders. A large amphitheatre has been erected in the suburbs, capable of holding three thousand persons, and this is always crowded with eager spectators. In the centre of the arena is a stockade in the form of a cross, intended for a place of refuge, the spaces between the posts being wide enough to admit a man. The Spanish bull-fights have been so often described, and the theme itself is so uninviting, that we will not linger over it further than to notice one or two peculiarities of the Peruvian "toros." The proceedings are usually opened by a company of well-trained soldiers, who perform various military evolutions in the ring, and form themselves into many complex figures; but the real business of the day is commenced by a party of amateurs who display their activity and admirable horsemanship, in feigned attacks upon the bull, with long light lances; their practised horses eluding his fierce onset by nimbly swerving from his course. As fresh bulls are brought in, new modes of fighting are adopted, and with each daring feat or narrow escape, shouts of applause ring from the wide galleries, and showers of flowers and coins are thrown into the arena. The ladies are ever foremost with their bravos, and seem to take a more delighted interest in the savage sport than even the male spectators. A file of Indians, kneeling on the further side of the ring, receive one bull on their slight lances, which often break beneath his weight, and fearful accidents ensue. By another mode, a single Indian, dressed in red, kneels behind a short strong lance fixed on a swivel. The head of the lance is a long keen blade of steel; and, as the bull rushes forward, the Indian directs the weapon with such precision, that the blade enters the skull, and passing out behind the horns, the bull falls dead. In such a fight it is rare that more than a single course is run; for to the man, the slightest tremor, or the smallest flaw in wood or steel, is almost certain death. Some bulls are tortured by blazing fireworks; and others are killed as in Spain, by matadores, armed with short swords, and carrying flags or cloaks. But we will not dwell upon such brutal sports, for they do not harmonise with our English ideas of Christmas merriment, nor with that Christmas message which brought "on earth peace and good-will towards men."

Willingly we turn from this bad feature of our Lima festival to see again the merry groups collected round the ice-stalls; to wander through the streets, listening once more to the sweet songs of the Indian women, or to the solemn chanting of the choristers. Or, as we pass the wide courtyards, up which the welcome-lamp is gleaming, we enter again the hospital saloon; and, watching the graceful dancers, think of bygone days, and far-off friends with whom we have passed so many Christmas Days, and wonder if they think of us amidst their merriment, and if they drink our health as we do theirs, coupling their names with many a hearty wish.

A PACK OF CARDS.

Sir Roger de Coverley sent a pack of cards to every cottager-family on his estate, every Christmas. Cards are in season, and we propose to take a hand.

Bunhill Row has not now, a stranger going that way would think, any very striking attractions to boast of. Yet there is something remarkable in the spectacle of four hundred men, women, boys and girls, subjecting the simple material Paper to almost every imaginable process—cutting it, stamping it, pressing it, pasting it, printing it, colouring it, folding it, bordering it, gilding it, silvering it, embossing it, sizing it, varnishing it, enamelling it, japanning it, sprinkling it, brushing it, polishing it. In the large pile of buildings, which has the name of De la Rue over the entrance, these, and perchance many more processes are conducted; how many we attempt not even to guess. All we shall do is to endeavour to pick our way among the machinery and the piles of paper, and to single out such substances and such processes as contribute towards the production of that singular medley—a pack of cards.

Fifty-two pieces of card-board have brought much pleasure and much ruin in their train; yet not the card-board, surely, but the spirit which pervades those who use it. The favourite theory concerning the origin of playing-cards is that a certain *king*, once upon a time, was melancholy and *sick*, and that a courtier invented cards *to wile* away the tedious hours. But this *theory* has been rudely broken in upon; and the real truth seems to be that we know neither when, nor where, cards were first used as instruments of play or amusement. European nations may spare themselves all conflict on this matter; for whenever we can prove the existence of any art or custom in China and India, there is a provoking probability that such art or custom was known in those countries before Europe had arrived at years of discretion. Let it have originated where it may, however, the use of playing cards has undergone many and curious variations in the number of cards and the devices exhibited by them. But it may be well to make our card-board first, and to study its decorations afterwards.

Whatever may be the case in respect to some of the thicker pasteboard or millboard, it is a rule to make the pasteboard (we will call it carton) for playing-cards of several layers of paper pasted together. It is useful to bear in mind that the sheets so pasted are large enough each for forty ordinary cards. The sheets in English cards are four in number, two to form the foundation or inside, one for the face, and one for the back. The heaps of

paper, then, are the first objects which meet the eye in a systematic notice of the manufacture; and here the skill of the cunning artificer is at once called for. The paper must not be smooth, and yet it must not be pluffy; it must take the paste well if it be for the inside; and it must take paste well, and paint well, and polish well, if it be for the face or the back; in short it must render the right service at the right time—like everything which fills a creditable place in the world. These sheets of paper, then, for the inside or foundation of the card are laid down in a compact pile on a bench, and the paster proceeds to wield his formidable circular brush. Let it not be here supposed that a man trifles away his life by sticking sheets of paper together; easy as it may seem to dip the big brush into the tub of paste, and to beslaver the paper with the unctuous compound, yet is it an art which can be learned well only by long and steady practice. And oh! the paste: let us never again think paste to be a trifling commodity, when we find that between three and four hundred gallons are required per day for the various pastings which occur in Messrs. De la Rue's establishment. When the sheets are pasted, two and two together, they are solidified or consolidated by a careful series of processes, in which cool drying, warm drying, and heavy pressure by hydraulic presses, are brought in aid one of another; and thus is produced a thin but very firm and tough carton, fitted to bear the table-service which a pack of cards in destined to render.

And now we leave the inside carton to attend to the face and back. Each of these is formed of one piece or sheet of paper, differing in quality from that which has been used for the inside, but equal in size. The sheet is moderately white, and certainly not more than moderately smooth. The surface to be pasted is left to the tender mercies of the paste; but the other surface is subjected to an ordeal which we do not venture to pry into too closely, as it is a sort of manufacturers' secret: it is a process which prepares the surface for the due reception of colour. If the pack is to consist of white cards (commonly so called), the surface of the carton must still be prepared with a kind of flinty coating, in order that the black and red for the pips, and the varied colours for the court cards may come out clear and sharp; but, if the cards are to have "coloured backs," the ground-tint is laid on by a regular colouring process, and the coloured surface is further prepared for the reception of a pattern or device. The colouring material here employed is such as is technically called "distemper"—an awkward English version of an Italian word which signifies a diluted or thin colour; it is mixed with size made of parchment cuttings, and is laid on with a brush. This is one of the very many employments at the establishment of Messrs. De la Rue which females are quite well able to fill—a good thing, when we bear in mind the heart-aching difficulties which women have too often to encounter in their search for a living. It is not so pretty an operation as many of the dainty processes to which paper is subjected; but this must be submitted to. The sheets of paper are laid flat on a bench; they are coated with colour by means of a large soft brush, and they are hung singly over sticks to dry.

Beautiful are the devices now impressed on the backs of the best playing cards, by a process which is, we believe, mainly, if not altogether, due to Messrs. De la Rue. We have now spread out before us a graceful array, consisting of about forty of these coloured elegances, each differing from the others. Here is a delicate light green back, with a drooping flower of the fuschia kind; here is a light pink, with a sprig from a cherry tree; and here, and here, and here, are yellow, blue, lilac, fawn, salmon, orange, flesh, straw, and numerous other colours, all light in tint, to set off the devices to greater advantage. And these devices are such as to show how exquisitely natural objects may be pictured, if we will only give our taste fair-play. The blue-bell, the forget-me-not, the daisy, the carnation, the ear of wheat or of barley, all form pretty devices for the backs of cards, as the manufacturers have amply well shown. Unless for the highest class of cards, the whole device is in some one colour; but Messrs. De la Rue have lately produced cards in which the device at the back is fully coloured in various tints. One set especially, a right royal set of four packs, tells us how imagery has been brought in aid of playing cards. One of these packs has, on every card, the initials V. R. in fanciful letters in the centre of the back; another has P. A. another P. W., and the fourth has P. R. To whom these initials relate it is not difficult to guess; and the exquisite flowers and leaves which are made to intertwine among and around the letters are intended, by a little of the poetry of card-making, to symbolise qualities in the august personages. The rose and the hawthorn surrounding one monogram; the holly, the ivy, and the oak, surrounding another; the fuschia and the daisy, a third; the primrose, the violet, and the lily, a fourth. We will leave those who are learned in the language of flowers to interpret all these symbols, and to apply them to the proper objects; suffice it here to say, that Mr. Owen Jones has been employed in the production of these very graceful designs, and that each card back forms a dainty little picture, worthy of being regarded as such, irrespective of the main purpose of the card. Some of the cards, belonging to other sets, are printed in gold on coloured grounds; some have a kind of Arabesque or Moresque pattern, very rich, but very indescribable; some have squat, thick, stiff, hard, unmeaning patterns, to suit the taste of

those (and their name is legion) who, in another class of productions, would prefer a willow-pattern plate, simply because they are accustomed to it. One of the most pleasing of all the varieties of coloured backs is that which consists of a minute interlaced pattern, something like the engine-turned surface of a watch-case; indeed, many players prefer these to the more pictorial patterns, as being less attractive or distractive.

How these backs are printed we shall better know when we come to speak of the faces of the court-cards. It may be at once stated, however, that the printing plates are large enough for forty cards, and that the printing is done upon the sheets of prepared paper, not upon single cards or even upon cardboard.

The faces of the cards constitute a subject on which whole volumes have been written: not, of course, in relation to their technical manufacture, but to the devices represented on them. How many of such volumes there may be, we cannot venture to say; but it is, at any rate, true that Mr. Chatto has devoted more than three hundred octavo pages, and Mr. Singer nearly four hundred quarto pages to the history of playing cards. Let us, before watching the card-printers at work, say a few words concerning the size, the shape, the number, the pips, and the *têtes*, of playing cards; for the strange figures of fun on our cards cannot be understood without a little reference to past ages. The pips are, technically, the common or un-honoured cards; while *têtes* are the court-cards or honours. And we may say, *en passant*, that Mr. Chatto calls them coat cards instead of court cards; a term for which we may presume he has good reasons.

In respect to the number of cards in each pack, we should be puzzled in our whist-play if it were more or less than fifty-two; but it is quite evident that games have been played in past ages, which not only permitted but required a larger number of cards in each pack. Of three Hindoo packs in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, one contains ninety-six cards, and the others a hundred and twenty cards each. There are packs of cards still used in France, called *tarots*, supposed to have been derived from the Italians, in which there are seventy-eight cards to the pack.

Few players would have any conception of the variations which the "pips" have undergone. Our hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, have not come down to us without many masqueradings. The old German cards used to have Herzen, Grünen, Eicheln, and Schellen (hearts, leaves, acorns, and bells). The old Italian cards had coppe, spade, bastoni, and danari (cups, swords, bâtons or clubs, and money); and such cards are yet to be met with. The French names, cœur, carreau, trèfle, and pique, refer to the same four suits as those we now use; cœur and carreau will do very well for our hearts and diamonds; pique has rather puzzled the commentators; but trèfle (trefoil) is certainly a better name than clubs for the pips so designated. In the Hindoo pack of ninety-six cards there are eight suits of twelve cards each; and the pips of these suits are represented by a pine-apple, a coloured spot, a spot differently coloured, a sword, a head, a parasol, a square, and an oval. In the Hindoo pack of a hundred and twenty cards there are ten suits of twelve cards each; and these rise to the transcendental sublimities of Hindoo mythology; for the pips symbolise as many *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu, in the forms of a fish, a tortoise, a boat, a lion, an axe, a goat, a horse, an umbrella and two heads. Where, as in such instances as these, the suits are more than four in number, some particular colour as well as device is usually appropriated to each. Thus in the Hindoo pack of ninety-six cards, the eight suits have a ground colour of fawn, black, brown, white, green, blue, red, and yellow; while the pack of ten suits has ten different colours. It was not always that packs of four suits had, as at present in most European countries, only two colours for the pips, black and red; and there are some among us who think that a slight change might advantageously be made in this respect. Sir Frankland Lewis has suggested that near-sighted persons might distinguish hearts from diamonds or clubs from spades more readily, if different colours were adopted; and Messrs. De La Rue, acting upon this suggestion, have produced cards with red hearts, black spades, green clubs, and blue diamonds.

The court-cards, or coat-cards, or picture-cards have had a yet more intricate history than the pips. It is all very well to have a King and a Queen; but why a Knave should gain entrance into such goodly company does not seem very clear. The old German cards had neither Queen nor Knave; instead of these they had an *ober* and an *unter*, a superior officer and a subaltern. Some of the cards in Southern Europe were similarly without Queen or Knave. In the early French cards each King had a special name, besides that of the suit which belonged to him; thus, in the pack still existing, the four Kings are called Charlemagne, Cæsar, Alexander, and David; the four Queens are Judith, Rachel, Argine, and Pallas; while the four Knaves or Valets are La Hire, Hector, Lancelot, and Hogier. The French tarots have four court personages, King, Queen, Chevalier, and Valet. In cards, as in chess, the King is always present; but the Queen and the Knave in the one kind of play-materials, and the Queen, the Bishop, the Knight, and the Rook in the other, have undergone many curious changes.

We see, then, that the size, the shape, the number, the colour, the pips, and the devices of playing cards, have all undergone many modifications; and with this knowledge in hand we will return to the work-shop and watch the labours of the card-printers.

There seems reason to believe that stencilled cards were in use before those produced at the press; and, until within the last few years, stencilling was the general method in use. A stencil is simply a sheet of strong paper, which has been made thick and tough by repeated coatings of oil-paint on both sides and long-continued dryings. It is cut into holes having the exact size and form of the pips or devices to be produced. The colouring matter, mixed with paste, is ready at hand; the stencil is laid flat on a sheet of prepared paper; and the colour, being brushed over with a large circular brush, enters the holes through the stencil, and imparts the design to the paper placed underneath. This may be done on the whole thickness of the carton as easily as on the sheet of paper which is to form only the face; whereas the printing of the pips cannot be efficiently managed except on a piece of limp paper. This stencil process is in principle just the same as that by which the commoner kinds of paper-hanging are produced; but it requires infinitely more care and skill to ensure the sharpness and clearness of the device. Most of the London makers still employ this method of producing—not only the pips—but the chief part of the design in the court-cards. For the latter purpose a pear-tree wood-cut is engraved with the outline of the device; an impression is taken from this and is filled up in colours by stencil. The impression from the wood-cut was, until within the last few years, taken by rubbing (as engravers sometimes take their proofs); but the press is now generally employed for this purpose.

One of the turning points in the manufacture, that which gave a new aspect to the whole affair, was an improvement patented about twenty years ago; viz., the employment of oil-colours instead of water-colours or size colours or paste colours. No one can tell but those who have to master the difficulties, what it is which is here attempted; we have heard of the months of labour, and the sums of money, and the stores of patience, called for in realising this project, and we can believe it all. To make the pip equal-tinted, to make its outlines clear and sharp, to make the paint adhere well to the paper, to enable it to bear the after-polishing, to dissipate every fear of stickiness between one card and another—all this was to be attained. The plates for printing are engraved on copper or on brass, or they are made by electrotype casting from model plates, or they are built up of little slips of copper arranged in definite forms, or they are formed of copper wire woven into a beautifully minute pattern; all these, and perhaps more methods, are adopted for producing a plate, according as the pips, the *tetes*, or the backs are to be printed, and according to the nature of the device adopted. The printing itself differs little from the ordinary colour-printing. According to the plate employed, there may be printed a sheet of coloured backs, a sheet of hearts, a sheet of clubs, and so on. If it be a sheet of court-cards, there are required as many plates and as many separate printings as there are colours—generally six, one for the outline, and one each for the red, blue, yellow, black, and flesh colours. The plate is daubed with the colours, and the sheet is printed therefrom.

If card-players will not be enlightened, why should card-makers fret themselves thereat? Messrs. De la Rue are said to have spent much capital, and much time and ingenuity, in producing more graceful figures than those now seen on our court-cards; they have employed talented artists, and have produced many novelties; but people will not give up the old deformities, and therefore deformities are still made to please the people. Let us look at this King of Hearts, for instance. His blue hair curls gracefully round his salmon-coloured face; his yellow crown with a red border is, in shape, a compromise between a carpenter's paper cap, and a charity boy's muffin-cap; his left arm holds a sword in a position well nigh impossible (but no matter for that), while his right, in a sort of bishop's sleeve, is laid upon his royal breast; his ermined robe, with something of the grace of a sou'-wester coat, partially reveals his indescribable tunic within; his shoe must have been borrowed from Sir Roger de Coverley; his left leg is gone we know not whither; but his right leg—like the coachman immortalised by Thomas Hood—is

> "Too broad to be conceived
> By any narrow mind."

Sometimes, in order that keen whist-players may not detect each other's court-cards, the figures are made double-headed; our double King of Hearts is, by this manœuvre, deprived of legs altogether; he has another head where his heels should be; and his waist is an amalgamation of two kings in one. The attempt to induce card-players to accept kings, and queens, and knaves of more rational form, failed signally. Other countries have made similar attempts. Thus, during the revolutionary period of 1793-4, there were packs of cards made with Molière, Lafontaine, Voltaire, and Rousseau for the four kings; and Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, for the four queens. Another pack had the "Genii" of War, Arts, Peace, and Commerce, for the kings; the "Liberties" of the Press, Religion, Marriage, and Professions, for the queens; and the "Equalities" of Duties, Ranks, Rights, and Races, for the knaves and valets. Houbigant, in 1818, produced cards with the Court costumes of France at four widely distinct periods. Cotta, the bookseller of Tübingen, has had cards made with twelve characters from Schiller's Joan of Arc; of which the four kings were represented by

Charles the Seventh, Philip of Burgundy, Réné of Anjou, and Talbot; and the four queens by Joan of Arc, Louise of Arc, Isabella of Bavaria, and Agnes Sorel. There were cards produced at Frankfort in 1815, with Wellington as the knave of diamonds, and Blucher as the knave of clubs! a compliment which might appear questionable did we not bear in mind that the knave is not so designated on the continent. The Americans have lately produced cards having Washington, Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette for the four kings; Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva, for the four queens; and four Indian Chiefs for the four knaves—as curious a family party as one may meet in a long summer's day.

The inside of the carton being formed by two pasted thicknesses of cartridge paper, and the face and the back being printed with the required devices, the paste-brush is again put into requisition. The four thicknesses or layers are finally united; and then ensue such hot-air dryings and such hydraulic pressings as bring the carton into a very dense and compact state. Then we come to the polishing—a process which has taxed the ingenuity of manufacturers as much, perhaps, as any other. All the little hillocks in the paper are to be rubbed down; both surfaces are to be made beautifully smooth, and yet one is to be more highly glossed than the other; for two equally polished surfaces have a tendency to adhere in a manner that would interfere with the shuffling and dealing of cards. The sheets of carton are passed over a brush-wheel, and are pressed between heated plates, and are rolled between heated rollers; they are also pressed in contact with a roller made of ten thousand discs of paper compressed with enormous force, and turned in a lathe to produce a surface of a very remarkable kind.

But we had almost forgotten the Ace of Spades: a forgetfulness which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not pardon. Every pack of cards made in England for home use pays one shilling to Her Majesty; for which the ace of spades is the printed receipt. The manufacturer pays for the production and engraving of a steel plate containing twenty aces of spades: he also sends paper to Somerset House; and the authorities at the Stamp Office print him off thousands and tens of thousands of aces. These are sent to him in certain quantities, and under certain bonds and seals and restrictions. He proceeds to use them, by pasting the sheets of aces on carton, and making cards of them. The Excise Officer calls on him at intervals; and, for all the sheets of aces which he is not in a condition to produce, he has to pay one shilling each ace as duty; and a Government stamp is pasted round every pack to show that the duty has been paid. Another steel plate is engraved with the ace of spades for export cards, but no duty is paid on these.

As there are men who will try to drive a coach and six through almost any Act of Parliament, so are there odd schemes whereby second-hand cards may be sold over again, without paying another shilling to the Government; the cut-corner cards are an illustration of this.

In cutting the sheets of prepared carton into cards, whether twenty or forty to a sheet, a machine is used similar to that with which bookbinders cut their millboard. There is a long blade, hinged at one end, and worked by a handle at the other; the carton is laid on a flat surface, with certain raised edges for guidance, and a cut is made with remarkable cleanness and quickness. The carton is first cut into strips or traverses, and then the strips into separate cuts; and so great is the dexterity acquired by practice that one of the card-hands at this establishment can cut up something like twenty thousand cards in a day.

Whether men have such quick eyes and such nimble fingers as women, is a question which we will not venture to determine; but it would seem impossible to excel the speed with which the very pretty processes of sorting and examining are conducted. We forget the technical terms employed; but the reader must picture to himself a woman sitting at a table, with heaps of finished cards before her. She has just taken a large number, with delicate pink backs; she spreads them out with a rapidity which the eye can scarcely follow, and she detects instantly the slightest difference in tint—a hundredth part of a shade, for aught we know. She thus makes up packs in which all the fifty-two cards have exactly the same tint. She then examines every part of both surfaces of every card; if there be no speck or blemish, the card is laid aside as a Mogul—a peerless prince; if there be a slight blemish on one surface, the card is a Harry; if a little spot on both surfaces, it is a Highlander; if there be more than two or three little spots, it is rejected altogether, and becomes a waste card. Why it is that all doubly spotted cards should be Highlanders, is a question of nationality utterly beyond our power to solve; all we know is, that the wrappers for the packs have a Mogul, a Harry the Eighth, and a Highlander, printed on them, for the reception of the first, the second, and the third class of cards, respectively; and that there is a difference in value of about sixpence per pack between each class and that next to it. The oddity of the matter is, that however the card-makers differ in other particulars, they all adopt these designations, and all are so disrespectful to the Highlander as to make him the humblest member of the triad. But our workwoman has not yet finished her labours. The examination of tints leads to one classification; the examination of maculæ, or little specks, leads to another; and there is the sorting of suits and of numbers, so as to ensure that each pack

shall contain its proper fifty-two cards; and the tying up into neat packets. How the fingers and the eye can do so much is a matter for wonderment to a looker-on; but true it is that our dexterous workwoman can thus scrutinise, and classify, and arrange two hundred packs—ten thousand cards—in a day.

The packs are made up, and papered, and tied, but they must not be sold until the exciseman has done his part. He comes at intervals, and superintends the pasting on of the stamp, or semi-wrapper, which permits the pack to go forth whither it will. The rejected cards—the cards which have more than the one or the two allowable (because almost invisible) specks—are not thrown away; there are men who will buy almost everything, and among them are men who buy these waste cards, not to metamorphose them into other things, but to make up passable packs out of heterogeneous odds and ends. What they do, and how they do it, are inscrutable mysteries, not known, we believe, even to the manufacturers who sell the waste cards; whether they boil them, or stew them, or scrape them, or paint them, or otherwise doctor them—no matter, the cards come forth as bran new cards.

It will be quite evident, from the details given in this paper, that a large amount of ingenuity is displayed in manufacturing the half million packs of cards which the Messrs. De la Rue, and the five or six other manufacturers who furnish our supply, produce annually.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN:

WITH A BARON MUCH INTERESTED IN HIM.

I AM in Dresden; my apartment is a suite of five fine lofty airy rooms on the second and best floor of a palace, in the most fashionable quarter of the town; and I pay a sum in German money equivalent to about three pounds English, monthly. My rooms, indeed, are not carpeted, save by a little strip of something that looks like drugget placed along the side of my bedstead. I rejoice at this, however, and I think, perhaps if some people I have met only knew what a receptacle of invisible abominations an *ill*-kept carpet is, they might be glad enough to exchange it for the spotless surface of a polished floor.

What is especially convenient, also, is the arrangement of my little dwelling. In the first place it is all upon one floor, and the doors, the upper part of which are of stained glass—so that you cannot see through them—open from one room to the other. My sitting-room is, of course, the best of the suite, and is almost as large as an English ball-room in a country house. Let me look round it. The paper is of a plain light stone colour, which serves to set off to considerable advantage the pictures which hang round the room in quaint antique frames—pleasing and suggestive of thought enough, which I take to be the real charm of pictures—but rather too numerous and too formally placed. Too numerous, because my host is an artist, and I fear, an ingenious fabricator of old pictures; and too formally placed, because it is scarcely natural in the Germans to be tasteful in the arrangement of anything.

A noble chandelier of cut glass hangs in the centre of the room, and is somewhat too grand for it, large and spacious as it is; but, upon the whole, it is a graceful ornament, and, with the light playing and sparkling among the cuttings of the glass, enlivens the apartment amazingly. Then there is no end to the looking-glasses in all directions, so that my sitting-room would be the paradise of a coquette or a dandy, but unfortunately there is no getting at any of them. Between the two windows—unlucky position—the principal mirror is slung a great deal too high, and behind an immoveable sofa, so that there is no getting at that. It is a bad glass, also, in spite of its gay frame, and makes me look like the pictures of Voltaire in his old age. Then, over the door, high and far beyond utility, like some fine people we meet now and then in the world, is placed a circular mirror; but, as when I approach it I seem to be walking on my head, I seldom look up at that. Two others, again, are let into the wall, but as they have the disadvantage of being almost entirely covered and completely darkened by the curtains, I don't look at them.

Neither can I say much for the furniture, which consists of about a dozen of the hardest, most untractable, uneasy chairs, sofas, and tables I ever had any dealings with. They are made of veneered wood, badly glued together, and are always giving way at unseasonable times. He must have been a cunning upholsterer who covered those shiny unsafe chairs, and who designed that sofa, which never could be laid down upon by any conceivable tact and self-arrangement. Indeed, it is as well to study the art of balancing one's self under difficulties before attempting even to sit down; for these articles of furniture are endued with an inner garment of a poor but gaudy kind of satin, extremely slippery, and an outer one of glazed chintz. Hold tight, might be a good watchword under such circumstances; even in the case of an English chair, but with these it is impossible to take any liberties. Unless you sit down very gingerly and respectfully indeed, some part of the wood-work is certain to give way, and let you through the seat or backwards, as the case may be.

I cannot say that these things discompose me much. I like my rooms, upon the whole, infinitely better than Sir Harcourt Berkeley's little confined rabbit-hutch of a lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, for which he pays five guineas a week, or something more than six times the price that I pay. I have got over the English prejudice about fires, too, and begin to think that a handsome china stove,

surmounted by an exquisite statue of Vesta, may be as agreeable an object to look at and quite as warm and comfortable to feel, as an open fire-place, and that, if made on true scientific principles, it will diffuse a far more regular and healthy heat, and, in any case, that it is infinitely cleaner and more economical. I do not breathe all sorts of gases and impurities when sitting too near it, and little purses and coffins do not fly out and burn holes in my slippers. I am not worried by being constantly obliged to look after it, and poke it, and nurse it. I am not obliged to get up once or twice every half hour in windy weather to open the doors and windows to clear the room of smoke. I am not obliged to have a dirty coal-scuttle in my room, made to tumble over in the dark; and I do not run splinters up my nails while putting on wood —my stove being fed at the back. All I know of the operation being a pleasant rumbling, as fresh logs are cast on, and a roar, like that of a distant torrent, as the rushing air is compelled by science to act like an untiring pair of bellows in want of no working. Should some clever person say that in a little while, I must be breathing air too dry to be wholesome; I answer, that a very simple means of preventing the air of my room from becoming too dry, is to place upon my stove a little vase containing water and artificial flowers, if I want it to look pretty: and, besides, as I have already said, my rooms communicating one with another, I can regulate the temperature of them just as I please, or even open a distant window.

Let me see if I can remember how the day passes. In the first place, I rise soon after daylight, for one must be a sluggard indeed to sleep late in a German house, and it is next to impossible to do so. At the very top of the morning, a man—who is maintained by voluntary contributions from all my neighbours—begins ringing an enormous bell, ten times louder than a dustman's, with the premeditated purpose of waking up man, woman, and child; and it is but doing him justice to say that he succeeds most thoroughly. Then comes a crier, who is employed indifferently by the auctioneer of any public sale that is to take place during the day, and by advertising shopkeepers, or by people who have lost or found anything. This functionary shouts out his mission in the hoarsest, strangest voice ever heard, and repeats it at the corner of every street in the town, according to the terms of his contract. Understanding what he says, is of course out of the question, but he wakes me up for all that, even if my slumber have survived the bell.

Up I get then, and repair from bed, into an immense tub, which serves me for a bath—an unpopular institution in Germany, and therefore my proceedings in this respect are subjected to much remark and inquiry; nay, on one occasion my servant is waylaid by a fierce Baron, who lives on the same story, and whose curiosity has become uncontrollable. That nobleman insists that my servant shall demand an immediate interview for him, and as he is known to be connected with the police, his demand is of course looked upon as a law by a German. On being shown in he casts a rapid glance round the apartment; probably he has concluded in his own mind that so much water can be for nothing else than the alimentary purposes of Democrats or refugees. He greets me however with extravagant politeness—a caricature of French hat-taking-offism before Frenchmen lost their manners—and at length makes known to me the object of his early visit. He is anxious to see what I do with so much water; and on my explaining, seems relieved, but looks doubtful and still unconvinced. Upon which I take him into that *sanctum sanctorum*, where the tub is placed surrounded by wet oil-cloth and considerable splashing. He cannot resist the evidences of his own senses, but still supposes I warm the water. No! At fault again, it is cold. "Impossible!" exclaims the Baron; "during the whole of the winter months, from the beginning of October till the end of May, I am glad to huddle on my clothes when I get up, as fast as I can; and never take them off until I go to bed again: sometimes not then. Such a discipline would be the death of me."

This important ceremony over, I receive a visit from an elderly lady, who is the cook of the establishment. She brings me a small cup of coffee and two little breads, each made in the shape of a child's penny trumpet. These I reject for the twentieth time, requesting mildly that they be replaced by tea and a beefsteak. The old lady lifts up her hands and eyes, and wonders how it is possible to eat beefsteaks so early in the morning; but is reassured by a pleasant word or two, and fancies I must have been ill the night before, as I told her I ate no black-puddings for supper. She is succeeded by the functionary in uniform who brings my newspaper from the other end of the town for the exact sum of the third of a farthing daily. He, in his turn, gives place to a person who, in appearance, might pass for a Professor of Divinity, and I rise respectfully when he is shown in. He informs me, however, that he is a journeyman watchmaker, travelling, and shows me little books stamped all over, and certificates stamped and sealed without end, as a preparatory ceremony to asking for some pecuniary assistance on his journey. I give him a shilling, upon which he believes that I must desire change, and informs me hesitatingly that he has none, though I am not quite sure that he is telling me the truth. I reassure him, however, and making me a formal and rather condescending bow, he goes upon his way.

Again I must look up from a review of Shakspeare's works, which occupies two-thirds of my morning paper, for there is Pepi,

my servant, waiting to speak to me. "A lady wishes to know," says Pepi, "if my grace is disengaged."

"Certainly," replied I, "who is she?"

The lady declines to give her name, and being shown in, nevertheless expresses some little hesitation in accepting the seat which I offer her, and begins playing with a small and neat leather instrument case which she has taken out of from that sanctuary of sanctuaries, a lady's pocket.

I look inquiry, and she is not slow to understand, though she does so with an air of considerable mystery. Would I like to have any grey hairs eradicated? No. She sees I have not got any; but I wear my moustaches badly, and there are a few hairs about the corners of my mouth which might be pulled out with advantage. Then my eyebrows? she is really distressed by them. They are quite straight; she could arch them beautifully in five minutes; would I let her try? No! Was it possible? Well, the English lords she had met with had been all so odd; hardly one of them would submit to having his whiskers pulled out; yet nothing could be in such bad taste as a whisker. It spoiled the classical look of the face (I am not exaggerating, "classikalisch" is the very word she uses), and made all the English lords look like drum-majors. A little moustache falling naturally, and an imperial; *that* was the fashion of princes! The rest of the face should be cleared by the art of the tweezer. So, then, I am not to be convinced? I fear not. Still she does not despair. She has remarked that most English lords had little hard excressences on the feet—may she say corns? I laugh and blush slightly, not being used to such inquiries on the part of ladies, but there must be something in my look which owns that here she has me; and in far less than that period of time which is popularly known as a jiffy, I find one of my slippers is reposing at a distance from me, and the foot to which it belongs in the lady's lap, undergoing a very delicate and serviceable manipulation. The operation is soon over; the lady's fee, just eightpence, deposited in the sanctuary before alluded to; and she takes her leave just as the magnificent music of a splendid German military band comes pealing in through the open window, filling the room with martial melody, and my imagination with all sorts of heroic thoughts. Oh, those German bands, how much have they to answer for! I look upon them, for my part, as the very bulwark and strong tower of defence of the military despotisms. There stands poor freedom, cowed and broken-spirited, slandered and insulted; while slavery goes by, in such pomp and glory, with such a braying of trumpets, and such a clashing of cymbals, that no wonder the crowd love false glitter better than true worth.

The band sweeps on, followed by a rabble rout of admirers, and I begin to dress. When dressed, I go out. An hour or two in the picture gallery—I never can tire of these splendid foreign picture galleries; another hour or two spent in the studios of artists with whom I have gradually become intimate: a hard task but well worth the trouble; an hour devoted to a music lesson; another to a game at fives, in which I am growing a proficient, though the Germans still beat me; then an hour spent in shooting at a mark, or in sword exercise, in both of which pursuits I am excelled by my companions; or in a free gallop which I am obliged to take by myself; and so to dress, and to dinner.

I will not dine at one o'clock after the manner of the Germans, because I find it spoils my day; and I do not drink Bavarian beer, because it disagrees with me; both of which peculiarities brought me rather into disrepute at first, but by persevering in them they got to be looked upon simply as evidences of that spleen which is supposed to be a characteristic of my countrymen. I am pitied and forgiven. The waiter even, at the inn where I dine, takes me gradually under his protection; for which I am grateful and reward him liberally—not too liberally, however, lest I should spoil the waiter market and others should be brought to grief thereby. Penetrated by good feeling towards me, this functionary sends me in my beef, half raw, under the impression that that is the method of cooking it in benighted England; being remonstrated with, in gentle terms, he corrects his error, and—for in spite of the manner in which Englishmen are laughed at, there is a great deal of Anglo-mania about—I find him watching me curiously: and, after a little time, emboldened by my conciliating manners, he ventures to ask for the pattern of my great-coat. I allow him to take it and make him happy; although I cannot say when he appears in his new garment that the pattern of mine seems to have been taken very accurately. At least, I hope it is not; for I observe that my friend the waiter's coat is decidedly too short behind, and too long before, and that the collars fall unequally, and that it buttons in wrinkles enough to make Mr. Davis's foreman go wild with anguish. The colour is certainly not mine, being a yellowish brown with metal buttons, lined with a bright red, which the waiter thinks an improvement.

Perhaps it is also to take the pattern of one of my coats that I find the Baron so busy in my room when I return home to fetch my subscription-ticket to the stalls of the theatre. As I do not keep my coats in my writing-desk, however, although I have left the key out, the idea appears improbable; so I ask him what he may be doing there? just for the sake of acquiring information, and because I am of a curious and inquisitive turn of mind. He has "rendered himself," he says, simply for the purpose of making me a visit; and I find him comfortably smoking a

cigar, and reading my letters to pass the time. I feel surprised.

Would I inform him of my intention in visiting Germany? Am I engaged in the charming pursuit of literature? No? Surely that astonishes him; so many of my countrymen make such fine incomes by letters. Might he ask me if I have many friends in Germany; if I intend staying long; and who is my banker? In short there is no end to his kind inquiries; and it is probably to satisfy himself on these points that he has been following me about in rain and fine weather ever since my arrival—which I now remember him to have done, on looking at him more attentively.

And I go to the theatre, and see one of those dear old German plays, all speculative conversation; far, very far beyond any possibility of comprehension by me or anybody else. So I go to sleep. Yet it seems all very lachrymose and spirit-stirring too, for I always wake up when the orchestra begins. The music is, of course, excellent. I am enabled to see more white pocket-handkerchiefs and red noses than I can count. The play, long as it is, is over at half-past nine. If it were not over at that time, the audience would decline to wait for its conclusion: that being the hour of supper. If ever this hour be the least exceeded, a banging of box doors—sounding like the irregular fire of a band of guerillas—is sure to be heard, and the house is cleared in no time. I do not eat suppers, however, finding that after a five or six o'clock dinner I have no appetite left; and thus am obliged to take an evening walk before I venture to call on any of my acquaintance, as is the custom after the theatre in Germany. At eleven o'clock, however, I generally make my appearance somewhere, and am very well received. Some beautiful music, vocal and instrumental, or some merry games, and perhaps a dance, conclude the day; and I go home, ringing up the porter of my palace, who claims three shillings every month, or rather more than a penny a day, for letting me in after ten o'clock at night. In the morning again, I received a printed invitation to present myself at nine o'clock at the Police-office; and, although somewhat startled, especially as I cannot help connecting it with the visit of my friend the Baron on the previous evening. I go punctually to the time, and find that nobody can make out what I want, or what to say to me, until I observe my friend the Baron coming out of a room in the establishment. He immediately approaches me with a profusion of bows and compliments. He has come, he says, for a passport. Will I allow him to assist me in the object of my visit? I bow somewhat stiffly to decline the attention; but that nobleman, whose courtesy will not receive any discouragement from mere English coldness of manner, hastens to conduct me into the room he has just quitted. There I find a grave functionary with a most imposing uniform and fierce moustaches; but a good-natured-looking fellow for all that. I exhibit my printed invitation, and he begins to question me. I am also cross-examined in the most charming manner by the Baron himself, who seems to have the lively interest he takes in my proceedings, by no means damped from my answers of last night. I refer, however, to the British Minister and to the first banker of the town, as well as to several well-known persons, and am requested very politely to present myself again on the following morning at the same hour. I cannot help noticing that the good-humoured functionary casts no very friendly look at my neighbour the Baron, and seems to think him a good-for-nothing-mischief-maker; although he stands plainly in awe of him. I do not go, however, on the following morning, and am not summoned. When I meet the good-natured functionary by accident in the street he, too, stops to speak to me, and seems to bear me no grudge for having neglected to obey his commands. The Baron, when I meet *him* at balls and parties, is quite oppressive in civilities, although he does not make me any more visits; and indeed the curiosity of my host, which was at one time troublesome, has, at this present writing, subsided into such an awe-stricken respect that I would rather not meet him; for *he* makes such low bows, and gives me such high-sounding titles, that I am ashamed of him. In short, nobody worries me any longer, except the old lady who brings me my coffee of a morning. She, indeed, I have reason to suppose, is for ever rummaging in my drawers when I am absent, inasmuch as at least half my handkerchiefs and gloves disappear, as if by magic; and I am sure to hear the hurried and unequal pattering of her feet scudding over the polished floor, if I return unexpectedly. I hear, however, that she is fond of dancing, and is going to be married to her third husband; so that I am not surprised at her anxiety for her personal appearance; and, indeed, she is so very much like certain lodging-house people in England, that I have no right to consider her confusion of ideas as to what is hers and what is mine, at all peculiar to her country.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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RATIONAL SCHOOLS.

It is but a stone's throw from the High Court of Chancery—High, as we say also of venison or pheasant, when it gets into very bad odour—to the London Mechanics' Institution in Southampton Buildings. After a ramble among lawyers in their wigs and gowns, and a good choke in the thick atmosphere of Chancery itself, we stepped in at once, one day not long ago, among a multitude of children in pinafores and jackets. There they were, one or two hundred strong, taking their time from a teacher, clapping their hands and singing, "Winter is coming," and a great many more songs. They suggested much better ideas of harmony than the argument of our learned brother, whom we had left speaking on the question, whether money bequeathed to be distributed in equal shares to John and Mary Wilson and James Brown—John and Mary being man and wife—was to be divided into two parts or into three.

The children, when we went among them, were just passing from one class into another, and met in the great lecture room to sing together while they were about it. Some filed in, and some filed out; some were on the floor, some in the gallery; all seemed to be happy enough, except one urchin at the extreme corner of a gallery. He displayed an open copy-book before him to the public gaze, by way of penance for transgressions in the writing lesson, but he looked by no means hopelessly dejected.

There are three hundred and fifty children in attendance on this school, which is conducted by five teachers. It is one of the Birkbeck Schools, several of which are now established in and about London for the children of parents who can pay sixpence a week for schooling. The children here, we were informed, are classed in the first instance according to their ages in three divisions, the first taking in those under eight years old; the second, those between eight and eleven; the third, children older than eleven. These form, in fact, three ages of youth. It is found most convenient to teach children classed upon this principle, and to keep the elder and the younger boys from mutual action on each other, because it would be impossible to provide for such a school so many teachers as could exercise every minute supervision. In each of these three divisions, the children are subdivided for the purpose of instruction into two classes—the quick and the slow—which receive lessons suited to their respective capacities. It is obvious that, without punishment, five teachers could not preserve discipline among three hundred and fifty boys; and therefore, though it is but seldom used, a cane is kept on the establishment.

The children having clapped and sung together, sang their way out of the great room, in file, while others began streaming in. We were invited to an Object Lesson, and marched off, (not venturing to sing our way into a class room,) where we took our seat among the pupils, whose age varied between eight years and eleven. The teacher was before us. We were all attention. "Hands down." We did it. "Hands on knees." Beautifully simultaneous. Very good. The lesson began.

"I have something in my pocket," said our teacher, "which I am always glad to have there." We were old enough and worldly enough to know what he meant; but boys aspire to fill their pockets with so many things that, according to their minds, the something in the teacher's pocket might be string, apple, knife, brass button, top, hardbake, stick of firewood for boat, crumbs, squirt, gunpowder, marbles, slate pencil, pea-shooter, brad-awl, or perhaps small cannon. They attempted no rash guess therefore at that stage of the problem. "Boys, also," our teacher continued, "like to have it though when it gets into a boy's pocket, I believe that it is often said to burn a hole there." Instantly twenty outstretched hands indicated an idea demanding utterance in twenty heads. "If you please, sir, I know what it is." "What is it?" "A piece of coal."

You draw your reasoning, my boy, from a part only of the information given to you, founding your view of things on the last words that sounded in your ears. We laughed at you, cheerfully; but when we see the same thing done in the world daily by your elders, we do not always find it laughing matter.

"This little thing in my pocket," the teacher continued, "has not much power by

itself, but when many of the same kind come together, they can do great deeds. A number of them have assembled lately to build handsome monuments to a great man, whose name you all ought to know, who made the penny loaf bigger than it used to be—do you know what great man that was?" Hands were out, answers were ready, but they ran pretty exclusively in favour of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. "I am sure," says the teacher, "you must have heard who made all the loaves larger without altering their price, think again—who was it?" A confident voice hazarded, the suggestion that it was "Guy Fawkes," and half-a-dozen voices cried "Guy Fawkes." There are always some to follow the absurdest lead if it be taken confidently, in the great as in the little world.

"Guy Fawkes! nonsense, do you mean him to be carried about in your heads all through November and December." More inquiry at length elicited, after a little uncertain hovering about Louis Napoleon, the decisive opinion that the man who made bread cheap was Sir Robert Peel. "If you please, sir," said an argumentative little fellow, "*he* did not make the penny loaf bigger." "Why not?" —"He did not make the loaf: he made the baker make it." The difficulty thus started having been properly gone into, and further statement of the riddle having been given, it was at length fairly guessed, that the teacher's object upon which he meant to talk with us that day was a Penny.

We ascertained that it was round, that it was hard, that it was brown, that it was heavy—by which we meant, as some of us explained, that it was heavier than the same quantity of water—that it was stamped on both sides, and so forth; also that it was made of copper. Pence being next regarded purely in the light of coppers, the name of the metal, "Copper," was written at the top of a black board, and a line was drawn, along which we were to place a regiment of qualities. We began easily by asserting copper to be hard; and showed our penetration by discovering that, since a penny would not do for framing as a spy-glass, it must be opaque. Spell opaque? O dear, yes! twenty hands were out; but we were not all so wise as we imagined. No matter; there are folks of bigger size elsewhere who undertake what they are not able to do. O-p-a-k-e ought to be right; but, like not a few things of which we could argue that they must be right, it happened to be wrong, and so what was the use of talking. We heard a little boy in the corner whispering the truth, afraid as yet to utter it too boldly. It was not the only truth that has appeared first in a whisper. Yet, as truth is great and shall prevail, it was but fit that we all finally determined upon o-p-a-q-u-e; and so we did; and we all uttered those letters from all corners of the room with the more perfect confidence as they grew, by each repetition, more familiar to our minds.

A young student in a pinafore, eight years old and short for his age, square and solid, who had been sitting on the front row, nearly opposite the teacher, was upon his legs. He had advanced one or two steps on the floor holding out his hand; he had thought of another quality, and waited to catch Mr. Speaker's eye. But our eyes wandered among the outstretched hands, and other lips cried, "It is Malleable;" so Malleable was written on the board. It was not the word that still lurked in the mind of Master Square, who in a solid mood kept his position in advance, ready to put forth his suggestion at the earliest opportunity. What Malleable meant, was the question over which we were now called upon to hammer, but we soon beat the answer out among ourselves; and then we spelt the word, and Malleability into the bargain. Master Square uplifted his hand the moment we had finished; but there rose other hands again, and the young philosopher, biding his time in sturdy silence, listened through the discussion raised as to whether or not copper might be called odorous. This debate over, Square was again ready—but an eager little fellow cried that copper is tenacious, upon which there was a new quality submitted to our notice, which we must discuss, explain, and of which the name had to be spelt. But Master Square's idea had not yet been forestalled, and he, like copper, ranked tenacity among his qualities. At length he caught Mr. Chairman's eye, and said with a small voice, "Please, sir, I know a quality." "And what is that?" the teacher asked. Little Square replied, as he resumed his seat, "It's INORGANIC."

Here was a bombshell of a word thrown among us by this little fellow, but we did not flinch. Inorganic of course meant "got no organs," and we all know what an organ was, and what a function was, and what were the grand marks of distinction between living and dead matter, and between animal and vegetable life. So we went on, with a little information about mining, and display of copper ore: a talk about pyrites, and such matters. Three quarters of an hour had slipped away. The lesson ended, and there was another re-arrangement of the classes.

There were copy-books to look at in the central lecture-room, to which we then returned; in some of which "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," and other trifles from the poets seemed to have been copied from dictation. Around large maps, were little classes, each with a young monitor in the middle, demonstrating geography, and questioning with tongue and finger. We joined one group, but the small teacher faltered, and was uneasy in the presence of so tall a pupil; we passed to another group, and found another monitor who clearly liked to be observed, and put on the important tone of

an instructor—not at all roughly, for he had no rough example in his eye—but with an amusing mimicry of ways and tones used by his elders.

While we had been watching the fingers of this young gentleman, as they pointed out on a map some of the ways of the world, the classes had been formed again, and we were presently invited to attend another lesson. We had, this time, another teacher, and joined pupils more advanced in years; the youngest were old fellows of eleven.

"If you buy a loaf, what do you give for it?" "Money." "What is money?"—From this point we were carried through a series of questions on the social relations that exist in civilised communities. The boys readily defined and explained such terms as wealth, capital, wages, labour; showed by a train of reasoning their perfect comprehension of the principle that governs our common divisions of labour and the relative rewards of toil. They went over old ground, but it was quite evident that they had not got their answers stereotyped, for half-a-dozen answers came to every question; all of them showing that the right idea was in the speaker's mind, though the boys differed in their methods of expression. With the exception of one boy, evidently oppressed by the languor of ill-health, there was not an inattentive pupil in this class. All went heartily at the business in hand, and there was no mistaking the real interest they felt in the discussion through which they were led. A little fellow with light flaxen hair, one of the youngest in the class, was quite a luminary upon all points that were mooted. He made for himself a cushion of his knuckles, and he sat so on the backs of his hands, with his small legs reaching only half way to the ground, his quick eyes bent on the teacher, and his face gladdened with a smile of intelligent pleasure in the train of reasoning that he had evidently mastered. Where others hesitated, he answered boldly and correctly; where others knew their ground, he answered with them in his own way, but in an under voice, for the mere pleasure of working out the subject. He sat, and swung his legs, and smiled, and spake with the most complete independence. There was not a question that he did not answer, and there was not one of his answers that was not clearly and correctly given. It was a touch of the very pleasantest comedy, when this imperturbable young philosopher got the class over a difficult case, by suggesting the line of conduct which a capitalist would probably pursue in given circumstances. A young man with his business head—he is eleven years old—and his knowledge of the laws that regulate prices and other matters in the country, ought to be in Parliament. There are men there (and perhaps in the Cabinet), very much behind him in point of knowledge and acuteness on such topics. If he were put upon the table of the House so that honourable members could see him—for his legs are very short—we are quite sure that his speeches would be shorter than his legs; but we are quite sure also that there are in the said House, fifty or sixty gentlemen who might be wiser for accepting the instruction he would give them.

What must be the practical effect of teaching the facts that concern social welfare to such children, let a scrap or two out of their present lesson testify. "What are wages?" Answers vary in form: "The reward of labour," "Capital employed to purchase labour," and so forth. "When you become men, and work, and receive wages, will you all receive the same amount of money for your labour?"—"No, very different."—"Why different?"—"The price paid for labour will depend among other things upon the value of it, and that differs in different people."—"How?"—"Some are more skilful than others."—"Why so?"—"Because they have spent more time and pains, and perhaps money, to become able to do something; and they must be paid more for the more that they have spent."—"Then the rate of wages that a man can earn in any business will depend upon his skill?"—"Yes, and on other things; men must be industrious. If two men are equally skilful, and one is more industrious than another, the one that is more industrious will give more valuable labour, and the price obtained by labour depends on the value of it."—"The rate of wages depends then on the skill and industry of the labourer. On anything else?"—"Yes, he must be sober. He may be very skilful and work hard, but he may get drunk and be unable to turn his skill and industry to full account. If he does that, he lessens his own value."—"The best wages then go to the man who is skilful, industrious and sober; are any other qualities concerned in the contract between employer and employed?" A young sanitary reformer shouted that "He must be clean;" but it was then argued that there are trades in which no workman can be clean, and the necessity of cleanliness was therefore struck out of the list. "He must be honest," said the little statesman. "If he is skilful, industrious, and sober, without being trustworthy, his value to the employer is destroyed." Honesty was, therefore, added to the list. "He may be skilful, industrious, sober, and honest, yet, if he be nothing more," said the teacher, "there is a workman who may beat him yet."—"Yes," half-a-dozen cried, "he must be punctual. If he is not punctual he is of less value than a man who is skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual as well." Having laid down these principles, the boys proceeded to reason that the man with two good qualities was better off in prospects than the man with one; and so on, up to the man with all five recommendations, whose prospect of wages would then be great, in proportion to the intensity of each.

The relation between capital and popu-

lation, competition and the rise and fall of wages, were discussed in the same familiar way. Throughout the lesson, it was evident that the boys were becoming grounded in the truths that regulate the life before them, and that they knew it. They were learning how they must work, and why they must work. They were taught at what points human sympathy should step in, and does very commonly step in, to smooth the business intercourse existing between man and man; how, when a man droops in sickness, or a labourer becomes infirm, stronger hands commonly are prompt to do a neighbour's work: forbearing to deprive him of the hire on which his bread depends. They learnt in what cases forbearance should be expected, but they learnt also that even in such cases it is sometimes absent; that they must be prepared to do their duty of forbearance towards others, as the best foundation for a claim upon forbearance when they need it for themselves. Fluctuations of wages that depend on natural causes they were taught to understand and to accept as necessary facts, when they might hereafter occur within their own experience. And thus in fact these boys were learning what work means, were trained to help themselves, and rescued from the unhappy crowd that yet for many years to come will act to its own hurt under the guidance of pot-house orators and pot-house prints. The little flaxen-headed statesman who dropped from his form when the lesson was over, and fell into the file for marching out, standing in his shoes one or two heads shorter than the boy before him, will, with Heaven's leave, grow up to be a workman skilful, industrious, sober, honest, and punctual. We pictured him to ourselves as he will be hereafter, with a square bald head, sitting beside the neatest of wives, and arguing with his eldest son the question, how he shall dispose of certain capital into which a portion of his wages shall have been by that time converted. It is too much to hope that he will ever be Prime Minister.

It had struck one o'clock, and when we came again into the central lecture-room, we found the children there assembled for the enjoyment of thirty minutes' rest to their minds, and preparing to get through a little labour with their teeth. Pocket-dinners were produced and eaten. How dear is the savour of a stew on Saturday; how like a gale of Eden is the breath of osmazome from the hot joint of Sunday, to the child who has been digesting the cold lumpiness of pocket-dinners for every one of the first five days of the week. We took leave of the young faces, and at the door of the London Mechanics' Institution we found puddles under foot, and a smoke-coloured rain descending.

No weather could damp our curiosity to hear a little more of this kind of instruction. Snatches of it that we had heard, such as the following, amused and interested us, and at the same time still piqued our curiosity.

Teacher to Pupil—How many appetites a day have you? Pupil answers that he has four appetites; that he likes breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. How many does that make in a year? the teacher next inquires. Three hundred and sixty-five times four, which being worked out on a slab, is found to make a total for each person of one thousand four hundred and sixty appetites a-year. The teacher then wishes to know how many harvests there are in the year, and is of course told that there is "only one." Only one harvest for us all, when each of us has fourteen hundred and sixty appetites. How can we all be fed? The child begins to think, and answers that the corn is not all eaten at once, that it is saved, and so the lesson travels into the wide fields of social economy.

Not very long after our visit to the Birkbeck School in Southampton Buildings, we paid an afternoon visit to another school, established on a plan somewhat similar, in Holborn. An evening lesson was to be given by a gentleman who has for some time devoted all the leisure of an active life to education of the kind we have described. It was the gentleman by whom indeed, the Birkbeck schools were founded, and by whose suggestions social science was included in the list of subjects taught. We joined, on this latter occasion, a mixed class of boys and girls, enjoying the mental discipline provided by an enthusiastic and accomplished teacher. The children had all written on their slates, the subject of the lesson that "not the money wages, but the amount of commodities that money wages could procure, ought to engage the attention of the person by whom wages are received." After defining, in reply to questions, general terms, and thoroughly making up their minds that a shilling when it would buy four loaves and other food in like proportion, was really higher wages to the workman than eighteenpence would be if eighteenpence would only buy three loaves, a part of the lesson ran somewhat in the following way:—

If the value of gold should be lowered by the importation from Australia—"Then," said a brisk girl in a green netted polka jacket, "there could not be so much food bought with a sovereign. Real wages would be lowered." A stout and tall boy, with a heavy well-formed head, and with a wide interval between the top of his half boots and the bottom of his trousers, was of opinion that in such a case "the workman would want more wages." "Could they be had by wanting?" "Well, they would be wanted. But the change must be gradual. The proportion between capital and wages never alters suddenly." "But when the workmen wanted wages, would it be enough to want? Who wants wages most?" "The man who can't get them," cried a small voice. "A drunken man, does he want wages as much as a good workman?" A shrewd little girl suggested

that "he wanted more." "Then wanting wages does not constitute a right?" "Yes, but—" said the stout boy true to his point which was no stupid one—"if the value of gold falls, the workman has a right to higher money wages." "But if the proportion between capital and labour should not allow a rise; if there should be a hundred labourers and only a hundred pounds to pay among them, could more be paid than a pound to each; or would the average wages be higher if four pounds a piece were paid to five and twenty?" "No, sir," replied green polka, "the average would be the same." "Then," suggested the stout boy, arguing in a fair train, "the amount of labour should be lessened. Some of the workmen ought to emigrate, and make more room." "Room do you want, is that all? Let us see." A pale-faced little fellow looking with big eyes into the argument before him who had already taken a large part in the lesson, with a nervous energy of interest, and nervous irritability of manner, when he found that he was tumbling upon false conclusions, here said, "You must apply skill and industry in labour to increase wealth in a country and produce more capital." "Well," said the teacher, "not long ago three-fifths of the people of this country could not sign their names. Suppose the remaining two-fifths had prudently resolved to better themselves and the country by emigration. Suppose they had gone away. There would have been more room, wouldn't there?" "Yes," said green polka, "but we should have been a great deal poorer." "Why so, with so much more room?" "Because those who remained at home would be the ignorant and idle." "They would get drunk," cried one voice—"until they had no money to get drunk with," added another. "Then," said the nervous boy, holding also to his point, "they would go and work for wages, but they would work badly—" "Then it is not altogether room that we want if we would prosper? There's room in the great desert, but you wouldn't like to go and live there, eh?"—"No," said the nervous boy, "there must be knowledge, skill, and industry, and prudence to increase wealth." "There must be skill, and industry, and prudence; and how are all those qualities acquired? In a minute?"—"No, sir." "How then?"—"By training, by education." "And when must education begin?"—"From the first." "You are being educated?"—"Yes." "And when everybody is educated into knowledge, industry, and prudence, and bred up to work wisely—what shall we all do!"—"Increase the wealth of the country, and so increase also the amount that is to be divided among workmen." "That," said the pale boy, with large eyes, "is civilisation." "Do you think we can be too civilised?"—"No," replied a chorus. "If there were a ship's crew at sea with a short allowance of rations, could they do anything to make every man's dinner larger."—"No, sir." "But they would not like it, but they would want more."—"Yes, but they would have to make the best of it and be good tempered." "If a number of them would not be good tempered, but cried out for larger rations, what then?"—"Others would think them very ignorant."

"And what would the others do in such a case—"Try to teach them better," said green polka, quickly. "If wages fell on shore because there was not so much capital as usual to divide among the labourers, and if the labourers understood that, what would they do?"—"Put up with it," said green polka.—"And work well," added the pale face, "in order to make better times." "If there were twelve workmen, ten doing their best for themselves and their country, and two getting drunk, talking nonsense, and doing nothing, what ought the ten good men to do in such a case?" The stout youth appeared ready to suggest "Punch their heads," but green polka forestalled his speech with the idea that they would "help to teach them better."—"Then you think teaching necessary?"—"Yes, but it is better young."—"And from whom can the young learn most?"—"From their parents."—"Can any of you answer this hard question? If we were all educated, all civilised and working hard, pulling together to increase the wealth of us all—what effect would that have, or would it have any effect, do you think, in increasing or lessening the number of mouths we have to feed?" There was a serious pondering over this question, which was evidently new to all the children; but at last the youth with the half-boots propounded his opinion that there would not be quite so many of us: because "if men were intelligent and prudent they would not often marry till they knew beforehand how they were to feed and educate their children."

We need not illustrate these lessons in greater detail. It is of course impossible in a few paragraphs to give anything like an exact transcript of the lights and shades of expression and opinion, or of the precise words elicited from many children in any part of a diffuse lesson carried on by constant dialogue. In its diffuseness, however, it is least dull. The quaint suggestions of fresh minds at every turn enliven the whole subject, the ponderings expressed on childish faces, the triumphs of discovery, the pleasant laughter at the odd conceits occasionally struck out, and the bold jokes hazarded at times by some young wild-goose of the party—all this mingled with a fair sense of the good work that is being done, makes any lesson of the kind, if it be conducted by an able teacher, a very agreeable entertainment.

The imaginative faculty in all these children, and also (last but not least) their religious principles, we assume to be cultivated elsewhere. Such cultivation, we are well convinced, is no

less important to their own happiness and that of society than their knowledge of things and reasons; and it should steadily be borne in mind that no amount of political economy, and no working of figures, will or can ever do without them. Still, that in its influence upon the well-being of the children and upon the future of the country to which they belong, this is an important and useful labour, we are quite sure we need not insist. Very distinct illustrations of that fact will occur at once to all of us.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF HUNGARY.

Every nation has an epoch in the history of its past, more brilliant than the rest, shining with undimmed lustre through all succeeding generations, and on which posterity looks back with fond regret—particularly in the time of adversity.

This epoch for Hungary is the age of the Hunyad; ever memorable, not only for a long series of heroic deeds, but, even more, for its progress in literature and the education of the people: transforming the land of the Magyars, for a time, into the enviable seat of the arts and sciences.

What would have become of Europe, had not the Hunyads, at the head of that gallant nation, repeatedly driven back the mighty hosts of Turkey; and where could the many learned men have sought refuge, after the conquest of Constantinople, had they not been received and entertained in a princely manner by a member of that royal race?

The family of Hunyad did not grow into greatness with the history of the country, like many others of the nobility, but appeared with the brave John, the founder of it, at once like a brilliant meteor on the scene. It disappeared after a short, but unequalled existence, still more brilliantly with his son.

History has preserved no authentic dates of their origin; but the following tradition on the subject has been thought deserving of some credence by several historians.

King Sigismund, who had sullied the throne of Hungary during fifty-one years by murder, oppression, and excess, visited Transylvania during the year 1399. There he resided at the house of a wealthy Hungarian, and was greatly pleased on discovering that his host possessed amongst his treasures a very beautiful daughter.

The king soon became enamoured of the fair maiden, a love which she returned. After a visit of some weeks, when he was about to depart, he told her, that if ever she should require his protection she was to come to the palace at Buda, promising at the same time to provide for her there in royal style. As a token of his affection, he presented her with a costly diamond ring, which would ensure her instant admittance to the palace.

A few months after the king's departure the fair Hungarian became the mother of a son, who received at the baptism the name of John. A year later the young mother and her baby, accompanied by her brother, proceeded to Buda to claim the king's protection for his child.

On their way, as they rested in a forest by the side of a well, the mother gave the ring to her restless baby to play with. The diamond, sparkling in the sun's rays, attracted a raven, that bird, as it is well known, having a partiality for shining objects: the raven flew past unobserved and, before the mother remarked it, had carried off the ring.

Great was her terror in discovering the theft, as she had thus lost her only sign of recognition by the king. Luckily the raven did not fly far, but perching upon a neighbouring tree, seemed quite occupied in examining its booty. The brother, a capital marksman, seized his cross-bow, and aimed so well that the raven, pierced through by his arrow, fell with the ring to the ground.

The beautiful Hungarian reached the palace at Buda without farther accident, where, on producing her recovered treasure, she quickly gained admission.

King Sigismund received her kindly, and was so much amused on hearing of her adventure with the raven, that he named the child "Corvinus."—Corvus signifying raven in Latin; elevated the family to the rank of the Hungarian nobility, and presented little John with the hereditary castle of Hunyad in Transylvania, besides other large possessions, and gave him for his armorial bearings a raven pierced by an arrow, holding a ring in its beak.

Afterwards little John became the renowned Hungarian warrior, the terror of the Turks. It would be difficult to say whether he won more glory by his virtues as a citizen or his exploits as a soldier. Above the lower passions which so often darken the career of the greatest men, he never sought after honours or after riches; fortune, therefore, never made him arrogant, and in misfortune he remained unshaken. The best proof of the high estimation his merits were held in by his country is, that he, a simple nobleman, was chosen governor of the realm, during the minority of King Ladislas the Fifth, with the consent of the haughty magnates, each of whom considered himself a king.

For six years he held this honourable but arduous office, devoting every moment of his time in the service of his country. His active life closed as it began, with a victory against the hereditary enemy of his nation. His contemporaries say of him that standing or sitting, on foot or on horseback, everywhere he practised justice. Even Sultan Mahmoud, who was defeated by Hunyad at Belgrade, a short time before his death exclaimed, on hearing the news of it, that the world had lost a citizen in him rarely to be met with.

This noble warrior, when feeling the approach of death, summoned his two sons,

Ladislas and Matthias, to his side, and tenderly blessing them, begged his venerable friend, the patriotic and valiant monk, John Copistram, to bless them too.

The monk did so, holding his hands only a short time over Ladislas, whilst he offered up his prayers long and fervently for Matthias, whose brilliant future, as King of Hungary, he unveiled with bold prophetic eye to the dying parent.

John Hunyad committed his sons to the peculiar care of the king, thinking that they would find no better or truer protector than the man for whom he himself had preserved the throne; but the confiding, honest-hearted Hunyad could not have placed them in more unholy hands.

The visible attachment of the people to the young brothers, in whom they saw all their father's virtues sustained, awoke a bitter jealousy in the king, which his wicked counsellor, the Austrian Count Cilley, continually increased.

On one occasion, at Belgrade, finding Ladislas alone in his room, Cilley began a dispute with him; angry words ensued, whereat Cilley drew his sword and fell like an assassin upon the unarmed youth. Ladislas parried the stroke with his arm, which was slightly wounded. The youth, much stronger than his adversary, then seized and held him with such force that Cilley could no longer use his weapons. The noise attracted some of the attendants of the brothers, who, on perceiving the danger of their beloved master, killed the count on the spot.

The king pardoned the innocent Ladislas, and swore on the Host, in the presence of their mother the widow of John Hunyad, never to revenge Cilley's death on either of the brothers; but his friendship was only feigned, for he no sooner arrived with his protégés at Buda, than he ordered their arrest, proclaiming by heralds the discovery of a conspiracy against his life. He then commanded the immediate execution of Ladislas to take place before his castle.

The youth of the victim, then in his twentieth year, together with the popular feeling of veneration for the family, so excited the executioner, that he struck thrice with his sword without effect. After the third stroke Ladislas had sufficient strength and presence of mind left to stand up and declare that he had already endured his punishment; for, by the laws of the country, even the lowest criminal, after receiving three unsuccessful strokes was pronounced free. At the same time he summoned the perjured king to meet him before God's tribunal within a year and a day. As he stepped forwards, he stumbled over his long robes, a present from the king, and fell to the ground, when the executioner, at the command of a courtier, put an end to his life.

The news of this horrible murder spread quickly, and the inhabitants of the town, and soon after the greater part of the country, rose in arms against the king, who, cowardly in danger as insolent in prosperity, escaped from Buda to Vienna, and from thence to Bohemia, taking the younger Hunyad with him as prisoner.

In Prague, whilst awaiting the arrival of his bride, death overtook him, and he sank, at the early age of eighteen, a victim, as the people said, of remorse for the unholy deed he had caused to be perpetrated.

The Hungarian nation, out of gratitude to John Hunyad, unanimously elected Matthias, then in his fifteenth year, their king, and never did a nation entrust its welfare to better hands.

Matthias—himself descended from the people, whose noblest type he was—had early acquired by wise lessons, but still more by sad experience, an unusually acute judgment and steadfast purpose, added to the heroism of his father all the virtues of a wise ruler. He held the reins of government with a degree of ability and wisdom, such as history has seldom been able to record of even her most distinguished sovereigns.

His love of knowledge and his endeavours to improve the education of his people won for him his greatest glory.

Buda became the meeting-place of the most learned men of that period; the library then contained fifty thousand volumes and manuscripts in costly bindings of gold, silver and velvet; and whilst the king protected the extensive boundaries of the realm with his invincible "Black Legion," * making the Hungarian name abroad both great and feared, the culture and prosperity of the people attained a height hitherto unknown; for by their natural inclination they became easily habituated to more refined customs and better mode of life.

Schools were founded in Presburg, Waitzen, Groswarden, Erlau, Grau, &c., on the plan of the University at Buda. Thus, whilst in the rest of Europe only a dim light of knowledge shone, in Hungary the most glorious era of Greece and Rome seemed to be returning.

The Magyar, until now only accustomed to the wild excitement of war, saw with astonishment, but not with discontent, his beloved king pass his life in the halls of their love of liberty, knowing that it kept the spirit of the nation alive, and thereby he could carry out great projects.

Living much amongst his subjects he knew their wants and predilections, and thus could the better provide for their well-being; consideration and kindness for them shone in all his actions.

Whilst travelling through the county of

* The "Black Legion" was a corps of six thousand regular foot soldiers. Matthias organised them himself and kept them in his pay also in time of peace as the *elite* of his army. This Legion mustered the bravest men, who, with their irresistible charge, often decided a victory. Matthias knew most of them by name.

Gömör, he conducted the magnates in attendance on him—against whose oppression of the peasantry he had heard many complaints—into a vineyard. There he took a hoe and commenced working, desiring the magnates to follow his example; they complied, but soon left off, complaining that the work was too hard. The king then said—

"Now you have some idea of the hard life of the poor peasant who toils for you; treat him therefore with kindness and forbearance, lest you destroy the source of your wealth and thus be compelled to perform the labour yourself."

The tradition of his virtues is handed down like a holy relic from father to son, and still lives in the grateful remembrance of posterity in the following proverb:—"King Matthias is gone, and with him justice," ever repeated with a sigh of regret for the past. His time was Hungary's golden age, often sung of by poets, and oftener recalled by the sorrowing nation.

Matthias died in 1490, after a reign of thirty-two years, leaving no heirs to the throne; with him, therefore, the family of Hunyad became extinct. An illegitimate son, John Corvin, inherited his name, and many of his great qualities; but he was, unhappily for Hungary, rejected at the next election of king, at the suggestion of some ambitious egotistical magnates. In spite of this mortification, John Corvin devoted his great military talents, as Ban of Croatia, for the welfare of his country, and remained the scourge of the Turks up to the time of his early death. He left a son and a daughter, Christopher and Elizabeth. The former soon followed his father; the latter, heiress to his large possessions, became the wife of the son of John Zapolya, afterwards King of Hungary.

BUTTER.

Before our great chemists had told us that an infusion of oil into the human frame was necessary to life, and why, there must have been something puzzling to thinkers, as well as amusing to travellers, in the inclination of all nations for some kind of butter, which must be had, it seems, through all obstacles of climate and productions. We should say, at the first glance, that nobody can get butter of any sort in the Polar regions, nor keep butter for five minutes at the Equator; and there are many regions of the earth besides, which are either burning or frozen, parched or wet, to a degree which excludes the English idea of a dairy altogether. What can the Greenlander do, for instance—living in a country where July is the only month without snow (and not always that); where turnips reach the size of pigeons' eggs, for a great wonder; and where, in the cold months, the rocks split with the sound of a cannon-shot, and the sea reeks as if it was boiling? What does the Greenlander do? Why, he finds oil, thickened by the frost, a delicious butter. He lives in a room where even spirit freezes; and he would freeze too, but for his beloved whale oil, which feeds in him the interior combustion that is always going on in all of us, and that keeps the temperature of the human frame nearly equable in all climates and positions. Then there is the African under the line: what does he do for butter? If we gave him cattle, they would presently hang out their tongues, and conduct themselves very like mad dogs, till stung into fury by hosts of insects, and panting for breath in an atmosphere like a furnace, they would rave, lie down bellowing, and die. We can hardly suppose that he can milk the lioness or the tigress, which are almost his only animal neighbours. He milks something rather less dreadful—his herd of trees! The next wood is his dairy, and the shea tree is his cow. When he was clearing a space for his hut, he left the shea tree standing. Its spreading shade is welcome for itself; but the fruit, (the African olive) is the most precious merchandise, and the most delicious food to be found in those interior provinces. The white kernel is boiled, beaten, and pressed; and the oil oozes out and flakes into a firm white butter, which Mungo Park liked better than our finest dairy butter. The making, and eating, and selling this substance fills up a great part of the life of the Bambarra peasant, who thus is in strong sympathy, if he did but know it, with our clever neighbour—Paddy on the Kerry Hills.

There is no drier country than the Arabian desert; and no shea tree grows there, nor any other fruit-bearing tree; nor are there oily fish, nor cattle. How then do the Bedouecns get on for butter? Why, there is the goat; and the goat's milk is uncommonly rich and creamy; and the Bedouecns steal along all day—in the shade of rocks, where possible—following their goats, which spring from rock to rock, and clamber into all sorts of inaccessible places, to get at every aromatic shoot and every tender spray and green blade that grows in virtue of the night-dews. The owner is busy with goats'-hair all the while, not making wigs, which is the use we put that hair to, but twisting it into threads and cords, or preparing it for weaving into tent-covers. When the shadows lengthen, telling him the hour, he collects the flock, and the kids come bounding to him, and the dams follow more slowly and munch sprouts from his hand while wife or daughter milks them. Some of the milk is drunk fresh; but more is kept. It becomes sour at once, of course; and then there is the oily part to be eaten with lentiles, and the curd for a sort of cheese, and the whey for a very favourite drink. Very different are the measures taken in the wettest country—Holland—and none in

the world are so successful. Holland supplies more butter to the rest of the world than any country whatever; while, certainly, the Dutch keep up their interior combustion, in the midst of external damp, admirably, by the quantity of butter they swallow. We make the best butter in the world—at least we are pleased to say so—we modest English. We eat all we make, and then look round for more—for the best we can get; and out of every one hundred and thirty-four thousand cwts. that we import, one hundred and seven thousand cwts. are Dutch.

Certainly, if one condition of good butter is that the dairies should be moist and cool, the Dutch have the advantage of most nations. Their dairies, which a breach in the dykes would place at once at the bottom of the sea, are moist and cool as a sea cave. They have other advantages. Their water-meadows—level cavities between green dykes—are as soft as a Turkey carpet, with thick, juicy grass; and their milch cows show their fine feeding by being at once, unlike others, fat and good milkers. And then, they are not driven about to be milked, so that the cream at the top of their udder is not half-churned before it can be got at, as is the case in places where the cows are driven home to a farm-yard, and milked immediately, and, moreover, in the midst of dung-heaps and puddles and bad smells. Far otherwise is it with the Dutch kine. As soon as they begin to wish for the relief of being milked, and raise their patient heads to see whether anybody is coming, they may be sure that somebody is on the way. There they come—the milk-maid and the boy. The boy is towing a little boat along the canal, and the maid, with her full blue petticoat and her pink jacket or bed-gown, walks beside him. Now they stop: she brings from the boat her copper milk-pails, as bright as gold, and, with a cooing greeting to her dear cows, sets down her little stool on the grass, and begins to milk. The boy, having moored his boat, stands beside her with the special pail, which is to hold the last pint from each cow; the creamy pint which comes last because it has risen to the top in the udder. Not a drop is left to turn sour and fret the cow. The boy fetches and carries the pails, and moves as if he trod on eggs when conveying the full pails to the boat. When afloat, there is no shaking at all. Smoothly glides the cargo of pails up to the very entrance of the dairy, where the deep jars appropriate to this "meal" of milk are ready—cooled with cold water, if it is summer, and warmed with hot water if the weather requires it. When the time for churning comes, the Dutch woman takes matters as quietly as hitherto. She softly tastes the milk in the jars till she finds therein the due degree of acidity; and then she leisurely pours the whole cream and milk together—into a prodigiously stout and tall upright churn. She must exert herself, however, if she is to work that plunger. She work it!—not she! She would as soon think of working the mills on the dykes with her own plump hands. No—she has a servant under her to do it. She puts her dog into a wheel which is connected with the plunger; and, as the animal runs round, what a splashing, wolloping, and frizzing is heard from the closed churn! The quiet dairymaid knows by the changes of the sound how the formation of the butter proceeds: when she is quite sure that there are multitudes of flakes floating within, she stops the wheel, releases the dog, turns down the churn upon a large sieve, which is laid over a tub, and obtains a sieveful of butter, in the shape of yellow kernels, while the buttermilk runs off, for the benefit of the pigs, or of the household cookery.

In the precisely opposite country—Switzerland, which rises to the clouds, while Holland squats below the sea level—the dairy people go after the cows, like the Dutch, instead of bringing them home. They have much further to go, however. Most of us who have travelled in Switzerland have missed one characteristic beauty of the Alps by going too late. We are wont to say that the awful stillness and steadfastness of the Alps are broken by no motion but that of the torrents, leaping or lapsing from the steeps. In spring there is quite another kind of motion visible to those who have good sight—the passage of the wind, shown by the waving of the grass on the upland slopes. The mower may be invisible at such a height, unless he be attended by a wife or daughter in a red petticoat, making a speck of colour which may fix the eye: but the silvery stoop of the tall grass as the breeze passes over it is a beautiful thing to see, and a charming alternation with the leap of the waterfall. When these patches of pasture are known, the cows are sent up for the summer to graze and live under the open sky: and the dairy people, who go up too and live in sheds and huts, follow the kine, morning and evening, and milk them wherever they may happen to be, whether in a grassy hollow, or on a fearful shelf of rock, or by some pool in a ravine. The cows would come if called; they always do when the Alp horn is blown to collect them; but the Alp horn is blown after they are milked, and not before, least they should make more haste than good speed, and leap down rocky places, and prance homewards, shaking the milk in their udders. If there is the slightest conceivable curdling in the milk before the cream is separated, the butter is spoiled, though the fresh cream may taste very well. The way in which the butter is brought down to the valleys, when the party return for the winter, is curious. All the butter of the season is melted over the fire in large pans, which are shifted the the moment before their contents would boil up. They are kept simmering till the watery particles have all gone off in steam,

and the curdy particles, which are mixed more or less with all butter, have fallen to the bottom. The butter is then poured out like clear virgin honey, into earthen jars, which are filled to the brim and thoroughly closed as soon as the butter is cold. This is one way of preserving butter, and salting it, as the Dutch and Irish do, is another. The choice is between too little flavour and too much salt; and most people who want the butter for culinary purposes, prefer the more insipid to the over salted.

In India, the people can no more do without butter than elsewhere; indeed they want more than most other people, from the evaporation of the liquids of the human frame by the heat. They are a thin race. The sun of India makes war against fat. How, then, can there be butter? There is no butter to eat; but there is plenty to drink, and the people drink it by the coffee-cup full at a time. Are you grimacing, reader? Are you saying, like the child who was reading to mamma about a land flowing with milk and honey—"La! how nasty!" Just hear what this butter is, which the natives call ghee, and then judge whether you could drink it. If not, there is an alternative which may save your manners; if anybody should offer you a cup full of ghee, you can anoint your body with it, and pour it over your hair, to preserve you from a *coup-de-soleil*, or prevent your being shrivelled up like an autumn leaf thrown with the log on one's Christmas fire. The ghee is not purified from curd; quite the contrary. After the milk has been boiled it is artificially curdled. It is the curd that is churned, and the churning is done simply by turning a split bamboo in both hands, as if it were a chocolate mill. The cry is not for coolness, but for more heat. Hot water is added, and on goes the milling till the butter comes. The hope is next that the butter will become rancid; a hope which is justified in a day or two. Then it is boiled again to get rid of the water, and a little more sour curd is shut up with it and also a little salt, in jars which go all over India, spreading a horrid smell wherever they are opened, but commanding a constant sale, and a good one, from all who can indulge in the luxury of reclining in shed or verandah, quaffing ghee.

And how is it with the other great continent—America? Why, in south America there are those vast plains, the Llanas and Pampas, stretching from the base of the Andes to the sea, and from the Orinoco to the Straits of Magellan, on which uncountable millions of cattle are for ever grazing. There can be no want of butter there, surely? So thought people in England till thirty years ago, when it became known, on inquiry, that there was no butter in Buenos Ayres. In the season of universal mad speculation which followed, it, was resolved to supply the destitution of the Spanish Americans. Science had not then taught us that if any people had not butter like ours, they must have some other sort of their own. So a company was formed, and a ship-load of Scotch dairymaids was sent out to manage those fine cows that grazed in that noble pasture. But the poor women were sadly puzzled when they wanted to go to work, as were their employers. Those fine cows were wild. They were caught by violence, and tied neck and legs, in which process the milk must have become considerably curdled. The perplexed damsels churned very diligently, but the butter disgraced them sadly, and would not keep; and if it had been as good as at home, it would not have sold, for alas! the natives like oil better. They take olive oil almost as profusely as the Hindoos take ghee. As for our brethren in the United States and the West India Islands, they have the true Anglo-Saxon liking for butter. But it has not yet suited their convenience to graze much, or to set up dairies to any extent, even where the climate is favourable. They import largly from Europe, especially from Holland and from Ireland. The West Indies rank third among the customers of Ireland for butter—Portugal being the first, and Brazil the second.

Here, then, are we brought round to so near home as the Kerry Hills and the pastures of Cork and Limerick. Let us take a run over those hills, and see what is doing.

We suppose we shall find the cows tenderly cared for, judging by the solicitude shown for yonder pig. His owner's dwelling in a mud cabin, dark except where the decayed thatch lets in the light, and all going to melt into a slough, apparently, with the first rain: whereas, the pig's house is a truly comfortable affair. It is built against the cabin—*in* the very middle—for show. Its stone walls are whitewashed; its roof is slated; its entrance is arched. Piggie himself is allowed great liberty. He may roam where he will, with the one condition that he will wear a man's hat—not on his head, but over his face—the crown being out to allow him to feed. Thus veiled below the eyes, he may wander where he will, unable as he is to root up the potatoes or poke his snout in where he has no business. If such is the care taken of the pig, what may we not look for in regard to the cows? On we go to see. Who is this that wants us to stop? Why does he leave his flock of sheep, and hang upon our car, and rain a shower of brogue upon us passing travellers? —for he is no beggar. He entreats us, and will not take a refusal, to buy then and there, on our car and on the instant, thirty-four lambs, which he declares we shall have cheap. We have refused, in our time, to purchase and carry away, in the High Street of a town, a barrel of red herrings; also, a mattrass. It seems to us even more inconvenient to carry away thirty-four sheep on an Irish car, especially as we want no sheep, and live across the Channel; but the farmer does not agree

with us. He presses his bargain on us till compelled by want of breath to drop behind. As we advance, we see a cow here and there stepping into a cabin, as if taking refuge from the evening air in good time while the sun is yet declining. The family receive her affectionately, milk her tenderly by the fireside, and let her retire into the corner to sleep when she likes. How good must the butter be, from a cow so treated! Further on, however, we perceive that all cows—most cows—are not pampered in this way. Early in the mornings, we see them getting up from their beds on the hill-sides, the dry space where they have lain being darker and greener than the dewy grass around. They have certainly been out all night. And why not? our driver wonders: the Kerry breed is hardy; and where would they go, if there were not the hills for them to roam over? In which question we join, when we see how many there are.

Here we come to spruce roads, well fenced and arched over with trees; and we meet cars full of gay gentry; and we see the gleam of waters through the woods. Those waters are the lower lake of Killarney; and we are going to cross the lake, and take our time before visiting the dairy-farm on the opposite side. Landing to see O'Sullivan's Cascade, we find a man, scantily clothed, and so thin and pale as to appear only half fed, and so eager in showing off the waterfall, as to make us fancy that the pence he expects are of the greatest importance to him. He presents us with ferns and mosses with a trembling hand; he flings his stick into the fall, and scrambles down to catch it in a strange place; he gives a painful impression of going through an antic task for his day's bread; and he looks delighted at his fee. As soon as we have pushed off, and are out of his hearing, we find that he is the owner of a herd of cows on the mountain; that he drives a good trade in cattle; and has many a firkin of butter to sell to the agent from Cork, when he comes this way. Well! we have seen no one less like a butter manufacturer than the pale showman of O'Sullivan's Cascade. What next!

The next thing is very strange. Two sober, quiet, sensible men are rowing us, and are ready to talk. Finding that one of us has been in Africa, they ask if we saw any enchantment there, as enchantment is said to come from Africa. Luckily, we did; and our story is received with eager interest. The men told us, in the most straight-forward way, that they did not believe a word of the stories of the enchantment of the lake we are upon till they saw O'Donohue himself, in a way which could not be mistaken. Seeing is believing, they said repeatedly; and there is no doubt that they believed what they told us. The well-known legend of Killarney is that O'Donohue and his people, and the city in which they lived, were overwhelmed by the waters of an enchanted fountain, some hundreds of years ago; and that the chieftain appears, once in seven years at least, in the first week of May, traversing the lake as if it were solid glass. Our boatmen had been rowing some workmen over to an island, where they were repairing a cottage of Mrs. Herbert's, and were returning, at a quarter past six in the morning of the second of May—a fine, bright morning—when they saw O'Donoghue come out from the shore of the mainland. He passed close by them, looked at them well as he passed, with his very bright eyes, walked on to the opposite shore, and disappeared in the rock. He wore a scarlet coat, breeches, and a "three-cocked" (three-cornered) hat, with a white feather. The men were so awe-struck that they could not speak to him, though they had abundant opportunity. One would like to know what scarlet thing these men could have seen in broad daylight on a fine May morning—Ireland not being a land of flamingoes, or other red water-birds. But there are other marvellous things seen on the shores of Killarney, having more relation to Butter than this apparition of O'Donoghue. When a hare is found among the cows on May-day, it is a very melancholy enchantment; for, if she be not killed, there will be no butter all summer. The hare is a witch. You may prove that by letting your dogs bite her, and then looking about the neighbourhood, when you will find some old woman ill in bed with wounds in the same places. If you do not kill the hare she will milk your cows in the night, or at least carry off all the cream that is in the milk. The same may be said of the hedgehog. There is another bit of trouble that must be taken to save the butter. The well must be watched till the sun is high on May morning, or some witch will come with a wooden dish in her hand, and skim the surface, mumbling, "Come, butter, come." If she is allowed to do this, you will lose your labour in churning all that season. If the farmer has not sheds in which to house all his cattle on May eve, he must see that they are carefully fastened into a paddock, and that the four corners of the paddock, and all the beasts, are sprinkled with holy water blessed on Easter Sunday, that nothing evil may be able to get at them. They will be the safer if you will give them each a necklace of straw for the night, and also slightly singe each beast with lighted straw, or pass a live coal completely round their bodies. To clear the ground perfectly for a favourable season, there must be a churning, with closed doors, before sunrise on May morning, with an old ass's shoe nailed to the bottom of the plunger. A branch of mountain ash, gathered the night before, must be bound round the churn before the milk is poured in; and when the milk begins to break, it is well to put a live coal and a little salt under the churn. If the owner wishes to save his best

cow from the thefts of witches, he must follow her in the first walk she takes from the paddock or shed, and gather up the soft earth marked by her four feet. If he does she is safe for the season. If he leaves it for the witch to do, the creature will be a dead loss to him, for the season, at least. These things are troublesome to attend to, it is true; but if a man wishes to conduct business with a Cork butter-merchant, he had better clear the ground thoroughly for the operations of the summer. And here we are at the farm, to see how he does it.

The farm consists of forty acres. One acre is occupied by the house, dairy, yard, and garden; twenty acres are under tillage, and nineteen remain for grazing ground, including bog to the extent of about half an acre. There are ten cows, several pigs, and ducks, chickens and geese in plenty. Of the twenty acres, a considerable portion is devoted to the growth of green crops—swedes, mangold wurzel, &c.—for the winter food of the cows. The rest is grain—wheat, barley, and oats—which all go to market, the family being fed on the cheaper diet of Indian meal. The bog is not the least useful part of the ground. It yields all the fuel wanted—not only in the shape of peat, but in abundance of fire-wood of the finest quality. Heaps of blackened, scraggy wood may be seen drying in the sun, and when dry, they burn like kennel coal. Moreover, of the logs of oak found in the bog, the dairy utensils are all made; and the people on the spot ascribe the best qualities of their butter to the use of this bog oak—a persuasion which is regarded as a mistake by the butter-merchants of the ports. The keelers, or shallow tubs, various in size, in which the milk stands, are made of inch-thick bog-oak; and so is the churn. It certainly appears to be completely secure from warping, and from the attacks of insects. Its seasoning has been rather long—some thousands of years, probably; so that the taste of the wood must have gone out of it some time ago. The question is whether that of the seasoning has not succeeded to it?

The dairy is a large shed, with a flagged floor. Along two sides stand the keelers, with their "meals" of milk in order. They stand strangely long before they are skimmed—till the milk is sour and thick: and then the cream stands from two days to a week before it is churned. The people insist that the sourness of the milk does not in the least affect the butter, and that it is a great waste to use the milk before all the cream is got out of it; on which point, as on every other in the whole business, the people of Kerry are flatly contradicted by the people of Waterford; both being famous exporters of butter. The milk is not sour enough for the popular taste in winter. With the first hot weather comes the delicacy; and then the dairymaids clap their hands for joy, and exclaim "Now we shall have thick milk." In the market-place is the same jubilation; for the milk is sent there for sale, after enough has been reserved for the pigs; and the people relish it with their potatoes far more than sweet—in like manner as they prefer salt fish to fresh. Possibly it might be the same with us, if either article were the only animal food we ever tasted.

As soon as a keeler is emptied, it is scalded with hot water, well laid on with a broom of heather; and then with cold water, in the open air. The churning seems an easy affair enough—the butter coming in half-an-hour, and never keeping the people waiting more than an hour. Little does that dairymaid know her own bliss, unless she has known what it is to stand churning three, four, five hours, obtaining nothing but froth, fancying she feels the thickening of the milk, and finding, like Dr. Johnson, "nothing ensue," till she hopes that nobody will speak to her because, hot, tired, worried as she is, she does not think she could speak without crying. Happy is the Kerry maiden, who, having no dog-menial, like her Dutch sister, plays the part of machine for no more than an hour at furthest. The butter never fails to be good, she says: a marvel full as great as the gliding of a scarlet coat and a "three-cocked hat" over the lake. It is washed three times. Others say that it takes five washings to leave the water perfectly clear. It is salted in the proportion of half a stone (seven pounds) of salt to fifty pounds of butter. The Dutch exceed the Irish, and everybody else, in the care they take to have good salt. They use only that which is obtained by slow evaporation, and perfectly crystallised. Other people are not so particular. They use salt which may have some mixture of inferior qualities—bitter, or apt to melt; and they must not wonder if their butter is inferior to the Dutch. Our housewives say that the Irish butter is not nearly so good as it used to be. Whether the Kerry women of a former generation were more despotic about their requirements than now, we cannot say: but it struck us that the doors of certain dairies stood too wide open for the entrance of whatever chose to come in, and that the pig's home was somewhat too near at hand. Some were secluded enough, and as fresh as running water; and we should have liked to be able to compare the produce of the two. When "made," the butter is pressed down into a firkin (still of bog-oak) salted over the top, and covered close with a cloth. When more is ready to be put into the firkin the salted surface is scraped off, and the butter below so broken up as that the new portion may mix well with it. The ten cows yield a firkin of butter—that is, half a hundredweight—per week. We were told that the merchant pays five guineas per hundredweight (the hundredweight being about one hundred and twelve pounds). We did not believe this at the

moment, as the price of Irish butter does not admit of such a payment as nearly one shilling per pound to the maker; and we found afterwards that the payment is rarely higher than three guineas and a half per hundredweight. The closed firkins are conveyed by carts to some neighbouring port or railway, or, failing both, are carted all the way to Cork. Every traveller in Kerry and the neighbouring counties, is familiar with the sight of the barrel-laden carts which frequent all the roads; and in every market-place may be seen, during the summer, an expanse of firkins, filling up more or less of the area. The largest sales are effected in another manner than by bringing the produce to market or to port, to fetch the market price. The needy among the dairy farmers sell their butter beforehand, by contract, to the travelling agents of the butter-merchant, who visits them twice a year. They take the price he offers, and are too often glad of the money in advance, and thus subject themselves to bondage. Poor people like these are aground in the winter, when their cows are dry. Less needy farmers manage their stock so as to have milk all the year round, though not enough for the making of butter for sale. The season for that is only five or six months from May-day. We inquired, at this Killarney farm, whether, in rearing calves, the milk of the best cows is spent upon their calves, or whether the more saving plan is ever resorted to of "buying a nurse"—providing the calf with an inferior nurse, to save the mother's better milk. This is a pitch of economy which has not been reached in these parts; and we were amused at the way in which our question was received by one of those Killarney guides, who thinks it a disgrace not to have an answer ready for every possible question. He was kind enough to inform us that, in Kerry, there is always a person to milk the cows—the cows never milking each other. The cost of a calf, for the three years before she produces, is said to be twopence a day. The food of the whole stock in winter is partly hay, and partly boiled vegetables and bran. A great deal of the profit of the dairy farms of Kerry is derived from the pigs—the exportation of bacon being almost as valuable as that of butter, and the dairies yielding plenty of the best food that can enter a piggery. About one hundred thousand firkins — that is fifty thousand hundredweight—of butter go to the ports annually from Kerry; and in Cork alone there are now twenty-six butter-merchants. In Waterford and Wexford there are many; and these give a different recipe for making the article; different with regard to the length of time the milk and cream should stand, and to the methods of washing and salting. But it does not appear that one county excels another in the quality of its butter.

The firkins are emptied on their arrival at the warehouse in the port. Turned upside down after the head is removed, and well slapped, the cask yields up its contents. The butter, as it stands, is then scraped with a wooden knife, its soiled corners and seams removed, and put away to make ointment for sheeps' backs, and its hollows filled up with fresh butter. It is then powdered with salt of the purest kind, the firkin is replaced over it, it is raised on its right end, and the other is scraped and salted, and when the hoops are put on and the firkin ready for closing, covered with a piece of muslin, which is made to fit accurately, and finally salted. When the head is knocked in, and the weight is proved, there remains nothing but the branding. This is done by stencilling. A metal plate is perforated with the trade marks, and with the name and address of the exporter. Then the number of the firkin is affixed. The metal plate is smeared over with an ink made of lamp-black, turpentine, and wax, and the brand stands clear and ineffaceable.

All this is interesting; but there is one thing more left to see. In the office, where the importer has taken us to ascertain some figures, and see the form of entry in the hieroglyphic-filled books in which his purchases are recorded, we were shown the largest bundles of bank-notes we ever saw. There were two, containing the corresponding halves of severed one pound notes, to the amount of five hundred pounds. One of these bundles was to go by post, and the other by public car, to the agent, to pay the country makers, at the latter end of the season.

Where does all this butter go? Much of it to London; much to Liverpool; much to the Continent. The greater part will find its way to Portugal, unless there should be a quarrel about the Portuguese tariff, which would be a sad thing for the Kerry dairymen. They have sold, this season, thirty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-nine firkins more than in the season of last year; and it is curious that the Dutch have sold about as much less to us. The reason of the increased production in Ireland—which is felt in all the other ports, beside Cork—is no mystery. The farmer now cannot pay for labour as he used to do, by letting potato grounds to the labourers. Many of the labourers have emigrated, and the rest must have better wages, paid in cash; and they eat meal, instead of potatoes, now that grain is cheap. The farmer finds it safer and cheaper to produce butter than grain for the market. If this goes on long, one may hope that some cheese will be made, somewhere or other among the rich pastures of Ireland. At present, the innkeepers in the remotest districts complain that they have to get every ounce of cheese from London. It seems as if this must be mended soon; and we should not wonder if we have to report, after our

next visit to Ireland, as its latest bull, its offer to the stranger of a native Welsh rabbit.

FROZEN UP IN SIBERIA.

A TRUE story of life out in the cold, not the damp warm-cold of such winters as we get now-a-days in England, but the real solid cold of far away down the grand river Oby, through Siberia, towards the Arctic sea. A true story, friends and children, that will do our hearts good as we gather round the fire, of two weak women exiled from their homes by the great Emperor of all the Russias. The well-born Polish lady, Eve Felinska, banished from her children to a far northern station in Siberia, kept an account of her life for two or three years out there in the cold; she published it on her return, and it was a pleasant, straightforward, interesting, admirable book. A Polish colonel has done it into English, and it is called among us by the crooked title, "Revelations of Siberia." It might as well have been called Exodus. From this book I shall tell a true Christmas story, that will do no hurt to hospitable hearts, of life in that inhospitable region.

There was a great stench of skins, whiskey, tar, fish, and tobacco on board the merchant Brahin's trading vessel from Tobolsk, which had sailed down the Oby and up its tributary Soswa on the way to Berezov, after the ice had broken up and left the waters passable. Every one was on deck, washing, brushing, packing, crying Berezov! for there was Berezov—the journey's end—in sight. Had we been there as a ghostly troop of happy children making holiday among the bustle, we should have found on board the ship a young and pleasant lady—so young, and so far, far from home—whom we should have surrounded instantly. For we should have loved the face of that good Josephine. She had been exiled to a place thousands of versts nearer to the genial south, and travelled for some days over the frontier of Siberia with the elder lady, Eve Felinski, who had been parted from her husband and her children, and a very happy home, to be sent all alone to exile in the far north of the vast waste of Siberia, to Berezov. That is the chief town of a large province bordering even on the Arctic Sea. Josephine pitied the stranger. Like a noble-hearted girl, she begged leave to abandon her own milder lot, and brave the unknown terrors of the rugged north, that she might share the banishment of the poor solitary matron, and become a friend to her that had no helper. Joy and glad Christmases to Josephine! Who better deserves a loving husband and a happy home? Were our mothers made to travel thousands of miles out into the cold for saying what they think of kings and princes, how could we love sufficiently any warm-hearted Josephine, who came to them, and helped to make their sorrows light!

There was the Cossack who conducted the two ladies to their destination, rough as a bear, but good-natured. These two exiles, Eve and Josephine, knew nobody who lived in Berezov except this Cossack, but they had put down the name of a man who had provided for a former exile comfortable lodging. The steward went to fetch the cannon as the ship came abreast of Berezov; the town must be saluted with a salvo from the thunder-bearer. The production of the cannon caused a great deal of excitement, though it was no bigger than a rat. It made so great a boom, however, that the matron moralized and said, "Ah, well! it does not require to be great to make much noise in the world."

Berezov, from the river, did not look cheerful. Except of course on the side facing the river, it was on all sides hemmed in by interminable cedar forests. There were two brick Russo-Greek churches. There was a conspicuous yellow house standing upon a hill; the other houses were, and of course are still—for we speak of things occurring in our own days, and of people who still live—the other houses were all small and wooden, two stories high, dingy, and blackened by rain. Alas for the poor ladies, far away from home!

The Horodnitchee, the chief functionary of the town, sent by the Cossack who had gone ashore, came alongside in a boat to fetch the ladies. He was full of kindness and apology for having kept them waiting; evidently a good fellow. There was a crowd of people gaily dressed upon the quay through whom the ladies passed to be conducted to the Cossack's house, their temporary lodging. Tea in Siberia is an universal drink, not very good. It is brick tea, of which the Chinese make large quantities for barter on the Tartar frontier. Tea was set before the exiles, but as it was Lent, no milk or cream was in the house, and poor Eve could not bear tea without milk. There was nothing to eat. Berezov contains no market, no butchers' or bakers' shops. No supper was possible, except sour ducks. The ladies ordered them, and when they were served up, found for the first, but not the last time, that "sour" in Siberia means putrid. The genuine Siberian does not object to putrid meat. The ladies went, therefore, supperless to bed, but being in bed they could not sleep. It had been dark enough in the close, little cabin on the Soswa, but ashore, in the many windowed bed-room, they felt the strangeness of a night that was not only as light as day, but that was really made up of daylight. So it is at the approach of summer in those very northern lands.

In the morning, when the two ladies got up, they found the tea-urn—Siberians are quite Etruscan in their use of urns—upon the breakfast table, with hot water and milk beside it. But their tea and sugar were on board the vessel, and they had nothing to eat, so they waited till the landlord's daughter

had departed, and then breakfasted on milk and water. After this breakfast, they went and took the lodging recommended to them. It was in the house of an old Cossack named Kozlow. Kozlow went off to the vessel for their luggage. Kozlow's wife, who kept ten cows, hearing how hungry the poor ladies were, made in a few moments a hot mess of milk and gruel, and brought out her cakes, promising game and more substantial fare as soon as she could dress it. For you must understand that Kozlow's wife had nothing of Siberian cold within her simple heart. There was a twinkle in her eye as she busied herself about her desolate lodgers, that even we children should have understood had we been there in a ghostly troop, and we should have said, Kozlow's wife, you are a capital fellow; stand still while we make a ring and dance about you.

The lodgings in Kozlow's house consisted of three rooms with rough wood furniture, clean floors, and papered walls, having, also—as all rooms have in Siberia—plenty of windows. The luggage soon arrived, and, among other items of it, there were brought two armchairs, a sofa and a table, which Onuphry Vietrasz Kiewicz, another exile, had taken out of his own chamber at Tobolsk to the absolute deprivation of himself and packed on board the vessel for the use of these two ladies. O. V. K., we cannot pronounce your name, old fellow, but we would dance round you too, if we had you here. Who dares to call this a bad world when we find the Christmas spirit, if we look for it all the year round, not only by our own firesides but even in the cold wastes that are called inhospitable, near the icy sea?

The ladies, having got over their first discomforts, did not find reason to complain of their Siberian landlady. Board and lodging at Berezov meant for them such care as a true womanly soul would take of guests whom she desired to solace in her way. There was a large provision of nice cakes, good cream, and choice Siberian dishes, such as roast duck with a cold sauce of vinegar and cream, meat pudding boiled in milk, fish, game, and whatever Kozlow's wife could compass.

In a day or two after their arrival summer came upon the ladies with a leap as of Harlequin through a trap-door, attended with a sudden transformation. On the last day of cold there was a good fire in the stove; on the first day of heat, the day following, the sun was intolerable. The dry trees burst into leaf, grass sprang out of the ground, holly-hocks blossomed. Yesterday fire and furs, to-day light muslin and iced water. July in Berezov was a delicious month in some respects; the fresh verdure of the larch trees that perfumed the air showed the Siberian summer in its most delightful aspect. The larch-tree is the emblem of Siberia, and of exile. The river Soswa spread an inundation, beautiful to look at, over a large part of the surrounding country. But as the woods surrounding Berezov are guarded in summer by vast armies of mosquitoes, and Berezov itself has not the finest streets in the world for promenade, there was some drawback on the pleasure of the season. Berezov stands upon an elevated bank above the river Soswa (in sixty-four degrees of latitude) over sandy soil, and its streets are muddy and dirty even on the hottest summer days. Only then a dry crust forms over each quagmire which invites the foot to tread, and of course if anybody treads upon it, in he goes. It would be not easy to get from house to house in Berezov, if large planks and stems of trees were not laid here and there across the streets as bridges or crossings. Some pools in these streets are too deep ever to be tried, and the inhabitants distinguish these as ozera, or lakes. How do the carts and carriages get along through such a town? Difficulty on that score never has arisen. There are no carriages or carts; no wheel has made a furrow upon any part of the whole district of Berezov. There is no land road tracking a way through the surrounding wilderness. The river is the road, and what the Berezovians do not get for themselves by the river, they obtain by barter with the Ostiaks, the native tribes among whom they are planted. There is a distinct school in which the children of the Cossacks learn to read, write, and to add, subtract, and multiply; they never think more learning necessary, since with that they are well qualified for trading with the Ostiaks or fishing in the Oby sea.

The fishing season on the Oby sea is the time of harvest to the Berezovians, who grow, of course, no grain. Not long after the arrival of the ladies there was a forest of masts curiously rigged upon the water, and every healthy man who had no better occupation was preparing for the fishing expedition. Koslow was going. In the chief apartment occupied by his lodgers, screened by curtains, there was an image of his tutelarly saint, surrounded by other smaller saints adorned in robes of gold and silver. On the eve of departure, the old man came before this shrine with all his family to kneel, prostrate, and pray. Then Koslow bade farewell to his wife and children, and to the exiles whom he accounted to be of his household. He commended the desolate ladies to his wife's particular protection, and set out with tears, accompanied by all his friends, to go on board.

While the short, bright northern summer lasted, the two ladies, defended by hair vizors, made many attempts to walk under the spreading cedars and the deep green larches of the forest; the mosquito guards were up and at them, so that they were always forced to retreat, covered with blisters. They proceeded therefore to make calls and try the temper of the principal inhabitants.

of their language, usages, nomadic movements, and the confidence of a few Ostiak families, may become in a few years a rich merchant. The Russian merchants fix their own price on all articles, and pay in their own way. The commerce is based firmly on the good faith of the Ostiaks themselves. Each family deals only with one merchant, and takes from him only whatever articles are wanted in the way of flour, knives, axes, nails, tobacco, calico, &c. They may supply themselves on credit to the amount of any fixed number of skins. No city merchant is more anxious than an Ostiak for the punctual payment of his debts. If disappointment should occur through an unproductive hunting season, or if by the death of the debtor payment of any due should be postponed, it remains always as first claim, and while one member of the family survives, able to hunt and fish, the creditor is certain that his debt will be discharged. No temptation will induce an Ostiak to sell, for immediate gain, skins that are due for articles already consumed. These honest people toil indefatigably with the spear, the net, the bow and arrow, but the profit of their toil goes to the idler men, who trade between them and the European market. They themselves earn but a poor subsistence. They live in the woods in huts of birch bark in the summer, without doors or windows, and the household furniture of a family consists simply of a bucket made of birch bark, a basin of the same material, a few wooden spoons and reindeer skins, to which it is not essential that an iron kettle should be added, as the Ostiaks, who use no salt or bread, are not particular about the cooking of their food. Fish, they of course eat raw. Even ladies and gentlemen in Berezov consider fish to be made insipid by cooking, and when they go out on fishing parties, carry a little knife with which to scrape away the scales of any fish that takes their fancy, fish being to their minds most delicious when eaten alive just after it is drawn out of the water. Raw fish, therefore, is the custom of the whole place, but Ostiaks will eat fish putrid, raw meat in any state, blood, entrails, uncooked foxes, crows, and magpies; also, to the disgust of their Russian neighbours, hares. The exiled ladies, however, showed their partiality for hare, and very much horrified Koslow's wife when Madame X. had shot one, by desiring her to roast for dinner the offensive animal.

A short account of the late husband of Madame Nizegorodtyow, the rich lady in the great yellow house, will throw a little further light on Berezovian manners. He had been a great merchant and a man of enterprise and judgment. He desired to introduce a spirit of improvement into his native town. His native town detested innovation. The merchant went yearly to the great fairs at Irbit, and Nishini Novgorod, and there becoming acquainted with many of the ways of Europe, he bought and brought back luxuries to Berezov. He even attempted to introduce agriculture upon his untilled native soil, procured the necessary implements, and brought up the Soswa with him people conversant with tillage. To this day there is shown near Berezov a field from which the forest has been cleared, in which he used to sow his crops. During the hotter summers he even produced a few results worth sending to St. Petersburgh, but his fellow-townsmen would not tolerate his new-fangled ideas. And so they went out and destroyed his crops. The merchant then protected his field with a strong wooden wall. Up rose an incendiary and burnt it. It was firmly believed in the district, that if the experiments succeeded, and agriculture were to be introduced into the place, the population would be ruined. We have read stories of this kind of which the scene has been laid nearer home than Siberia. The death of the merchant put an end to his enterprises, but he left in his house such traces of his character as a collection of pictures, an organ, a billiard-room, even an open chimney-grate which his heirs after his death very soon blocked up. In Siberia they warm rooms with a stove.

Another peculiarity which it amused the exiles to observe in Berezovian manners was the importance attached to that momentous part of a woman's education—her ability to make a pudding. A bride is required, on arriving at her husband's house, to invite guests to a dinner that shall prove her quality, and upon which, in fact, her future reputation will depend. It must be prepared by her own hands, and both to herself and her parent's shame will be the consequence if she be found deficient. If her dinner prove a triumph, it will recommend to honourable notice not only herself but also the family in which she was so soundly trained. Men marry for domestic comfort in a place where they are quite unable as bachelors to get it. Wives, therefore, are in great demand, and women have opportunity to make choice of their own husbands, with no chance at all, if they be not infirm or deformed, of dying single. Great as is the nicety of rank among the Berezovians, in marriage all distinctions founded on it are set aside as inconvenient. The daughter of a poor Cossack may be courted by a high government functionary, and will not unfrequently refuse him.

During the brief summer, Berezovian ladies visited and went to parties (at which etiquette demands that ladies sit in one room and crack cedar nuts, while gentlemen sit in the next room drinking wine and spirits) in thin attire. There was a great display of silks and satins, and all feminine finery. But when September opened with a heavy fall of snow, and the whole dirty town suddenly looked clean and became covered with a sheet of white, the gentlemen and ladies out of doors underwent, to the amusement of the exiles,

for the Christmas cheer. On the first day of Christmas, all the men visited all the women at their houses; on the second day of Christmas, all the women visited all the men, and everybody wore the finest dresses he or she possessed. On the second day after Christmas masquerading began, and lasted till Epiphany. Fancy costumes and masks, brought often from Tobolsk, form a stock that grows in Berezov from year to year. Whoever could not buy a mask, could tie a handkerchief over the face, and wear a merry heart; that was sufficient for the pleasure of the poorest. At dusk on the second day of Christmas, the two ladies saw the town crowded with maskers who were on their way from house to house, paying mysterious and kindly calls. There was a grand and funny reception in their lodgings. The Director of Police came as a Cossack; the Judge as a Hussar; the Physician as a Woman; Madame X. as a Turk. They brought a fiddler, who having obtained leave struck up a Polish Mazurka that brought thoughts of home into Eve's heart, and tears into her eyes, and then the company danced, testified in odd ways the heartiness of their good-will, and departed.

Among other maskers, there came some dressed in the marriage garments of their forefathers, suggesting quaint and touching thoughts. The Berezovians preserve their marriage dresses, never wearing them again in common use, and transmitting them to their descendants. Ghostly thoughts must attend the strange collection of such dresses, differing in age and fashion, that are stored up in a Berezovian wardrobe. At Christmas some of these dresses are worn; they form an element in the masquerading, proper to the season. Ghost stories and superstitious practices gave a peculiar character to New Year's Eve. Then strange beings greet the solitary reveller who passes at night through the silent street; then magic mirrors are to be consulted, and the Prince of Evil, who is out and about among the masqueraders all the time, is more especially to be avoided. Church bells ring the New Year in over the far wastes of Siberia, as they do here in England, and on New Year's Day congratulations and good wishes are again exchanged, the men taking a round for that purpose in the morning, and the women at midday.

On New Year's night the exiles were invited by the lady of the Director of the Police to a Berezovian Christmas party. They were there as everywhere, cordially received. The evening began with coffee, tea, and sweetmeats. Then games followed, all bearing a family resemblance to our own home sports. A game, called the game of dish-songs, was played in this manner. A number of young maidens deposited each of them a glove, ring, brooch, or other article, in a deep dish, which was presented to a married lady who could sing the dish-songs cleverly. That lady, of course, proved to be the universal genius Madame X. The maidens formed a circle; Madame having covered her dish with a napkin, sang over it sybilline oracles in verse, slowly and solemnly, shaking the urn of fate meanwhile. Everybody followed the song in a noisy, joyous chorus, that contrasted with the sybil's solemn tones, and at the close of each stanza one of the girls, putting her hand under the napkin, drew a trinket out. The owner of this was of course the person to whom the mysterious prophecy referred, and must take to herself whatever meaning it contained, and whatever banter could be made out of it. There were other amusements, of which the pith consisted in dancing around some one in a ring, in catching and kissing; indeed kissing formed a very conspicuous part of the great number of Siberian games. A common forfeit was a kiss to somebody. While the entertainments of the evening went on, maskers from out of doors walked in and out to show themselves. At four o'clock in the morning all the guests sat down to supper.

A festive supper in Berezov, after a party, involves an array of not less than a hundred dishes. First there is always the essential dish—a pirog—a raised cake with a French crust. Honour having been done to this, there arrive ducks and geese in every form of preparation, plain and set round with jellies; tongues, heads, and heels of oxen, and reindeers; coloured jellies, and perhaps a ham or cold roast pig imported from Tobolsk. These having been removed, there follows a course of game and cutlets; after that a course of roast meat, under which the sight of the table is completely lost; it includes all kinds of game found in the surrounding woods (and kept heaped throughout winter in the cold cellars of Siberia, as we keep corn in barns), geese, ducks, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and in the place of honour, roast veal. After this, I describe a real supper at the house of the Director of Police—rice pudding, with a white sauce poured over it. Then sweet jellies; finally several sorts of cakes. The dishes were placed first before the ladies, and then taken to the table appropriated to the gentlemen, and to the great dismay of Eve Felinska, from that table every dish went out empty. After the last course, the lady of the house entered the room carrying a tray, on which was the stirrup cup. A bottle and champagne glasses being presented first to the ladies, each drank to the health of her hostess, and the gentlemen then followed their lead. This parting glass consisted of a homemade wine, resembling champagne to the eye, and made of raspberries and currants, with the aid of sugar and French brandy.

We must return home with the guest. For my own part, I am quite glad to have read about so many warm hearts in so cold a country. A great deal more to the same purpose (and some noble stories about bears) will be found by any one who reads the book in which Eve Felinska has related her own

story. It cannot be read by too many people, for it is a thoroughly good book. Among other things, all people will be glad to hear —and most old people too, for that matter— that there arrived at Berezov a certain Doctor Wakulinski, a young government physician, that he won the love of Josephine, and married her, and that her friend, Eve Felinska was restored to her family—although not until she had endured many weary years of exile. So that she also at length came back to her own home, and nobody of whom we have been speaking, was left unhappy.

CHIPS.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM IN NORWAY.

At Christiania, and in other Norwegian towns, there is a delicate Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch, or a pair of earrings, in a truss of hay. The house door of the person complimented is pushed open, and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay or straw, a sheaf of corn, or bag of chaff. In some part of this "bottle of hay" envelope, there in a "needle" of a present to be hunted for. A friend of mine received from her betrothed, according to this Christmas custom, and exceedingly large brown paper parcel, which, on being opened revealed a second parcel with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper hurk—which was at length discovered to be a delicate piece of minute jewelry—was arrived at.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas-day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning, every gable, gateway, or barn-door, is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The carolling of birds about these poles made a Norwegian Christmas in the fields quite holy to me.

On New Year's day, in Norway, friends and acquaintances exchange calls and good wishes. In the corner of each reception-room there stands a little table, furnished all through the day with wine and cakes, and due refreshment for the visitors; who talk, and compliment, and flirt, and sip wine, and nibble cake from house to house with great perseverance.

Between Christmas and Twelfth-day mummers are in season. They are called "Julebukker," or Christmas Goblins. They invariably appear after dark, and in masks and fancy dresses. A host may, therefore, have to entertain in the course of the season, a Punch, Mephistopheles, Charlemagne, Number Nip, Gustavus, Oberon, and whole companies of other fancied or historic characters; but, as their antics are performed in silence, they are not particularly cheerful company.

TIME AND THE HOUR.

There are few persons, I believe, belonging to what I may call the middle class of society who have not at some period of their lives been seized or possessed of a cylindrical metal box, containing a spring of blueish hue, and a certain number of wheels cogged, or otherwise called a watch. At this present moment of writing, I have such a cylindrical box—such a watch. It is not by any means a handsome watch. It is not jewelled in any of its holes, neither has it a lever, or escape or horizontal movement, but simply an old-fashioned adjustment of the "verge" principle. Nor does its old-fashionedness give it value. It is old, but I suspect worthless, as an old hat, or an old pair of boots, or an old umbrella. It is not a little enamelled bijou of a thing to nestle in a lady's bracelet, or garnished with a fairy key, and some elfin chatelaine of "charms to lie in a white velvety hand." It has no second hand—no engraved dial, no view of the Bay of Naples, or true lover's knot in diamonds, or rubies on its outer lid. It does not strike chimes, or play opera tunes. It is a watch—a hideous, turnip-shaped affair, with a tallow face, begrimed with fat mis-shapen letters, and with a huge keyhole in its countenance like a bleary eye. Its hour hand is crooked and tarnished, its minute hand is shorn of three parts of its proper length. A friend of mine, to whom I once offered it for sale, called it, less reverently than emphatically, a "duffer;" and I doubt, were I to offer to raffle it, that I could secure a subscription of a dozen members at even sixpence a head—even on the signature of a preliminary treaty that the winner was to spend half its value, and the "putter-up" the other half. It goes, sometimes, after a great deal of winding up, and ticks with a harsh, creaking, discordant noise. But it soon grows sluggish and morose—its hands moving, I am inclined to think, rather backwards than forwards, and requiring to be shaken violently, or banged sharply against a hard surface, or kept in a very hot room to prevent its stopping. Such is my watch with a battered old case, which I please myself sometimes to consider silver, but into whose real composition I am nervous of inquiring, lest it should turn out to be old iron or laquered copper, or rusted pinchbeck, or some other marine store. Yet, seedy and feeble, and superannuated as it is—it sticks to me, this time-piece.

Watches of greater value and more precious materials, together with chains, pins, rings, and other articles of jewelry, I have found to inherit a marvellous property of departing from me; they take unto themselves wings

and fly away, without giving me the slightest notice, leaving me only memorials—souvenirs in the shape of frayed button-holes, and punctured stocks, and rusty morocco cases—memorials as melancholily tantalising as a used-up cheque book, or a champagne bill that has been paid. This watch won't go—through fair and foul weather, through good and evil report, it adheres to me. "We clomb the hill thegither;" and perhaps it will sleep with me at the foot thereof, when I go to the land where John Anderson my Jo, and many, many more Johns and Jo's have gone before me.

The "duffer" is useless for time-keeping purposes, that is certain: I can't sell it; I can't wear it in my waistcoat pocket, for fear of being asked the time and not being able to be up thereto; thus risking ridicule and shame. I won't give it away, or hitch it out of the window, or liquefy it in a frying-pan, *à la* man-o'-war's-man. Suppose that I philosophise upon it—that I view it, "duffer" as it is, in its relations to time and the hour—to human energies and failures and successes—to the march of intellect and the life of man. To speak of time—the venerable figure not incommoded with drapery, with forelock, scythe, and hour glass (the sands for ever running), with wings and foot forever poised upon the march. "*Tempus fugit.*" I will be bold at once and dissent from the wise old saw. Time does *not* fly. He has no wings, no poised foot, no power of locomotion. Time is and was, and will be, the same—unchanged, unchangeable, immutable. Don't make of time an ogre, pitilessly devouring his children as the Virgil and Homer men would make you believe he does. Take him as he is; calm, tranquil, unmoved by the course of centuries, and ages, and years. Take him as a decent, sober citizen, sleeping calmly in his well-worn nightcap, while the sun (the real mover, the real essence of mobility) is forever getting up with many a yawn and shrug before he rises, or going to bed with many a sigh of lassitude and weariness. Take Time as a bridge slung high and dry, and steady as a rock over a boiling, bubbling, crashing, Niagara of a waterfall beneath. Perfectly inert and stationary is this old myth. He does not measure *us*. He wants us not. He never interferes with us. We want him; we measure him; we interfere with him. *Chronos* and *logos* be Greek words, I think, that go to make up chronology; and *logos* is the word century, or cycle, or solstice, or equinox, or year, or hour, or day, we tack to the skirts of Time, and think, forsooth, that because we call him different names at different periods, and that those names and periods may have ceased and determined, that we have spent Time, or wasted Time, or employed Time. *Tempus fugit!* Time does not fly; and I do not fly in the face of the sun-dial when I deny the truth of the motto so often engraved thereon. It is the golden sun-light whose daily life and death are recorded by the unerring finger on the brazen page, that we waste, or spend, or employ. The sun was the first watchmaker, and from his rubicund dial face tells us the time of day, to the confusion of the Horse Guards and Mr. Bennett's skeleton contrivance at the Crystal Palace. King Alfred with his wax chandlery, later patient German savants and skilled handicraftsmen; later still, your Dents and Breguets put his phases into cylindrical boxes and called them watches. Savants, and priests, and rulers had been at work, ages before, to call so many suns and moons centuries, years, and days. Clocks and watches gave us hours and minutes; and now we have the presumption to call this purely business-like agreement and convention between Strasburg artificers, Roman high priests, stage-managers of Olympian games, editors of Gregorian and other calendars, compilers of Magnall's Questions and tables of dates, quiet workmen in Clerkenwell, pretty damsels in the Palais Royal, and Messrs. Partridge, Murphy, and Raphael, the almanack-makers, Time; and we have the assurance to say that because the hour runs, Time runs too; that, because the sand slides surely, gently, slowly, inevitably through the pin-like aperture between the crystal cones, that Time slides, passes, too. Our ancestors knew better: they did not call a clock a time-piece; they called him a *horologe*.

And, if I mention ancestors, I anticipate a storm of objections to my theory of time, suggested by the word I have made use of. Ancestors, my opponents will triumphantly cry! why, if Time had never flown or moved, where would be your ancestors, where your antiquity?

Now, what is antiquity? What is this you make such a fuss and pother about? What is antiquity to a man, or a man to antiquity? What has he to do with anything but *Life!* and while he racks his head about antiquity, how many of the years, and days, and hours that go to make up that life are irretrievably wasted. How many minutes he casts away right and left—like red-hot halfpence to boys. Yet a minute, my friend, is something. A minute! how many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white night-cap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of Saint Sepulchre's church pointing to one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep, deep sea of eternity. A minute—will not the thousandth part thereof, consumed in a single spring to the right or the wrong side decide the odds between your being landed safely on a well-swept platform heaped with Christmas hampers, and hung round with festal banners, or placards respecting Christmas excursion trains, and your being crushed to death beneath the remorseless wheels of that same excursion train, [illegible] glides heavily along the treacherous

into the station? A minute!—in that subdivision of the day how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting, will throb through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over marsh, and meadow, and lea—through hills and tunnels—across valleys and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steam-ship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather-beaten mariners, and restive chargers, down to the coral reefs and the pearls that lie in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! A minute decides the Derby, settles whether the firm of Ingots, Nuggetts, Bullion, and Co. shall go into the Gazette and Basinghall Street, or its senior partner, Sir John Ingots, into the House of Peers. Guilty, or not guilty; the billet of all the bullets at a battle; head or tail; "how will you have it?" or "no effects:"—all these lie within the compass of a minute, of less than a minute, of the infinitesimal particle of a minute!

I have heard of some little ephemeral insects—animalculæ—billions of which they say could dance hornpipes on a needle's point—trillions of which could hold mass meetings on the prickle of a gooseberry—so small are they. Yet each of the infinitesimal entomological Lilliputians might possess a trifle of a hundred legs or so; and who shall say each does not feel pain and pleasure—heat and cold—as we bigger animals do. The duration of life with these emphemera sometimes reaches, but seldom exceeds a minute. Within the sixty seconds they live and die, and strut and fret their fifty pair of legs upon their vegetable stage. Within a minute they act the part for which they have been cast by the Great First Cause—within the minute they serve as rivets or links or rivets, or something microscopically small, but not despicable, in the Great Chain that binds all Nature to agree. If some of them be such strong, and vigorous, and abstemious insects as to live to the prodigious age of a minute and a half, they must be looked at by the young animalculæ—the spruce fellows some twenty seconds old or so, as astonishing centenarians, patriarchs of the cabbage-leaf—sages of grass-blades. When they die, perhaps they are buried in great pomp and state in the pores of a strawberry—the funeral puff-ball being drawn by four earwigs, and all the top places on the neighbouring spear grass being at a premium; or perchance they dye their venerable green locks purble-black, just as they are on the brink of the tomb, thrust their feeble legs into tight boots, manacle their trembling antennæ into primrose-coloured gloves; and, with hats cocked stiffly on their palsied old pates, hobble up and down some Regent-street of a daisy—some Burlington-arcade of an apple-pip, leering at the damsels who are carrying home Queen Mab's court dress in a cobweb band-box. How immensely superior are you, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, looking down on these a million times diminished Lilliputians. How many feet you have to look down upon these tiny things. How strong a microscope you must have to be able to discern even an agglomeration of a hundred or two of these insect-things. Dear Lemuel, are there any people up yonder, in any of those shining orbs, who look down upon us, who are as amazingly supercilious, patronising, condescending as we are—none of whose microscopes would be strong enough to discern one hundred Mammoths all in a row, let alone men. Do they take us for animalculæ, infusoria, ephemera? Dear Lemuel, did Doctor Swift, think you, before the chords of his mind broke, mean to write merely a boy's story book, or *did* he gently, kindly, shrewdly try to teach us that we are not so very very great after all; and that puzzled as we may be to find where minuteness ends; so there may be some thousands of planets somewhere in space where men grow great by degrees and beautifully larger.

Antiquity! what would be our poor little antiquity to the men in the moon, if men there be there, and bigger than we?

THE ROVING ENGLISHAN.

A FEW MORE HINTS.

Anything like hurry should be avoided in travelling. It is better to see one country than to scamper over three. Unluckily, few persons seem to understand this, and consequently carry home little else than impressions of railroads, hotels, and steam-packets, ending their journey thoroughly knocked up. I met a Scotch clergyman at Frankfort, and he was going on to Berlin, though he had never been abroad before, and had only a fortnight for his trip. He was a pale, thin man, with light, straggling, frightened hair, and in a perpetual state of nervous excitement. I am afraid, too, he had a purse too light to carry him comfortably so far. He would have passed his time much more usefully and pleasantly, if he had crossed over from Dover to Ostend, and wandered leisurely over the glorious old cities of Belgium, with their noble Church architecture and pleasant memories of olden chivalry and painters who were almost princes. His fortnight might have been enough for the lakes of Cumberland, or even as times go, perhaps, for Holland. But what, except a jilly jumble of ideas, could he expect to carry home after fourteen days spent in galloping through Belgium, part of Prussia, Nassau, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Hanover, Brunswick, and half-a-dozen other places.

As a rule, a young man travelling to complete his education should pass at least three months in each of the great countries of Europe, or he is likely to carry away a very incorrect idea of each. He should spend six weeks or two months in the capital, to gather

the full fruit of his letters of introduction, and of these it is impossible to carry too many. After which he may take wing, and use the rest of his time in visiting the chief objects of interest in the provinces. Generally he will find three days quite sufficient to give to the most celebrated places; though Seville, Cordova, Cologne, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and more towns than I can call to mind, are fairly entitled to as much time as he has to spare. This must, however, of course be regulated in a great measure by his own tastes. While in the capital, also, he should endeavour to obtain as many letters of introduction as possible to persons of influence residing in other parts of the country. They will be useful to him in innumerable cases; and he should never allow a habit of laziness and indifference—apt enough to creep over travellers — to prevent his making use of them. He will thus learn (in a month) more of the real state of politics and manners in a country than he could otherwise get at in a year. It will be well for him too, now and then to take a pedestrian ramble for a couple of days, and throw himself upon his own resources in unfrequented places. I think well, also, of Lord Bacon's advice that, while in the capital he should change his lodgings from one quarter of the town to another.

As for companions and acquaintances, the more he has the better. Let him be very cautious, however, never to be drawn into conversations on politics, for his very valet is almost certain to be a spy; and at least one out of every half dozen people he meets has a sharper eye on him than he thinks. If, therefore, he wish to get at the facts, let him keep his opinions to himself, whatever they may be. He must not forget, either, that he will be often wilfully misled—sometimes by dunces and sometimes by persons interested in innoculating him with their own views; for, it is generally thought that an Englishman travelling, is making notes for a book, to be published when he gets home. Perhaps the safest companions he can have, after the gentlemen of his own embassy, are officers in the army and navy; or, as these are often dull fellows enough, let him look out for some pleasant old librarian or keeper of a museum. Their acquaintance is easily made; and from them a fund of information may be often obtained, which is very well worth having. Englishmen long established in any foreign country are generally full of prejudices against it, and all they say should be received with a good deal of doubt and a resolution to judge for one's self.

I said something about the expenses of travelling, in a former paper; let me now return to the subject. A friend of mine, a young gentleman in a very good position in life, left Paris last May, and returned to it last September. During this time he travelled over the greater part of Europe and the East, going even to Palestine. He had indeed, no servant; but he took first-class places on all railroads, and a seat in the *coupés* or best parts of *diligences* (called, pleasantly, *eilwagen*, in Germany, because they go so slowly), and he halted always at the best hotels. He was a quiet, modest fellow, however, and did not think it worth while to get a headache by drinking bad champagne at dinner, because it is expensive. I dare say he did not scold the waiters either, and so have to pay for his lordly airs; neither could he have bought a great quantity of useless things; and it is probable that he went to the stalls of theatres instead of taking a private box, thus seeing better and not paying so much. When my friend got home, he found that in precisely four months he had spent, purchases included, the sum of exactly three thousand francs, or one hundred and twenty pounds sterling.

A trip up and down the Rhine (keeping clear of Hamburg; it is not on the road, and I advise nobody to go there), may be done very jollily for twenty pounds; a party of three or four may perhaps do it for less if they cut close, and would not have wax candles to go to bed by, in spite of the frantic rush of the waiters to light them. A party of young college men meeting at Bonn, in 1848, travelled subsequently over Switzerland on foot for fifteen pounds a head; but then they were Germans, and I know one of that enthusiastic nation, son of one of the first scholars in Europe, who came from Bremen to London with just three pounds in his pocket, and stayed in England exactly one month upon it, working his passage out and home before the mast. He says he found it very good fun, and I dare say he did; I am sure I should be proud of such a feat, and so would any spirited lad who wished to see the world. I must confess, however, that his hands were not very much like those of a writing-master at a ladies' school afterwards, and that when he called at my lodgings in London, he was supposed by the servants to be a smuggler. It is a frolic, too, that won't do for any man much under twelve stone, however light-hearted.

An agreeable ramble, for a week, over the lakes of Cumberland, need not cost more than ten pounds; and you may go through most of the scenery of Scott's novels for an additional fifteen. In 1847, I went from Edinburgh to the Trossacks, with a party of three others; who were three days absent, returning by Glasgow, and spent just three pounds ten shillings a head. I do not recommend any one who has really a taste for beautiful scenery to go abroad for it until he has seen Grasmere and Windermere, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and "Stirling's tower and town." And as for the Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, he really will find nothing so lovely, the whole world over. I think that the river from Cove to Cork is incomparably more beautiful than the boasted scenery between Rouen and Havre, and I

have never seen a mountain which struck me as more grand and solemn than Beuledi: especially if seen as I saw it, while smoking a cigar one evening in the pretty garden of Mrs. Stewart's Inn at Ardnacrachan by moonlight.

There is another unspeakable charm in our home scenery, and one which belongs to no other. Is is mixed up with the history and the legends of our own land, and we can listen by the fire, or, sitting on the stump of some old traditional tree by moonlight, to the dark superstition of the peasantry, and thus learn to understand the hearts and feelings of our own countrymen—a knowledge, I should say, quite as useful to a public man (and, thank Heaven, we are all public men in England), as anything he may learn on the Banks of the Rhine or the Danube—beautiful as are the sweet dreams of the old German bards, and the stirring songs and wild tales of the Magyar and the Wallack. Besides, there is another thing I have altogether forgotten. We can understand the picturesque language of our own peasantry, with a thought in every phrase; but how many of us can feel the true charm of a foreign *patois*, or cares to puzzle himself with it when tired at night? In the one case, a talk with a rural worthy is the most refreshing thing I know of to a faded town mind.

It is a great nuisance to have to make a bargain with your innkeeper immediately on your arrival; and it is the last thing a smart man will do, however slender his purse. He is sure to get the worst room in the house by it, and will sleep none the cheaper; besides looking small, and being thought a quiz. Indeed, I need not tell the observant individual who has ever crossed the Channel that of all travellers the variety *L'Anglais Tourist* is looked upon as the finest game, and immediately on his arrival the whole household are agog to laugh at him. No matter, therefore, how poor you are, take up your quarters quietly in the rooms they give you, if you do not want to be roasted for the amusement of the waiter. As a means of checking extortion, order up your bill every night. If you then go into the landlord's private room, and in the course of a quiet conversation with him object to any item you consider too much, you will find your expenses diminished in the most polite way possible. If, on the other hand, you prefer summoning the waiter by half-a-dozen furious pulls at your bell; and, after having thundered at him unintelligibly, and to his great delight, for five minutes proceed to vent your Britannic indignation at roguery on mine host in person (if you can find him), you are very likely all to get red faces together, as the discussion waxes warm, but your bill will remain undiminished to the end of time.

Another mistake economical people often make, is, that of going to bad hotels. Englishmen should always use the best, and, if possible, that most frequented by their own countrymen; for the proprietors of out-of-the-way little taverns will be sure to have heard such fabulous accounts of the depths of our pockets, that the bills they make out are surprising. I remember arriving in Rouen late one night, and having missed the last train to Paris, I turned into the first miserable little inn I could find near the railroad, to pass the few hours before the first train started in the morning. I had supper and a bed; such a bed! If certain little animals in it had only been unanimous, they might easily have dislodged me; but, fortunately they were French fleas, and there was division in their councils. They moved me, however, and pretty briskly. I do not think I ever passed such a lively night in my life; and in the cold, grey, damp atmosphere of a Norman morning in spring, I found myself shivering before my hostess asking for my bill. My hair felt like wire, and I am sure my face must have looked like a badly cooked plum-pudding; it felt so swelled and bumped from the offensive operations of the enemy on the previous night. My bill, however, was thirty francs, or about four times as much as I should have paid at the first hotel in the town. But there was no help for it, and in the course of a rather brisk conversation in which I remonstrated, mine hostess (as pretty a little specimen of a French virago as you would wish to see) let out the whole secret, by telling me frankly, "that she had never before seen a pigeon of my species, and she therefore determined to pluck me." And she did.

As a rule it is a good plan never to negociate with the waiter about an overcharge or an inconvenience, but always with the landlord in person, and, if possible, when nobody else is present. Always pay up your bill, too, some hours before you start, or you will find half a score of complaints, perhaps, to make, and nobody to hear them. Mine host nearly always takes care to be out of the way after sending in an extortionate bill to a departing guest; and out of the way he will remain, until you are safely off, and nobody else can help you. Mine host is, indeed, as full of tricks as a pantomime—especially if an Italian; so that it is better always to keep a tight hand on him.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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WHERE WE STOPPED GROWING.

FEW people who have been much in the society of children, are likely to be ignorant of the sorrowful feeling sometimes awakened in the mind by the idea of a favorite child's "growing up." This is intelligible enough. Childhood is usually so beautiful and engaging, that, setting aside the many subjects of profound interest which it offers to an ordinarily thoughtful observer; and even setting aside, too, the natural caprices of strong affection and prepossession; there is a mournful shadow of the common lot, in the notion of its changing and fading into anything else. The sentiment is unreasoning and vague, and does not shape itself into a wish. To consider what the dependent little creature would do without us, or in the course of how few years it would be in as bad a condition as those terrible immortals upon earth, engendered in the gloom of SWIFT'S wise fancy, is not within the range of so fleeting a thought. Neither does the imagination then enter into such details as the picturing of childhood come to old age, or of old age carried back to childhood, or of the pretty baby boy arrived at that perplexing state of immaturity when MR. CARLYLE in mercy to society, would put him under a barrel for six years. The regret is transitory, natural to a short-lived creature in a world of change, has no hold in the judgment, and so comes and passes away.

But we, the writer, having been conscious of the sensation the other night—for, at this present season most of us are much in childish company, and we among the rest—were led to consider whether there were any things as to which this individual We actually did stop growing when we were a child. We had a fear that the list would be very short; but, on writing it out as follows, were glad to find it longer than we had expected.

We have never grown the thousandth part of an inch out of Robinson Crusoe. He fits us just as well, and in exactly the same way, as when we were among the smallest of the small. We have never grown out of his parrot, or his dog, or his fowling-piece, or the horrible old staring goat he came upon in the cave, or his rusty money, or his cap, or umbrella. There has been no change in the manufacture of telescopes, since that blessed ship's spy-glass was made, through which, lying on his breast on the top of his fortification, with the ladder drawn up after him and all made safe, he saw the black figures of those Cannibals moving round the fire on the sea-sand, as the monsters danced themselves into an appetite for dinner. We have never grown out of Friday, or the excellent old father he was so glad to see, or the grave and gentlemanly Spaniard, or the reprobate Will Atkins, or the knowing way in which he and those other mutineers were lured up into the Island when they came ashore there, and their boat was stove. We have got no nearer Heaven by the altitude of an atom, in respect of the tragic-comic bear whom Friday caused to dance upon a tree, or the awful array of howling wolves in the dismal weather, who were mad to make good entertainment of man and beast, and who were received with trains of gunpowder laid on fallen trees, and fired by the snapping of pistols; and who ran blazing into the forest darkness, or were blown up famously. Never sail we, idle, in a little boat, and hear the rippling water at the prow, and look upon the land, but we know that our boat-growth stopped for ever, when Robinson Crusoe sailed round the Island, and, having been nearly lost, was so affectionately awakened out of his sleep at home again by that immortal parrot, great progenitor of all the parrots we have ever known.

Our growth stopped, when the great Haroun Alraschid spelt his name so, and when nobody had ever heard of a Jin. When the Sultan of the Indies was a mighty personage, to be approached respectfully even on the stage; and when all the dazzling wonders of those many nights held far too high a place in the imagination to be burlesqued and parodied. When Blue Beard, condescending to come out of book at all, came over mountains, to the music of his own march, on an elephant, and knew no more of slang than Sanscrit. Our growth stopped, when Don Quixote might have been right after all in going about to succour the distressed, and when the priest and the barber were no more justified in burning his books than they would have been in making a bonfire of our own two bed-room shelves. When Gil Blas had a heart, and was, somehow

or other, not at all worldly that we knew of: and when it was a wonderful accident that the end of that interesting story in the Sentimental Journey, commencing with the windy night, and the notary, and the Pont Neuf, and the hat blown off, was not to be found in our Edition though we looked for it a thousand times.

We have never grown out of the real original roaring giants. We have seen modern giants, for various considerations ranging from a penny to half-a-crown; but, they have only had a head a-piece, and have been merely large men, and not always that. We have never outgrown the putting to ourselves of this suppositious case: Whether, if we, with a large company of brothers and sisters, had been put in his (by which we mean, of course, in Jack's) trying situation, we should have had at once the courage and the presence of mind to take the golden crowns (which it seems they always wore as night-caps) off the heads of the giant's children as they lay a-bed, and put them on our family; thus causing our treacherous host to batter his own offspring, and spare us. We have never outgrown a want of confidence in ourselves, in this particular.

There are real people and places that we have never outgrown, though they themselves may have passed away long since: which we always regard with the eye and mind of childhood. We miss a tea-tray shop, for many years at the corner of Bedford Street and King Street, Covent Garden, London, where there was a tea-tray in the window representing, with an exquisite Art that we have not outgrown either, the departure from home for school, at breakfast time, of two boys—one boy used to it; the other, not. There was a charming mother in a bygone fashion, evidently much affected though trying to hide it; and a little sister, bearing, as we remember, a basket of fruit for the consolation of the unused brother; what time the used one, receiving advice we opine from his grandmother, drew on his glove in a manner we once considered unfeeling, but which we were afterwards inclined to hope might be only his brag. There were some corded boxes and faithful servants; and there was a breakfast-table, with accessories (an urn and plate of toast particularly) our admiration of which, as perfect illusions, we have never outgrown and never shall outgrow.

We never have outgrown the whole region of Covent Garden. We preserve it as a fine, dissipated, insoluble mystery. We believe that the gentleman mentioned in Colman's Broad Grins still lives in King Street. We have a general idea that the passages at the Old Hummums lead to groves of gorgeous bed-rooms, eating out the whole of the adjacent houses: where Chamberlains who have never been in bed themselves for fifty years, show any country gentleman who rings at the bell, at any hour of the night, to luxurious repose in palatial apartments fitted up after the Eastern manner. (We have slept there in our time, but that makes no difference.) There is a fine secresy and mystery about the Piazza;—how you get up to those rooms above it, and what reckless deeds are done there. (We know some of those apartments very well, but that does not signify in the least.) We have not outgrown the two great Theatres. Ghosts of great names are always getting up the most extraordinary pantomimes in them, with scenery and machinery on a tremendous scale. We have no doubt that the critics sit in the pit of both houses, every night. Even as we write in our common-place office, we behold from the window, four young ladies with peculiarly limp bonnets, and of a yellow or drab style of beauty, making for the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, in the dirty little fog-choked street over the way. Grown up wisdom whispers that these are beautiful fairies by night, and that they will find Fairy Land dirty even to their splashed skirts, and rather cold and dull (notwithstanding its mixed gas and daylight), this easterly morning. But, we don't believe it.

There was a poor demented woman who used to roam about the City, dressed all in black with cheeks staringly painted, and thence popularly known as *Rouge et Noire;* whom we have never outgrown by the height of a grain of mustard seed. The story went that her only brother, a Bank-clerk, was left for death for forgery; and that she, broken-hearted creature, lost her wits on the morning of his execution, and ever afterwards, while her confused dream of life lasted, flitted thus among the busy money-changers. *A story,* alas! all likely enough; but, likely or unlikely, true or untrue, never to take other shape in our mind. Evermore she wanders, as to our stopped growth, among the crowd, and takes her daily loaf out of the shop-window of the same charitable baker, and betweenwhiles sits in the old Bank office awaiting her brother. "Is he come yet?" Not yet poor soul. "I will go walk for an hour and come back." It is then she passes our boyish figure in the street, with that strange air of vanity upon her, in which the comfortable self-entertainment of sane vanity (God help us all!) is wanting, and with her wildly-seeking, never resting, eyes. So she returns to his old Bank office, asking "Is he come yet?" Not yet, poor soul! So she goes home, leaving word that indeed she wonders he has been away from her so long, and that he must come to her however late at night he may arrive. He will come to thee, O stricken sister, with thy best friend—foe to the prosperous and happy—not to such as thou!

Another very different person who stopped our growth, we associate with Berners Street, Oxford Street; whether she was constantly on parade in that street only, or was ever to

be seen elsewhere, we are unable to say. The White Woman is her name. She is dressed entirely in white, with a ghastly white plaiting round her head and face, inside her white bonnet. She even carries (we hope) a white umbrella. With white boots, we know she picks her way through the winter dirt. She is a conceited old creature, cold and formal in manner, and evidently went simpering mad on personal grounds alone—no doubt because a wealthy Quaker wouldn't marry her. This is her bridal dress. She is always walking up here, on her way to church to marry the false Quaker. We observe in her mincing step and fishy eye that she intends to lead him a sharp life. We stopped growing when we got at the conclusion that the Quaker had had a happy escape of the White Woman.

We have never outgrown the rugged walls of Newgate, or any other prison on the outside. All within, is still the same blank of remorse and misery. We have never outgrown Baron Trenck. Among foreign fortifications, trenches, counterscarps, bastions, sentries, and what not, we always have him, filing at his chains down in some arched darkness far below, or taming the spiders to keep him company. We have never outgrown the wicked old Bastille. Here, in our mind at this present childish moment, is a distinct ground-plan (wholly imaginative and resting on no sort of authority), of a maze of low vaulted passages with small black doors; and here, inside of this remote door on the left, where the black cobwebs hang like a veil from the arch, and the jailer's lamp will scarcely burn, was shut up, in black silence through so many years, that old man of the affecting anecdote, who was at last set free. But, who brought his white face, and his white hair, and his phantom figure, back again, to tell them what they had made him—how he had no wife, no child, no friend, no recognition of the light and air—and prayed to be shut up in his old dungeon till he died.

We received our earliest and most enduring impressions among barracks and soldiers, and ships and sailors. We have outgrown no story of voyage and travel, no love of adventure, no ardent interest in voyagers and travellers. We have outgrown no country inn—roadside, in the market-place, or on a solitary heath; no country landscape, no windy hill side, no old manor-house, no haunted place of any degree, not a drop in the sounding sea. Though we are equal (on strong provocation) to the Lancers, and may be heard of in the Polka, we have not outgrown Sir Roger de Coverley, or any country dance in the music-book. We hope we have not outgrown the capacity of being easily pleased with what is meant to please us, or the simple folly of being gay upon occasion without the least regard to being grand.

Right thankful we are to have stopped in our growth at so many points—for each of these has a train of its own belonging to it—and particularly with the Old Year going out and the New Year coming in. Let none of us be ashamed to feel this gratitude. If we can only preserve ourselves from growing up, we shall never grow old, and the young may love us to the last. Not to be too wise, not to be too stately, not to be too rough with innocent fancies, or to treat them with too much lightness—which is as bad—are points to be remembered that may do us all good in our years to come. And the good they do us, even stretch forth into the vast expanse beyond those years; for, this is the spirit inculcated by One on whose knees children sat confidingly, and from whom all our years dated.

FRENCH NATIONAL DEFENCES.

"Burn my shoes!" is an imprecation which implies its utterer to be as unrelenting in his evil intentions as the principal actors in those horrid cases, where the victims of murder are consumed by fire, after having been deprived of life. To burn a man's shoes is hardly easier than to burn his body. Successful instances of such atrocity must happily be rare, from the very nature of the material. I knew one female, however, whom the green-eyed monster sometimes excited to throw her husband's best walking shoes upon the back of the fire, whenever, in one of her paroxysms, she suspected he was about to pay a visit to the neighbouring town; but it is scarcely credible that she contrived to burn them utterly out of the way. She might scorch and torture them, making them writhe and shrink over the blazing coals; but without a furnace seven times heated, there still would remain blackened fragments in evidence of her criminal folly. If the object of this quaint form of self-commination was to convey to the mind a complete destruction and disappearance of the articles imprecated, the words should have been, not "Burn my shoes!" but, "Burn my *sabots!*" That would have implied something like utter exterminaiton and "chawing up."

Now there exists, south of the English Channel, a powerful and populous nation, the great majority of whose appendages to their feet are extremely liable to be burnt. *Sabot* is a French word, which our dictionaries interpret to mean "wooden shoes;" and in the present paper I shall make use of the original term by which the original subject of it is called—not for the sake of affecting to employ foreign words, and so making a poor exhibition of superficial learning—but, both because it is shorter and simpler than its English representatives, and because they give only an imperfect idea of the thing itself.

A *sabot* is a *sabot*, and not a wooden shoe, although it is a thing made of wood to be worn by the feet of human creatures for the sake of warmth and defence. A *sabot* is no

more a shoe, than a moccasin and a Grecian sandal make a pair of shoes. It ranks intermediately between a piece of armour and an article of dress, inclining rather to the former class of nouns substantive. The Germans, who call a glove a "hand-shoe," might fairly translate *sabot* as a "foot-gauntlet," or a "foot boxing-glove." It is occasionally employed in that way by its wearers, as well as to serve them as a protection against mud, and wet, and pebbly paths, and sloppy standing-places. It is thus analogous to the snow-shoe, which bears the Laplander so safely over the dangers of his path; of existing lives more may perhaps owe their preservation to the *sabot* than to the snow-shoe, or, if a comparison with things worn by animals be permitted, a pair of *sabots* carries a man through the Sloughs of Despond with which back lanes and cross roads abound during February and November, much in the same style as four circular pieces of iron with a hole in the middle (horse-shoes it is impossible to call them) preserve the feet of the pack mules of Vesuvius and Etna from the sulphureous ashes and lava, which would otherwise reduce their hoofs to the condition of burnt-out brimstone matches. The simile ought to give the least offence to human pride, inasmuch as *sabot*, in French, means not only what we are now considering, but also the horny box which constitutes a horse's or donkey's hoof; and even the brazen claw, or foot, which supports while it ornaments a bureau or a chest of drawers. Moreover, a child's top (peg or whip) is also a *sabot*. The common phrase, "to sleep like a *sabot*," though it may fairly bear the novel interpretation, "to sleep like a wooden shoe"—as the Germans say, "to sleep like a stone"—is really nothing more than "to sleep like a top."

The *sabot* is an ancient, national, and peculiar mode of protecting the lower extremities, which is made use of, either constantly or occasionally, by upwards of thirty millions of men, women, and children: by whom it is regarded quite as an article of necessity, as well as of comfort. It is ancient; for, to go no further back than two thousand years, we learn from Cicero that parricides at Rome were fitted with a pair of sabots before they were sown up in the sack in which they were drowned. It is national and healthful; for, Diderot tells us that, some hundred years ago, a London physician prescribed a pair of sabots to a child of quality who promised to be rickety, but that not a single sabot could be found in all Great Britain, and they were obliged to send across the Channel to obtain them. Sabots are cherished by the whole Gallic race. The gentry, clergy, nobility, and magistrates of France, now and then enshrine their toes in these wet-repelling snuggeries—I do not say while promenading in the garden of the Tuileries, or on their appearance at a ball within that caravanserai of monarchs; but at suitable times, and seasons, and places. Sabots, nevertheless, are not excluded from all ball-rooms; and there is an old-fashioned dance called *La sabotière*, which is as respectable in its way as the hornpipe, the jig, the reel, or the tarantella.

I have actually put my foot into a sabot, and the sock, or *chausson*, which those who can afford it wear with it. Both were warm and comfortable; and before my readers laugh too scornfully at hearing how cat-like the French are in their aversion to stepping into, or standing in puddles, I would like them to ask their medical man what good is to be got by walking about in pumps, with the thermometer at the genial temperature of thirty-five degrees, and the rain-guage at an overflow. Nor are the cold stone floors of public buildings very congenial in winter time to thin-shod and perhaps aged, gouty, or consumptive feet. It is a well-known fact that Royal funerals, occurring at inclement periods of the year, are sure to carry off several senior members of the lay or episcopal aristocracy—like attendants whom certain pagans sacrifice on the tomb of their lord and master. Sabots, then, are true defensive armour. If Achilles had worn sabots, he might have lived to a good old age. Modern heroes and heroines are foolish in forgetting that they too, are vulnerable in the feet, and may receive their death-wound from below, though in a different manner to the Grecian warrior. A few tea-spoonfuls of moisture, piercing through a thin sole, may prove as mortal as a poisoned arrow, or a cobra's fang. "*Argal*," sabots are sometimes sensible *things*, though unsuited for state occasions, *either* in Paris or London. But in a French town, name indefinite, the authorities, and some of the most respectable people of the place, go to church in wet weather, some in sabots, and some in pattens!

It is laughable to see men wearing pattens; but the fact remains, and they keep their feet dry in spite of our laughing. It has a droll effect to see full-grown farmers stalking backwards and forwards at an elevation of three inches or thereabouts, above their natural standard; the fashion, nevertheless, is followed publicly, and with a grave face. At this very moment, I hear a clanking in the street; it is M. Gosselin (in pattens), Doctor of Medicine and Accoucheur, who is passing our windows on his way to wish "good day" to his sister, Madame Dupont, the timber merchant. I walked this very morning through the pig-market; there I saw a respectable assortment of the unclean animal, and among them, several brawny cultivators raised aloft on patriarchal pattens. Had I dared to treat the *patins* disrespectfully, any one of their wearers could have tossed me into his canvas-covered *charrette*, among the choice little grunters therein, as a hint to be

more discreet in future. Notwithstanding which, I cannot admire the pattens. *Patins* look effeminate, sabots do not.

And yet, the pattens themselves are neither dainty nor dandified; perhaps truth would urge that they really are not so effeminate as the slippers of a London fashionable. I am told that a long walk in pattens is violent exercise for certain muscles of the leg and thigh. They are strong and heavy pieces of machinery, supported on circles of iron seven inches in diameter, English measurement, and are fastened to the feet with buckle and strap, like skates. By the way, skates are not considered effeminate, and *patins*, in French, also mean skates, sometimes specified as *patins d'Holland*, or Dutch pattens. It is not easy to pronounce a philosophical condemnation of foreign customs, which involve no point of religion or morality by their breach or their observance. A man may wear pattens or not, according to his conscience, without deeply sinning in either case. Sabots may assume themselves to be indisputably allowable.

Sabots are divided into two great classes. Firstly, the coarse or *gros* sabots, large clumsy things worn by the very poorest people and on the dirtiest occasions, by little children as well as by their parents: a pair costing about fourteen sous, or sevenpence. Secondly, the sabots of a superior quality, or *fins* sabots, more highly finished and of better materials: the price ranging from two francs, or twenty pence the pair, upward, without reckoning what may be called the trimmings. The most usual material of both qualities is beech-wood; but, for the sake of lightness, the *gros* sabots are often made of willow, and of poplar. Fine sabots, for the ladies and children of well-to-do citizens, are often made of walnut-tree, of hornbeam, and of ash, as well as of beech. Whatever wood is used requires to be slightly seasoned, and is kept accordingly for a year after being felled. With *gros* sabots, the process of seasoning is often summarily concluded by smoking them, like hams and tongues and Yarmouth bloaters, after they are cut out from the parent block.

Though sabots are more comfortable things than those who have never tried them would believe, nobody can tell exactly where the shoe pinches but those that wear it. There are evident symptoms that the top of the instep is the place where the sabot causes the greatest uneasiness. The ploughman relieves the pressure by sticking a wisp of hay or straw between the wood and the upper part of his foot—as he "whistles o'er the lea"—the straggling tuft of dry grass, which thus adorns each sabot, answering the ornamental purpose of a buckle, a rosette, or shoe-strings of broad ribbon. With the same object, ladies' sabots are cut away, on the upper part, so considerably, that a leather strap, called the *bride*, passes over the instep and is nailed to the sole of the sabot, to prevent it from slipping off the foot at every step. The *bride* (pronounced like the English word, "breed"), is often stamped with handsome patterns, besides being padded and stuffed. Such sabots are called *sabots-souliers*, or shoe sabots; for gentlemen, something similar is prepared, and styled *sabots-bottes*, or boot-sabots. Many are so highly wrought with carving and colouring, that it is difficult to distinguish them, by the sight alone, from boots, shoes, and gaiters of leather.

Sabotier, is a maker of sabots. All sabots are made by hand—none by machinery. The very large body of sabotiers in France consists of great people and little people: those who carry on an extensive business, which, branching from various forests in distant departments, is centralised in Paris; and those who merely keep up a snug little trade at home, just sufficient to employ themselves and families; or, not having families, two or three journeymen. Almost all sabotiers, also, are dealers in firewood, which is, in fact, the waste and the trimmings of their raw material. They sometimes, likewise, go a little into the trade of *boisselier*, or maker of wooden utensils, and sell wooden shovels, and such like; but the instances are rare.

Every February, the head, or master-sabotiers, go to Paris, where each of them has, not customers, but employers, amongst the large dealers in sabots, who give their orders according to what they want—the style of sabot, and the nature of the material. Beech, birch, walnut, and now and then aspen wood, have each their turns of favour. The market-price is then fixed for the commercial year, which runs from March to March. The delivery of the manufactured article begins in May, and usually ends in the March of the following year; the reckoning is made in lots of twenty pairs.

The orders thus given, are executed in the principal forests of France, in very widely situated localities—the neighbourhoods of Valenciennes, in the North Deparment; of Fougéres in Brittany; and of the Puy-de-Dôme in the Central Region. A "sabotier of the Limousin" is almost a proverbial expression. In these, as in other forests which are national property, there are government sales, by auction, of the wood, which is periodically cut when it has attained a certain size. The head sabotiers collect their workmen together in the forest itself, on the spot where they have made their purchases. An encampment is formed; the men ply their trade under the greenwood tree, instead of in close factories. In some cases, large temporary wooden buildings are run up; in others, huts and cabins of leaves and branches constitute the sylvan village. The men who are married, work in company with their wives and such of their children as are old enough to be of any use to them. The Saturday of every week is pay-day. We may fancy their amusements; truffle-hunting, if they are in beech woods,

and have cunning dogs with them; netting and snaring game on the sly; dominoes, of course, and pitch-penny, and nine-pins; now and then a ball. A summer's engagement of this kind would be tempting to many a town journeyman.

As soon as that lot of wood is worked up, the place is deserted, and fresh huts or barracks are erected, close to the next untouched mass of materials which is delivered into their hands. The villages adjacent to these encampments are mostly abandoned for the time; you may ask in vain for a lodging or for refreshment there, while in the forest itself there are plenty of inhabitants and good entertainment.

Every head sabotier employs, on an average, from fifty to sixty workmen. One Paris sabotier is said to employ, in the forests in the departments of Sarthe, Orne, Vosges, and Cantal, five-and-twenty head sabotiers, who, in their turn, are the means of employing a million peasants. He receives, on an annual average, sixty thousand pairs of sabots in their first stage (to be described) which he gets finished, carved, and blacked, at Paris. In Paris itself, none but fancy sabots are made, namely, the fine shoe-sabots, which are trimmed with cloth and leather and other materials. The above number sounds high; but a provincial sabotier told me that one Paris house had from four to five hundred thousand pairs of sabots yearly passing through their hands; and to be more precise in his information, he gave me the address of M. Hilarion Juigner, 35, Rue de Rambutcau, Paris, as another leading member of the trade.

Besides these lords of the sabot, with their gigantic undertakings, there are scattered all over France, though very irregularly, a large number of humbler sabotiers, who constantly stay and conduct their business at home, depending on their own neighbourhood for a supply of wood, and employing only their own families (if their sons be old enough), or two or three workmen. Three is the usual number of artists required to finish a sabot, exclusive of the final blacking, and the preliminary sawing and felling. Each man is generally able to perform all the processes; but, besides the known advantages of a division of labour, it is found, practically, that the exertion of muscle in the first rough fashioning, in the scooping, and the finishing off, is of so different a nature, that it takes a man a day or two to put himself into good training for the performance of any part of the trio, after having for some time "got his hand in" with another. A good workman at these quiet little workshops, which go on steadily all the year round, can earn his fifteen francs a week. In the forest, the men who perform the three principal processes earn two francs a day; the women and children are considered as apprentices, and paid half a franc a day.

Almost all the sabots made in France are sold for home consumption; still, they are exported, to a trifling amount, into Belgium, England, and Algeria. This exportation went on increasing up to 1844, but has since diminished.

The reader will now accompany me, I hope, into the workroom of one of these smaller and stationary tradesmen, and see a sabot made from beginning to end. If he choose afterwards to go alone, and bodily enter the studio of any similar village sculptor, he has only to present himself; utter his "Bonjour" with proper politeness; and the secrets of sabot-making will be unveiled for his contemplation.

The Fabricant who gives us the permission to pry, must stop at home in his shop, in the midst of his variety of wooden treasures; not that he is wanted there, Madame keeps guard, and attends to the customers; but he looks very, very ill. I only hope he may see the green leaves burst forth on the sabot-trees, next spring. He wishes he could speak English; he would go to England, and try if a market for his goods could not be found there. I tell him it is not too late to learn, and that it will serve to amuse him while he is recovering his strength. He smiles and shakes his head.

He directs us to his factory in Blind Ass Street, or Rue de l'Ane Aveugle—the real name—which I give for the encouragement of such curious persons as take pleasure in tracking the steps of a journalist. As a further help to guess the riddle, it is equi-distant from the Bull's Foot Hotel and the Café of the Coming out of the Tribunals. Turn down the first lane to the left in Blind Ass Street, and the first door to the left is our sabot factory. We knock and enter. After half-a-dozen words, and a smile of mutual amusement, the performance begins.

Here, as in the woods, three men constitute a complete sabot-gang; only, there is but one gang here, instead of twenty. They are making rather a superior article, and therefore the blocks lying about the room are all of walnut-wood. The bark is still on them, and they are sawn, across the trunk or the branch, into various lengths, in proportion to the diameter of the tree at the place of sawing. Trunks that are too thick can only be used wastefully; branches that are too thin are of no use at all. For, all the sabots which a clever workman can contrive to find in a tree, lie bid there in the position of running up and down the tree, or along the branches, and not across either it or them. Therefore, those portions of the trunk which will make adult sabots, are short cylinders about a French foot long; the childrens' and babies' cylinders from the arms of the tree, are cut into the lengths that may be required for juvenile sabots.

To begin with the beginning. The cylinder of wood, or thick slice out of a tree, is placed

on one of its ends on the floor. With an iron wedge and a heavy wooden beetle it is riven in halves, from top to bottom, just as you might divide a Stilton cheese into two equal portions, by cutting it through, perpendicularly lengthwise, instead of horizontally across. Small cylinders from the arms of the tree will only make one pair of child's sabots, and are not riven again after the first splitting; the thickest parts of the trunk that are used, will make eight pairs of full-sized sabots, and are consequently so subdivided.

We have now before us a quantity of riven billet-wood, apparently just the thing for a country gentleman's dining-room. Smart John, the footman, in his powder and plush, would faint to be told to go and make himself a pair of shoes out of a couple of such billets as these. Our sabotier, however; innocent of hair-powder and plush nether garments, but rejoicing in a black moustache and a blue cotton jacket and trousers; takes the billets one by one in his left hand, and with a small hatchet in his right, chops away at them recklessly on a butchers' block before him, knocks the bark off with the back of his hatchet, and so fashions them into things having more resemblance to wooden hot rolls for the breakfast table, than anything else I can compare them to. Chop, chop, chop away, with horrid carelessness. "Don't you sometimes cut your fingers off?" "No, Monsieur, here are the whole ten of them; I haven't drawn blood, for more than a twelvemonth." On he goes, with unremitting strokes. You see, too, that the wooden rolls, as they pass through his hands, receive some unsuspected touches, by which the position of a future toe and heel are clearly indicated to the eye. When all the billets have been thus transformed, the *tailleur* or cutter, for such is his title, carefully inspects his lot of fancy bread, and puts together those which will pair well: at the same time deciding which shall be "rights" and which "lefts." As he goes on sorting them, he builds them into a pile, by laying one pair across another, like a plate of sugar biscuits in a confectioner's window.

These unlicked cubs of sabots have now to undergo another trimming. They bid adieu to the butcher's block, and pay a visit to a carpenter's bench. In front of the bench is a curious tool called a *paroir*, or parer, made of cast steel. It is something like a small scythe without the usual handle, but with a short wooden one instead; where the point of the scythe would be is a hook, which fits into a ring on the bench; and by means of the handle, and the support given to the tool by the hook and ring, our artist contrives to peel and pare the breakfast roll (itself steadied against slight hollows and prominences on the bench), until it assumes by little and little the appearance of a shoemaker's last, cut off at the ankle. All this work is dexterously performed by shifting the sabot with the left hand, while the right plies the *parior*. The *parior* has been previously sharpened with a small triangular prism of still harder steel, called a *tire-point*.

During both the chopping and the paring, great attention is paid to the size of the future sabot. The workman makes frequent use of a pair of callipers and a foot-rule divided into quarter inches which he keeps beside him. And he every now and then claps the sabot against its proposed fellow, to make sure that the process of paring is going on satisfactorily.

The ankleless shoemaker's lasts are now handed over to another sabotier, the *creuseur*, or scooper, who, by bringing a different set of muscles into play, has to find room in the solid last for a lady's or gentleman's foot to enter. He, too has a bench before him, and on it lie some half-dozen tools, like enormous gimlets; but, the end of the iron is variously shaped; some are like egg-spoons, others like children's apple-scoops, others must be seen to be believed. They are all called *cuillères*, or spoons; in French, a pump-borer is likewise called a *cuillère*. By means of a few bits of wood, like overgrown dominos, and a wedge or two, the sabot is firmly fixed upon the bench, in the position in which it would be on the ground; and with its heel towards the scooper or as if it were running away from him,—which it has good reason to do. For, seizing one of his most ferocious scoops, he fires away at it and pitches into it, as if he had a spite against it and meant to cut its very heart out,—which indeed he does mean, and soon accomplishes. He then penetrates to the very tip of the toe-nail, sounding his depth with a bit of stick, and by means of his other frightful scoops and gouges, removes the whole inside of the sabot, leaving it as smooth and empty as the egg-shells that remained on our table after breakfast. It is as smooth as the palm of your hand. The touch reveals another fact; the moisture of the sap is quite perceptible, although it is now a twelvemonth since the tree was felled. It is so damp, that if the old woman who lived in a shoe were to take lodgings in such a sabot as that, she would certainly catch her death of cold. But wood too dry would not scoop so well.

The sabot is now finished, as far as it can be at present. The tortured and imprisoned thing is liberated, to be followed by its fellow victim. The young couple are then kept together and united for life by means of a string passing through a hole in the inner side of each. Assemblies of happy pairs are hung together in bundles to dry slowly in the air. Nothing more can be done for them for at least a month. The necessity of submitting to this drying time explains why it is so convenient to the manufacturer to half finish his article in the forest, and to perfect it in the capital.

When sufficiently hardened by time, it falls to the disposal of the finisher. Of course our sabotier has plenty of ready-dried subjects to go on with. He may either simply smooth its rough places, and send it forth to the blacker, an unpretending comfortable sabot, or he may carve it with the semblance of embroidery and buttons, or he may imitate the sole and the wrinkles of a leathern pump, and destine his sabot to be decorated hereafter with Siberian fur and Genoa velvet Besides his own little scraper and polisher, the tools of the carver and engraver are at his elbow; and it sometimes pleases him to prepare at his leisure hour, the sabot of luxury, as a token of love or friendship, or perhaps merely to beguile wandering amateurs, like ourselves, of the francs and sous that ought to be laid out upon shoe-leather and caoutchouc.

Let a more unpretending specimen of art be mine! With permission, I will pocket this half-finished, damp, but lady-like sabot. It shall stand in the centre of my writing-table, and suggest dreams of the charming but unknown Cinderella, whose well-proportioned foot would exactly fit it. For need it be a useless toy; our friends here give the hint. A *gros* sabot serves them as a salt-box; mine shall perform the office of a pen-tray. Pleasant thoughts in proper phrase, must flow, next morning, from the quill which has reposed all night in that virgin receptacle. I salute you, trio of industrious and obliging sabotiers, and thank you much for your well meant promise, that if I pay another visit to Blind Ass Street, with Cinderella's sabot in my pocket, you will finish it off for me in first-rate style, gratuitously!

MY FRIEND SPANNER.

When I was at school near Hardborough, at Doctor Doddle's Classical and Commercial Academy, where we had lectures on astronomy, and hydraulics, and optics, and practised elocution; where "corporal punishment" was superseded by "moral restraint" and fighting was not allowed; where we never played football or any other game in the rough style of the rude boys at Raxby Grammar School (who thrashed us whenever they met us), but performed gymnastics and went through military evolutions; my inseparable companion was Harry Spanner. Spanner was the youngest brother by twenty years of the great house of Richard and Robert Spanner, merchants and manufacturers, who dealt in everything, from a pin to a steam engine, and did not disdain the smallest profits that could be squeezed out of a garret master. He was not the best scholar, or the best at anything, not even the best fighter—for we did fight at times although it was unlawful, and voted ungentlemanly. But, he was the best dressed fellow, the neatest, the coolest, the most impudent, the most amusing, and one of the best looking.

If poets are born, not made; so are gentlemen. I mean gentlemen after the definition of Brummel. Colourless well-cut features, and a remarkably symmetrical figure; animal spirits that never failed him; a dry, cynical, sarcastic humour, a spirit of self-possessed, cool assurance, a strong taste for dress and amusement; these were the qualifications that rendered Harry Spanner the admired chief of those who were older, cleverer, and richer than himself.

At seventeen, no guardsman could better affect indifference, no pot-boy was readier at repartee.

He it was who introduced Wellington boots into the school, with the full approbation of Doctor Doddles, and he it was who, when a mild usher, having discovered him in the act of brewing gin-punch in the kitchen after midnight, with a party of admiring friends, inquired "Whether he was aware of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks?" answered that he was, and that he took them with the express purpose of keeping his stature within moderate limits: having been disgusted by the gigantic proportions of his brothers Robert and Richard.

I verily believe that old Doddles was afraid of him. Mrs. Doddles delighted to point him out, as "one of our young gentlemen," and to expatiate on the elegance of his bow, which, by-the-bye, he had copied very exactly from Count Crookedini, when he met him on the grand stand at Wallsend races. The two Miss Doddleses, Maria with spectacles, and Agnes with long ringlets and sentimental eyes, were both in love with him; the laundry-maid always got up his shirts with extra care; the cook was accused of putting cakes and pork-pies into his desk when she lighted the school-room fires. Although Spanner never gave anybody anything and gave himself a great many airs, he had the command of the best of everything from every one in the school. The most preciously prized home presents were handed out in fear of his pitiless ridicule. As when, for instance, he said, "Hollo, old fellow, let us have the loan of that new pocket-knife; it will spoil, wrapped in all that silk paper."

Among other pretensions assumed by Master Spanner, he hinted to his intimates that he was not really the younger brother of Robert and Richard Spanner, merchants and manufacturers, so much respected by their bankers and so much detested by their workmen; that the smart old gentleman with a curly brown wig, false teeth, a bright blue frock coat, gold spectacles, and a hat extremely turned up at the brim, who had retired from business and lived in London with his sister Mrs. Fubsy the tailor's wife, was not really his father; but that, by some mysterious process, he was in fact a scion of a noble family. And then he quoted Byron, and appealed to

his hands and feet—which bore him out, being the admiration of his bootmaker and hosier.

When we left school, Spanner was articled to the eminent firm of Pierie and Mandril, and I became a house pupil at the Hardborough Hospital.

We used to meet at our tailor's in the High Street (Buckram and Bourne), to hold serious consultations on costume. The dashing Lord Stilton was Spanner's model, and Spanner was mine. He amazed the town with gorgeous velvet-lined coats; the person of my inimitable friend soon became the rage in dowdy Hardborough. Very soon a great battle was fought with the ancient stewards of Hardborough balls, on the subject of shiny sticking-plaster boots as against the universal pumps; and Count Spanner—as he loved to be called—triumphed, and from that time held undisputed sway as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Hardborough.

The odd part of the business was, that his absolute demeanour was so perfect that he beat down the prejudices of what he profanely called "fogeyism." Richard, his elder brother by twenty years—a coarse, brutal, money-making man—in his milder moments, and in his younger brother's absence, spoke of him in a manner that showed he was rather proud of the dandy of the family.

Harry Spanner was no fool, even where money was concerned; he promised to make a model flash attorney. But it was not so destined. One day an uncle—the South American uncle of French romance—died, leaving my Glass of Fashion, Count Harry, five thousand pounds. The narrow limits of an attorney's office could no longer contain his swelling soul; he determined to enter a University and become a barrister, if not Lord Chancellor. So, he went to Cambridge—that wonderful city where young gentlemen of a certain taste get up a toilette of waistcoats, curious fine linen, and jewellery to wine with each other, as if they were going to a fancy dress ball.

Out of sight and sound of Hardborough, Count Spanner soon blazed out in proportions worthy of his genius. His rooms were furnished magnificently; his costume was irreproachable, and varied thrice a day; his jewellery, series of studs and rings, was brilliant beyond custom. They were obtained, like much of his furniture, at first hand through the firm of Spanner of Hardborough. His extravagance was tempered with unusual calculation. When a duke's son honoured him with a visit, he took care to have his champagne: not from old Damsen in St. Blaze's Street, but from his brother Richard's cellars. And then Dick Spanner would say, as often as possible, on 'Change, or at the Pig and Whistle where he nightly smoked his pipe, "I have just been sending off a case of champagne to my brother Harry; for a party he is giving to the young Earl of Faddle, the Duke of Foodle's eldest son, and a lot of nobs. Yes, yes, Harry's no fool; *he* knows what he 's about, and holds his head with the rest of them." And so he did, although the English Neapolitan Baron, Piccanini, and the Irish Roman Count, Solini, both since well known in Capel Court, were his rivals.

But, if Dick were proud of Harry and sounded his trumpet in Hardborough, Harry did not return the compliment. He ignored the place and the people. His cards bore Mr. Harry Fitznormanton Spanner, and when asked whether he was any relation to the Earls of Normanton, his ambiguous answer confirmed the flattering suspicions produced by the shape of his nose.

To Hardborough he returned, rarely, and for brief periods. One long vacation was passed in Greece, whence he returned with an overpowering Albanian costume; another, in the Highlands, where he learned to dress and dance the Highland Fling to perfection.

At the distance of twenty years, I remember the overpowering sensation he made in Hardborough, when he once condescended to pass a few days there; how he was the disgust of the respectable fathers, the admiration of the daughters, and the model of the sons, when he dashed through the main street in his mail phaeton, with white horses, white hat, white coat, and white trowsers: the perfect double of his friend and debtor, that celebrated steeple-chaser Lord Lanercost.

The boots at the Royal Hotel told stories of their performances for many years afterwards, always ending with "the next time he come there, he 'd forgot his whip, had Master Harry."

Meanwhile, I removed to London, and took up my abode in the Borough, to walk Guy's. Where soon a horrid rumour reached me that Harry Spanner had been rusticating for ploughing up the quad. of St. Bezant's College, with a sofa harnessed to a brace of Newfoundland dogs, one moonlight night, after a wine party at Lord Foodle's rooms; that he had spent all his legacy, had been cut by his rich brothers, and disowned by his venerable father. But, the following week, ten days after the great St. Swindle Stakes had been won by Lord Knavesden's Hit or Miss, big Richard Spanner met me in Lombard Street, and shaking me most cordially by the hand, which he had never done before, invited me to take a steak at Joe's, and asked me if I had heard the news of Harry? He and his friend Lord Foodle had won forty thousand pounds between them on the St. Swindle Stakes, having backed Hit or Miss largely at fifty to one. "I have seen," he continued, "the money standing to Harry's account at Dubup's, our banker; and Harry tells me he stands to win as much more if Hit or Miss carries off the St. Sellem Stakes, which he is sure to do; Harry has backed him for the double event."

I confess I was rather astonished at hearing a man of business, like Richard Spanner, so glib in the language of the betting-ring; but it was quite clear his admiration at the success of this splendid speculation had put to rest his business prejudices.

For my own part, the news was highly satisfactory, for I had a tolerably heavy account against the fashionable Spanner; sovereigns borrowed, shares of tavern bills paid when we met and dined, and when he left me to settle, over and above considerable sums of cash paid for commissions executed for him in Hardborough, while he was at college. It was one of dashing Harry's peculiarities that, although in the society of cabmen, jockeys, or *roué* peers, he was prepared to scramble half-crowns or stand treat of champagne to any amount: and that although he was pronounced by that model of fast men, the Marquis of Licard, "a jolly generous brick," still, in visits to the country or quiet *tête-a-têtes* with old friends, he never did pay for anything in the shape of cabs, dinners, turnpikes, cigars, or other trifles. The words, "you settle," or "put that down," came glibly to his tongue; indeed, his talents for owing were of the first order.

Omitting then, altogether, the trifles of shillings and half-crowns which it was impossible to set against a companion so frank and amusing, there was due to me some five-and-twenty pounds, which I could ill spare; for, through the unfortunate failure of the Royal Joint Stock Bank of Hardborough, in which my funds were invested, my fortunes had gone down, as Harry Spanner's had gone up.

Accordingly, one morning, in my most correct costume, I proceeded to my schoolfellow's chambers in St. James's Street, where, at twelve o'clock, I found his magnificently appointed cab at the door, and himself in bed. The furnishing of his rooms, his dressing gowns, dressing-table, pipes, and nick-nackeries, would have filled two chapters in a French romance; the arrangements of his breakfast-table, a third. He received me (being alone), very cordially; kept me in a roar with his dry, comic account of his own doings, triumphs, and practical jokes.

In the midst of a roulade of fun in which everything truthful and honourable was turned into ridicule, it was extremely difficult for me to introduce the subject of my debt. When I did, it was turned off with a joke—"I was a screw," "a sobersides;" I could not want the money, and so on. He laughed me away that day.

But, as I really did want the money, I was obliged to call again and again, each time observing increased signs of luxury and expense.

On the last occasion Spanner, in his jolliest manner, put into my hands an account drawn up in that neat style he had been famous for at school. There I found myself, to my amazement, charged with innumerable Cuba cigars, turnpikes, half-crowns, and other items for whips and gloves, which I had taken to be exchanges of presents, all duly extracted from his embroidered pocket-book; and I then learnt that Master Spanner's apparent jovial carelessness did not prevent him from keeping a most exact account on his side. He handed me over, rather grudgingly, a draft for the small balance in my favour, and we parted.

When we met next it was at the entrance of Kensington Gardens; he was riding with Lord Foodle and Sir Jenyns Crash, who levanted the same year. He cut me dead.

From that time we never spoke; in fact, he never saw me. We encountered each other on several occasions, but he never saw me.

I had been for some years quietly settled in the country, as working partner with old Gorget the surgeon, whose daughter I afterwards married; and I had almost forgotten my follies and fun with Harry Spanner, when I had to pass through Hardborough on my way to London, and staid at night to call upon a few old friends. Among them, Bob Bracton—Bob the Beau, he used to be called—asked me to spend the evening, and observed: "By-the-bye, you will meet your old chum, Harry Spanner. Very much altered since his unfortunate affair on the St. Lurndell's Stakes."

So it was; the born dandy had found himself on the wrong side of the hedge, had been sold up to his last dressing-case, and was living in the suburbs of Hardborough on an allowance of a few shillings a week from his rich brothers, on condition that he did not show his face to them. At night he came to our little *réunion*, the same man, but how changed! As impudent, assured, amusing as ever, nay more amusing than ever—the same cold, sarcastic, aristocratic face; but the fine waist, and broad shoulders, lost in the form of a bloated alderman. Dressed in a seedy sack coat, buttoned to the throat, he advanced with as grand an air as ever, shook me patronisingly by the hand, crying, "Come, old fellow, you must not be sulky with your Spanner. Bracton says you complain that I cut you. Why, my dear boy, that's nothing! I cut my own father—did, upon my soul. I'll tell how it happened—but just let me light a weed. Bracton, are these the Silvas I recommended to you? Hand me the brandy;—never mind the water. What! No glass? Ah, that's no consequence; my mouth holds exactly a glass.

"Well, about cutting my respectable parent. You see I was in the height of my glory, just after the St. Sellem's Stakes had come off all right. I was riding one Sunday along the ladies' mile with Foodle, Scattercash, Mrs. Pullaway, and Mademoiselle

Tintamarre, when who should I meet in his dreadful rattletrap of a Phaeton, as he calls it, but Fubsy, my snip of a brother-in-law, with his whole family, and my venerable parent, at a dead lock in the Line. I could see as we came up to the carriages, Fubsy rousing my papa with his elbow, preparing for the pleasure of recognising a man of my standing in the midst of my aristocratic acquaintance; so, putting on my coldest air, I raised my whip-glass, and staring full into Fubsy's box seat, observed to Mrs. Pullaway:

"'Extraordinary! Really, what guys these City people make of themselves; did you ever see such a hat?'

"Fubsy turned pale, and sunk back on the box seat. Mrs. Fubsy muttered something about a wretch. I believe I was scratched out of the will that night."

With such, and worse anecdotes of his adventures, he kept us well amused in spite of our secret twinges of disapprobation. He was a mountebank who would have made his fortune at the court of that merry and exemplary monarch, Charles the Second. At midnight, when my friends accompanied me to the station, Spanner—having previously borrowed a sovereign—followed me to the refreshment room with "Come, Jack, you know my weakness, one bottle of champagne!" Of course he had it.

The next I heard of my fashionable friend was still more extraordinary. His father had died intestate, and he had come into I don't know how many thousands, when he at once re-appeared in the scenes of his former glories, wherever money would buy him admittance. This second career was even more brief than the first.

I was married, settled, and had almost forgotten him, when once or twice, passing along the Strand, I was startled by a faint recollection of a moustached person who hung about a betting den. Raking up my memory, the idea of my debauched schoolfellow occurred to me.

A few nights ago, after one of Jullien's concerts, I went with a friend into a tavern to get supper. As we entered, an altercation was going on between the waiter and a squat seedy individual, who wished to enter the coffee-room; as I passed, a dirty hand was laid upon my shoulder. "This gentleman will answer for my supper, you scoundrel; here, Jack, lend us a sov. to satisfy these villains! I have spent thousands with them, and now they want to turn me out because I'm down a little in the world."

Under immense moustaches and whiskers, in the seediest of seedy paletots once white, with a dirty blue bird's-eye round his neck, grown to the size of a Falstaff, with moist eye, trembling hand, and blackened teeth, I recognised Harry Spanner, very dirty and half drunk. He obtained the sovereign, on condition that he retired; and two hours later we met a party of policemen conveying him, strapped on a stretcher, riotously roaring, his clothes muddy and torn, to the station-house.

THE MASQUE OF THE NEW YEAR.

"So forth issew'd the Seasons of the Yeare."—SPENSER.

I.

Out from tower and from steeple rang the sudden New Year bells,
Like the chorusing of genii in aërial citadels;
And, as they chimed and echoed overthwart the gulfs of gloom,
Lo, a brilliance burst upon me, and a Masque went through the room.

First, the young New Year came forward, like a little dancing child,
And, his hair was as a glory, and his eyes were bright and wild,
And he shook an odorous torch, and he laughed, but did not speak,
And his smile went softly rippling through the roses of his cheek.

Round he looked across his shoulder;—and the Spirit of the Spring
Entered slowly, moved before me, paused and lingered on the wing;
And she smiled and wept together, with a dalliance quaint and sweet,
And her tear-drops changed to flowers underneath her gliding feet.

Then a landscape opened outwards. Broad, brown woodlands stretched away
In the luminous blue distance of a windy-clear March day;
And at once the branches kindled with a light of hovering green,
And grew vital in the sunshine, as the Spirit passed between.

Birds flashed about the copses, striking sharp notes through the air;
Danced the lambs within the meadows; crept the snake from out his lair;
Soft as shadow sprang the violets, thousands seeming but as one;
Flamed the crocuses beside them, like gold droppings of the sun.

And the Goddess of the Spring—that Spirit tender and benign—
Squeezed a vapoury cloud, which vanished into Heaven's crystal wine;
And she faded in the distance where the thickening leaves were piled;—
And the New Year had grown older, and no longer was a child.

II.

Summer, shaking languid roses from his dew-bedabbled hair,
Summer, in a robe of green, and with his arms and shoulders bare,
Next came forward; and the richness of his pageants filled the eye:
Breadths of English meadows basking underneath the happy sky;

Long grass swaying in the playing of the almost wearied breeze;
Flowers bowed beneath a crowd of the yellow-armoured bees;
Sumptuous forests filled with twilight, like a dreamy old romance;
Rivers falling, rivers calling, in their indolent advance;

Crimson heath-bells, making regal all the solitary places;
Dominant light, that pierces down into the deep blue water spaces;
Sun-uprisings, and sun-settings, and intensities of 'noon,
Purple darkness of the midnight, and the glory of the moon;

Rapid, rosy-tinted lightnings, where the rocky clouds are riven,
Like the lifting of a veil before the inner courts of Heaven;
Silver stars in azure evenings, slowly climbing up the steep;
Corn-fields ripening to the harvest, and the wide seas smooth with sleep.

Circled with these living splendours, Summer passed from out my sight,
Like a dream that filled with beauty all the caverns of the night;
And the vision and the presence into empty nothing ran;—
And the New Year was still older, and seemed now a youthful man.

III.

Autumn! Forth from glowing orchards stepped he gaily in a gown
Of warm russet, freaked with gold, and with a visage sunny-brown:
On his head a rural chaplet, wreathed with heavily dropping grapes,
And broad, shadow-casting vine-leaves, like the Bacchanalian shapes.

Fruits and berries rolled before him, from the Year's exhaustless horn;
Jets of wine went spinning upwards, and he held a sheaf of corn;
And he laughed for very joy, and he danced from too much pleasure,
And he sang old songs of harvest, and he quaffed a mighty measure.

But above this wild delight an overmastering graveness rose,
And the fields and trees seemed thoughtful in their absolute repose;
And I saw the woods consuming in a many-coloured death—
Streaks of yellow flame, down-deepening through the green that lingeroth,

Sanguine flushes, like a sunset, and austerely-shadowing brown;
And I heard within the silence the nuts sharply rattling down;
And I saw the long dark hedges all alight with scarlet fire,
Where the berries, pulpy-ripe, had spread their bird-feasts on the briar.

I beheld the southern vineyards, and the hop-grounds of our land,
Sending gusts of fragrance outwards, nearly to the salt sea strand;
Saw the windy moors rejoicing in their tapestry of fern,
And the stately weeds and rushes, that to dusty dryness turn.

Autumn walked in glee and triumph over mountain, wood, and plain,
And he looked upon their richness as a king on his domain:
All too soon he waned, and vanished over misty heaths and meres;—
And the New Year stood beside me like a man of fifty years.

IV.

In a foggy cloud obscurely, entered Winter, ashy pale,
And his step was hard and heavy, and he wore an icy mail:
Blasting all the path before him, leapt a black wind from the north,
And from stinging drifts of sleet he forged the arrows of his wrath.

Yet some beauty still was found; for, when the fogs had passed away,
The wide lands came glittering forward in a fresh and strange array:
Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft, and feathery, and bright,
And the earth looked dressed for Heaven in its spiritual white.

Black and cold as iron armour lay the frozen lake and streams;
Round about the fenny plashes, shone the long and pointed gleams
Of the tall reeds, ice-encrusted; the old hollies, jewel-spread,
Warmed the white, marmoreal chillness with an ardency of red.

Upon desolate morasses, stood the heron like a ghost
Beneath the gliding shadows of the wild fowl's noisy host;
And the bittern clamoured harshly from his nest among the sedge,
Where the indistinct, dull moss had blurred the ragged water's edge.

But the face of Winter softened, and his lips broke into smiles,
And his heart was filled with radiance all from far enchanted isles;
For, across the long horizon came a light upon the way—
The light of Christmas fires, and the dawning of new day.

And Winter moved not onward, like the rest, but made a stand,
And took the Spirit of Christmas, as a brother, by the hand;
And together tow'rd the heavens, a great cry of joy they sent;—
And the New Year was the Old Year, and his head was grey and bent.

Then another New Year entered, like another dancing child,
With his tresses as a glory, and his glances bright and wild;
And he flashed his odorous torch, and he laughed out in the place,
And his soul looked forth in joy, and made a sunshine on his face.

Out from spire, and from turret, pealed the sudden New Year bells,
Like the distant songs of angels in the fields of asphodels;
And that lustrous child went sparkling to his aged father's side,
And the New Year kissed the Old Year, and the Old Year gently died.

JUSTICE TO THE HYÆNA.

My most favourite resort (and I believe I am not singular in that respect) for relaxation and recreation during the busy season I am compelled to pass amidst the smoke and din of the metropolis, is the Zoological Society's Gardens.

The access to these extensive and well-arranged grounds by the noble roads, malls, and avenues of the Regent's Park, invites the sedentary valetudinarian to the healthy exercise of walking; and the succession of varied forms of animated Nature, never before exhibited with so much latitude for the enjoyment and exercise of their natural habits and modes of motion, suggests a pleasing variety of subjects, not only for the skilled observer, but for the fleeting thoughts of a merely speculative, though unscientific visitor.

Many an hour of mine has been occupied—not unprofitably I hope—by considerations so suggested, which have led me often to refer to the best authorities—and so made me acquainted with many delightful works—for further and precise information as to the habits and organisation of the animals that have arrested my attention. As to the minutiæ of specific definitions and the technicalities of the binomial nomenclature, I must confess them to be above my scope and faculties. Like all things remote and shadowy, they have begot in me something akin to a reverential awe for the adepts in those zoological mysteries, whose names I find are indicated by the kind of hieroglyphical abbreviation which follows the *nomen triviale* of the subject of their nomenclative skill.

For a long time I was puzzled by the letters or mutilated syllables standing by themselves at the end of such labels as *Felis, Lynx*, Tem.; *Phalangista fuliginosa*, Og.: *Cheiropotamus crassiceps*, Gr.; *&c.* But a gentleman who honours me with his acquaintance and occasional converse in the Gardens, and who is F.R.S., as well as F.Z.S., kindly explained to me that those letters are the initials of the great naturalists who have undertaken to construct the Greek and Latin names for the dumb creatures when they are caught; and that they very cleverly take the same opportunity of handing their own names down to an admiring and grateful posterity.

I was further gratified by my friend's pointing out to me one of the very *savans* whose name was indicated by letters, which, previously, in my simplicity, I had imagined to refer to the grey colour of the animal he had named.

I thought, indeed, my respected instructor inclined to be a little severe when he hinted that the hieroglyphic appendage in question was the cause of many more hard names being invented than science would otherwise have been burdened with; for, the custom being to substitute one's own symbol for that of the naturalist who had the trouble of first describing and making known a species; where any excuse can be invented for giving it a new name, it was seized, he said, and thus the custom had become a premium for superfluous synonyms. "*Equus Asinus*, L.," observed the F.R.S., "would, doubtless, have been deemed quite adequate for an unmistakeable indication to all ages of the humble and useful beast of burthen, so called by the great founder of zoological and botanical nomenclature, if the newer name of *Asinus vulgaris* had not led to the substitution of the nominal symbol of its proposer for that of the immortal Linnæus, in regard to this particular species. In short," concluded my authority, "now-a-days every hodman in Natural History rushes with his individual brick to the rising zoological edifice, for the purpose of scribbling his own name upon it."

What more might have followed in the mood into which my unlucky question had led the philosopher, I know not, and am glad not to have to record. At this turn of the discourse, we were startled by a loud and shrill cachination, which at first I thought had proceeded from some under-bred, strong lunged listener, who knew enough of the subject to appreciate the point of my informant's sarcasm.

On turning round, however, we found ourselves, as we had supposed, standing on the green sward apart from the crowd, who were clustered about the hyæna's den, from which another of the unearthly laughs proceeded, followed by others in rapid succession and increasing shrillness.

This strange and—when heard at some distance—close imitation of the laughter of our own species, is excited by very different sentiments in the ill-favoured beast: in whom it is the pure expression of rage and baffled desire. In the present instance, it was called forth by the sight of the bony part of a leg of mutton, which the keeper was holding up at the end of his iron staff, in front of the hyæna's cage, but beyond the reach of the agitated and irate brute. He, with upraised bristles and exposed fangs, traversed rapidly to and fro

behind the bars, casting malignant glances at his keeper, whilst the saliva streamed from his half-opened mouth. On receiving the tantalising joint (which seemed, by the way, to have a mighty small proportion of half-dried meat upon it for the daily allowance of so powerful an animal), he withdrew with it sullenly into the furthest and darkest corner of his den, turning his back upon the spectators, and making the progress of his sulky meal cognisable to us who tarried to pursue our observations, by a series of loud and sharp cracks, as the shank-bone and leg-bone of the dilapidated joint were successively fractured in the gripe of his powerful jaws. In the course of about five minutes the hyæna arose, and great was my astonishment to perceive nothing left of the leg of mutton but about four inches of the hardest middle part of the main bone, licked white, and clean of sinew or periosteum and with its two ends projecting in sharp splinters. All the rest of the joint—tendons, ligaments, bones—had disappeared, and were at that moment in course of digestion and dissolution in the stomach of the seemingly satisfied beast: who, after licking his thick black lips a few times, curled himself up in another corner of the den to enjoy his siesta.

The teeth of this creature, thought I, must be of a very peculiar character, and different from those of its neighbours of the feline tribe; which, superior as they may be in size and strength, rarely meddle with the bones of the joints assigned to them. Even a strong and hungry dog does not crack the smaller bones he may be unable to bolt without an obvious effort. But no difficulty of the kind was apparent in the feeling of the hyæna, in which the business-like, matter-of-course comminution of the bones, inch by inch, seemed more like the effect of some chopping-machine, than of any special muscular effort. I determined, therefore, my Mentor having left me whilst absorbed in contemplation, to take the first opportunity, when passing through Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look in at the College of Surgeons and examine the skull and teeth of a hyæna, and avail myself of the explanations which are always so cheerfully afforded by the eminent gentlemen in charge of the unrivalled museum of that institution. I was so fortunate as to find the Hunterian Professor himself engaged with the osteological collection, who, on learning the object of my wishes, kindly took out of a cabinet a skull of the same species of hyæna as that which I had lately been studying in the live state. This species is the spotted one, peculiar at the present day to the Cape of Good Hope and the southern division of Africa. The hyæna of the North of Africa and Asia is the striped kind, and is smaller and less ferocious than the spotted one. The latter, I may as well add, is, zoologically speaking, the *Canis crocuta*, Linn., *Hyæna maculata*, Thun., *Hyæna capensis*, Desm., and *Hyæna crocuta*, Cuv. It appears, however, to be so unmistakeably known to the naturalists of all nations under the last denomination, that this might well serve, henceforth, as its fixed and determinate scientific name, without the terminal cypher, or the cumbersome tail of exploded synonyms.

Leaving words for things, the skull of the *Hyæna crocuta* displays, instead of a smooth dome-like roof of bone over the brain-case, a sharp and lofty ridge or crest, running lengthwise from the occiput to between the bony chambers of the eyes; and from this ridge, the sides of the cranium slope away to the contracted parts bounded by the two thick and strong bent bars of bone, above the cheeks, which the professor called the "zygomatic arches." The lofty ridge and the two slopes of the contracted brain-case serve, as he informed me, to give firm and extensive attachment to the principal pair of biting muscles—enormous masses of flesh that cause the swelling out of the sides of the hyæna's head, and the working of which may be plainly seen, when it is crunching a bone. The fibres of those muscles converge to pass under the zygomatic arches in order to be implanted into two projecting parts, like handles, of the strong and thick under jaw. Another powerful pair of muscles is attached to those two outspanning bony arches, by one end, and to the outer and under part of the jaw, by the other end. The chief characters of the skull thus relate or are subordinate to the extraordinary moving powers or workers of the jaw, and indicate the characteristic actions and food of the animal; and, as all the of the structure harmonises with those habits and that kind of nutriment, the anatomist, it appears, is able to divine from a mere fragment of the skeleton, the nature and affinities of the animal of which it has formed part.

All the teeth of the hyæna—and they exhibit much diversity of size and shape—are wonderfully constructed for the work they have to perform. You may sometimes see the beast pinch up, as it were, with its fore-teeth, a loose bit of the strong membrane, called periosteum, and strip it off the bone by a sudden upward jerk of the head. For such uses, these teeth are fashioned to act as pincers, put with the holding part more complex than those of the blacksmith's.

The upper teeth have their crowns divided by a transverse cleft into a conical front lobe, and a back ridge which is notched lengthwise; the lower front teeth have moderately sharp crowns that fit into the interspace of the three-lobed upper ones, and take a firm grip of any strip of ligament or membrane which may be sized. Next to the fore-teeth—which, though adapted for holding and crushing, are, it seems, called incisors, and which are six in number in both upper and lower jaws—are the long and strong conical fangs, called canines, one on each side of both jaws. These teeth, which are formidable enough, are by no means, however, so large in proportion

as in the lion and tiger tribe. The teeth which serve as bone-crackers are three in number, on each side of both jaws, progressively increasing in size as they are placed more backwards, and nearer to the muscles that work them. Their crowns are in the form of low and strong cones, covered by a smooth enamel, hard enough to strike fire with steel, and belted at the base with a more or less complete ridge of the same material. This serves to defend the gum from splinters broken off as the bone is cracked, and no better model could be taken for a hammer to break stones on the road, than one of those bone-breaking teeth of the hyæna.

As the hungry carnivore does by no means disdain good flesh, when a sated lion has left enough of it on the carcase of a buffalo, after feasting on the prime parts of its prey; the hyæna is provided, like the king of beasts, with what are called flesh-teeth, or carnassials. These are four in number, one on each side of both jaws, with crowns shaped like scissor-blades, the one above gliding obliquely upon the one below, so that they reciprocally maintain by their mode of action a sharp edge for neatly cutting across the fibres of rigid muscles. Behind each flesh-tooth of the upper jaw, is placed a small, low, round, and flat grinder, which completes the so-called dental system of the hyæna. The use of this tubercular tooth is not very obvious; but, as it is situated nearest the gullet, it may give the last squeeze to a tough morsel, or an additional crack to a piece of bone, before the one or the other is bolted.

The series of teeth altogether resemble those of the lion more than those of the dog. If the first and smallest of the conical bone-crushers were removed from both jaws the teeth would be the same, both in number and kind, with those of the feline genus, only modified in their shape and proportions to serve the purposes of a brute that feeds on the remnants of the dead carcase of the prey which the more noble destructive has slain and satiated its appetite upon. In this respect the lion may be compared to the eagle; the hyæna to the vulture. Like the ignoble bird of prey, there is much in the outward form of the hyæna that contrasts unfavourably with the well-finished frame of the bolder pursuer and assailant of living animals. The neck and fore-quarters of the hyæna have a thickness and strength that match the head; but the hind-quarters are low, and the hind legs bent, crouching, and knock-knee'd, causing the pace, even when rapid, to be of a shuffling or dragging character. The toes are four in number on each foot; that which supports the "dew-claw" in the dog, and the short upper innermost claw in the cat and its kind, being wanting in the hyæna. The claws of the four toes that are retained are strong, blunt, and non-retractile. The ears are large and carried erect; a coarse mane runs down the spine; the general colour of the beast of the kind called "*crocuta*" is yellowish-brown, the spots that distinguish him being numerous and of a deeper brown tint.

The hyænas, like the vultures and other winged scavengers, fulfil an important sanitary mission in the warm latitudes where they most abound. They clear away the putrescent remains of the carcases of the large quadrupeds which higher organised carnivora have killed and left half devoured; they follow the Caffres and Hottentots to their battle-fields and gorge on the slain. It may be charitable to suppose that the assiduous labours of hungry hyænas may have contributed to cause the mysterious disappearance of the bodies of our sable enemies, slain, according to bulletins, in praiseworthy numbers, during recent and ever-recurring conflicts at the Cape. It is certain that the hyænas ransack the native villages in quest of offal, and often disinter the corpse from the too shallow or ill-protected grave.

But the dead and the débris of slain animals do not form the exclusive food of the hyænas, assuredly not of the stronger and spotted species of South Africa. They are the most pestilent assailers and destroyers of the farmer's stock: the numbers, and stealth, or stupid venturesomeness of these hungry nocturnal hyænas rendering them much more destructive, if less formidable individually, than the lion itself. At Kanha, writes Major Denham, the hyænas are "everywhere in legions, and grew now so extremely ravenous that a good large village, where I sometimes procured a draught of sour milk on my duck-shooting excursions had been attacked the night before my last visit, and the town absolutely carried by storm, notwithstanding defences of nearly six feet high of branches of the prickly trilloh; and two donkeys, whose flesh these animals are particularly fond of, carried off in spite of the efforts of the people." Man himself the hyæna dares not openly attack; though, when driven hard in self-defence, it will turn furiously even upon that assailant. A sleeping adult or child, however, if exposed to the prowling, hungry herd, is almost sure to fall their victim. It would seem, also, that the spotted hyæna, which has once in this way tasted human flesh, retains a dangerous liking for it.

Steedman, in his Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa, adduces the following evidence to that effect, which he obtained from Mr. Shepstone, an experienced settler:—"To show clearly the preference of the hyæna for human flesh, it will be necessary to notice that, when the Mambookies (a race of Hottentots) build their houses, which are in form like beehives, and tolerably large—often eighteen or twenty feet in diameter—the floor is raised at the higher or back part of the house until within three or four feet of the front, where it suddenly terminates, leaving an area from

thence to the wall, in which every night the calves are tied, to protect them from the storms or wild beasts. Now it would be natural to suppose, that should the hyæna enter, he would seize the first object for his prey, especially as the natives always lie with the fire at their feet; but, notwithstanding this, the constant practice of this animal has been in every instance to pass by the calves in the area, and even by the fire, and take the children from under the mother's kaross, and this in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has been unconscious of her loss until the cries of the little innocent have reached her from without, when a close prisoner in the jaws of the monster." In the above horrid narrative, the hyæna is called wolf: its more common vernacular name among the Cape colonists.

From these and many similar testimonies by African travellers, from Le Vaillant and Bruce down to Denham and Gordon Cumming, we may infer that the hyæna, although it subsists principally on the remains of animals that have died or been killed by others, does not refuse to grapple with a living prey when it can do so stealthily, or when it can overpower such prey by force of numbers.

The gloomy abodes of the hyæna are caves and the recesses of rocky hill-sides, or the vaults of old sepulchres, deserted dwellings, and ancient ruins. Here it abides in slothful slumber during the broad light and heat of day, and as darkness falls, emerges from its lair to fulfil its loathsome or cruel purposes. To these haunts it drags the carcases or parts which have remained after its hunger has been satiated on the spot during the nocturnal prowl, and in process of time leaves many peculiar and unmistakeable characteristics of its domestic life. Marvellously have these evidences been traced out by the perspicacity of our great geologist, Buckland, in the Yorkshire caves, which in the very olden time, before human tradition or history, formed the dwellings of fell hyænas, as they prowled about the moor-sides and valleys of Yorkshire. But, into the interesting and instructive particulars of this discovery, my present limits forbid me to enter.

From the earliest periods of history, the hyæna has especially attracted the attention of zoologists; and the striking peculiarities of its habits, gait, and voice, have excited the imaginative faculty to set down more than has ever fallen under the sober observation of modern naturalists. Even old Aristotle, whom they claim as the father of their science, and who has so generally been confirmed in what he has advanced respecting the animals he was able to observe, hazards some strange and apocryphal bits in his account of the *crocuta*. Cuvier, indeed, excuses the allegation that that quadruped differed from others in having only one bone in its neck, by good-naturedly suggesting that the Stagyrite might have dissected an old hyæna, in which, from the frequent and violent strain that the cervical vertebræ are subject to in the living animal, those seven bones might have become anchylosed or soldered together into one piece. From the good old gossipping Roman Encyclopædist we know what to expect, and we read his "Naturalis Historia" more with the view of being amused by the stories that were current among the vulgar, and perhaps the polite circles of Imperial Rome, than of gaining instruction from any exercise of Pliny's own eyes on the beautiful and varied nature that surrounded him.

Doubtless, the interest of the lovely patricians who, from the dress circles of the amphitheatre, looked down on the ten hyænas introduced to be fought with, baited, and slaughtered before their eyes in the famous year 1,000 of the foundation of the eternal City, was vastly enhanced by the remarks of their polite and well-read Cicerone. "Those hideous brutes—fair and noble dames—are wont to repair to the shepherds' huts and imitate the human voice, and even learn some person's name, who, when he answers to the call and comes out, is immediately torn to pieces." Oh! dreadful: can it be possible? Yes, ladies, the elder Plinius hath written it.*

If Mr. Mitchell has hitherto failed in teaching the hyæna to rival the parrot, perhaps it may be because he has not tried the laughing brute with the Latin tongue.

The myth of the untameable ferocity of the hyæna, like that of the quill-shooting dexterity of the porcupine, is now limited to the lore of those dear zoological instructors of our childhood—the showmen of the travelling menageries. And, verily, I would fain exchange a good deal of the sober certainties of animal biography, imparted by my accurate and respected authority of the R. S., for some of those beliefs that thrilled through my youthful breast.

Certain it is that the aspect of the hyæna does him some injustice; the beast is not so bad as he looks. Pennant testifies to having seen, in London, a hyæna as obedient and tractable as a dog. Buffon narrates that there was a hyæna shown in Paris, in his time, which had been tamed when young, and was apparently divested of its natural ferocity. The Rev. Mr. Bingley, in his amusing Animal Biography, states that "Mr. John Hunter had, at Earl's Court, a hyæna, near eighteen months old, that was so tame as to admit strangers to approach and touch him. After Mr. Hunter's death it was sold to a travelling exhibitor of animals. For a few months previously to his being carried into the country, he was lodged in the Tower. The keeper informs me that he there continued

* "Sermonem humanum inter pastorum stabula assimulare, nomenque alicujus addiscere, quem evocatum foras laceret." Pliny even goes on to aver "[tem vomitionem hominis imitari ad sollicitandos canes quos invadat."—Nat. Hist. l. 8, c. 30.

tolerably gentle, so much so as to allow a person who knew him, to enter the den and handle him."—vol. i., p. 244.

Bishop Heber saw a striped hyæna in India, that followed its master and fawned on him like a dog. Barrow also narrates with respect to the spotted hyæna, that, in the district of Scheufberg, at the Cape, it is domesticated and used like a hound for the chase. Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes tamed a young hyæna in India; he brought it over to England when full grown; but, out of respect, doubtless, for the prejudices of Oxford Street in regard to the quadruped followers of its promenaders, he presented the animal, though as gentle as a spaniel, to the Zoological Society. "In India," writes that gallant and accomplished officer, "it was allowed to run about my house, and on board ship it was released from its cage two or three times a day to play with the sailors, and gambol with the dogs. It early recognised my person and voice, would obey when called, and in general was as playful and good-humoured as a puppy. My visits to it in the Gardens have been rare and at long intervals, nor have I ever carried it food. I anticipated therefore, that it would outgrow its early affection, and that I should be to it as any other stranger; but it has always greeted me, not only as an old acquaintance, but as an old friend; and if I am to judge from its agitation and peculiar cries, the animal's recognition is that of affection. On Sunday last it was asleep in its cage when I approached. On calling it by its name it looked up, distinguished me in the crowd, started on its legs, and on my applying my hand to its mouth to smell to, it threw itself down against the bars, rubbed its head, neck, and back against my hand, and then started on its legs and bounded about its cage, uttering short cries. On ceasing to speak to it and moving away, it looked wistfully after me, nor resumed its motions till I addressed it again. Its manifestations of joy were so unequivocal as to excite the surprise of a great number of bystanders." (Zoological Proceedings for eighteen hundred and thirty-three, page seventy-six.) To their successors in that attractive part of the Society's Gardens, I would wish, in taking leave of the hyæna—with these the kindest words ever offered in behoof of the poor imprisoned brute—to recommend it to the best sentiments that its visage and voice may permit them to feel in its favour.

THE GOLDEN VALE.

THERE is not a more fertile part of land in the world than that which is called, and precisely on account of its fertility, the Golden—or rather, as they pronounce it, the Goolden—Vale, in the county Tipperary. To look at it a little before harvest time, were at once to be convinced of its fertility; a fact which one might doubt at any other time, especially if the squalor of the population and the wretchedness of the hovels be contemplated also.

No travellers in this part of Ireland should fail to visit the Rock of Cashel. The Rock will always be beautiful; but, it was once surmounted by one of the most beautiful specimens of old Irish ecclesiastical architecture in the island. Not many years since, the ruins of the old cathedral—for it was no less—were still in a perfect state. Time and neglect, however, have done their worst service, and less and less remains, every year of that most stately structure. But the Rock of Cashel is still there, and from it the view of the Golden Vale is something that will not moulder away, and will make very nearly as deep an impression as the ruined cathedral itself.

A casual visitor might, as we have observed, doubt the great fertility of the vale: Liebig, however, or one of his disciples, would recognise the truth in a very short survey, and would account for it by the continuous washing of fertilizing matter from the bare limestone of the hills down on to the deep recipient valley. What a happy race the owners and landlords of such a region ought to be! How amply must it be in their power to make the peasants dependent on them and their employment more comfortable than the peasants in a poorer district! What scope for improvement, for justice, for charity, for good agriculture, for all the elements of virtue and happiness.

Unfortunately the history of the Golden Vale cannot be written in such characters. There is scarcely one of the gentlemen's seats which dot it, that has not been the scene or the subject of a sad story. Recklessness, prodigality, cruelty, murder—all the great temptations and besetting sins of Irish life have been here accumulated and exaggerated. In consequence of the great fertility of the land, and of the great rise of corn prices, the competition amongst the tenants was perfectly insane. Instead of doubting and checking delirium, the squires thought their land a permanent source of wealth, and spent and mortgaged in proportion to the rent offered. At that time—in the years of war and war-prices—the ousted tenant went to the wars himself, turned pig-driver or found some other way of life. But, when peace came and with it that downfall of prices which roused the squirearchy of Ireland—and, indeed, of England too—to the poorness of reality, then, neither peasant nor landlord had patience to bear his reverses. The squire, ruined by the change of circumstances, if he did not commit actual, perpetrated moral, suicide. He plunged into vice, drank, gambled, did anything to keep up his spirits, and that only for a day. The tenant felt the bad effects of his landlord's behaviour; he got small abatements and no mercy. He had no longer the resource of the war, or

of the many modes of life open where there is a quick demand for men. He clung to his bit of land with desperation. When it was torn from him he became desperate; from his despair arose those terrible associations, to which Captain Rock and other equally famed and famous desperadoes give their names.

Kiltubby was a nice little village, while things went well. Its landlord—one of the numerous tribe of the Masseys—had a handsome house upon the hill, amid the short limestone sward that the sheep like to nibble. The lady drove to church in a yellow chariot; the husband had his hunters and his kennel. And, after all, the chariot might not have rolled him out of existence, nor his hounds and horses have eaten their own heads off and his too, had it not been for a frantic resolve of Mr. Massey to drink claret and to grow claret. A squire of no greater degree in the county of Tipperary did the same. Claret was not grown in the Golden Vale, and had to be paid at last with much more produce of the said Vale than when the debt was contemplated or incurred. At last the wine-merchant employed his solicitor, and Mr. Massey transferred himself and family from the Golden Vale of Tipperary to a little Dutch *château*, situated on an elegant canal within view of the steeples of Bruges.

In order to relate how and by whom Mr. Massey left his property to be managed, it is necessary to give some further and more detailed account of Kiltubby, and its principal inhabitants. The village had been much distracted and divided by a feud, that had raged from their earliest days between two of the cleverest boys of the place. *Clever*, in the Tipperary tongue, means six feet high, with shoulders, limbs, and sinews in proportion. But the cleverness of Tim Ryan and Mike Doolan of Kiltubby reached a great stroke higher than their athletic powers. There had been a capital hedge-school at Kiltubby; that is, there had been a man, who for a few meals of potatoes would, in the summer days, instruct under a hedge all the little gossoons of the village. A few of the most capable of them actually learned to read in this great hall of education, and to know English. These two accomplishments enabled the successful achievers, among them our two worthies, to proceed to a mighty fine school further up the Vale, where a much greater pedagogue in a brown wig knew Latin and Greek, and taught both, as well as 'rithmetic, and a very irregular course of mathematics. More than one of these hedge and half-hedge scholars contrived to make their Tipperary learning the stepping-stone to a university education, although classical learning, as a native of the hedges, flourished far more and better down in the depths of Munster than in Tipperary.

Tim Ryan and Mike Doolan took, each what suited him, out of the primary and secondary schooling thus obtained. And if they grumbled, it was not because of their liking the same portions and titbits of the dish of education. Mike swallowed the 'rithmetic, and Tim the rythm; for their teachers were great at prosody, and of course at poesy—in the Irish especially, but also in all other tongues. Mike conned over the figures, and Tim the rhymes. The rule of three charmed instead of puzzling the one, while the other cultivated polite letthers. Tim and Mike became greatly renowned in consequence, although the priest—but it was said to be all jealousy—declared them a pair of as fine bog-trotters as was ever spiled by larning. Neither of them at first took kindly to the spade. Mike became manager to an accountant, a dabbler in other people's business rather than in any, at least in any agricultural, business of his own; and Tim set up a school. Of course a school would not keep the one, any more than his figures would keep the other. Both had their friends, used them as they could, and got on as best they might. Tim, in the matter of the school, was accused of having a proud and philanthropic purpose rather than a mere money-making one; and this calumny, which had a bit of truth in it, was a real weight upon Tim's character.

That two such clever and mighty men could subsist in the same village was greatly wondered at, and more than wondered at when both of them fell a-coorting the beauty of the village. They were sure to do this, the priest said, and sure to lay up a store of broken heads and bloody noses by so doing.

It was a great trial for Nelly, and indeed the same trial befell all the people of Kiltubby, for it was necessary for one and all to make choice between the friendship of Tim and the friendship of Mike. To be *well with* both was impossible. Each had *his* mode of courting. Mike built a stone house in place of his mud one, transferring the old mud wall to the convenience of a cow. And how could Nelly resist so substantial, and yet so respectful and delicate an appeal to her good sense as well as her good feeling? Tim's mode of parrying such an attack was what the French would call *leger*. He snipped a bit of ribbon from Nelly's cap, and stuck it in his own caubeen, at the next fair; brandishing an oak stick, and declaring aloud, at the same time, that he was ready to fight whomsoever would question the superiority of the ankle of the owner of that ribbon, to any other ankle in the Golden Vale. If Nelly's heart were touched by the successful and manly hullabaloo, how could it resist a string of verses, which were quite interminable, to her honour and glory? Nelly looked coldly on the stone house. "Mud's warmer!" cried Tim. Nelly thought so; she married Tim, and preferred his mud palace to his rival's stone one.

Mike swore that he would take terrible vengeance, and he was a man to keep his word. He could wait for it; and he thought the first best means of compassing it was

to get as rich as possible. He well knew that Tim and Nelly must grow poorer. Mike, to increase his store and dissipate his grief, turned pig-jobber, and then became one of the agents for the collection of those domestic companions of the Irishmen, and for their furtherance to the English market. Mike converted dollars into pounds, and was enabled to take Mr. Massey's largest farm, and stock it in a manner far beyond the ever known capabilities of Kiltubby. Yet Kiltubby admired, and did not envy. There is little of that black passion in the Irish character. And when, on the occasion of Mike one morning mounting his black mare, and in an unaccountable fit of high spirits spurring off among the followers of the Galtees Hunt, people looked astonished. Tim was generous enough to say, that "Mike Doolan made jist as good a squireen as any of 'em."

Poor Tim had no such flattering unction to lay to his own soul. Instead of rising in any way, his struggles grew harder as a family came around him. The school paid him little, and made him lazy; although the sedentary and unlaborious life gave him such high spirits, such abundant verses, and so allowed him to develope a tact of music, that he was the life and prime Apollo of every wedding, pattern, christening, funeral, or other merry-making. There was no fun in the Golden Vale, that Tim did not help to make; and as he always had his skinful on such occasions, and brought away more tenpennies than he took with him, his dissipation was not prodigality. Still so much money went for the potatoes, of which more and more were piled upon the *skieve* for the meals of a growing family, that Tim's affairs grew yearly more disordered and dilapidated, and he was always in arrear of rent.

During the war there had been factions, for how could Tipperary exist without them? There had existed two parties among the peasantry—the Shanavests and the Caravats—which hated each other mortally, beat each other *à l'outrance*, and battered in each others' skulls, at fairs and other parties of pleasure, with true Irish relish, and with such determination, as no police or magistrates could interfere with. Police or magistrate, in truth, saw no reason for such interference, for there was nothing dangerous or seditious in the contests. No person could explain the difference in principle, in leaning or in anything else, between a Shanavest and a Caravat.

This ceased with the golden reign of high prices and abundant employ. Feuds, fighting, and vengeance, were then called forth by the passions and distresses of private life. Instead of unmeaning Shanavests and Caravats, people in Tipperary began to range themselves into the class that had land, and the class that either had not land, or was in danger of losing it. Landlords were so distressed to pay mortgages and jointures, that they grasped with despairing eagerness at any offer that approached the old rent. By doing so, they in general got rid of an honest tenant, and introduced in his place one who could not keep his engagements. Yet he, when in turn ousted, was twenty times more turbulent and vindictive than the honest tenant, who on being first displaced, very probably converted his stock into cash, and crossed the Atlantic to find a more secure investment in the back woods.

If some good men were of the oppressed, the ousted, and of course the disaffected faction, there were other good men and valuable, who often fell victims to unmerited obloquy. If a farmer with agricultural knowledge and some little capital, fancied he could do more with a certain portion of land than traditional culture had hitherto done; and if, to try the experiment, he offered a little more than other slovenly competitors; he became a marked man, liable to be beaten on all fitting occasions. As party grew fiercer, and land more scarce, death became the merciless and too certain award of what was considered his crime.

Mike, as a prosperous man, content with things as they were, became attached to one of these factions; Tim, as one of the ousted and declining, to the other. Mike made the door and outworks of his dwelling stronger; Tim let the door of his cabin fall off its hinges, and contented himself with half a one, just to keep the baby from drowning itself in the black hole that adjoined the dung heap.

Mike was desirous of taking more land, which he felt he had time, skill, and money to manage; but he felt that he was risking his life to fill his purse—a reflection that made him pause, but not give over. He knew that Tim was one of the party who prohibited his extended industry, and he was grateful in proportion. Mr. Massy's, like all the property in the country, was undergoing a change. It was not merely wine-merchants' bills that distressed him, but his smaller tenants grew every day more unable and more unwilling to pay rent. It was, perhaps, of the highest, that small holders, trusting to the chapter of lucky accidents rather than to stated calculations, covenanted to pay. To eject was painful, yet inevitable, and led to the horrors of agrarian disturbance and crime. Besides the system of small holdings, of which the inconveniences were not perceived in a season of war, Mr. Massey had done something equally inconvenient—had kept a large quantity of ground on his own hands. Neither from this, did he feel any inconvenience during high prices. However slovenly the work done, and however plundered the master in labour and produce, good prices, like charity, covered all defects, and left the sum of profit great. Now, it was different. Produce was cheap, labour proportionately dear. Self-farming was found unprofitable, and went by degrees out of fashion in Tipperary. Instead of forty or fifty

inhabitants of Kiltubby being employed on Mr. Massey's land, and paid by Mr. Massey or his steward every Saturday night, their eightpence or ninepence a day, they were obliged to-work for farmers who took the same land, and who had no money to cross themselves with. These were fine doings and fine times for Captain Rock, to whom, in fact, too many began to look.

At this pass of circumstances came Squire Massey's crash, and the seizure of his house by officers of the law—a thing that never would have been thought of as possible in the war-time. It ended by the principal creditors coming down and holding council together, when Mike appeared as one of them, and not the least important. He was on the spot, knew the land and the people, was a creditor himself to some amount, was shrewd, bore a good character, understood accounts; in short, Mike Doolan was, by the desire of the creditors and with the consent of Mr. Massey, installed as manager and head-man of the property, for the benefit of creditors: he undertaking to transmit two hundred and fifty pounds a-year of the receipts to Bruges.

The news was most unwelcome in Kiltubby. It made one of themselves landlord and master for the time being, but this was precisely what neither labourers nor tenants liked. Poor Tim whistled as light an air as his fancy could suggest, and wished his old friend and rival good luck. But, he thought to himself quietly, that now would be the time for him to be off to the 'Mericas, if such an escapade were feasible. Nelly pleaded for home, sweet home—of which the sweetness was all moral, and even that questionable—and Tim asked her, if she would not prefer Yankee Land to Botany.

The new manager of the Kiltubby property was not long in giving warnings to several tenants. These tenants met, along with others equally menaced, and employed their secretary Captain Rock, to write no mild notice to Mike Doolan, that they would make such an example as would be tould for ten thousand years to come in the Goolden Vale, if he came the hard master over them. The only symptom of answer vouchsafed was the addition of a few stand of arms to Mike's arsenal, already pretty well provided. Challenges having been thus exchanged on both sides, *à la mode de* Tipperary, were not long in producing a combat. One night Captain Rock's forces surrounded the dwelling of Mike Doolan, and commanded him, under pain of the infliction of very barbarous tortures, to surrender his arms. This was all that was for the present required of him. Compliance, however, on his part, he knew to be the first of concessions, of which the inevitable consequence would be his being necessitated to leave the country. Mike showed fight, and fired upon his besiegers from embrasures which he had cunningly prepared. The besiegers tried to force the door, or to burn it down by a heap of blazing wood laid against it. But Mike succeeded in wounding several of his antagonists, and putting them to flight before they had made any breach in his stronghold.

Although the party engaged in the attack were, by the regular laws of Irish agricultural outrages, men from other parishes, Mike revenged the wrong upon the ill-affected near him. And finally he sued Tim in arrear of rent—which indeed was the normal state of the county and himself. He seized Tim's cow, and *canted* it, that is, had it sold by auction. It was bought by friends, and conveyed to a not distant bog, where Tim had some small profit from his cow, through poor Nelly trudging to and fro with her pail, over miles of dry and dreary road.

Others were as severely treated, so a cow became a rarity in Kiltubby. When the cow was taken away, the bit of land was taken with it; one was of little use without the other. The land was withdrawn, because there was not the excuse of a cow to feed, nor the means of a dung-heap to manure it. Wages became the sole support of the labourer; and the ninepence a day upon which he subsisted was paid in any way that pleased Mike Doolan.

The only mode in which this shrewd manager would allow the men of Kiltubby to "have any call to the land," was in the way of con-acre; that is, a bit of land given to them in March for the potato season, and taken from them in October, as soon as the potato harvest was dug out. Those who paid twenty, or at most thirty shillings an acre for annual rent, would be asked and would consent to pay five, six, eight, ten pounds, and even higher still, per con-acre. Mike calculated the number of barrels of potatoes—as they admeasure them in Ireland; he calculated the outlay also; and he exacted, as rent, a sum which was a fraction under what the potato produce would fetch in the market. Mike, in fact, ground down the people of Kiltubby till, they declared, there was not a bit of nose left on their face.

Had there been even the semblance of fairness in the management, the poor man who secured an acre for potatoes, ought to have been allowed two or three years more to take the rest of the value out of his manure, paying a moderate rent. But Mike had the manure, and thence he grew; and yet he charged moreover a tremendous rent. The fleeced peasant in revenge pointed his gun at Mike from behind a hedge, but hesitated, as yet, to fire.

The highest price affixed by Mike, and by others of his grinding class, per con-acre, was that paid for hay land; that is, for meadow and grass land to be broken up, and having an accumulated fertility sufficient to produce a crop of potatoes without manure. Those who had lost their cattle, and were otherwise, and every way, behindhand, had no resource but

to ask for a con-acre of hay land. The paying for it was another and an after consideration, which was not worth being considered, inasmuch as the con-acre was indispensable.

Tim was obliged to ask Mike for a con-acre of hay land. Little funds as there were left him, it galled him to do so. Mike demanded for it sixteen pounds sterling an acre.

This is no fiction. It is the exact price asked, on a certain occasion, for an acre of land; nor is there anything in this narrative unreal, except the proper names and the scene. Tim scratched his hapless poll, and though his tongue remained silent, his countenance sufficiently told Mike:

"You have caught your old rival at a 'vantage, and you are taking it out of him with merciless extortion!"

But Tim had no resource. He agreed, and in writing, to pay the sixteen pounds, and he put his name to the document which his Shylock carefully insisted upon. Fortune but too fully favoured the vindictive design of Mike to crush Tim altogether, or to drive him from the country. For it so happened that this season the potatoes, owing to drought or other causes, completely failed on hay land. Tim did not dig out enough to feed a pig for a fortnight. He had to look elsewhere for the winter provision of his family. But, Mike was inexorable and demanded his rent. The case—a well known one—came before the sessions at Tipperary, and it was pleaded on both sides with Irish earnestness. The bond, however, was there, and the law was there; and give judgment for other than Mike the magistrates could not. But in giving the award which sanctioned his claim, and in giving him the power to enforce it, the chairman, as was afterwards remarked, observed to Mike that the sentence which rendered him so triumphant, would infallibly prove a sentence of death! The judge himself said so!

There is no use in dwelling on the catastrophe. Mike Doolan was carried home that night, on a door, with six bullets through his body. About two months afterwards Tim was observed within sight of the American shore. He had climbed the foremast to discern it, and a heel of the vessel flung him overboard. His handsome widow, much pitied, lived for many years undisturbed at Kiltubby.

CHIPS.

MUNICIPAL LIGHTS.

It was late and quite dark when we once reached the town of Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror. As we drove to the inn, we passed a lady walking home, attended by a female servant, who carried a lantern of such vast dimensions, and such antique fashion, that it might have helped to illuminate the castle the night William was born there. But—our polite guide informed us—the lantern, as well as the lady, was of later date than that, somewhere in the Middle Ages, he did not quite know when, and was the offspring of the taste and genius of a certain Mayor of Falaise, whose memory is still revered by the citizens.

This Mayor was a long time sore troubled that his people should walk about the streets in the dark: it was dangerous, an immoral, an inexpressibly evil practice. Some one suggested that lamps might be suspended at the principal crossing and corners, whenever moonlight happened to be scarce; but he rejected the idea with horror, as a piece of unheard-of innovation, in fact, revolutionary. So, next morning, he caused the town beadle to proclaim throughout the streets, by beat of drum at every utterance of the proclamation, the Mayor's advice, that no citizen or citizeness of Falaise should walk about at night without carrying a lantern before him or her.

At night, the citizens and —esses obeyed their chief magistrate. The streets were filled with male and female promenaders. Every one of them carried a lantern;—but all was still as dark as before.

Next morning, the beadle gave another peripatetic performance on the drum, as a musical accompaniment to the words, "Every citizen of Falaise shall, at night, in the streets, carry a lantern with a candle in it.—Decreed by the Maire."

That evening, the streets of Falaise would have displayed a carnival, had there been any light to make it visible. People, and lanterns, and candles were congregated, but all remained in utter darkness.

The third day saw the series of proclamations complete. The municipal power explained its meaning in unmistakable terms. The beadle, proudly conscious that his rebellious subjects were now in a state of complete siege, and had no possible means of escape from the utmost rigour of the law, fine, and imprisonment, fiercely smote his soul-subduing drum, as he ordained, in a voice like a speaking-trumpet with a crack in it, in the noble name of the Maire of Falaise, that, all people who walked the streets at night should carry before them—a lantern—with a candle in it—lighted.

PASS-WORDS THROUGH ALL THE RUSSIAS.

Lapa, in Russian, means "claw." *Lapaé* stands for to "gripe." *Lapowe* represent the object or objects enclosed in a gripe. Any man who thinks of travelling in Russia had better learn these words by heart, and try to understand them. The first is easy—*lapa*, *lapaé*, *lapowe*—the claw, to gripe, the things griped. But the last is not English! No, nor is the meaning attached to it. What is *lapowe?*

The curious, the venturesome, or the unfortunate, whom fate conducts to the Russian

frontier, soon learn what *lapowe* is. The train stops; the Prussian conductors have told the travellers that from the next station they will rattle along, on the rails and under the protection of, the Czar of all the Russias. The inexperienced traveller whom I have in my eye takes up his rug and dressing-case, and steps with heavy feet (for the train has been a slow one, and he is still stunned with the length of his journey from Mistowitz) on Russian soil. It is time our novice should learn something of the language, of the manners, and customs, of the country.

Room for the Professors of Russian manners! Half-a-dozen gentlemen in the preventive service, three searchers, the comptroller, the commander, of the Cossack station, hurry up to the staring stranger, and stand before him, each with his hand open. Their eyes are directed to his face with a craving, hungry look. What does it mean? It means *lapowe*. Those outstretched open hands, those hungry looks, speak as plainly as possible, and in language which every one must understand: "Stranger, here are our hands. Put something into them—fill them. You cannot pass on unless we please. You want our friendship. Buy it!"

Do not, oh wayfarer! cry out against the beggarly knaves. If you please, do not say one word about imposition. Do not, if you can help it, register a vow that you will write to the Times. These people never heard of the Times; they do not know what it is. They know what *lapowe* is, and *lapowe* they will and must have. They are Russian functionaries, and you are a traveller. They are vultures, and you are their prey. They do not beg, nor do they solicit—they *demand*. They are in their right, and you had better not try yours. The taking of *lapowe*—the opening of his hand and shutting it on something which you put into it—is part and parcel of the duties of a Russian functionary.

It is an official procedure; the execution in every case is rapid and energetic, unceremonious and unscrupulous. Russian officers must live. Their salaries, from the lowest to the highest, are just enough to pay for their breakfast and supper. Hence, it is the Government which indirectly compels them to swoop down upon everybody and everything within their reach, and to take as much as they want, or, at least, as much as they can get, to pay for their dinners, lodging, dress, and luxuries. None of them dream of blushing in asking *lapowe*—whatever delicacy there is, will always be found on the part of the giver, never on that of the receiver. Armed in mail of proof—the conviction of his right—the Russian functionary holds out his hand, rudely or good-humouredly as the case may be; and his moral sentiments are aroused only if the traveller with whom he has to deal is too inexperienced to understand the very natural and just demand which that open hand makes upon him.

In going and coming, with high and low, *lapowe* is the word. Say a foreigner—English, German, or French—at Warsaw or Smolensk, wishes either to leave the country or to go to some other Russian town. He wants his passport. In order to obtain it, he must have a certificate of good conduct from the police of his district. The functions of that office are, in the first instance, executed by a clerk. The traveller, familiar with the manners and customs of these lower officials, backs his request with a *lapowe*, and the certificate is in his hands. This is not enough. The paper must have the office stamps, and that stamp is in the hands of the Police-lieutenant—a gentleman of refined manners—dressed in a smart uniform, green and gold—who occupies an inner office, which the stranger enters with a civil bow, and a conviction (caused by the refined air and high position of the gentleman in question) that to offer *lapowe* would subject him to the danger of being kicked down stairs.

Since the gentleman (he is sure) will not take money, the stranger endeavors to conciliate his good opinion by politeness. "Sir," says he with a low bow, (the second since they opened the door,) "will you have the kindness to stamp this certificate?"

The lieutenant turns round, and replies, "I am busy." Taking his pen and a sheet of paper, he commences forthwith to make a caricature portrait of the visitor. This done he gives the visitor another expressive look, and turns to the window. This, translated into plain English, means: "What a strange sort of fellow you are! Why don't you put your hand in your pocket?" An intelligent stranger understands it at once; but we *will*, for the argument's sake, say that our friend, the stranger, is not very intelligent. Instead of holding out his money, he again produces his certificate. "Oblige me, sir, by stamping this."

"Sir," says the Russian angrily, "I haven't had my dinner yet."

Of course the stranger understands that the gentleman proposes to dine first, and stamp the certificate afterwards. But, why does he not go to dinner? Why sit at his desk, and seem evidently determined to remain there, at past four in the afternoon? Time passes, and the offices will be closed.

"Oblige me, sir! Stamp this paper!"—"I haven't had my dinner, sir!" says the lieutenant as angrily as possible, turning his back full upon the stranger. Decidedly, there is no getting that stamp. At this moment the stranger's arm is seized with great violence by the clerk—a good man who is in a towering rage, as the best of us will be, when we see any one acting blindly and stupidly.

"How long you are, sir! *You*, a traveller, and without a few florins to spare for our lieutenant!"

This timely explanation simplifies the

matter. A few florins change hands, the certificate is stamped, and the stranger leaves the office with a practical lesson, by which he is likely to benefit. Producing his stamped certificate and his florins in other places, he obtains his passport with less trouble and greater expense than he expected.

Another lesson awaits him at the gate of the town. The carriage stops, a policeman takes his passport and submits it to the Inspector of the Gate. He comes back without the passport, but with a message: "*Pan Inspector prosye pana na sniedanie.*" The stranger is astonished and gratified. The message has a double sense. It may mean—the Pan Inspector invites the gentleman to breakfast with him; and thus does the stranger understand it. But it may also mean—the Pan Inspector invites the gentleman to give him something to breakfast; of which meaning the stranger, poor man, has not the slightest suspicion. "Tell your master I am obliged to him, very much so indeed; but I must go on, having been detained already. Another time I shall be happy to breakfast with him." It is now the policeman's turn to be astonished; he shrugs his shoulders and enters the office, on the threshold of which, in another minute, appears the Pan Inspector of the Gate. "What the Blank" (for these Russian gentlemen have an ugly knack of swearing) "*I* invite you to breakfast! I'll see you Blanked first! Something for *my* breakfast, that's what I want." Saying which, the irate inspector retreats into his den growling, and slamming the door. A couple of florins being sent after him, the passport is duly returned.

Another official function, and one which, as some say, is less remote from the practices of English public life, is the *lapowna*. This falls to the share of military officers and the directors and *employés* of public institutions. Its special name is *profitka*, which answers to our own Job. According to an ukase or council order of the year 1832, all public works, and all supplies for the army and other establishments, are to be contracted for by licitation. These contracts are generally large, and so are the profits; and the contractors have, moreover, a chance of acquiring high connexions and distinctions. Hence, Government contracts are much sought after, especially by the Jew and German population of the Russian Empire. Indeed, the "hunt" commences long before the day appointed for the licitation, and the preparations are of greater importance than the bids. As soon as the news transpires that such or such an enterprise is to be put up to licitation, the great question for every one is, not at what period the thing may be done, but how and by what means it is possible to obtain an interview with the councillor or the general who has the giving of the contract. In matters of fortifications, there is the General of the Engineers; in public works, the decision rests with the Chief of the Exchequer Commission, or the Minister of Woods and Forests—at least, at St. Petersburgh. In the provinces, almost all the contracts are in the hands of the governors. To gain admittance to these functionaries is not an easy matter, and the Germans, the more awkward race, who go about begging recommendations and feeling their way by dribblets up the ladder of official dignitaries, are usually distanced by their bolder competitors of the Caucasian race. In the mighty man's closet, the German relies on his bows and compliments and promises. Hence, the Russian great do not like them. They prefer dealing at once with a Jew, for the Jew makes his way directly to the great man's wife, or, if there be no wife, to the valet. If need be, he stands from early dawn to nightfall, and for a whole week, at the valet's door. Time is money, but his time is brilliantly paid for, if, at the end of the week, he has gained the flunkey's ear, and through him, admittance to his master's cabinet. The Russian, of course, treats the Jew *sans ceremonie*, just as he would like to treat every one—if he dared.

"Well, what is it, you ragamuffin?"

"Thank Heaven, my lord is very kind to me! All mighty, all generous Chief General! I have come—great and gracious lord, I am an honest man, and loyal to the Czar our lord—I—I—dearest Chief General—mighty lord—"

In this strain, he goes on for a long time. The general smiles. Abraham, who watches him, sees the smile, and his words become still more complimentary, incoherent, and ridiculous, until the general in a thorough good humour asks:

"Well, rascal, what do you want?"

The Russian of every degree show their kindliness of disposition by using very strong words. Beggar, son of a dog, and some other compliments too polite for translation, are words of endearment as well as of vituperation, according to the tone of the speaker.

"Well, rascal?"

"Great lord—mighty lord—the contract——"

"Ah! You want the contract?"

"Most mighty lord, I am an honest man, and these fifteen years I have been in business. I am a good servant of my Czar, and——"

"Have you got money, you beggar?"

"Lord, I will do all I can, and more."

"You 'll have to give security."

"It shall be done, my lord. I shall have credit with my friends."

"Why, if that's the case, attend on the day and make your offer."

"My lord, I wanted——"

"Go! I am tired. Be off, fellow!"

"Magnificent lord, but one word—one word—a sacred word——"

The general, aware what he is driving at, asks good-humouredly, "What is it, you dog?"

"Dear most gracious sir. I have collected some money—saved it with care and labour. I have saved ten thousand rubles in notes. Yesterday I prayed, and said, if it ever should come to pass that these my saving should be taken from me, I would rather take all the money to my gracious lord the Chief General. For he is very gracious unto me, and he will give me the contract at the price of——"

Of course at a very high price, including the ten thousand rubles he offers to his patron; and these he sends that very day, for there is honour among persons of the most indifferent honesty. On the day of the licitation our clever Jew—we have called him Abraham—bids up to his price. His competitors go beyond it, but what is that to him? His patron has the right of selection, and his patron selects him. Abraham is a great man; those who would gain a *profitka* apply to him. The Pan Intendant sends his carriage to convey the contractor to his house.

"Abraham," says the Intendant, "His Excellency has given thee the contract."

"So he has, so he has, Pan Intendant. What is that to you?"

"I'll tell you what it is to me. The extent of the contract is in my hands. If I require much, your profits will be great; if I require little, and make that little do, of course your profits will be small. I may find fault with the wood, or the corn, or the iron, you supply us. I may, if I please, require things at a time when you cannot supply them. I may——"

After some haggling, a present is ageed on, and the two part in peace. A third *profitka* is obtained by the inspector of the garrison, or the architect, or whomsoever happens to have the third place in the business. Those who use the materials supplied, have to hand in their estimates, which are examined by a commission. After the ratification of the estimate, there is no taking away from it or adding to it. A Russian architect, for instance, must not say, I have too little wood, or iron, or I have too much. There is no column for savings or for a surplus, in the Russian account-books. Mr. Codger, for instance, who lived some years ago at Warsaw, undertook to finish a building, the former architect being dead. After finishing it, he found large masses of building materials left on his hands, and made them over to the Government. The Government told him that it was impossible that the works could have been properly executed. Mr. Codger, on the other hand, showed that his predecessor had robbed the Exchequer. This made matters worse. Poor Mr. Codger was accused of having spoiled the works, and he lost his place. His offer to prove that the fault, if any, had been committed in the first instance, and that it was impossible to use the enormous mass of materials, was rejected with indignation. The estimates had been ratified by a commission, and the gentlemen on that commission knew what they were about. Mr. Codger's attempt to be honest proved his ruin. Honesty is not the best policy, in Russia, as Mr. Codger can make oath.

Let us see how such commissions work. The architect calls upon the Intendant, who has just obtained his *profitka* from Abraham, with the promise of another instalment if the business be really profitable. The architect makes an enormous demand of materials, and the Intendant agrees to it, because he knows that Abraham is as good as his word. Besides, it is understood that the architect divides with him "whatever little there may be left." This being adjusted, the two worthies settle the commission.

"If I consider all things," says the Intendant, "I fear the commissioners will make difficulties."

"Nonsense! Good and safe men, you know. Say, for instance——"

"Well?"

"Say Pan Jazkov."

"Your father-in-law?"

"The same. Excellent man of business, I assure you. The second is Pan Kobalak."

"A cousin of yours?"

"Why, indeed you remind me: so he is; but he is a very safe man."

"Take him, and now for the third."

"What do you say to Pan Kabeleff?"

"Your friend and partner at whist?"

"Really, Pan Intendant, our mutual esteem is such that it amounts to friendship. Good and safe, you know. Men of honour are always estimable."

"Very well. I will make a note of the names."

And the two shake hands and go their several ways. These *profitkas* have raised the price of the materials tenfold; but what then? It is the state which bears the burden of the little job.

Lapowe and *profitka*. Travellers! Do not forget the first word, if you mean to make progress in Russia. Politicians! Try to understand the second, in calculating the resources of the Russian Empire.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MY MAN. A SUM.

I WILL take a man, as Lawrence Sterne took a solitary captive in his cell. I desire not to view, however, like the writer of Tristram Shandy, the iron entering into his soul. I have nothing to do with his thoughts, his motives, his feelings, his sympathies. I will take a man and give him three score and ten years to live, and breathe, and act in—a fair mean, I think. He shall be robust, laborious, sober, steady, economical of time, fond if you will of repeating the fallacious apothegm, "Time flies," and ever anxious to cut the wings of Time by the scissors of Industry.

Providence has given my man, you will not deny, a rope or cable of life composed of three hundred and sixty-five times twenty-four hours, forming alternate days and nights for seventy years. Give me the twenty-four hours to regulate the daily portion of my man by, and let us see how many of those hours necessity, habit, and the customs of the state of society he is born, and lives, and dies in, will allow him to turn to useful and profitable account.

My man must sleep. He shall not be chuckle-headed, dunder-headed, nightcap-enamoured. He shall have no occasion, as a sluggard, to consider the ways of the ant. "Let the galled jade wince," my man's withers are unwrung when Dr. Watts hears the sluggard complain and express his wish to slumber again. Yet my man shall not observe the ration of sleep fixed, I believe, by George the Third, our gracious king, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He shall be a fool, in one sense at least, and sleep eight hours *per noctem*—a reasonable, decent, honest, hygienic slumber season. This sum of sleep will amount, in the course of a man's life, to twenty-four years, to be deducted from the seventy. For twenty-four mortal years shall my man lie between the sheets, talking to people he never saw, sitting down to dinners he is never to eat, remembering minutely things he never knew, reconciling impossibilities through that system of dream-philosophy of which only the dream-master has the key; listening oft times to ravishing strains of music, of which the remembrance, as they never were, will come upon him even when he is awake, and amid the most ordinary occurrences of life—strains so sweet, so mysterious, so unearthly, so silent, yet so sentiently distinct, that they must be, I think, the tunes the angels play in Heaven upon the golden harps. Four-and-twenty years, shall my man doze away in "Bedfordshire."

My man being sober, does not, necessarily, go to bed nightly in his boots, with a damp umbrella under his arm, his hat on his head, and his waterproof paletot on his back; nor, being cleanly, does he rise in the morning without washing, shaving, shower-bathing, and ultimately dressing himself in decent attire. I will retrench the shower-bath. I will sink the existence of such things as flesh-brushes, bear's-grease, bandoline, whisker pomatum, musk, patchouli, and bergamot. My man shall be neither a fop nor a sloven. He shall not spend unnecessary matutinal minutes in cultivating a moustache, in imparting an extra curl to a whisker, or tittivating an imperial. He shall not cut himself in shaving, and waste clock time in searching for an old hat; neither shall he wear tight boots and consume unnecessary half hours in pulling them on; nor yet shall he have corns to cut, nor stays to lace. He shall not even be delayed in his daily toilet by the lack of shirt or wrist-buttons; for I will give him a wife, and an accomplished wife—a domestic wife—who shall be everything he desires, and attend to his mother-of-pearl wants without even being asked. Yet my man, though a model of cleanliness, neat-handedness, and simplicity, cannot get up, and go to bed, and dress and undress himself, in less than half an hour per day. *Ergo*, deduct from seventy years, eighteen months, or one year and a half.

This man of mine must live. Hence, it is essential that he should exercise, at certain given periods in each day, his manducatory organs: in other words, that he should eat. He is not to be a glutton, or even a *gourmand*, wandering furtively all day over town in quest of truffles, or rising with the lark to intercept fish-trains laden with Colchester oysters. Appetites for Strasburgh pies of goose liver, for elaborate *petitis plats*, for seductive Rhine wines that sparkle, and, while they sparkle, overcome, I do not allow him. He is not to have four courses daily. He shall dispense with *entrees: entremets* shall be unknown to him. He shall not sit for so long

over his dinner, and over the vinous beverages that follow it, that the green wax tapers multiply themselves unwarrantably by two, and dance in their sockets indecorously. He shall be a plain man, enjoying his plain roast and boiled, his simple steak, or unsophisticated chop, with an unimpaired digestion, powers of mastication not to be called in question, and a frame of mind prompting him to eat only when he is hungry: to eat in order that he may live; not to live in order that he may eat. Yet such a monument of abstemiousness must consume, if he take that bellyfull of victuals essential to equable health and strength, at least two hours a day. He may or may not use knives and forks, damask napkins, hubble-bubble finger glasses; he may or may not call the various meals he takes for the sustentation of his body, breakfast, dinner, lunch, snack, tiffin, tea, supper, *en cas de nuit*, or what not; but, to the complexion of this two hours' eating daily, he must come. Turtle and venison, or "potatoes and point," Alderman Gobble, or Pat the labourer, my man eats two hours per diem. There you have six years more, by which to thin the threescore and ten years.

More years to take: more minute strokes to efface from the dial of the watch of life. Love! Ah me! when you and I and all of us can remember how many entire days and weeks and months we have wasted over *that* delusion, how callous and unsympathising must seem a minute calculation of the space love mulcts a man's life of. A summer's day over a pink ribbon; hours of anguish over a crossed t in a love letter; days of perplexity as to whether that which you said last night would be taken in good part, or indeed, as to whether you said it at all; are these to be taken for nought? They shall count for nothing on my man's chronometer. He shall not waste in despair, or die because a woman's fair. He shall just catch love as one might catch the typhus fever, and be "down" with that fever for the usual time, then grow convalescent and "get over it," and forget that he ever was ill. A month for that. Yet my man, without being inflammatory, is mortal. Besides his first hot love-fever, it is but natural to mortality that he should feel, at certain periods during the seventy years he runs his race in, the power of love again; not hot, strong, ferocious, rival-hating hearts-and-darts love, but love, the soft, the tender, the prolegomena of domestic joys—of singing tea-kettles, and cats purring by the kitchen fire; not the love for black eyes and ruby lips and raven hair, but the love that makes us listen for a voice that takes us four hundred miles to hear a word—to dwell upon a look—to press a hand that never can be ours. Such love—if my man feel as most of us do—will take him at least one hour a day. Add to that, the month for the first raging love-typhus, and you have three years more to take from seventy.

I hope I have not exaggerated this average—this common mean—not denying as I do that there be *some* stony-hearted men in the world, some impervious cynics, who set their faces against love as they would against Popery. It must be remembered, too, in support of my hour a day that all lovers are intolerable prattlers, and that the major part of the daily hour of love would be consumed in purposeless gabble—that unknown tongue, which only the professor of Foneties, called Cupid, can expound.

Few men are so "accursed by fate," so utterly desolate, as not to possess some friends or acquaintances. A man may have associates with whom he may cultivate the choicest flowers of the heaven-sent plant, friendship; or, he may simply have pot companions, club friends, or business acquaintances. Still, he must know somebody, and, being by nature a talking animal, must have something to say when he meets his fellow men. I do not wish to exempt my man from the common rule. He shall be gregarious, like his fellows. He shall be no misanthrope—neither a ceaseless chatterer, nor a stock-fish of taciturnity. He shall talk in season, saying only good and sensible things—not holding men by the button, unnecessarily, in the open street; not telling them futile stories of the Peninsular war; hazarding imbecile conjectures about the weather, the ministry, or the state of Europe; nor detailing his grievances, his ailments, or the tribulations of his family, out of proper time and place. Yet I will defy him to consume less than one hour per diem in talking. This gives me three years more to deduct from the seventy of my man's life.

I have already conceded my man to be a pattern of sobriety, regularity, and morality. No fast man shall he be, entering at all sorts of hours, with his coat-pockets full of door knockers and champagne corks; pouring the minor contents of the coal-scuttle into the boots of his neighbours, or winding up his watch with the snuffers. He shall avoid casinos, select dancing academies, free-and-easies, "assaults of arms," and harmonic meetings. He shall never have heard of the Coal Hole; and the ghastly merriment known as "life in London" after midnight, shall be as a sealed book to him. Yet he must amuse himself sometimes. "All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps my man belongs to a literary and scientific institution; perhaps he attends Mesmeric lectures, or is present at expositions of the "Old force;" perhaps he sits under my humorous and accomplished friend Mr. John Parry, or joins in the sturdy choruses with which Mr. Henry Russell delights to entertain his audience. Or, he may have a fancy for Thursday evening lectures at his chapel; or for chemistry, and burning holes in the carpet and furniture with strong acids; or for Sadler's Wells Theatre, or for Doctor Bachhoffner and

the Polytechnic Institution, or for a quiet, nightly game at twopenny whist. At any rate, I will suppose that moderate amusements and the *agrémens* of society, including an evening party now and then, and some high days and holidays at Christmas and Easter or so, will give an average of two hours per diem—or six years more to be struck off the seventy.

Healthy and laborious and robust as I am willing to allow my man to be, he cannot expect to go through life without an attack of some of those ailments to which all human beings are liable. He will probably, as a child, have the usual allowance of teething fits, measles, hooping cough, chicken pox, and scarlatina: to say nothing of the supplementary, and somewhat unnecessary fits of sickness suffered by most babies through involuntary dram-drinking in a course of "Daffy's Elixir," "Godfrey's Cordial," and the nurse's pharmacopœia in general. When my man grows up, it is probable that he will have two or three good fits of illness: strong fevers and spasms at the turning points of life. Then, there will be days when he will be "poorly," and days when he will be "queer," and days when he will be "all overish." Altogether, I assume that he will be ill an hour a day, or three years during the seventy; and a luckey individual he will be, if he gets off with *that* allowance of sickness.

And let it be thoroughly understood that, in this calculation, I have never dreamt of making my man:

A smoker—in which case goodness alone knows how many hours a day he would puff away in pipes, hookas, cigars, cheroots or cigarettes.

A drinker—or what is called in the North of England, a "bider" in public-house bars, or snuggeries; simpering over a gin-noggin, or blinking at the reflection of his sodden face in a pewter counter.

A "mooner," fond of staring into shop windows, or watching the labourers pulling up the pavement to inspect the gas-pipes, or listening stolidly to the dull "pech" of the paviour's rammer on the flags.

A day dreamer, an inveterate chess player, an admirer of fly fishing, a crack shot, a neat hand at tandem driving, or an amateur dog fancier. Were he to be any of these, the whole of his daily four-and-twenty hours would be gone, before you could say Jack Robinson.

No; steady, robust, laborious, shall be this man of mine. Let me recapitulate, and see how many hours he has a day to be steady and laborious in.

In bed	8 hours.
Washing and Dressing	½ an hour.
Eating and Drinking	2 hours.
Love	1 hour.
Talking	1 hour.
Amusements	2 hours.
Sickness	1 hour.
Total	15½ hours.

These fifteen daily hours and a half, amount in all to forty-six years and six months. To these, must be added fifty-two days in every year; on which days, being Sundays, my man is forbidden to work at all. These fifty-two sabbaths amount in the aggregate to eight years, seven months, ten days and twelve hours: and the grand total to be deducted from the span of man's life is fifty-five years, one month, ten days and twelve hours: leaving fourteen years, ten months, nineteen days and twelve hours, for my man to be steady and laborious in.

Oh, sages of the East and West! oh, wise men of Gotham, for ever going to sea in bowls, political and otherwise — boastful talkers of the "monuments of human industry," and the "triumphs of human perseverance," — lecturers upon patience and ingenuity, what idlers you all are! These few paltry years are all you can devote from three-score and ten, to wisdom, and learning, and art! Atoms in immensity — bearers of farthing rushlights amid a blaze of gas, you must needs think Time was made for you, and you not made for Time!

Did I so greatly err then, when, in a former paper, I asked what antiquity was to a man, or a man to antiquity? Should he be licensed to prate so glibly of ages gone by, when he can give but so sorry an account of the years he really possesses for his own use and benefit?

"What do you call Antiquity?" the Titans might ask him, not in any way sneeringly but in a tone of good-humoured banter. "Where are your remote ages—your landmarks of the days of old? Do you know that from the first day that you were permitted to call CHRISTMAS DAY, to the end of that year which expired on the thirty-first of December last, there had only elapsed nine hundred and seventy-three millions, five hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes;—nine hundred and odd million revolutions of the minute hand on your watch? And do you call that antiquity? Are these few minutes to count for anything considerable among the accumulated ages of the World?"

The World! I speak of ours—the *parvenu*—the yester-born—the ball that has but seen some five thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years a rolling, whose certificate of birth is but of three billions, seventy-five millions, nine hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes, date. The Egyptian mummies buried three thousand years ago in the caves behind Medinet Abou, but now present among us in the British Museum, make Time a baby. In its face, Homer, with his paltry three thousand years of age, seems as juvenile as the veriest schoolboy who ever spouted Terence in the Westminster Dormitory. The Chinamen, the Hindoos, nay, the old Egyptians even—Osiris, Cheops,

Mummy wheat and all—would make Time smile with pity, if the mouth of Time were not immovable like himself.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years, only, have been numbered with the dead since the Shepherds saw the Star in the East. The lives of thirty-eight men, each living an average life of fifty years, would take us back to Solomon's temple in all its glory—to the pool of Bethesda, the feast by the mountain, and the Sunday corn-field. More; each century can boast of some patriarch, some centenarian, some old Parr, in some quarter or other of the globe. Acting on this calculation, we should want but the lives of eighteen men and three quarters, to reach to more than the time of Herod of Galilee, and Caiaphas the high priest.

Talk not to my man then, of your antiquity. The lives of four fifty years' men, place within our grasp Oliver Cromwell in semi-sovereignty at Whitehall, Blake scouring the seas for Dutchmen, Prince Rupert buccaneering, the "young man" Charles Stuart "hard up" at the Hague, entertaining the Queen of Hungary to prick him down corantos and send him a fiddler. Seven men of the like age, flaunt Peter the Hermit's cross in our eyes; pour the refuse of Europe on the hot shores of Syria; pit the crafty Greeks of Byzantium against the rude half-bandit Latins; chorus in our ears the Crusaders' war-cry, '*Hierosolyma est perdita!*' Not quite twenty half-century men, and we shall be at Hastings, where, in years yet to come, the Abbey of Battle is to be built—by the side of Harold the last Saxon king—of Guillaume Taillefer—of William of Normandy, erst called the Bastard, but soon to bear the prouder *subriquet* of Conqueror.

Antiquity! I might have had a grandfather (if I ever had one, which is doubtful to Your Highness,) who might have fought at Preston Pans. My great-grandfather might have beheaded Charles the First. My great-great-grandfather might have talked scandal about Queen Elizabeth, when Queen Elizabeth was alive to cut *his* head off for daring to talk it—or for daring to have such a thing as a head about him, if so her Royal humour ran.

Still, man, be thankful. The fourteen years, ten months, and odd, allowed you to work and learn in are sufficient. Who shall gainsay it! Wisdom and Mercy have struck the great average of compulsory idleness in man's life. I take one moral of my man to be that an Injustice or a Wrong, which seems in his slight vision eternal, is but a passing shadow that Heaven, for its great purposes, permits to fall upon this earth. What has been, may be, shall be, must be, cry the unjust stewards and wrong-doers. No, my good friends, not so. Not even though your families "came over" with the Conqueror, or trace back in a straight line to the wolf that suckled Romulus and his brother. Be in the right, keep moving and improving, stand not too much on that small footing of antiquity, or a very few generations of My Man shall trip you up, and your ancient places shall know you no more.

SILK FROM THE PUNJAUB.

Since it is not very widely known in India, of course it must be scarcely known at all in England, that there is a considerable germ of a silk trade at Umritser, Lahore, and other towns in the Punjaub. There are growing in the Punjaub mulberry trees with no silk-worms upon them, and very little sunshine from without falls on the germ of a trade. A brief account of the silk manufacturers of Lahore, read in that town about three months ago before the agri-horticultural society of the Punjaub, by its secretary, has just found its way into our hands, and though we have been terribly perplexed therein among Khutree, Putpheras, and Taneewalas, we have fought our way through a shower of such whizzing terms as khora, oora, vana, kucher, guz, peta, chooree, sujee, zubz, khe, poombee, and others, and have taken by storm, in the teeth of the battery, one or two safe positions. It is true that we have been obliged totally to abandon our attempt to master this parenthesis (jub shuhur bur-bad hogeea), but when we say that we have not been baffled by the information that "the stock-in-trade of the putphera consists of two oorees, costing six pies each," that we were only for a moment led to remark upon the unsuitability of pies, especially those of a fruity and a juicy kind, for transfer from hand to pocket in the character of money, that we did not go more deeply into any question of the merits or demerits of a pie currency, or inquire how many hours any youth under such a monetary system could be supposed able to avoid breaking into his pocket-money, it is evident that we have not been altogether mowed down by the hostile regiments of Chowdrees, Churkhs, and Kuchurs. We have enjoyed the pleasure of a little Indian conquest, and after all our battles with the Churkhs and Chowdrees, this information following is what remains to us as masters of the field.

Runjeet Singh, as became the first gentleman in the Punjaub, kept a well-dressed court; he and his sirdars, and many of their military retainers, wore a great deal of silk, and their patronage gave full employment to the local weavers. There were oppressive imposts which checked any display of mercantile enterprise, or growth of trade by foreign intercourse; therefore it happened that before, and in the time of Runjeet Singh, the silk made in the Sikh dominions rarely crossed the Sutlej, and was almost unknown among the English. The patronage of Runjeet Singh being now lost, and the trammels of trade being now loosened, the silk trade of Umritser, and Lahore, and other towns in their position, must get a little name

in the world's market if it is to prosper. The silks made in these places are not dear, they are of good appearance, and have (with one or two exceptions) the unusual advantage of being washable without the slightest injury to their appearance. Good silk dresses, warranted to wash as readily as linen, and with quite as little damage to their beauty, ought to obtain patronage in Europe.

One great peculiarity about the silk fabrics of the Punjaub, is that they are made from the raw silk brought by Lohanee merchants across the Indus, through Afghanistan, from Khorasan and Bokhara. In Khanikoff's account of Bokhara, its Emeer and people, it is said that, "the silk of Bokhara is much inferior to that of China, and even to the French and Lombard silks." The silk-workers of the Punjaub are of a very different opinion. A great deal of silk from Bengal and some from China, *viâ* Bombay, finds its way into the Punjaub, but the best of it only fetches half the price of silk from Bokhara; often it will fetch only a third. Bokhara silk is called by the natives "Hathee singul"—strong-enough-to-hold-an-elephant, a name which gives some promise of strength and durability for dresses woven from its thousand threads.

The methods of silk winding, twisting, dyeing, and weaving, followed in the Punjaub are of course extremely primitive. The cost of manufacture is not great, and if the cost of the raw silk were lessened by the introduction of silkworms, a very valuable branch of trade might be promoted which would help to keep the fingers of the people out of border frays. In many of the valleys at the foot of the Salceman range, and in the fertile valley of Bunoo, particularly, the common mulberry abounds, and its growth is favoured by the care and cultivation of the natives, who enjoy a doze under its leafy shade, and in due season mend their diet with its fruit. Dr. W. Jamieson, Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, N. W. P., says in his MS. Report on the Physical Aspect of the Punjaub, lent to the Lahore Society by the Board of Administration:—"In this (the Julundur) Doab, the mulberry grows with great luxuriance, and silk is a great article of trade in Julundur. The introduction of the silkworm might, therefore, if properly conducted, be attended with success. The *Morus Multicaulis* has been introduced from the Saharanpoor garden, and is growing with great vigour. The subject is, therefore, well worthy of attention, seeing that in the province itself there is a large demand for the raw material.

The Government of India has spent money to good purpose on the introduction of the tea plant. Its success would be equally certain if it took measures that would raise the silk trade of the Punjaub and of other provinces, depressed just now by change of Government, to a flourishing condition. If the weavers and dealers of Umritser, Lahore, and Mooltan could obtain the raw silk cheaply, close at hand—both mulberry trees and silkworms being, if possible, transplanted out of Bokhara—they could lower the price of their wares, and command extended sale. The Punjaub might even come in time to export raw silk. Bengal exports two million of pounds yearly for the English trade, and there is no geographical reason why the Punjaub should not help us too.

Of the process of silk manufacture, as it is now carried on at Lahore, a very brief account will be sufficient. There are no factories, of course; nor is there even any direct communication between the capitalist and the artisans. The different processes through which the silk must pass between the states of raw material and manufactured fabric, are represented by so many classes of workpeople, who all work at their own homes or shops. In each class there are brokers who obtain work from the dealer, distribute it among the shops, conveying the material in all cases to and fro, and paid a small commission by the workman from his wages.

The raw silk is first placed in the hands of the winders. There are two hundred and twenty-five winders in Lahore, some Mussulmen and some Hindoos. The stock-in-trade of the winder consists of two small wheels, placed eight or ten feet apart, one against a wall near the ceiling, and the other near the floor, with a few smaller reels on which, as they move swiftly round to the jerks of a stick, he winds the silk. It passes between the fingers of his left hand as it runs, and the moment that his touch perceives a change of quality, he breaks the thread off with his teeth and takes another reel; the respective ends on the reel and the winding-stick being expeditiously knotted by the tongue, and so finely that, although the join is then felt by the fingers, it disappears entirely in the dyeing. The whole stock and business outfit of a winder at Lahore, costs not more than three shillings and fourpence.

The broker of the winders having returned to the dealer the raw silk parted into three qualities according to its fineness (corresponding respectively to our organzine, tram, and refuse), the broker of the twisters takes it to the twisters, of which class of people there are eighty-seven in Lahore, working in twelve open sheds, and earning an average of about sevenpence a day. All that is done in this country by mechanism, is done by the twisters of Lahore by hand; their whole stock-in-trade, the reels included, being worth only sixteen or eighteen pence.

The dye-house, to which the silk next goes, has more costly fittings; there are ten silk dyers in Lahore, and the expense of setting up a dye-house, including two iron pans, two copper ones, two furnaces, and six washing pans, is between eleven and twelve pounds. The dyers are rather clever; their chief colours are white, yellow, green, and scarlet,

but they are competent to dye from any pattern.

The dyers say that their ancestors went to the south to learn, and brought the art from Mooltan, in the reigns of Akhbar, when Lahore was in a flourishing condition. That when the Sikhs first took possession of the town, trades of all kinds were discouraged; and here occurs the battery we cannot force, the terrible parenthesis (jub shuhur bur-bad hogeea). The dyers emigrated, some to Jumoo and some to Jugraon, but returned, on the government assuming a more settled aspect under Runjeet Singh. They are all Mussulmen. They earn a living, with no margin out of which to save. They hire no labourers; but all the males of a house, father, brothers, sons, and nephews, work together. Their shops are all disorderly, dirty, and unwholesome, surrounded by their little hoards of filth.

Finally, and again by means of an intervening broker, the dyed silk is taken to the weaver's. The Lahore weaver works very much as the English weaver worked a hundred years ago, except that his machinery is even ruder. The number of weavers in Lahore is four hundred and forty-seven: they are at work in about a hundred and thirty shops. They are all Mussulmen, and the earnings of one of them rarely exceed fourpence halfpenny a day. The whole cost of a loom is between sixteen and seventeen shillings.

These people all work, except the dyers, in confined apartments; and it is curious, that although the winding and the twisting could be done very well indeed by women, there is not one woman employed in the silk manufacture at Lahore.

Having spoken our word on behalf of encouragement to the beginnings of a silk trade in the Punjaub, we are reminded to add, that free admission of silk goods from Lahore, France, or from any other foreign place is not courted by the customs of this country. English silk manufacturers are protected, and however much the English farmer may believe in the protective principle, the English manufacturer has wit enough to beg that he may not be put on the low footing of a domestic pet. The manufacturers of broad silk in Manchester, in consequence of the depressed state of their trade, have been petitioning the Government of late, not for any compensation or protection, but for the cessation of protective duties in their favour. They believe that their foreign trade is seriously damaged by the impression made in the markets of the world, that in the matter of silk England is unable to compete with the continental manufacturer, and that therefore she bolsters up her trade with a protective duty. To this error the broad silk manufacturers object, and they desire, therefore, in a manly way, to be put out of leading-strings, and left to depend solely on their own exertions. That, indeed, is what we must all do, sooner or later; and a government that would assist its subjects in their industry should not only open new roads of enterprise, but also take away as much as possible the turnpike gates from any that are now frequented.

THE GREAT CRANFORD PANIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Soon after the events of which I gave an account in my last paper, I was summoned home by my father's illness; and for a time I forgot, in anxiety about him, to wonder how my dear friends at Cranford were getting on, or how Lady Glenmire could reconcile herself to the dulness of the long visit which she was still paying to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jamieson. When my father grew a little stronger I accompanied him to the seaside, so that altogether I seemed banished from Cranford, and was deprived of the opportunity of hearing any chance intelligence of the dear little town for the greater part of that year. Late in November—when we had returned home again, and my father was once more in good health—I received a letter from Miss Matey; and a very mysterious letter it was. She began many sentences without ending them, running them one into another, in much the same confused sort of way in which written words run together on blotting-paper. All I could make out was, that if my father was better (which she hoped he was), and would take warning and wear a great coat from Michaelmas to Lady-day, if turbans were in fashion, could I tell her? such a piece of gaiety was going to happen as had not been seen or known of since Wombwell's lions came, when one of them ate a little child's arm; and she was, perhaps, too old to care about dress, but a new cap she must have; and, having heard that turbans were worn, and some of the county families likely to come, she would like to look tidy, if I would bring her a cap from the milliner I employed; and oh, dear! how careless of her to forget that she wrote to beg I would come and pay her a visit next Tuesday; when she hoped to have something to offer me in the way of amusement, which she would not now more particularly describe, only sea-green was her favourite colour. So she ended her letter; but in a P.S. she added, she thought she might as well tell me what was the peculiar attraction to Cranford just now; Signor Brunoni was going to exhibit his wonderful magic in the Cranford Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday and Friday evening in the following week.

I was very glad to accept the invitation from my dear Miss Matey, independently of the conjuror; and most particularly anxious to prevent her from disfiguring her small gentle mousey face with a great Saracen's head turban; and, accordingly, I bought her a pretty, neat, middle-aged cap, which,

however, was rather a disappointment to her when, on my arrival, she followed me into my bed-room, ostensibly to poke the fire, but in reality, I do believe, to see if the sea-green turban was not inside the cap-box with which I had travelled. It was in vain that I twirled the cap round on my hand to exhibit back and side fronts; her heart had been set upon a turban, and all she could do was to say, with resignation in her look and voice:

"I am sure you did your best, my dear. It is just like the caps all the ladies in Cranford are wearing, and they have had theirs for a year, I dare say. I should have liked something newer, I confess—something more like the turbans Miss Betty Barker tells me Queen Adelaide wears; but it is very pretty, my dear. And I dare say lavender will wear better than sea-green. Well, after all, what is dress that we should care about it! You 'll tell me if you want anything, my dear. Here is the bell. I suppose turbans have not got down to Drumble yet?"

So saying, the dear old lady gently bemoaned herself out of the room, leaving me to dress for the evening, when, as she informed me, she expected Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester, and she hoped I should not feel myself too much tired to join the party. Of course I should not; and I made some haste to unpack and arrange my dress; but, with all my speed, I heard the arrivals and the buzz of conversation in the next room before I was ready. Just as I opened the door, I caught the words—"I was foolish to expect anything very genteel out of the Drumble shops—poor girl! she did her best, I've no doubt." But for all that, I had rather that she blamed Drumble and me than disfigured herself with a turban. Miss Pole was always the person, in the trio of Cranford ladies now assembled, to have had adventures. She was in the habit of spending the morning in rambling from shop to shop; not to purchase anything (except an occasional reel of cotton, or a piece of tape), but to see the new articles and report upon them, and to collect all the stray pieces of intelligence in the town. She had a way, too, of demurely popping hither and thither into all sorts of places to gratify her curiosity on any point; a way which, if she had not looked so very genteel and prim, might have been considered impertinent. And now, by the expressive way in which she cleared her throat, and waited for all minor subjects (such as caps and turbans) to be cleared off the course, we knew she had something very particular to relate, when the due pause came—and I defy any people, possessed of common modesty, to keep up a conversation long where one among them sits up aloft in silence, looking down upon all the things they chance to say as trivial and contemptible compared to what they could disclose, if properly entreated. Miss Pole began:

"As I was stepping out of Gordon's shop, to-day, I chanced to go into the George (my Betty has a second-cousin who is chambermaid there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was), and, not seeing any one about, I strolled up the staircase, and found myself in the passage leading to the Assembly Room (you and I remember the Assembly Room, I am sure, Miss Matey! and the *minuets de la cour!*); so I went on, not thinking of what I was about, when, all at once, I perceived that I was in the middle of the preparations for to-morrow night—room being divided with great clothes-maids, over which Crosby's men were tacking red flannel—very dark and odd it seemed; it quite bewildered me, and I was going on behind the screens, in my absence of mind, when a gentleman (quite the gentleman, I can assure you,) stepped forward and asked if I had any business he could arrange for me. He spoke such pretty broken English, I could not help thinking of Thaddæus of Warsaw and the Hungarian Brothers, and Santo Sebastiani; and while I was busy picturing his past life to myself, he had bowed me out of the room. But wait a minute! You have not heard half my story yet! I was going downstairs, when who should I meet but Betty's second-cousin. So, of course, I stopped to speak to her for Betty's sake; and she told me that I had really seen the conjuror; the gentleman who spoke broken English was Signor Brunoni himself. Just at this moment he passed us on the stairs, making such a graceful bow, in reply to which I dropped a curtsey—all foreigners have such polite manners, one catches something of it. But when he had gone down stairs, I bethought me that I had dropped my glove in the Assembly Room (it was safe in my muff all the time, but I never found it till afterwards); so I went back, and, just as I was creeping up the passage left on one side of the great screen that goes nearly across the room, who should I see but the very same gentleman that had met me before, and passed me on the stairs, coming now forwards from the inner part of the room, to which there is no entrance—you remember, Miss Matey!—and just repeating, in his pretty broken English, the inquiry if I had any business there—I don't mean that he put it quite so bluntly, but he seemed very determined that I should not pass the screen—so, of course I explained about my glove, which, curiously enough, I found at that very moment."

Miss Pole then had seen the conjuror—the real live conjuror; and numerous were the questions we all asked her: "Had he a beard? Was he young or old? Fair or dark? Did he look"—(unable to shape my question prudently, I put it in another form)—"How did he look?" In short, Miss Pole was the heroine of the evening, owing to her morning's encounter. If she was not the rose (that is to say the conjuror), she had been near it.

Conjuration, sleight of hand, magic, witchcraft were the subjects of the evening. Miss Pole was slightly sceptical, and inclined to think there might be a scientific solution found for even the proceedings of the Witch of Endor. Mrs. Forrester believed everything, from ghosts to death-watches. Miss Matey ranged between the two—always convinced by the last speaker. I think she was naturally more inclined to Mrs. Forrester's side, but a desire of proving herself a worthy sister to Miss Jenkyns kept her equally balanced—Miss Jenkyns, who would never allow a servant to call the little rolls of tallow that formed themselves round candles, "winding-sheets," but insisted on their being spoken of as "roly-poleys!" A sister of hers to be superstitious! It would never do.

After tea, I was despatched downstairs into the dining-parlour for that volume of the old encyclopedia which contained the nouns beginning with C, in order that Miss Pole might prime herself with scientific explanations for the tricks of the following evening. It spoilt the pool at Preference which Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester had been looking forward to, for Miss Pole became so much absorbed in her subject, and the plates by which it was illustrated, that we felt it would be cruel to disturb her, otherwise than by one or two well-timed yawns, which I threw in now and then, for I was really touched by the meek way in which the two ladies were bearing their disappointment. But Miss Pole only read the more zealously, imparting to us no more interesting information than this:—

"Ah! I see; I comprehend perfectly. A represents the ball. Put A between B and D—no! between C and F, and turn the second joint over the third finger of your left hand over the wrist of your right H. Very clear indeed! My dear Mrs. Forrester, conjuring and witchcraft is a mere affair of the alphabet. Do let me read you this one passage?"

Mrs. Forrester implored Miss Pole to spare her, saying, from a child upwards, she never could understand being read aloud to; and I dropped the pack of cards, which I had been shuffling very audibly: and by this discreet movement, I obliged Miss Pole to perceive that Preference was to have been the order of the evening, and to propose, rather unwillingly, that the pool should commence. The pleasant brightness that stole over the other two ladies' faces on this! Miss Matey had one or two twinges of self-reproach for having interrupted Miss Pole in her studies; and did not remember her cards well, or give her full attention to the game, until she had soothed her conscience by offering to lend the volume of the Encyclopædia to Miss Pole; who accepted it thankfully, and said Betty should take it home when she came with the lantern.

The next evening we were all in a little gentle flutter at the idea of the gaiety before us. Miss Matey went up to dress betimes, and hurried me until I was ready, when we found we had an hour and a half to wait before the "doors opened at seven, precisely." And we had only twenty yards to go! However, as Miss Matey said, it would not do to get too much absorbed in anything, and forget the time; so, she thought we had better sit quietly, without lighting the candles, till five minutes to seven. So Miss Matey dozed, and I knitted.

At length we set off; and at the door, under the carriage-way at the George, we met Mrs. Forrester and Miss Pole: the latter was discussing the subject of the evening with more vehemence than ever, and throwing As and Bs at our heads like hail-stones. She had even copied one or two of the "receipts"—as she called them—for the different tricks, on backs of letters, ready to explain and to detect Signor Brunoni's arts. We went into the cloak-room adjoining the Assembly Room; Miss Matey gave a sigh or two to her departed youth, and the remembrance of the last time she had been there, as she adjusted her pretty new cap before the strange, quaint old mirror in the cloak-room. The Assembly Room had been added to the inn about a hundred years before, by the different county families, who met together there once a month during the winter, to dance and play at cards. Many a county beauty had first swam through the minuet that she afterwards danced before Queen Charlotte, in this very room. It was said that one of the Gunnings had graced the apartment with her beauty; it was certain that a rich and beautiful widow, Lady Williams, had here been smitten with the noble figure of a young artist, who was staying with some family in the neighbourhood for professional purposes, and accompanied his patrons to the Cranford Assembly. And a pretty bargain poor Lady Williams had of her handsome husband, if all tales were true! Now, no beauty blushed and dimpled along the sides of the Cranford Assembly Room; no handsome artist won hearts by his bow, *chapeau bras* in hand: the old room was dingy; the salmon-coloured paint had faded into a drab; great pieces of plaster had chipped off from the white wreaths and festoons on its walls; but still a mouldy colour of aristocracy lingered about the place, and a dusty recollection of the days that were gone made Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester bridle up as they entered, and walk mincingly up the room as if there were a number of genteel observers, instead of two little boys, with a stick of toffy between them with which to beguile the time.

We stopped short at the second front row; I could hardly understand why, until I heard Miss Pole ask a stray waiter if any of the County families were expected; and when he shook his head, and believed not, Mrs. Forrester and Miss Matey moved forwards,

and our party represented a conversational square. The front row was soon augmented and enriched by Lady Glenmire and Mrs. Jamieson. We six occupied the two front rows, and our aristocratic seclusion was respected by the groups of shopkeepers who strayed in from time to time, and huddled together on the back benches. At least I conjectured so, from the noise they made, and the sonorous bumps they gave in sitting down; but when, in weariness of the obstinate green curtain, that would not draw up, but would stare at me with two odd eyes, seen through holes, as in the old tapestry story, I would fain have looked round at the merry chattering people behind me, Miss Pole clutched my arm, and begged me not to turn, for "it was not the thing." What "the thing" was I never could find out, but it must have been something eminently dull and tiresome. However, we all sat eyes right, square front, gazing at the tantalizing curtain, and hardly speaking intelligibly, we were so afraid of being caught in the vulgarity of making any noise in the place of public amusement. Mrs. Jamieson was the most fortunate, for she fell asleep. At length the eyes disappeared—the curtain quivered—one side went up before the other, which stuck fast; it was dropped again, and, with a fresh effort, and a vigorous pull from some unseen hand, it flew up, revealing to our sight a magnificent gentleman in the Turkish costume, seated before a little table, gazing at us (I should have said with the same eyes that I had last seen through the hole in the curtain) with calm and condescending dignity, "like a being of another sphere," as I heard a sentimental voice ejaculate behind me.

"That's not Signor Brunoni!" said Miss Pole decidedly, and so audibly that I am sure he heard, for he glanced down over his flowing beard at our party with an air of mute reproach. "Signor Brunoni had no beard—but perhaps he'll come soon." So she lulled herself into patience. Meanwhile, Miss Matey had reconnoitred through her eye-glass; wiped it, and looked again. Then she turned round, and said to me, in a kind, mild, sorrowful tone:—

"You see, my dear, turbans *are* worn."

But we had no time for more conversation. The grand Turk, as Miss Pole chose to call him, arose and announced himself as Signor Brunoni.

"I don't believe him!" exclaimed Miss Pole, in a defiant manner. He looked at her again, with the same dignified upbraiding in his countenance. "I don't!" she repeated, more positively than ever. "Signor Brunoni had not got that muffy sort of thing about his chin, but looked like a close-shaved Christian gentleman."

Miss Pole's energetic speeches had the good effect of wakening up Mrs. Jamieson, who opened her eyes wide in sign of the deepest attention, a proceeding which silenced Miss Pole, and encouraged the Grand Turk to proceed, which he did in very broken English—so broken that there was no cohesion between the parts of his sentences; a fact which he himself perceived at last, and so left off speaking and proceeded to action.

Now we *were* astonished. How he did his tricks I could not imagine; no, not even when Miss Pole pulled out her pieces of paper and began reading aloud—or at least in a very audible whisper—the separate "receipts" for the most common of his tricks. If ever I saw a man frown, and look enraged, I saw the Grand Turk frown at Miss Pole; but, as she said, what could be expected but unchristian looks from a Mussulman? If Miss Pole was sceptical, and more engrossed with her receipts and diagrams than with his tricks, Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester were mystified and perplexed to the highest degree. Mrs. Jamieson kept taking her spectacles off and wiping them, as if she thought it was something defective in them which made the legerdemain; and Lady Glenmire, who had seen many curious sights in Edinburgh, was very much struck with the tricks, and would not at all agree with Miss Pole, who declared that anybody could do them with a little practice—and that she would, herself, undertake to do all he did, with two hours given to study the Encyclopædia, and make her third finger flexible.

At last, Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester became perfectly awe-struck. They whispered together. I sat just behind them, so I could not help hearing what they were saying. Miss Matey asked Mrs. Forrester, "if she thought it was quite right to have come to see such things? She could not help fearing they were lending encouragement to something that was not quite——" a little shake of the head filled up the blank. Mrs. Forrester replied, that the same thought had crossed her mind; she too, was feeling very uncomfortable; it was so very strange. She was quite certain that it was her pocket-handkerchief which was in that loaf just now; and it had been in her own hand not five minutes before. She wondered who had furnished the bread? She was sure it could not be Dabine because he was the churchwarden. Suddenly, Miss Matey half turned towards me:—

"Will you look, my dear—you are a stranger in the town, and it won't give rise to unpleasant reports—will you just look round and see if the rector is here? If he is, I think we may conclude that this wonderful man is sanctioned by the Church, and that will be a great relief to my mind."

I looked, and I saw the tall, thin, dry, dusty rector sitting, surrounded by National School boys, guarded by troops of his own sex from any approach of the many Cranford spinsters. His kind face was all agape with broad smiles, and the boys around him were in chinks of laughing. I told Miss Matey that the Church was smiling approval, which

set her mind at ease. I have never named Mr. Hayter, the rector, because I, as a well-to-do and happy young woman, never came in contact with him. He was an old bachelor, but as afraid of matrimonial reports getting abroad about him as any girl of eighteen: and he would rush into a shop, or dive down an entry sooner than encounter any of the Cranford ladies in the street; and, as for the Preference parties, I did not wonder at his not accepting invitations to them. To tell the truth, I always suspected Miss Pole of having given very vigorous chace to Mr. Hayter when he first came to Cranford; and not the 'less, because now she appeared to share so vividly in his dread lest her name should ever be coupled with his. He found all his interests among the poor and helpless; he had treated the National School boys this very night to the performance; and virtue was for once its own reward, for they guarded him right and left, and clung round him as if he had been the queen bee, and they the swarm. He felt so safe in their environment that he could even afford to give our party a bow as we filed out. Miss Pole ignored his presence, and pretended to be absorbed in convincing us that we had been cheated, and had not seen Signor Brunoni after all.

I think a series of circumstances dated from Signor Brunoni's visit to Cranford, which seemed at the time connected in our minds with him, though I don't know that he had anything really to do with them. All at once all sorts of uncomfortable rumours got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies—real bonâ fide robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial: and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time at Miss Matey's, I know, we used to make a regular expedition all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matey leading the way, armed with a poker, I following with the hearth-brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire-irons with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back-kitchen or store-room, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over, we recollected ourselves, and set out afresh with double valiance. By day we heard strange stories from the shopkeepers and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door. Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports, so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins' worn out hats to hang up in her lobby, and we (at least I) had my doubts as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matey made no secret of being an arrant coward; but she went regularly through her housekeeper's duty of inspection, only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, till at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matey adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over the sooner."

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town, that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other, that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers, who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French. This last comparison of our nightly state of defence and fortification, was made by Mrs. Forrester, whose father had served under General Burgoyne in the American war, and whose husband had fought the French in Spain. She indeed inclined to the idea that in some way, the French were connected with the small thefts, which were ascertained facts, and the burglaries and highway robberies, which were rumours. She had been deeply impressed with the idea of French spies, at some time in her life; and the notion could never be fairly eradicated, but sprung up again from time to time. And now her theory was this: the Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers—if strangers, why not foreigners?—if foreigners, who so likely as the French? Signor Brunoni spoke broken English like a Frenchman, and, though he wore a turban like a Turk, Mrs. Forrester had seen a print of Madame de Staël with a turban on, and another of Mr. Denon in just such a dress as that in which the conjurer had made his appearance; showing clearly that the French, as well as the Turks, wore turbans: there could be no doubt Signor Brunoni was a Frenchman—a French spy, come to discover the weak and undefended places of England; and, doubtless, he had his accomplices; for her part, she, Mrs. Forrester, had always had her own opinion of Miss Pole's adventure at the George Inn—seeing two men where only one was believed to be. French people had ways and means, which she was thankful to say the English knew nothing about; and she had never felt quite easy in her mind about going to see that conjurer; it was rather too much like a forbidden thing, though the rector was there. In short, Mrs. Forrester grew more excited

than we had ever known her before; and being an officer's daughter and widow, we looked up to her opinion, of course. Really I do not know how much was true or false in the reports which flew about like wildfire just at this time; but it seemed to me then that there was every reason to believe that at Mardon (a small town about eight miles from Cranford) houses and shops were entered by holes made in the walls, the bricks being silently carried away in the dead of the night, and all done so quietly, that no sound was heard either in or out of the house. Miss Matey gave it up in despair when she heard of this. "What was the use," said she, "of locks and bolts, and bells at the windows, and going round the house every night? That last trick was fit for a conjuror. Now she did believe that Signor Brunoni was at the bottom of it."

One afternoon, about five o'clock, we were startled by a hasty knock at the door. Miss Matey bade me run and tell Martha on no account to open the door till she (Miss Matey) had reconnoitred through the window; and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape, as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little hand-basket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" said she to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matey. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the George. I can sit up here all night, if you will allow me; but my house is so far from any neighbours; and I don't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so!"

"But," said Miss Matey, "what has alarmed you so much? Have you seen any men lurking about the house?"

"Oh yes!" answered Miss Pole. "Two very bad-looking men have gone three times past the house, very slowly; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half an hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving, and she must speak to the mistress; you see, she said 'mistress,' though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said 'master.' But Betty shut the door in her face, and came up to me and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlour-window watching, till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town."

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole, who had professed such bravery until she was frightened; but we were too glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity to exult over her: and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matey's bed for the night. But before we retired, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder, that I quite quaked in my shoes. Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience that she was justified in her sudden panic; and Miss Matey did not like to be outdone, and capped every story with one yet more horrible, till it reminded me, oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a nightingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards, was of a girl, who was left in charge of a great old house in Cumberland, on some particular fair day, when the other servants all went off to the gaieties. The family were away in London, and a pedlar came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying, he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter) roaming about in search of amusement, chanced to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, hit the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as if she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she baffled the robbers with Italian irons, heated red hot, and then restored to blackness by being pipped in grease. We parted for the night with an awe-struck wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning—and, on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone: I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But, until Lady Glenmire came to call next day, we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire-irons were in exactly the same position against the back door, as when Martha and I had skilfully piled them up like spillikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter, if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matey that we should cover up our faces under the bed-clothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking that we could identify them; but Miss Matey, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should certainly do her best to lay hold of them, and lock them up in the garret till morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had

really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower-borders, underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be;" and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad. Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room, in the third story, and when his night-capped head had appeared over the bannisters, in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his bed-room, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say, if the supposed robbers would come to him he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own, before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed, if they neglected the opportunities of robbery presented by the unguarded lower stories to go up to a garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house. Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself warmly up on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed, and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this, she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off their plate, they had changed their tactics and gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was! Poor Carlo! his barking days were nearly over. Whether the gang who infested the neighbourhood were afraid of him; or whether they were revengeful enough for the way in which he had baffled them on the night in question to poison him; or whether, as some among the more uneducated people thought, he died of apoplexy, brought on by too much feeding and too little exercise; at any rate, it is certain that two days after this eventful night Carlo was found dead, with his poor little legs stretched out stiff in the attitude of running, as if by such unusual exertion he could escape the fell pursuer, Death. We were all sorry for Carlo, the old familiar friend who had snapped at us for so many years; and the mysterious mode of his death made us very uncomfortable. Could Signor Brunoni be at the bottom of this? He had apparently killed a canary with only a word of command; his will seemed of deadly force; who knew but what he might yet be lingering in the neighbourhood willing all sorts of awful things! We whispered these fancies among ourselves in the evenings; but in the mornings our courage came back with the daylight, and in a week's time we had got over the shock of Carlo's death; all but Mrs. Jamieson. She, poor thing, felt it as she had felt no event since her husband's death; indeed Miss Pole said, that as the Honourable Mr. Jamieson drank a good deal, and occasioned her much uneasiness, it was possible that Carlo's death might be the greater affliction. But there was always a tinge of cynicism in Miss Pole's remarks. However, one thing was clear and certain; it was necessary for Mrs. Jamieson to have some change of scene; and Mr. Mulliner was very impressive on this point, shaking his head whenever we inquired after his mistress, and speaking of her loss of appetite and bad nights very ominously; and with justice too, for if she had two characteristics in her natural state of health, they were a facility of eating and sleeping. If she could neither eat nor sleep, she must be indeed out of spirits and out of health. Lady Glenmire (who had evidently taken very kindly to Cranford), did not like the idea of Mrs. Jamieson's going to Cheltenham, and more than once insinuated pretty plainly that it was Mr. Mulliner's doing, who had been much alarmed on the occasion of the house being attacked, and since had said, more than once, that he felt it a very responsible charge to have to defend so many women. However, Mrs. Jamieson went to Cheltenham, escorted by Mr. Mulliner; and Lady Glenmire remained in possession of the house, her ostensible office being to take care that the maid-servants did not pick up followers. She made a very pleasant-looking dragon; and, as soon as it was arranged for her to stay in Cranford, she found out that Mrs. Jamieson's visit to Cheltenham was just the best thing in the world. She had let her house in Edinburgh, and was for the time houseless, so the charge of her sister-in-law's comfortable abode was very convenient and acceptable.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick for alliteration's sake probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
For forty long years, as the neighbours declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the ricketty signboard no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell;
But for house and for man a new title took growth
Like a fungus; the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust!
Old curtains—half cobwebs—hung grimly aloof;
'Twas a spider's Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Diry Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop—less to buy than to stare;
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

But they pried not upstairs, through the dirt and the gloom,
Nor peeped at the door of the wonderful room
That gossips made much of, in accents subdued,
But whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed.

That room—forty years since, folk settled and decked it.
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.
The handsome young host, he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turned the key in that door.
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go,
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust;
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wines swath'd in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his parts in the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean;
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE village of Nimporte, in the Département de la Vigne, gives birth to a fine, strong, male infant, whom it takes the trouble to have baptized Jacques by the Curé—whom it subsequently feeds with milk, and soup, and bread, and salad, and wine, and meat, and all the good things of the *pots à feu* of France—whom it sends to the Communale School, to learn reading, and writing, and a catechism which would sadly puzzle you and me—whose bodily powers it trains by the gymnastic exercises of the plough, the flail, the farmyard, and the ball-room,—and whom it supplies with tobacco, coffee, drops of *eau-de-vie*, and domino money, till he attains the age of one-and-twenty.

At the same epoch, the village of Cowthorpe, in the Central Riding of Yorkshire, has also a thrifty baby, which it christens John, and rears on exactly the same principles as Nimporte has brought up Jacques to man's estate—with merely a few alterations in the details—till he likewise reaches his happy majority.

The philo-progenitive task having proceeded thus far, and the respective fatherlands having each nursed and trained a strapping son—then, Nimporte and Cowthorpe—seeing that they neither of them have fields or vineyards wanting arms and hands to cultivate them, nor sick and aged people requiring relations and children to maintain them, nor pretty girls wishing for husbands to come and marry them—then Nimporte and Cowthorpe, having no further use for Jacques and John, set them face to face on a certain patch of level ground, with strict injunctions to knock one another on the head; which they forthwith effectually execute. That is war! Herr Teufelsdröckh's appeal to the absurd in Sartor Resartus is beautiful, even in the shape of this feeble translation from the difficult original.

Such then is war, when analysed into its component elements! A walk which I was taking, not many weeks ago, suggested to my mind the true bearings of taxation, that is, of certain modes of taxation, which are still maintained by zealous advocates.

Every man, I suppose, who has lived in the world for thirty or forty years, has a little private picture-gallery in his head, consisting of landscapes, portraits, and perhaps a few history pieces. He can shut his eyes, and, with a mental catalogue in hand, can make the whole series pass before him, in all the vividness and variety of dioramic effect. It is very like amusing one's self, though at a cheaper rate, with those magnificent folios and artistic gleanings of travel, which are

it and leaned sleepily against the wheel. The officer of the watch shut his eyes to it and nodded on the sky-light. I, with head and arms resting on the bulwarks, was chewing a quid, when from the topmast crosstrees a clear voice rang out, "There she spouts! Blackskin a-head! There, there she blows again!" —"Where away?" shouted the mate.—"Three points on the weather bow. Hurrah! There she breaches clean out! Single spouts—a school of sparms!" The quiet people of the ship were wakened up as though they had all suddenly been galvanized, and jumped about with a delirious activity. The captain rushed up half-dressed from his cabin, with one side of his face elaborately lathered, and a little rivulet of blood trickling from the other. The men blocked up the fore scuttle, and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to reach the deck. Then followed rapid orders, rapidly executed. The ship, which had been slipping along under double-reefed topsail, foresail, and mizen, was easily hove to. "Haul up the foresail! Back the mainyard! Pass the tubs into the boats. Bear a hand, and jump in! See the tackle falls clear. Ready?"—"Ay, ay, sir; all ready!" —"Lower away!" The falls whizzed through the davit heads; the men, already seated at their oars, struck out the instant the boats touched the water. Among the men who struck out I was one, and I was then about for the first time to commit assault and battery against the monarch of the sea, and help, if possible, to part leviathan among the merchants.

I take upon myself now to describe a whale boat. South Sea whalers may be distinguished at sea by their boats; they usually carry five, sometimes seven, hung over the side by tackles attached to wooden or iron cranes, called davits, the bow of each boat hanging from one davit and the stern from another. The tackle falls are carefully coiled upon the davits, so that they can be let go with a certainty of running clear; and to the bottom of the tackle blocks is attached a weight which instantly unhooks them when the boat touches the water. The boats are of peculiar shape; made low, and of great beam amidships, they gradually taper towards each end. Head and stern are alike, both sharp as a wedge, and raised by a gentle curve which traverses the whole length of the boat. The whale boats, being made in this way, are nearly flat-bottomed in the middle, and have little hold of the water. Their light build, sharp stems, and rounded sides, give them great swiftness; and their width and low centre of gravity cause them to be, when properly managed, very safe. They are steered by a long and heavy oar, which passes through a rope strap attached to the sternpost. The long leverage gives to the steersman great power over his boat, and enables him to alter her direction, or to turn her round in far less time than if he used the common rudder. In the stern of the boat is fixed a strong, round piece of timber called the loggerhead, to which the towing rope is affixed, and which also serves to check the line when fast to a whale. The head-sheets are covered in by a strong board having a deep circular, cut on its inner edge, used by the harpooner as a support when in the act of striking. The harpoon, or "iron" as we whalers call it—I say we whalers on the strength of my first cruise—is made of the very best wrought iron, so tough that it will twist into any shape without breaking. It is about three and a half feet in length, with a keen, flat, barbed point at one end, and at the other a socket, in which is inserted the point of a heavy pole or staff. The whale-line is firmly fastened to the iron itself, and then connected with the staff in such a manner that, when the blow is struck and the line tightens, the staff comes out of the socket, leaving only the iron in the whale. If this plan were not adopted, the heavy pole, by its own weight and its resistance to the water, would tear out the iron, and so we should lose the fish. When in chase, the harpoon lies on the boat's head with its point over the stem ready for immediate use. Two harpoons are frequently fastened to the same line. Beneath the gunnel in the bows are several brackets, containing a hatchet, knives, and a couple of lances. The whaler's lance resembles, in some measure, the harpoon—but instead of barbs, it has a fine steel blade, and is only attached to a short handline. Leather sheaths are provided for all instruments when not in use.

In the stern, or sometimes in the middle of each whale boat, is the tub. In this the line is coiled with the greatest care, as the least hitch, when it is running out, would probably turn the whole boat's crew into the water. The line—which though small is of great strength—passes along the whole length of the boat, between the rowers, and runs on a roller fixed into the stem. The rollocks, in which the oars work, are muffled with rope matting. Every oar is fastened to the boat with a strong lanyard (a piece of small line), so that, when in tow of a whale, it can be tossed overboard—hanging by the lanyard—and leave all clear for the line to run out. Some boats are fitted with iron rollocks that move on a swivel; by these, the oars can be brought parallel to the boat's length, and yet remain shipped ready for use.

Each boat is usually manned by five hands and a headsman. The headsman steers during the chase, and afterwards he kills the whale, but does not "fasten to her" with the iron. He has sole charge of the boat; and every officer of a whaler is supposed to be a headsman. Each of the boat's crew bears a particular title, thus—there are the after or stroke oarsman, the starboard and larboard midship oarsmen, and the bow oarsman or boat-steerer. The bow oarsman—who

pulls the foremost oar—is harpooner, though not bearing that title, for it is unknown to South Sea whalers. He strikes the fish, and, as soon as possible, goes aft and takes the steer-oar; that is why he is called also boat-steerer. The headsman then takes his station in the bows, tends the line, and prepares to lance the whale when she rises. That is all I have to tell about the routine of a whale boat, and so now I can go on with my story.

Another boat lowered soon after we left the ship and pulled in our wake; she followed as a "pick up boat" in case of accident. The ship—which had still a boat's crew and the idlers aboard—with yards braced sharp up, and the leech of the top-gallant sail touching, was laying a course nearly parallel to our own. The chief mate "headed" the boat in which I rowed, and we had with us the best boat-steerer in the ship. Both were anxious to be first "fast" to the first whale of the season. For me, it was the first whale of my life, and, though I had been rather scared by the tough yarns of the old stagers about being "chawed up by whales," and eaten alive by sharks, yet the active exercise and rapid motion soon stirred my blood, and I fully shared in the general excitement. Three of our crew were natives of Tasmania (born of English parents), the best boatmen and the most daring whalers in the world; and, impelled by their powerful strokes, our boat was soon considerably a-head of the others. Though able to pull a good oar in a common way, I quickly found that this was very different sport to any that I had before attempted. Our tough ash oars of eighteen feet length bent and buckled with the strain. The boat sprang from each vigorous stroke, and hummed through the water as a bullet through the air. The headsman standing in the stern, with the peg of the steer-oar grasped in his left hand, stamped and raved with excitement, throwing his body forward in sympathy with each stroke, and with the right hand "backing up" the after oar with all his strength. At the same time, he was encouraging and urging us to fresh exertions, making the most absurd promises in case of success, and threatening the boat-steerer with all sorts of awful consequences if he missed the whale. By this time we were in sight of the school, and turning my head, I could distinguish several of the low bushy spouts of the sperm whale, and catch an occasional glimpse of a huge black mass rolling in the water. But there was no time for contemplation. Another boat was creeping up to us, and we were yet some distance from the game.

The headsman grew more frantic. "Give way, my sons! Lift her to it! Long strokes! Pile it on, my hearties! Well done, Derwenters! I've three pretty sisters you shall pick from. There she blows again! Twenty minutes more, and it's our whale." Suddenly his face changed. "Turned flukes!" said he. The whales had disappeared, and with peaked oars we lay motionless on the water waiting their return to the surface. In a few minutes, a short gush of steam and spray broke midway between the two boats. Half-a-dozen long strokes. "Steady, my lads, softly, so ho! Stand up!" and the boat-steerer, peaking his oar, took his place in the bows. "Into her! Starn all!" shouted the headsman. Both irons were buried in the whale, which lay for an instant perfectly still, whilst we backed hastily. Then the great black flukes rose into the air, and the whale "sounded" or dived, the line running out of the tub, round the loggerhead at the stern and out at the head, with wonderful velocity. The wood smoked and cracked with the friction, and the boat's head sank under the pressure.

More than half the line was carried out before it slacked, and in the moment that it did so, we began to haul in again and coil away in the tub. But the "struck fish" quickly appeared, the momentum acquired in rising carrying him nearly clean out of the water. He was evidently "gallied" (frightened), making short darts in different directions; but, as the boat approached, he started off, "eyes out," at full speed. The line was now checked by a turn round the loggerhead, and only allowed to surge out gradually. The boat's velocity became terrific. We were carried through the water at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Our little craft swept on in a deep trough; a huge wave of foam rolling a-head of us, and two green walls rising above the gunwale, threatening every moment to descend upon the boat, already half filled by the blinding spray. But, the huge animal to which our boat was harnessed soon tired of this labour, the line again slackened, and the monster lay on the surface writhing in agony, snapping his enormous jaws, and furiously lashing with his tail. As we coiled away the line, and as the distance between us and our prey decreased, I will candidly own that I was as "gallied" as the whale itself, and would have given my own share of him to have been absent from the scene. Habit accustoms a man even to whaling; but few men, when "fast," for the first time, feel altogether easy. Our headsman stood coolly in the bows, lance in hand, exclaiming—"Haul me up, and he's a dead whale! A hundred barreller! Lay me on, lads!" And with the boat's nose nearly touching, he plunged a lance repeatedly into its side. "Starn all!" The whale started ahead, but the keen weapon had reached "the life," and, spouting thick jets of blood, he fell into the "flurry." That was a tremendous spectacle. The enormous animal, convulsed in the agonies of death, rapidly circling in the midst of a dizzy whirl of blood and foam, striking alternately with head and tail, vast sheets of water flying from beneath the mighty blows, which roared like cracks

of thunder. At the same time, beyond the vortex, the light boat danced as in triumph at her victory; and yet her slight frame trembled and vibrated with each stroke, as though she shuddered at the havoc she had caused.

In a short time the struggling ceased: the whale turned slowly over. We had then leisure to look about us. The two other boats were both fast to one fish, and nearly out of sight to windward. The fourth boat had struck a whale, but lost him, from the irons having drawn, and she was now making towards us. Uniting our strength we took the prize in tow, and turned our course towards the ship, eight or nine miles distant. She was making a long stretch in the direction of the fast boats. It was afternoon when, with no better dinner than dry biscuit and water, and under a burning sun, we fastened our tow line, and commenced the weary drag—the hardest, but the most welcome part of a whaler's labour. With scorched faces and blistered hands, we pulled steadily on, lightening our toil with many a chorus, and making rough calculations of the value of our prize. It was nightfall when we reached the ship, and then the whale having been firmly lashed alongside by strong chains and hawsers, everything was prepared for cutting in next morning. Our shipmates soon followed with their fish, which was dropped astern, and buoyed with empty casks to prevent its sinking; for whalers not unfrequently lose the fruits of their toil by such an accident. The ship remained hove to all night, and by daylight we were hard at work. I could then have a good look at our prize.

It was a large sperm whale or cachalot, the most valuable and the most ferocious of the tribe.

The sperm whale differs considerably, both in shape and habits, from the common Greenland whale, and from the "right whale" of the Pacific. Neither of these has teeth, but they have, instead of teeth, as is well known, a certain apparatus for procuring food. In the "right whale," with which only I have the pleasure of any actual acquaintance, there are attached to the whole surface of the roof of the mouth slabs of black bone, the common whalebone. These slabs, which are from five to nine feet long, twelve inches wide in the broadest part, and half an inch thick, are ranged parallel to each other on their edges, with half-inch spaces between them. From each slab hangs a narrow fringe of hair, forming a complete network. With its mouth wide open the whale rushes through the immense shoals of medusæ that are found floating in the South Seas; then closing its jaws and raising the lips, the water flows out and the little red creatures ("whale feed," sailors call them) are retained by the fringe. "What a capital shrimp trap!" said Sir Joseph Banks. The immense tongue, which sometimes yields six or seven barrels of oil, lies on the lower jaw. It is of a glossy white, so that when the capacious mouth is open, it may be compared fancifully to a grotesque chamber with a ceiling of hair cloth and a white satin carpet.

But the sperm whale, of which I have just described the capture, has not this apparatus. Its lower jaw contains a formidable row of more than forty teeth, the jaw itself being fifteen feet long. Some of these teeth are nine inches in circumference at the base, and fit into a groove adapted to them in the upper jaw. The roof of the mouth is, in the sperm whale, covered with glistening plates of a bluish white. These plates are said to act as a bait to the fishes upon which the whale feeds, for the cachalot does not confine himself to shrimps; and, though he usually dines upon "squid," or cuttle-fish, of which whole acres are found floating in the Pacific, yet he does not object to a dolphin or bonito, and even the wary shark sometimes has the bad luck to be eaten by the great sea ogre. Our whale measured fifty-four feet in length. Of the whole bulk, the head occupied nearly a third. Round the fins and lips hung hundreds of barnacles and whale lice, and I was only deterred from pronouncing our prize ugly by the fact that he was worth some six or seven hundred pounds—a handsome sum.

Our cutting in was not delayed. Tackles were rove in the massive blocks that hung from the fore and main-mast heads; others were suspended from the yards and spans; and strong purchases were prepared to cant the whale, so as to get the blubber from his back and sides. The head was cut off and dropped astern for a while, until the carcase was disposed of, though this is an unusual mode of cutting in, and only practised in some ships. Strips of blubber, called "blanket pieces," were cut along the whole length of the fish. A wooden toggle having been passed through one end of the strip and a block hooped to it, the men in-board hoisted away, those on the whale loosening the mass with their blubber spades. Other toggles were inserted to form fresh supports; and when the blanket piece had been thus hoisted in, it was passed into the blubber-room—a square apartment under the main hatch. Some of these blanket pieces will weigh thirty or forty hundred weight. In the blubber room they were cut into "horse pieces" more than a foot square, and piled in heaps, from which the blood and oil flowed out in streams. As the strips were cut off, the whale was canted, or turned, by the tackles until every morsel of fat had been stripped from the carcase.

While we were thus occupied, sea birds in thousands gathered round the ship. The sea was covered with fatty matter and white patches of spermaceti, and from beneath us, shoals of sharks darted up at their dead enemy,

tearing off large pieces of his flesh. The sharks prefer "whale beef" to a tough bony man.

The fins having been cut off, and the body of the whale clean picked, it was turned adrift, and, deprived of the light blubber, sank immediately. The "case," or head, was next brought alongside, the lower jaw being uppermost. This was separated from the case and hoisted on deck. The bony palate or upper jaw was then raised, and from beneath it was cut the "junk," an enormous mass of blubber, weighing some thousands of pounds. We had then reached the real case, in which is secreted the most valuable product of the sperm whale. Strong tackles hoisted it above the wash of the waves, and a hole was broken into it, through which buckets were let down and whipped on deck filled with the precious liquor. This was pure spermaceti: whalers call it "head-matter." When first extracted, it is a clear liquid slightly tinged with pink; but, on being exposed to the air it coagulates and solidifies. The oil with which it is mixed is expelled by pressure, and the spermaceti remains in hard masses of thin irregular flakes. The oil thus procured is the finest and purest of all animal oils, and burns with a peculiarly bright clear flame.

One of the men presently stepped into the case, and proceeded to knock down the partitions which divide it into several small apartments, each filled with head-matter. The whole space was thus turned into a large room.

The blubber having been separated from the "white horse" of the junk, all the remainder of the carcase was turned over to the sharks. "White horse" is a term sometimes applied to all the useless flesh of the whale, but more particularly to a mass of whitish stringy gristle, which covers the head, and seems to serve the purpose of a "cork fender" in defending it from blows.

The "try-works" were then in full play. They are three iron pots, firmly bedded in brick-work, amidships, with fire-places beneath them, separated from the deck by a pen filled with water. Into these pots a barrel of oil was poured from the case (which yields from twelve to twenty barrels), and the fires lighted. The "horse-pieces" were pitched upon deck from the blubber-room with a long fork, and carried to the "mincing horses"—small blocks or tables securely fastened to the deck. A boy holding a horse-piece on the block by a small hook, a man with a two-handled knife—resembling a joiner's drawing-knife turned upside down—rapidly cut it into thin slices, which just hung together. It was then a "book," ready for melting, or "trying out." The pots were well filled with books, and as the oil rose to the surface it was skimmed off with a large ladle, and poured into a copper cooler, from whence it was transferred to casks, and safely stowed in the hold. Whalers require very little fuel, as the scraps that remain from the melted blubber are enough to keep the fires going.

A whale ship presents a strange scene during the process of trying out. The decks are literally swimming in oil; it covers the ropes, the men's clothes; the very galley and cooking coppers are saturated with it, and every mouthful of beef and biscuit has the whale flavour. The white sails are blackened by the smoke, and the neat trim ship of yesterday has suddenly become a floating mass of dirt and grease enveloped in thick, black, and stinking clouds. Our sails were nearly all furled at sundown, but the work went on all night. The fires threw a red glare on the ropes and spars, and, fed by the oily scraps, sprang up in vivid flames that lightened all the sea. Dark figures moved in the red gleam, armed with strange weapons, or stood beside great cauldrons, slowly stirring round their boiling broth. Unearthly noises and wild songs mingled with the low dash of the sea, the mournful creaking of the spars, and the sad moaning of the tainted wind; whilst over all hung a thick canopy of heavy smoke which, in that calm weather, drooped around the ship, and formed a fitting veil for such a dismal spectacle.

But, to the actors in it the scene had nothing of dismalness, for out of all this smoke and dirt, we were to get clean gold. We were sea alchemists. Every man in a whale ship shares in the profits of the voyage, his wages being paid by the "lay." A certain share is appropriated by the owners of the ship, and the remainder is divided among the crew; the lay of a foremast hand, a common "spouter," being about a sixty-fifth in a colonial whaler. The value of both oil and bone is fixed before the ship sails, so that the markets have no effect on the "lay;" but the price thus fixed is always far below the actual value of the articles.

Few vessels are now fitted out in England for the South Sea fisheries; nearly all the British ships in the trade belong to Australian ports; their oil is discharged at the Antipodes, and then re-shipped for London. Colonial whalers usually remain at sea six months, taking sperm whales when they can catch them, and filling up with black oil from the "right whale." But the trade is chiefly engrossed by the Americans, who have always a numerous fleet employed in it. At some seasons it is almost impossible to enter a port on the west coast of South America, in the South Sea Islands, or New Holland without finding a "Yankee spouter" refitting or refreshing. The number of American whalers has ranged, for some years, between six and seven hundred; but the increasing scarcity of fish has latterly decreased their number. The additional expense incurred, in consequence of the length of time which it now takes to fill a ship, has rendered

prodigality was lavished on the decorations of the show: many of the knights and gentlemen being so superbly dressed that it was said they carried their whole estates upon their shoulders.

There were sham castles, temporary chapels, fountains running wine, great cellars full of wine free as water to all comers, silk tents, gold lace and foil, gilt lions, and such things without end; and, in the midst of all, the rich Cardinal out-shone and out-glittered all the noblemen and gentlemen assembled. After a treaty made between the two Kings with as much solemnity as if they had intended to keep it, the lists—nine hundred feet long, and three hundred and twenty broad—were opened for the tournament; the Queens of France and England looking on with great array of lords and ladies. Then, for ten days, the two sovereigns fought five combats every day, and always beat their polite adversaries—though they do write that the King of England being thrown in a wrestle one day by the King of France, lost his kingly temper with his brother in arms, and wanted to make a quarrel of it. Then, there is a great story belonging to this Field of the Cloth of Gold, showing how the English were distrustful of the French, and the French of the English, until Francis rode alone one morning to Henry's tent, and, going in before he was out of bed, told him in joke that he was his prisoner, and how Henry jumped out of bed and embraced Francis; and how Francis helped Henry to dress, and warmed his linen for him; and how Henry gave Francis a splendid jewelled collar, and how Francis gave Henry, in return, a costly bracelet. All this and a great deal more was so written about, and sung about, and talked about at that time (and, indeed, since that time too), that the world has had good cause to be sick of it, for ever.

Of course, nothing came of all these fine doings but a speedy renewal of the war between England and France, in which the two Royal companions and brothers in arms longed very earnestly to damage one another. But, before it broke out again, the Duke of Buckingham was shamefully executed on Tower Hill, on the evidence of a discharged servant—really for nothing, except the folly of having believed in a friar of the name of HOPKINS, who had pretended to be a prophet, and who had mumbled and jumbled out some nonsense about the Duke's son being destined to be very great in the land. It was believed that the unfortunate Duke had given offence to the great Cardinal by expressing his mind freely about the expense and absurdity of the whole business of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At any rate, he was beheaded, as I have said, for nothing. And the people who saw it done were very angry, and cried out that it was the work of "the butcher's son!"

The new war was a short one, though the Earl of Surrey invaded France again, and did some injury to that country. It ended in another treaty of peace between the two kingdoms, and in the discovery that the Emperor of Germany was not such a good friend to England in reality, as he pretended to be. Neither did he keep his promise to Wolsey to make him Pope, though the King urged him. Two Popes died in pretty quick succession, but the foreign priests were too much for the Cardinal, and kept him out of the post. So the Cardinal and King together found out that the Emperor of Germany was not a man to keep faith with; broke off a projected marriage between the King's daughter, MARY, Princess of Wales, and that sovereign; and began to consider whether it might not be well to marry the young lady, either to Francis himself, or to his eldest son.

There now arose at Wittemberg, in Germany, the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called The Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned Doctor, named MARTIN LUTHER, who knew all about them, for he had been a priest and even monk, himself. The preaching and writing of Wickliffe, mentioned in the last volume, had set a number of men thinking on this subject; and Luther, finding one day, to his great surprise, that there really was a book called the New Testament, which the priests did not allow to be read, and which contained truths that they suppressed, began to be very vigorous against the whole body, from the Pope downward. It happened, while he was yet only beginning his vast work of awakening the nation, that an impudent fellow named TETZEL, a friar of very bad character, came into his neighbourhood selling what were called Indulgences, by wholesale, to raise money for beautifying the great Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome. Whoever bought an Indulgence of the Pope was supposed to buy himself off from the punishment of Heaven for his offences. Luther told the people that *these* Indulgences were worthless bits of paper, before God, and that Tetzel and his masters were a crew of impostors in selling them.

The King and the Cardinal were mightily indignant at this presumption; and the King (with the help of SIR THOMAS MORE, a wise man, whom he afterwards repaid by striking off his head) even wrote a book about it, with which the Pope was so well pleased that he gave the King the title of Defender of the Faith. The King and the Cardinal also issued flaming warnings to the people not to read Luther's books, on pain of excommunication. But, they did read them for all that; and the rumour of what was in them, spread far and wide.

When this great change was thus going on, the King began to show himself in his truest

and worst colours. Anne Boleyn, the pretty little girl who had gone abroad to France with his sister, was by this time grown up to be very beautiful, and was one of the ladies in attendance on Queen Catherine. Now, Queen Catherine was no longer young or handsome, and it is likely that she was not particularly good-tempered, having been always rather melancholy, and having been made more so by the deaths of four of her children when they were very young. So, the King fell in love with the fair Anne Boleyn, and said to himself, "How can I best get rid of my own troublesome wife, whom I am tired of, and marry Anne?"

You recollect that Queen Catherine had been the wife of Henry's young brother. What does the King do after thinking it over, but calls his favorite priests about him, and says, O, his mind is in such a dreadful state, and he is so frightfully uneasy, because he is afraid it was not lawful for him to marry the Queen! Not one of those priests had the courage to hint that it was rather curious he had never thought of that before, and that his mind seemed to have been in a tolerably jolly condition during a great many years, in which he certainly had not fretted himself thin; but, they all said, Ah! that was very true, and it was a serious business; and perhaps the best way to make it right would be for His Majesty to be divorced! The King replied, Yes, he thought that would be the best way, certainly; so they all went to work.

If I were to relate to you the intrigues and plots that took place in the endeavour to get this divorce, you would think the History of England the most tiresome book in the world. So I shall say no more, than that after a vast deal of negociation and evasion, the Pope issued a commission to Cardinal Wolsey and CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, (whom he sent over from Italy for the purpose) to try the whole case in England. It is supposed—and I think with reason—that Wolsey was the Queen's enemy, because she had reproved him for his proud and gorgeous manner of life. But, he did not at first know that the King wanted to marry Anne Boleyn; and when he did know it, he even went down on his knees, in the endeavour to dissuade him.

The Cardinals opened their court in the Convent of the Blackfriars, near to where the bridge of that name in London now stands; and the King and Queen, that they might be near it, took up their lodgings at the adjoining palace of Bridewell, of which nothing now remains but a bad prison. On the opening of the court, when the King and Queen were called on to appear, that poor ill-used lady, with a dignity and firmness and yet with a womanly affection worthy to be always admired, went and kneeled at the King's feet, and said that she had come, a stranger, to his dominions; that she had been a good and true wife to him for twenty years; and that she could acknowledge no power in those Cardinals to try whether she should be considered his wife after all that time, or should be put away. With that, she got up and left the court, and would never afterwards come back to it.

The King pretended to be very much overcome, and said, O! my lords and gentlemen, what a good woman she was to be sure, and how delighted he would be to live with her unto death, but for that terrible uneasiness in his mind which was quite wearing him away! So, the case went on, and there was nothing but talk for two months. Then Cardinal Campeggio who, on behalf of the Pope, wanted nothing so much as delay, adjourned it for two more; and before that time was elapsed, the Pope himself adjourned it indefinitely, by requiring the King and Queen to come to Rome and have it tried there. But by good luck for the King, word was brought to him by some of his people, that they had happened to meet at supper THOMAS CRANMER, a learned Doctor of Cambridge, who had proposed to urge the Pope on, by referring the case to all the learned doctors and bishops, here and there and everywhere, and getting their opinions that the King's marriage was unlawful. The King, who was now getting into a hurry to marry Anne Boleyn, thought this such a good idea, that he sent for Cranmer, post haste, and said to LORD ROCHFORT, Anne Boleyn's father, "Take this learned Doctor down to your country-house, and there let him have a good room for a study, and no end of books out of which to prove that I may marry your daughter." Lord Rochfort, not at all reluctant, made the learned Doctor as comfortable as he could, and the learned Doctor went to work to prove his case. All this time, the King and Anne Boleyn were writing letters to one another almost daily, full of impatience to have the case settled; and Anne Boleyn was showing herself (as I think) very worthy of the fate which afterwards befell her.

It was bad for Cardinal Wolsey that he had left Cranmer to render this help. It was worse for him that he had tried to dissuade the King from marrying Anne Boleyn. Such a servant as he, to such a master as Henry, would probably have fallen in any case; but, between the hatred of the party of the Queen that was, and the hatred of the party of the Queen that was to be, he fell suddenly and heavily. Going down one day to the Court of Chancery, where he now presided, he was waited upon by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, who told him that they brought an order to him to resign that office, and to withdraw quietly to a house he had at Esher, in Surrey. The Cardinal refusing, they rode off to the King, and next day came back with a letter from him, on reading which, the Cardinal submitted. An inventory was made out of all the riches in his palace at York

Place (now Whitehall), and he went sorrowfully up the river, in his barge, to Putney. An abject man he was, in spite of his pride, for being overtaken, as he was riding out of that place towards Esher, by one of the King's chamberlains who brought him a kind message and a ring, he alighted from his mule, took off his cap, and kneeled down in the dirt. His poor fool, whom in his prosperous days he had always kept in his palace to entertain him, cut a far better figure than he; for, when the Cardinal said to the chamberlain that he had nothing to send to his lord the King as a present, but that jester who was a most excellent one, it took six strong yeomen to remove the faithful fool from his master.

The once proud Cardinal was soon further disgraced, and wrote the most abject letters to his vile sovereign, who humbled him one day and encouraged him the next, according to his humour, until he was at last ordered to go and reside in his diocese of York. He said he was too poor, but I don't know how he made that out, for he took a hundred and sixty servants with him, and seventy-two cart-loads of furniture, food, and wine. He remained in that part of the country for the best part of a year, and showed himself so improved by his misfortunes, and was so mild and so conciliating that he won all hearts. And indeed, even in his proud days, he had done some magnificent things for learning and education. At last, he was arrested for high treason, and coming slowly on his journey towards London, got as far as Leicester. Arriving at Leicester Abbey after dark and very ill, he said, when the monks came out at the gate with lighted torches to receive him, that he had come to lay his bones among them. He had indeed, for he was taken to a bed, from which he never rose again. His last words were, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over, in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is my just reward for my pains and diligence, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my Prince." The news of his death was quickly carried to the King, who was amusing himself with archery in the garden of the magnificent Palace at Hampton Court, which that very Wolsey had presented to him. The greatest emotion his Royal mind displayed, at the loss of a servant so faithful and so ruined, was a particular desire to lay hold of fifteen hundred pounds which the Cardinal was reported to have hidden somewhere.

The opinions concerning the divorce, of the learned doctors and bishops and others, being at last collected, and being generally in the King's favor, were forwarded to the Pope, with an entreaty that he would now grant it. The unfortunate Pope, who was a timid man, was half distracted between his fear of his authority being set aside in England if he did not do as he was asked, and his dread of offending the Emperor of Germany, who was Queen Catherine's nephew. In this state of mind, he still evaded and did nothing. Then, THOMAS CROMWELL, who had been one of Wolsey's faithful attendants and had remained so, even in his decline, advised the King to take the matter into his own hands, and make himself the head of the whole Church. This, the King, by various artful means, began to do, but he recompensed the clergy by allowing them to burn as many people as they pleased, for holding Luther's opinions. You must understand that Sir Thomas More, the wise man who had helped the King with his book, had been made Chancellor in Wolsey's place. But, as he was truly attached to the Church as it was, even in its abuses, he in this state of things resigned.

Being now quite resolved to get rid of Queen Catherine and marry Anne Boleyn without more ado, the King made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, and directed Queen Catherine to leave the Court. She obeyed, but replied that wherever she went, she was Queen of England still, and would remain so, to the last. The King then married Anne Boleyn privately; and the new Archbishop of Canterbury, within half a year, declared his marriage with Queen Catherine void, and crowned Anne Boleyn Queen.

She might have known that no good could ever come from such wrong, and that the corpulent brute who had been so faithless and so cruel to his first wife, could be more faithless and more cruel to his second. She might have known that, even when he was in love with her, he had been a mean and selfish coward, running away, like a frightened cur, from her society and her house, when a dangerous sickness broke out in it, and when she might easily have taken it and died, as several of the household did. But, Anne Boleyn arrived at all this knowledge too late, and bought it at a dear price. Her bad marriage with a worse man came to its natural end. Its natural end was not, as we shall too soon see, a natural death for her.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.] McELRATH & LORD, PUBLISHERS. [No. 18.
OFFICE, No. 17 SPRUCE-STREET, NEW-YORK.

SCHOLASTIC.

I WAS remarking to Mrs. Green—my wife—only a few evenings ago, how very greatly schools seem to have altered since I was myself a boy. It is quite pleasing to observe, at this season of the year, the affectionate disposition which peeps through the advertisements, and shines out of the prospectuses of a large class of schoolmasters, who used not to be at all affectionate in my young days. This is the March of Mind, Mrs. G., I said; mark my words, this is the march of mind. Boys are no longer pinched and bruised between hard dumpling in the belly and hard cane upon the back, at cheap schools in the provinces. School life is now so happy—as I see by the advertisements—that we shall be unkind if we send our dear George and our Caroline Amelia to any place where they give holidays. It would be harsh in us to call them away from parental care, with acres of grounds, gardens, and trout streams; from sixty-roomed mansions and the choicest of good living, to parental care in our little villa, with its perch or two of garden ground, our leg of mutton dinner, and our bread-and-butter tea. My dear, it would be positively cruel, and I do think that those gentlemen are highly considerate who advertise "No Vacations."

Here, my dear, I continued, is a gentleman whose school, I dare say, is a good one in the teaching way, who "Respectfully invites parents and guardians who have youths to put to school, to inspect his mansion of sixty rooms, with grounds of thirty-three acres, comprising bowling-green, cricket-grounds, fish-pond, rookery, chesnut grove, extensive gardens, and trout-stream, affording excellent and safe bathing for the pupils." Now I call that ducal.

Enormously expensive, you say, Mrs. Green. No, I think not. The terms are not advertised; but, here is another with a priced catalogue of advantages, "The highest references given;" mark, Mrs. Green, the highest. "The house and grounds are extensive." So is the education. It "comprises Greek, Latin, French and German by Natives. Mathematics, Drawing, Mapping, Globes," and so on. There are no extras, the cost is only twenty pounds a year, and as for diet, only fancy it, Matilda, "Diet unlimited, and of the best description."

I consider that I may take this for about the best description of diet: Breakfast:—tea, coffee, or chocolate, rolls and cold toast, ham, devilled turkey, eggs, and so forth, with a plain joint or two on the sideboard. A delicate hot lunch:—veal cutlet, perhaps with biscuits, and a glass or two of genuine Madeira. Dinner:—turtle soup and sherbet, turbot, champagne, butchers' meat, game, and pastry, with good hothouse pineapple, grapes, and nuts, to keep the boys engaged over their claret. Afterwards, a cup of strong tea with a bit of muffin. If any doubt can be entertained whether the free run of a diet of this kind—diet unlimited, and of the best description—can be provided for the money (twenty pounds a year) we have only to apply to "the highest references." We post letters of reference to Her Most Gracious Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, or the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen—and wait their answer. Nothing can be fairer.

Indeed, I do not find that twenty pounds a year is to be considered as the cheapest rate at which a man can undertake to feed and teach a boy during a year. What am I to think of this advertisement?

ECONOMY.—Mr. Lean's Boarding School, Short Common, Hungerford. Terms per Quarter 1*l.* 4*s.* Will be re-opened on Jan. 17. Note this.

I thought it was worth noting, and did note it: nevertheless, as I see no promise advertised, I shall not send our George to Mr. Lean. But I am very strongly disposed to think that the following advertisement describes a school that will work wonders with our Caroline Amelia. That girl, Mrs. Green, is a good free-hearted girl; but she is a romp. I saw her last week scrambling up the pear-tree; she wants a proper sense of her own dignity, which she might pick up from the lady who describes herself in the announcement following.

EDUCATION of a superior order, in a first class establishment, conducted by a lady pre-eminently qualified by her experience, attainments, and sphere in which she has moved to convey by example, as well as by precept, a high-toned education, accomplishments

and bearing, so necessary for a young lady moving in good society. Particular attention is given for the attainment of a refined English accent.

It is a high privilege to have a daughter to send (and fifty pounds that can be paid over) to a lady more than eminently "qualified by her sphere in which she has moved to convey by example a high-toned accomplishments, so necessary for a young lady moving in good society." They always "move" in good society; never stagnate, never become dummies. Then how delightful it will be when our girl, who now shouts like a child about the house, comes home at Midsummer with a refined English accent? English accents stand in so much need of refining.

As much freedom from all that is vulgar, and as much contempt of the mob, is to be found in the announcement issued by a schoolmaster in Ireland who keeps a day-school at two-pence halfpenny a week. A copy of the schoolmaster's advertisement was sent to me some time ago, and I am reminded of it by the lady of pre-eminent attainments and experience. Thady Murphy's proclamation is a piece of ornamental penmanship, which begins with a Psalm in short hand, two quotations from Shakspeare, and some other matter; then runs thus:

EDUCATION.—To show the age the very fashion of the time, its form and pressure, THADY MURPHY, Mercantile, MATHEMATICAL and Scientific Scholiast. Plain, occult, *fashionable*, ornamental Penman and general Amanuensis, will open *SCHOOL* in Shannon Street on Monday. He avers that his best exertions shall be used in order to elucidate the Branches he professes which he deems will more incontestably authenticate his abilities than the most pompous prospectus, his terms will be moderate, and attention most assiduous. Knowing that malevolent petty-fogging Pedants are hostile to true merit, he openly defies competition, solicits literary discussion and will never shrink from the most critical investigation. READ: IT MAY CONCERN YOU! Inhabitants of Bandon, I appeal to your discernment and conscience, claiming your kind patronage only in proportion to my merit as a general scholar and my care and ability as a monitor. There are three ways of knowing a GENERAL scholar, viz. by works of genius Scriptic, documentary and oral arguments. I am willing to have my course of EDUCATION tested either way, but if you employ an ignorant *vulgar* Pedant merely because he happens to be a favourite of THE MOB, you discover a morbid apathy to the welfare of your children, and that yourselves are sunk in deplorable carelessness, in ignorance and barbarity.

My wife being at this point sunk in sleep, I said no more to her, and have since that evening had no opportunity of showing my scholastic information orally. Because, however, the matter has much occupied my mind, I have put down these remarks, and proceed to display some other of my researches in a documentary or scriptic form. I am not apathetic, ignorant, or barbarous. I care about the welfare of my children, and have spent much time, during the *Christmas* holidays over announcements and prospectuses. Such lights as I have found amongst them ought, without doubt, to be set upon a hill.

Can any parent resist the tempting offers of affection for his offspring which, at this season of universal good-will, fill daily three or four advertising columns of the Times? It is not only that our boys are beckoned to their tasks with a sweet smile by every teacher who announces the day on which he "will be happy to receive his young friends;" it is a great deal more. One kind lady of high connexions is, I observe, absolutely desirous of adopting two young ladies; and she puts her intention, as she should, in a distinct way in small capitals before the public. This lady tells us that she is "desirous of ADOPTING TWO YOUNG LADIES into her domestic establishment. She has resided as finishing governess in an Ambassador's family abroad, where she presented her pupils in the drawing-room, and is still in correspondence with families who held the highest positions in Louis Philippe's Court."

There is nobility—though to be sure chiefly French nobility—in this.

The following is characterised rather by sweetness:

ANY Christian gentleman desirous to have his daughter's educational course finished, may hear of a good, select school conducted on principles of piety and love.

A select school of piety and love—a circle of selected Christians. Happy the father who has a daughter qualified for admission among the elect in such a Paradise. It very properly is called a Good school, and I should be disposed to say of it what I find appended to a more business-like scholastic advertisement: "This would suit parties deprived of maternal care."

There are so many advertisements, however, suited to motherless "parties," that I am sure orphanhood ought never to be felt by children. I see that for from fourteen to sixteen guineas a year, little children can have "EDUCATION AND MATERNAL CARE," without extras or holidays. "The pupils are carefully initiated in every elementary branch of Christian instruction—including music, singing, drawing, and French." It will be seen here that music, singing, drawing, and French are included among Christian graces. I need not point out what an enlarged sense of duty must, in such a school, accompany maternal cares.

Who would not give twenty pounds a year to take his meals with Mrs. P.? She is a lady, perhaps, not partial to noise, who advertises more especially for children with weak lungs. "The pupils at all times take their meals with Mrs. P. Terms twenty pounds a year. No extras or vacations." The climate being "remarkably favourable for

weak lungs," we have here the very thing for a consumptive child; the more especially as there are no vacations to compel return into less wholesome air.

But now I talk about consumption, I must in fairness remark that among other advantages possessed by a large class of private schools in our day, is the fact that they monopolise all the most incontestably salubrious sites in the country. Indeed, I was not previously aware how many localities in this island are "proverbial for salubrity," and it is most interesting to remark how they are now all occupied by schools. Thus, for example, I am told that while at one school, I may have the "highest references to parents, guardians, and foreigners of distinction, whose sons and connexions are now doing honour to their parents and principal, in the various professions and callings of life, viz., army, navy, church, law, physic, merchant's houses, Stock Exchange, bankers, agriculture, &c. The situation is proverbial for health, shaded, high and dry: and the scenery, grounds, &c., for recreation, picturesque, and beautiful." As for the picturesque, Dr. Syntax need not have gone out of his chair in search of it. A catalogue of the most charming scenes in England could be made any day out of the school advertisements. Evidently nothing is easier than to have a "sound, extensive, select, and guarded education, imparted at" a "very commodious and delightfully situate institution."

I am only puzzled in my choice. Knowing the cost of bread and meat, I feel ashamed to trespass on the generosity of the wedded couple advertising "Board and Education for Young Ladies and Gentlemen (inclusive terms—no vacations—from thirteen to sixteen pounds per annum);" but, on the other hand, I feel equal unwillingness to obtrude a child who might prove unsuitable, upon the lady who, "as she chiefly desires to secure suitable companions to two young pupils now under her charge, would mention forty-five guineas per annum." Mrs. and Miss Wicks have care enough upon their minds: how could I add the trouble of a child of mine, when they announce that already "the religious instruction, health, and morals of the pupils are objects of unceasing solicitude"? Nor would I at any time consent that my son George should help to weigh down to his grave "a literary gentleman of high standing in society," who must clearly be wearing his brain down at the top of an establishment where, among other things, "gentlemanly association, and a climate of unequalled salubrity, are objects of anxious parental solicitude." More than enough care it is for this literary gentleman to keep an anxious fatherly look-out upon the weather, which must indeed have given him, of late, much pain and trouble by its numerous irregularities.

Shuddering as I always do at the sight of a genteel boy, I am precluded, of course, from putting myself in communication with the "clergyman who is educating his own sons," and who "has an opening this Christmas for *two or three genteel Boys* to study with them." Do I misunderstand the offer of "a gentleman, of very high attainments, as well as great experience in tuition," who is "about to proceed to his curacy" where "the neighbourhood is beautiful and society of the aristocratic rank"? While I can put my daughter in a "residence replete with every comfort," or secure to my son, for twenty-two guineas a year, emulative education with "the table liberally supplied, and every domestic indulgence afforded," (including, of course, French-toast or sugar on his bread and butter,) what need I care whether the society out of doors be composed of the aristocratic rank or of the democratic file?

For my own part I wish myself a coal-merchant and a widower, since I have met with a special request from a first-rate schoolmistress that A Coal-merchant would enter into a reciprocal engagement with her, allow her to be a mother to his daughter, and address to her at the post-office, corner of Oxford-street.

Another offer of reciprocal terms I am unable clearly to comprehend, namely this one:

TO SCHOOLS.—Wanted to Place the Son of a Gentleman in an establishment where the services of a Dancing Master will be required, on reciprocal terms.

I suppose that the gentleman in question—being perplexed, as I am, with the multitude of eligible offers—has resolved to let chance guide him in his choice of schools. Therefore, as a man may say desperately that he will marry the first maiden he sees if she will have him, so this gentleman has offered his son to the first school of which he hears that it requires a dancing master.

This theory leaves the "reciprocal terms" unexplained. I think, however, that the brevity required in an advertisement may be the cause of this and of much other obscurity. Thus, when I examine schools as they are described at length in their prospectuses, I shall no doubt more fully understand their respective characters and find it not so difficult to make my choice.

Here, we have elegant mansions in copperplate, affectionate addresses and reports presented to parents and friends of pupils. Testimonials equal to anything in the repertoire of Mr. Holloway or Mr. Rowland, and such writing, interspersed with Latin, as the schoolmaster alone is able to strike off. A gentleman who lays much stress upon the washing of his boys, beautifully says, that under his system "Everything is in the youth's favor. The *vis vitæ* acts with the greatest energy, while nervo-electric currents are generated, not only in quantities but in a high state of tension. The body, at this period is in the

best possible condition for being built up in harmony with the organic laws. If these laws are obeyed—the corner-stone of which the Intellectual and Emotive are built—the basis, in short, of which the others are the Column and the Capital—the great ends of Education can be properly accomplished. A rapid evolution of mental power will be manifested; every kind of Intellectual exertion will become easy—*mens sana in corpore sano*—and improvement, with a giant stride, be the unfailing result. Under training of the kind recommended, the Men of the next Generation would be organically stronger, and intellectually mightier, and more impressionable for all that is great and lofty in the advancing movements of society, than can possibly be the case when the importance of the skin—the great Lung of the Body—is little appreciated." It is the desire of this gentleman, by water inside and out, to extricate from the bodies of his pupils "vast quantities of slimed up morbid matters," and to develope them by "setting free from static equilibrium dynamic currents of the electric fluid."

There is something in this prospectus so fascinating, something so Homeric in its grasp of subject and its loftiness of style, it contains within itself so perfectly every character by which a fine prospectus ought to be distinguished, that I shall do well to regard it as a model. I do this the more readily, because it was given to me some time ago, with an assurance that the school itself was large, and very much better than the prospectus might induce one to suppose. To me that seemed enormous praise; but it would seem fair praise to scoffers. The school may or may not still exist: but, if it be existing still, and these quotations should be recognised by any one as part of a prospectus that continues to be issued, let them not be regarded as bombast and humbug. Humbug is the strained expression of good thoughts, and differs often from enthusiastic language only in the motive which produces it. As for bombast, even the great Dr. Johnson was not free from it. I should be very sorry if anybody were to be so perverse as to convert my praise of advertisements and prospectuses into condemnation of men and women about whom I know nothing whatever. As a class, the teachers of our children are ill paid. In their advertisements and their prospectuses they often seek to trick us of our favour by the use of baits which we demand to swallow, and which they very often—if they would not starve—are forced to throw to us.

Others may think differently; but it suits me, and it suits thousands, admirably, to be told that our sons at a given school shall view English "through an Ideologic or Root medium," to have what all must own to be a sensible method of teaching expounded in this fashion:—"As Language is the transmitter of thought, if words are not understood there is an end to the reception of Ideas. Every word has a meaning, for there was always a reason or necessity for its being formed. The *meaning*—the Thing, the Something, Anything talked about, is stamped upon *every word*, if we can only read the Inscription: and to learn to read this *Inscription*, as far as our own tongue is concerned, is the great End of Education." We like *big* sentences; surely it is a good thing to know that a school does not omit Physical Geography from its prospectus; but how good it is in our eyes when the lean word is larded with tornados, craters, and simoons. "Mountain chains," says my prospectus, "fire-spitting craters, and river systems; Savannahs, Llanos, and red expanses of sand; the Ocean with its bulging tidal wave; the Atmosphere with its simoon and angry tornados; the isothermal lines with their relations to vegetables, animals, and to man, are a few of the topics which a modern course of Geography embraces."

At the bottom of this prospectus is a note from a barrister-at-law, who coincides with me, for he says, "The educational programme, I need not say, is, to my mind, perfect." If all the world were to differ from me, and what is more, were to persuade me and convince me that everything I have here quoted as good, has in it some element of the absurd, I could still face the world and ask, How came this element of the absurd into the sanctuary of the school-room?

For, the school-room is a sanctuary, and the true teacher is a high priest. There *is* no nobler, no sublimer office in the world than to be earnestly and worthily the teacher of a child. If we thought so, if we acted commonly upon a sense of what true education means, should we have teachers advertising and addressing us, puffing like tailors all about us, whenever we went out shopping in the school market? Schools have improved, facilities of education have increased a thousand fold within the last hundred years. Absurd as may be the passages I have been praising, true as it may be that some of them can only have been prompted by the spirit of cant or meanness to which it may be said that they appeal, still do not doubt that behind the bad taste of some of them, there lies hidden right feeling and knowledge. They are not all bad schools which heap their nonsense at this season on our tables. The four or five advertising columns of the Times through which the teachers speak, are not indeed informed with wisdom: perhaps one might not easily infer from them that, as Fichte says, "the teachers shall shine like stars in the firmament." Though many have emancipated themselves from old fetters in their schools, and stand at home in just relation to their pupils, yet it often happens that in their outer intercourse with parents they are unable to move freely, or to walk erect and fearless; they must do as they

see neighbours doing, stoop to propitiate their customers.

"And custom lies upon them with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"

For my own part I shall think well before I entrust any teacher with the training of my George or Caroline Amelia. The teacher I select shall be at least one who is worthy to be called my friend. He shall be one who is, in worth of character, if not in cash, at least my equal. To such a teacher I will give my confidence and my respect. This I will do so frankly, that if everybody did the same, the schoolmaster would never again seek to entice ladies and gentlemen to walk up, by sounding a trumpet for himself, and playing Merry-Andrew during the vacation at his school-room door.

THE GREAT CRANFORD PANIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Miss Pole was very much inclined to install herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colours, and I noticed that every time she went over the story, some fresh trait of villany was added to their appearance. One was tall—he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him—he of course had black hair; and by and bye, it hung in elf-locks over his forehead and down his back. The other was short and broad, and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair, which deepened to carrotty, and she was almost sure he had a cast in his eye—a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was masculine-looking; a perfect virago, most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes; afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride. If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him, that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard of the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins. She came to us afterwards; so we heard what she had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and flutter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred the night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with the decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world, (and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump)—"Well, Miss Matey! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Sampson and Solomon rolled into one—too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited, too wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen; my father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested this diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now only think," said she. "There I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it: and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I dare say, he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it—but he need not have tried to impose upon me, by saying I must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the cat. I have no doubt, if I could get to the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candour which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in, namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture to accept an invitation which Miss Matey had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding day, by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said, that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that perhaps, one of us would not object to take the sedan; and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the

chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No. That is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from Cranford by about two hundred yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matey and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years; and now they gallantly determined to nail their colours to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matey (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matey was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighbourhood of Cranford. Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon: and also, I dare say, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins), in the article of candour, we began to relate our individual fears, and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes—eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull flat woollen surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matey nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under the bed. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her legs up safely into bed at once; but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great fierce face staring out at you; so she had bethought herself of something—perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with—and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night; if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell rope, and meant to call out *John* and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matey sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked' askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little, by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighbouring cottages, and promised his parents a hundredweight of coal at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had given him the major's sword (the major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed upon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else: but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might rush on Jenny getting up to wash, and have spitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken, or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said in a sounding whisper,

"Ghosts!"

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say she had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself. Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral illusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matey had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have said before, and what little she did say, was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled, could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion; for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane—the very lane we were to go through on our way home. In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading questions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a conciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief. Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bed-clothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might be, or what spiritual connexion they might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and therefore even Miss Pole felt that it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that woe-begone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tied on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matey drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights; and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labours were so nearly ended, or because they were going down hill) set off at such a round and merry pace, that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost. What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley-causeway branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men.

"Could not you—could not you take Miss Matey round by Headingley-causeway,—the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong?"

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair—

"Oh! pray go on! what is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here."—"And I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley-causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matey's bones; for it was covered with soft thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy, till the getting up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.

The next morning I met Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole, setting out on a long walk to find some old woman who was famous in the neighbourhood for her skill in knitting woollen stockings. Miss Pole said to me, with a smile half kindly and half contemptuous upon her countenance, "I have been just telling Lady Glenmire of our poor friend Mrs. Forrester, and her terror of ghosts. It comes from living so much alone, and listening to the bug-a-boo stories of that Jenny of hers." She was so calm and so much above superstitious fears herself, that I was almost ashamed to say how glad I had been of her Headingley-causeway proposition the night before, and turned off the conversation to something else.

In the afternoon Miss Pole called on Miss Matey to tell her of the adventure—the real adventure they had met with on their morning's walk. They had been perplexed about the exact path which they were to take across the fields, in order to find the knitting old woman, and had stopped to inquire at a little way-side public-house, standing on the high road to London, about three miles from Cranford. The good woman had asked them to sit down and rest themselves, while she fetched her husband, who could direct them better than she could; and, while they were sitting in the sanded parlour, a little girl came in. They thought that she belonged to the landlady, and began some trifling conversation with her; but, on Mrs. Roberts' return, she told them that the little thing was the only child of a couple who were staying in the

oouse. And then she began a long story, out hf which Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole could only gather one or two decided facts, which were that, about six weeks ago, a light spring-cart had broken down just before their door, in which there were two men, one woman, and this child. One of the men was seriously hurt—no bones broken, only "shaken," the landlady called it; but he had probably sustained some severe internal injury, for he had languished in their house ever since, attended by his wife, the mother of this little girl. Miss Pole had asked what he was, what he looked like. And Mrs. Roberts had made answer that he was not like a gentleman, nor yet like a common person; if it had not been that he and his wife were such decent quiet people, she could almost have thought he was a mountebank, or something of that kind, for they had a great box in the cart, full of she did not know what. She had helped to unpack it, and take out their linen and clothes, when the other man—his twin brother, she believed he was—had gone off with the horse and cart.

Miss Pole had begun to have her suspicions at this point, and expressed her idea that it was rather strange that the box and cart and horse and all should have disappeared; but good Mrs. Roberts seemed to have become quite indignant at Miss Pole's implied suggestion; in fact, Miss Pole said, she was as angry as if Miss Pole had told her that she herself was a swindler. As the best way of convincing the ladies, she bethought her of begging them to see the wife; and, as Miss Pole said, there was no doubting the honest, worn, bronzed face of the woman, who, at the first tender word from Lady Glenmire, burst into tears, which she was too weak to check, until some word from the landlady made her swallow down her sobs, in order that she might testify to the Christian kindness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. Miss Pole came round with a swing to as vehement a belief in the sorrowful tale as she had been sceptical before; and, as a proof of this, her energy in the poor sufferer's behalf was nothing daunted when she found out that he, and no other, was our Signor Brunoni, to whom all Cranford had been attributing all manner of evil this six weeks past! Yes! his wife said his proper name was Samuel Brown —"Sam," she called him—but to the last we preferred calling him "the Signor," it sounded so much better.

The end of their conversation with the Signora Brunoni was, that it was agreed that he should be placed under medical advice, and for any expense incurred in procuring this Lady Glenmire promised to hold herself responsible: and had accordingly gone to Mr. Hoggins to beg him to ride over to the Rising Sun that very afternoon, and examine into the Signor's real state; and as Miss Pole said, if it was desirable to remove him to Cranford to be more immediately under Mr. Hoggins's eye, she would undertake to see for lodgings, and arrange about the rent. Mrs. Roberts had been as kind as could be all throughout; but it was evident that their long residence there had been a slight inconvenience. Before Miss Pole left us, Miss Matey and I were as full of the morning's adventure as she was. We talked about it all the evening, turning it in every possible light, and we went to bed anxious for the morning, when we should surely hear from some one what Mr. Hoggins thought and recommended. For, as Miss Matey observed, though Mr. Hoggins did say "Jack's up," "a fig for his heels," and call Preference "Pref," she believed he was a very worthy man, and a very clever surgeon. Indeed, we were rather proud of our doctor at Cranford, as a doctor.

We often wished, when we heard of Queen Adelaide or the Duke of Wellington being ill, that they would send for Mr. Hoggins; but on consideration we were rather glad they did not, for if we were ailing, what should we do if Mr. Hoggins had been appointed physician-in-ordinary to the Royal Family? As a surgeon, we were proud of him; but as a man—or rather, I should say, as a gentleman—we could only shake our heads over his name and himself, and wish that he had read Lord Chesterfield's Letters in the days when his manners were susceptible of improvement. Nevertheless, we all regarded his dictum in the Signor's case as infallible; and when he said, that with care and attention he might rally, we had no more fear for him.

But although we had no more fear, everybody did as much as if there was great cause for anxiety—as indeed there was, until Mr. Hoggins took charge of him. Miss Pole looked out clean and comfortable, if homely, lodgings; Miss Matey sent the sedan-chair for him; and Martha and I aired it well before it left Cranford, by holding a warming-pan full of red-hot coals in it, and then shutting it up close, smoke and all, until the time when he should get into it at the Rising Sun. Lady Glenmire undertook the medical department under Mr. Hoggins's directions; and rummaged up all Mrs. Jamieson's medicine glasses, and spoons, and bed-tables, in a free and easy way, that made Miss Matey feel a little anxious as to what that lady and Mr. Mulliner might say, if they knew. Mrs. Forrester made some of the bread-jelly, for which she was so famous, to have ready as a refreshment in the lodgings when he should arrive. A present of this bread-jelly was the highest mark of favour dear Mrs. Forrester could confer. Miss Pole had once asked her for the receipt, but she had met with a very decided rebuff; that lady told her that she could not part with it to any one during her life, and that after her death it was bequeathed, as her executors would find, to Miss Matey. What Miss Matey—or, as Mrs. Forrester

called her (remembering the clause in her will, and the dignity of the occasion) Miss Matilda Jenkyns—might choose to do with the receipt when it came into her possession—whether to make it public, or to hand it down as an heir-loom—she did not know, nor would she dictate. And a mould of this admirable, digestible, unique bread-jelly was sent by Mrs. Forrester to our poor sick conjuror. Who says that the aristocracy are proud? Here was a lady, by birth a Tyrrell, and descended from the great Sir Walter that shot King Rufus, and in whose veins ran the blood of him who murdered the little Princes in the Tower, going every day to see what dainty dishes she could prepare for Samuel Brown, a mountebank! But, indeed, it was wonderful to see what kind feelings were called out by this poor man's coming amongst us. And also wonderful to see how the great Cranford panic, which had been occasioned by his first coming in his Turkish dress, melted away into thin air on his second coming—pale and feeble, and with his heavy filmy eyes that only brightened a very little when they fell upon the countenance of his faithful wife, or their pale and sorrowful little girl.

Somehow, we all forgot to be afraid. I dare say it was, that finding out that he, who had first excited our love of the marvellous by his unprecedented arts, had not sufficient every-day gifts to manage a shying horse, made us feel as if we were ourselves again. Miss Pole came with her little basket at all hours of the evening, as if her lonely house, and the unfrequented road to it, had never been infested by that "murderous gang;" Mrs. Forrester said, she thought that neither Jenny nor she need mind the headless lady who wept and wailed in Darkness Lane, for surely the power was never given to such beings to harm those who went about to try and do what little good was in their power; to which Jenny tremblingly assented; but her mistress's theory had little effect on the maid's practice, until she had sewed two pieces of red flannel, in the shape of a cross, on her inner garment.

I found Miss Matey covering her penny ball—the ball that she used to roll under her bed—with gay-coloured worsted in rainbow stripes.

"My dear," said she, "my heart is sad for that little care-worn child. Although her father is a conjuror, she looks as if she had never had a good game of play in her life. I used to make very pretty balls in this way when I was a girl, and I thought I would try if I could not make this one smart and take it to Phœbe this afternoon. I think 'the gang' must have left the neighbourhood, for one does not hear any more of their violence and robbery now."

We were all of us far too full of the Signor's precarious state to talk about either robbers or ghosts. Indeed, Lady Glenmire said, she never had heard of any actual robberies; except that two little boys had stolen some apples from Farmer Benson's orchard, and that some eggs had been missed on a market-day off Widow Hayward's stall. But that was expecting too much of us; we could not acknowledge that we had only had this small foundation for all our panic. Miss Pole drew herself up at this remark of Lady Glenmire's; and said "that she wished she could agree with her as to the very small reason we had had for alarm; but, with the recollection of the man disguised as a woman, who had endeavoured to force himself into her house, while his confederates waited outside; with the knowledge, gained from Lady Glenmire herself, of the foot-prints seen on Mrs. Jamieson's flower-borders; with the fact before her of the audacious robbery committed on Mr. Huggins at his own door—" But here Lady Glenmire broke in with a very strong expression of doubt as to whether this last story was not an entire fabrication, founded upon the theft of a rat; she grew so red while she was saying all this, that I was not surprised at Miss Pole's manner of bridling up, and I am certain, if Lady Glenmire had not been "her ladyship," we should have had a more emphatic contradiction than the "Well, to be sure!" and similar fragmentary ejaculations, which were all that she ventured upon in my lady's presence. But when she was gone, Miss Pole began a long congratulation to Miss Matey that, so far, they had escaped marriage, which she noticed always made people credulous to the last degree; indeed, she thought it argued great natural credulity in a woman if she could not keep herself from being married; and in what Lady Glenmire had said about Mr. Huggins's robbery, we had a specimen of what people came to, if they gave way to such a weakness; evidently, Lady Glenmire would swallow anything, if she could believe the poor vamped-up story about a neck of mutton and a pussy, with which he had tried to impose on Miss Pole, only she had always been on her guard against believing too much of what men said.

We were thankful, as Miss Pole desired us to be, that we had never been married: but I think, of the two, we were even more thankful that the robbers had left Cranford: at least I judge so from a speech of Miss Matey's that evening, as we sat over the fire, in which she evidently looked upon a husband as a great protector against thieves, burglars, and ghosts; and said that she did not think that she should dare to be always warning young people of matrimony, as Miss Pole did continually; to be sure, marriage was a risk, as she saw now she had some experience; but she remembered the time when she had looked forward to being married as much as any one.

"Not to any particular person, my dear," said she, hastily checking herself up as if she

were afraid of having admitted too much; "only the old story, you know, of ladies always saying 'When I marry,' and gentlemen, 'If I marry.'" It was a joke spoken in rather a sad tone, and I doubt if either of us smiled; but I could not see Miss Matey's face by the flickering fire-light. In a little while she continued:

"But, after all, I have not told you the truth; it is so long ago, and no one ever knew how much I thought of it at the time, unless, indeed, my dear mother guessed; but I may say that there was a time when I did not think I should have been only Miss Matey Jenkyns all my life; for even if I did meet with any one who wished to marry me now (and, as Miss Pole says, one is never too safe), I could not take him—I hope he would not take it too much to heart, but I could *not* take him—or any one but the person I once thought I should be married to, and he is dead and gone, and he never knew how it all came about that I said 'no,' when I had thought many and many a time—Well, it's no matter what I thought. God ordains it all, and I am very happy, my dear. No one has such kind friends as I," continued she, taking my hand and holding it in hers. If I had never known of Mr. Holbrook, I could have said something in this pause, but as I had, I could not think of anything that would come in naturally, and so we both kept silence for a little time.

"My father once made us," she began, "keep a diary in two columns; on one side we were to put down in the morning what we thought would be the course and events of the coming day, and at night we were to put down on the other side what really had happened. It would be to some people rather a sad way of telling their lives"—a tear dropped upon my hand at these words—"I don't mean that mine has been sad, only so very different to what I expected. I remember, one winter's evening, sitting over our bedroom fire with Deborah, I remember it as if it were yesterday, and we were planning our future lives—both of us were planning, though only she talked about it. She said she should like to marry an archdeacon, and write his charges; and you know, my dear, she never was married, and, for aught I know, she never spoke to an unmarried archdeacon in her life. I never was ambitious, nor could I have written charges, but I thought I could manage a house (my mother used to call me her right hand), and I was always so fond of little children—the shyest babies would stretch out their little arms to come to me when I was a girl, I was half my leisure time nursing in the neighbouring cottages—but I don't know how it was, when I grew sad and grave—which I did a year or two after this time—the little things drew back from me, and I am afraid I lost the knack, though I am just as fond of children as ever, and have a strange yearning at my heart whenever I see a mother with her baby in her arms. Nay, my dear,"—and by a sudden blaze which sprang up from a fall of the unstirred coals, I saw that her eyes were full of tears, gazing intently on some vision of what might have been—"do you know, I dream sometimes that I have a little child—always the same—a little girl of about two years old, she never grows older, though I have dreamt about her for many years. I don't think I ever dream of any words or sounds she makes; she is very noiseless and still, but she comes to me when she is very sorry or very glad, and I have wakened with the clasp of her dear little arms round my neck. Only last night—perhaps because I had gone to sleep, thinking of this ball for Phœbe—my little darling came in my dream, and put up her mouth to be kissed, just as I have seen real babies do to real mothers before going to bed. But all this is nonsense, dear! only don't be frightened by Miss Pole from being married. I can fancy it may be a very happy state, and a little credulity helps one on through life very smoothly, better than always doubting and doubting, and seeing difficulties and disagreeables in everything."

If I had been inclined to be daunted from matrimony, it would not have been Miss Pole to do it; it would have been the lot of poor Signor Brunoni and his wife. And yet again, it was an encouragement to see how, through all their cares and sorrows, they thought of each other and not of themselves; and how keen were their joys, if they only passed through each other, or through the little Phœbe. The Signora told me, one day, a good deal about their lives up to this period. It began by my asking her whether Miss Pole's story of the twin-brothers was true: it sounded so wonderful a likeness, that I should have had my doubts, if Miss Pole had been unmarried. But the Signora, or (as we found out she preferred to be called) Mrs. Brown, said it was quite true; that her brother-in-law was by many taken for her husband, which was of great assistance to them in their profession; "though," she continued, "How people can mistake Thomas for the real Signor Brunoni, I can't conceive; but he says they do; so I suppose I must believe him. Not but what he is a very good man; I am sure I don't know how we should have paid our bill at the Rising Sun, but for the money he sends; but people must know very little about art, if they can take him for my husband. Why, Miss, in the ball trick, where my husband spreads his fingers wide, and throws out his little finger with quite an air and a grace, Thomas just clumps up his hand like a fist, and might have ever so many balls hidden in it. Besides, he has never been in India, and knows nothing of the proper sit of a turban."

"Have you been in India?" said I, rather astonished.

"Oh yes! many a year, ma'am. Sam was

a serjeant in the 31st; and when the regiment was ordered to India, I drew a lot to go, and I was more thankful than I can tell; for it seemed as if it would only be a slow death to me to part from my husband. But, indeed, ma'm, if I had known all, I don't know whether I would not rather have died there and then, than gone through what I have done since. To be sure, I've been able to comfort Sam, and to be with him; but, ma'am, I've lost six children," said she, looking up at me with those strange eyes, that I have never noticed but in mothers of dead children —with a kind of wild look in them, as if seeking for what they never more might find;—"Yes! Six children died off, like little buds nipped untimely, in that cruel India. I thought, as each died, I never could—I never would—love a child again; and when the next came, it had not only its own love, but the deeper love that came from the thoughts of its little dead brothers and sisters. And when Phœbe was coming, I said to my husband, 'Sam, when the child is born, and I am strong, I shall leave you; it will cut my heart cruel; but if this baby dies too, I shall go mad. The madness is in me now; but if you let me go down to Calcutta, carrying my baby step by step, it will may-be work itself off; and I will save, and I will hoard, and I will beg,—and I will die, to get a passage home to England, where our baby may live!' God bless him! He said I might go; and he saved up his pay, and I saved every pice I could get for washing or any way; and when Phœbe came, and I grew strong again, I set off. It was very lonely; through the thick forests, dark again with their heavy trees—along by the rivers' side—(but I had been brought up near the Avon in Warwickshire, so that flowing noise sounded like home), from station to station, from Indian village to village, I went along, carrying my child. I had seen one of the officer's ladies with a little picture, ma'am, done by a Catholic foreigner, ma'am, of the Virgin and the little Saviour, ma'am. She had him on her arm, and her form was softly curled round him, and their cheeks touched. Well, when I went to bid good-bye to this lady, for whom I had washed, she cried sadly; for she, too, had lost her children, but she had not another to save, like me; and I was bold enough to ask her would she give me that print? And she cried the more, and said *her* children were with that little blessed Jesus; and gave it me, and told me she had heard it had been painted on the bottom of a cask, which made it have that round shape. And when my body was very weary, and my heart was sick, (for there were times when I misdoubted if I could ever reach my home, and there were times when I thought of my husband: and one time when I thought my baby was dying) I took out that picture and looked at it, till I could have thought the mother spoke to me, and comforted me. And the natives were very kind. We could not understand one another; but they saw my baby on my breast, and they came out to me, and brought me rice and milk, and sometimes flowers—I have got some of the flowers dried. Then the next morning I was so tired; and they wanted me to stay with them—I could tell that—and tried to frighten me from going into the deep woods, which, indeed, looked very strange and dark; but it seemed to me as if Death was following me to take my baby away from me; and as if I must go on, and on—and I thought how God had cared for mothers ever since the world was made, and would care for me; so I bade them good-bye, and set off afresh. And once when my baby was ill, and both she and I needed rest, He led me to a place where I found a kind Englishman lived, right in the midst of the natives."

"And you reached Calcutta safely at last!"

"Yes! safely. Oh! when I knew I had only two days' journey more before me, I could not help it ma'am—it might be idolatry, I cannot tell—but I was near one of the native temples, and I went in it with my baby to thank God for his great mercy; for it seemed to me, that where others had prayed before to their God, in their joy or in their agony, was of itself a sacred place. And I got as servant to an invalid lady, who grew quite fond of my baby aboard-ship; and, in two years' time, Sam earned his discharge, and came home to me, and to our child. Then he had to fix on a trade; but he knew of none; and, once, once upon a time, he had learnt some tricks from an Indian juggler, so he set up conjuring, and it answered so well that he took Thomas to help him—as his man, you know, not as another conjuror, though Thomas has set it up now on his own hook. But it has been a great help to us that likeness between the twins, and made a good many tricks go off well that they made up together. And Thomas is a good brother, only he has not the fine carriage of my husband, so that I can't think now he can be taken for Signor Brunoni himself, as he says he is."

"Poor little Phœbe!" said I, my thoughts going back to the baby she carried all those hundred miles.

"Ah! you may say so! I never thought I should have reared her, though, when she fell ill at Chunderabaddad; but that good, kind Aga Jenkyns took us in, which I believe was the very saving of her."

"Jenkyns!" said I.

"Yes! Jenkyns. I shall think all people of that name are kind; for here is that nice old lady who comes every day to take Phœbe a walk!"

But an idea had flashed through my head. Could the Aga Jenkyns be the lost Peter? True he was reported by many to be dead. But, equally true, some had said that he had

arrived at the dignity of great Lama of Thibet. Miss Matey thought he was alive. I would make further inquiry.

CHIPS.

THE GHOST OF THE COCK LANE GHOST WRONG AGAIN.

THE exhibitor of the spirit-rapping at the small charge of one guinea per head, or five guineas for a party of ten: the Mr. Stone who "begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry that he has just returned from the United States, accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Hayden, for the purpose of Demonstrating the wonderful Phenomena known in that country as Spiritual Manifestations, and which have created the most intense excitement among all classes of society,"—as described at page 217 of our present volume—has been exhibiting Electro-Biology in London to certain dismal little audiences; and has attempted to enliven the very dreary performances by pressing the name of MR. CHARLES DICKENS into his service, and delivering himself of accounts of a personal interview held by himself and his Medium with that gentleman at the house in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, where all classes of society are intensely excited every day at from eleven to two, and from four to six.

As a further warning to the gullible who may be disposed to put their trust in this exhibitor's "facts," we may inform them that he, and his Medium, with their troops of spirits and their electro-biological penetration to boot, are as wide of the truth in this as in everything else. Mr. Dickens was never at the intensely exciting house, and never beheld any of its intensely exciting inhabitants. Two trustworthy gentlemen attached to this Journal tested the spirit rappers at his request, and found them to be the egregious absurdity described.

TRAVEL ON TRAMP IN GERMANY.

HAMBURGH TO LUBECK.

My journey as a workman on the tramp from Hamburgh to Berlin I propose to tell, as simply as I can. I have no great adventures to describe, but I desire to illustrate some part of what has already been said in Household Words about the workmen in Germany, and I can do this best by relating, just as it was, a small part of my own road experience, neither more nor less wonderful than the experience which is every day common to thousands of my countrymen.

I am a working jeweller, and I was very poor when I set out from Hamburgh in the month of March, with my knapsack strapped to my back, my stick in my hand, and my bottle of strong comfort slung about my neck after the manner of a locket. I was not poor in my own conceit, for I had in my fob—the safest pocket for so large a sum of money—two gold ducats and some Prussian dollars: English money, thirty-five shillings. I thought I was a proper fellow with that quantity of ready cash upon my person, and a six weeks' manly beard.

Many adieus had been spoken in Hamburgh at our last night's revel, but a Danish friend was up betimes to see me out of town. At length he also bade the wanderer farewell, and for the comfort of us both my locket having passed from hand to hand, he left me to tramp on alone, over the dull, flat, sandy road. There was scarcely a tree to be seen, and the sky looked like a heavy sheet of lead, but I stepped out boldly and made progress fast. The road got to be worse, I came among deep ruts and treacherous sloughs, the fields on each side of the road flooded. In some parts the road had become a sand swamp, and the walk soon became converted into a gymnastic exercise, a leaping about towards what seemed the hard and knobby places that appeared among the mud. This exercise soon made me conscious of the knapsack to which I was then not thoroughly accustomed. It was not so much the weight that I felt—mine weighed twenty-eight pounds—but the tightness of the belt across the chest, which caused pain and impediment of breathing. Custom, however, caused the knapsack to become even an aid to me in walking.

A sturdy young fellow who did not object to mud was pushing his way recklessly behind me. I was soon overtaken, we exchanged kind greetings, and jogged on together, shoulder to shoulder. He had been upon his travels; had been in Denmark for two years, and had left Copenhagen to return to his native village, that lay then only eight or ten miles before us. What was his reason for returning? He was required to perform military service, and for the next two years at least—or for a longer time should war break out—was doomed to be a soldier. He did not think the doom particularly hard, and we jogged on together in a cheerful mood until his knowledge of the ground became distressingly familiar, and he illustrated portions of the scenery with tales of robbery and murder. The scenery of the road—I was on my way to Lübeck—became at every turn more picturesque. Instead of passing between swampy fields, it ran along a hollow, and the ground was on each side broken into deep holes with rugged edges; black leafless bushes stood out from the grey and yellow sand, while further away in the background, against the leaden sky, there was a sombre fringe of thickly planted fir-trees. The daylight, dim at noon, had become dimmer as evening drew near, the grey sky darkened, and the tales of robbery and murder made my thoughts not very cheerful. As the hills grew higher on each side of us, it occurred to us both that here was a fine place for a murder, and I let my

companion go before, handling my stick at the same time as one ready to strike instantly if any injury were offered. I was just demonstrative enough to frighten my companion. We were a mere couple of rabbits. Each of us in his innocence feared that the other might be a guilty monster, and so we were both glad enough to get out of the hollow. On the other side of the glen the road widened, and my companion paused at the head of a little path that led down to a deeper corner of the hollow, and across the fields. That was his way home. He had but a mile to go, and was already anticipating all the kisses of his household. He wished me a prosperous journey; I wished him a happy welcome in his village; and we shook hands like two young men who owed amends to one another.

He had told me before we parted that there were two houses of entertainment not far in advance. Already I saw the red-tiled roof of one, that looked like a respectable farm-house. From the door of that house, however, I was turned away; and as the darkness of the evening was changing into night, I ran as fast as I was able to the next place of shelter. By the pump, the horse-trough, and the dirty pool I knew that there was entertainment there for man and horse. I therefore raised the wooden latch, and in a modest tone made my request for a bed. A vixenish landlady from the midst of a group of screaming children cried to me, "You can't have a bed, you can have straw." That would do quite as well, I said.

I sat down at a table in a corner of the large room, called for a glass of beer, produced some bread and sausage that I had brought with me from Hamburgh, and made a comfortable supper. There was a large wood fire blazing on the ample hearth, but the landlord and his family engrossed its whole vicinity. The house contained no other sitting room and no other sleeping accommodation than the one family bedroom and the barn.

While I was at supper there came in other wandering boys like myself. I had escaped the rain, but they had not; they came in dripping: a stout man, and a tall, lank stripling. The youth wore a white blouse and hat covered with oil-skin, his trousers were tucked halfway up his legs, and he had mud up to his ankles. We soon exchanged our scraps of information about one another. The stout man was a banker from Lübeck on the way to Hamburgh; the stripling, probably not yet out of his teens, was part brazier, part coppersmith, part tinman. He had been three weeks on his travels, and had come, like myself, from Hamburgh since morning. He was very poor. He did not tell us that; but he ordered nothing to eat or drink, and except the draught of comfort that he got out of my bottle, the poor fellow went supperless to bed. Not altogether supperless, because he had some smoke; we made a snug little party in the corner, and talked, smoked, and comforted ourselves, after the children had been put to bed, and while the landlord, landlady, and an old grandfather told stories to each other in low German by the fire. At nine o'clock the landlord lighted his lanthorn, and told us bluffly that we might go to bed. We, therefore, having handed him our papers, passports, and wander-books, for his security and for our own, followed into the barn. That was a place large enough to hold straw for a regiment of soldiers. It was a continuation of the dwelling-house, sheltered under the same roof. We mounted three rude ladders, and so got from floor to floor into the loft. Having guided us safely thither, there he quitted us at once with a good night, taking his lanthorn with him, and leaving us to make our beds in the thick darkness as we could. The straw was not straw: it was short-cut hay, old enough to have lost all scent of hay, and to have acquired some other scents less pleasing to the nose; hay trodden, pressed, and matted down, without a vestige in it of its ancient elasticity. There was nothing in it to remind us of a summer tumble on the hay-cock. The barn roof was open, and the March night wind whistled over us, but I took off my boots to ease my swollen feet, took my coat off that I might spread it over my chest as a counterpane, and struggled in vain to work a hole for my feet into the hard knotted bank of hay. So I spent the night, just so much not asleep, that I was always conscious, dimly, of the snoring of the baker, and awoke sometimes to wonder what the landlord's cock had supped upon, for it was continually crowing in its sleep, on the barn-floor below. When morning broke we rose and had a brisk wash at the pump, scraped the mud from our boots, and breakfasted. The baker and I had plain dry bread and hot coffee. The tinman breakfasted on milk. He said it was better—poor fellow! he knew it was cheaper. By seven o'clock we were all afoot again, the baker journeying to Hamburgh, the tinman and I road-companions to Lübeck.

At noon, after a five hours' walk, a pleasant roadside inn with a deep gable roof and snug curtains behind its lattice windows, tempted me to rest and dine. "We shall get a good dinner here," I said, "let us go in." The tinman would hear of no such thing. "We must get on to Lübeck," he replied. "Two more hours of steady walking and we shall be there." Poor youth. At Lübeck he could demand a dinner at his herberge, and he had no chance of any other. So we trudged on till the tall turrets and steeples of Lübeck rose on the horizon. The tinman desired to know what my intentions were. Was I going straight on to Berlin without working? Should I seek work at Lübeck? If not, of course I would take the *viaticum*. "I thought not," I told him. "Ah, then," he said, "you

have some money." The viaticum is the tramp-money that may be claimed from his guild by the travelling workman. Germans, like other people, like to take pills guilded, and so we cloak the awkward incident of poverty under a Latin name.

Lübeck being in sight we sat down upon a grassy bank to make our toilet. A tramper's knapsack always has little pouches at the side for soap, brushes, and blacking. We were not so near to the tall steeples as we thought, and it took us a good hour and a half before we reached the city gates. The approaches are through pretty avenues of young trees and ornamental flower-pots. The town entrance at which we arrived was simply a double iron gate, like a park gate in England. As we were about to pass in, the sentinel beckoned and pointed us towards a little whitened watchbox, at which we stopped to hand our papers through a pigeon-hole. In a few minutes the police officer came out, handed to me my passport with great politeness, and in a sharp voice bade the tinman follow him. Such is the difference between a passport and a wander-book. I, owner of a passport, might go whither I would: tinman, carrying a wander-book, was marched off by the police to his appointed house of call. I took full advantage of my liberty, and as became a weary young man with two gold ducats in his fob, went to recruit my strength with the best dinner I could get. Having taken off my knapsack and my blouse, I soon, therefore, was indulging in a lounge upon the sofa of one of the best hotels in the sleepy and old-fashioned free city of Lübeck.

WHAT SAND IS.

Sand is sand. Everybody knows what sand is.

Yes, but all sand is not the same sand. Neither is dust necessarily sand. The sand of the desert on the Isthmus of Suez is firm and flinty, totally distinct from dust; the silver sand of Berkshire, used by gardeners to mix with peat, and so propagate their cuttings, is soft and fine. On the French coast, between Capes Blanez and Grisnez, there is sand which is almost impalpable to the touch; it feels like rubbing so much grease between your fingers. There are glittering, micaceous sands; rich, golden sands; green sands, whose coloured grains consist chiefly of silicate of iron, from the Isle of Wight; sands specially suited to the manufacture of glass, from their purity; and even artificial sands, to furnish the hour-glass with its *memento mori*. The Cornish coast can probably boast of a greater variety of sea-sands than any other county in Great Britain; in almost every cove the sand is different.

And how did they become sands? All nearly in the same way. If we were at John o'Groat's House, and could peep behind some rocks that fringe the shore close by, we should see some small beds of light-yellow, coarse sand, heaped up by the waves in out-of-the-way corners. Take up a handful, and it is nothing else but little bits of broken shells, which have been battered and bruised against the hard cliffs, and against each other, till they can hold together no longer. It is shell sand. They have the same thing in Cornwall. The sand of Treenan Cove, of Whitesand Bay, and also of the vast tracts on the north coast, is composed of broken shells, and is used for manure more generally, perhaps, than it would otherwise be, from the want of lime in the neighbourhood.

Look at a portion of this Norfolk sea-sand with a strong magnifier: it is very beautiful, as well as very curious. The fragments are not all of the same size, nor shape, nor colour. Some are perfect little grey flint pebbles, like their less advanced, though larger, brethren on the beach; others glitter like fragments of flint-glass: and they are mostly rounded, as if by the action of water. Here are some specimens of cornelian, there of quartz, or silex in its purest form. Before looking through the glass, one has no idea what a droll mineralogical collection a pinch of sea-sand contains. Try it in the sunshine, and you have a brilliant saree-show. The microscopic creatures, which inhabit the sands, have an interminable range of transparent grottos and chrystal palaces in which to divert their leisure. The Berkshire silver sand is much the same thing, only on a smaller scale, and containing a larger proportion of quartz. In Cornwall, too, the sand of any particular shore, cove, or bay, has generally one special shade of colour; and a microscope shows it to be of the same substances as compose the adjacent cliffs and form the strata under the sea, upon which the waves are perpetually at work, driving to the shore and depositing there what they fret or wash from off those strata. Thus, the sands at Chyandower, near Penzance, and thence to Marazion, are of a pale blue colour, like the rocks at Chyandower and the shingle on the strand. We have a variety of sands in Norfolk; but the sandy beach on which *I will* suppose you to be listening to my second course of sea-side gossip, tells its own history. Here are stones as large as an ostrich's egg, diminishing through minor sizes into coarse shingle, and that gradually passing into true sea-sand. The series is as perfect as any of those which demonstrated the progress from the raw material to the manufactured article, in the Great Exhibition.

The manner in which the insatiable maw of the devouring sea is incessantly supplied with provender by the falling cliffs of East Anglia—(oblige me by opening your Atlas at the maps of Norfolk and Suffolk before reading many sentences further).—resembles, to my mind, nothing so much as those convenient racks in a stable, in which, as fast a horse eats

his hay, more is dropped down upon his nose, of those corn-hoppers, by which pet poultry are supplied with an inexhaustible feast of grain; never too much at a time, but always enough to go to work upon. Every tide eats its meal from the cliff; and when it happens that no new course of earthy dishes is tasted, they are only reserved for a future treat; the glutton's appetite is appeased for the time with the remains of yesterday's, or last week's banquet. And meanwhile, the function of oceanic digestion is for ever going on, unwearied and uncloyed.

The matters destined to be disposed of by this stomach of thousand boa-constrictor power, are, sands and earths, mixed with stones or boulders of various size and constitution. Now, the tidal stream, on the coast of East Anglia, runs for six hours in a northerly or north-westerly direction, from the mouldering cliffs of Trimingham and Mundesley towards the Lynn estuary, while it is ebbing (see map); and for six hours in a southerly or south-easterly course, from the same cliffs towards Great Yarmouth, while it is flowing. The rate of the current is various: but call it three miles an hour. This gives the possibility that a particle of matter should be carried eighteen miles away from its original resting-place in a single tide. But the substances which are easiest removed are not those which travel furthest at one journey. Sand, for instance, is immediately swept away; while the finer atoms of clay and chalk, harder to melt from their parent block, remain longer on hand, and are kept more tantalizingly in suspense, before they are deposited; while the great lumps of rock drop down in company together, in the first instance, rather by having their soft bedding stolen from under them, than from any great amount of transportation which they suffer.

The silt, and mud, and fine particles of clay, are carried up the estuaries and left there by the waters, during their temporary state of stagnation at the turn of the tide, till they eventually rise to the surface. The sands are not borne so far inland, but form shoals on the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. Between the shoals and sand-banks at sea, the ocean-stream runs like a mighty river, returning in its bed every six hours; and if ever, as some surmise possible, the Dogger Bank shall appear above the sea, tidal rivers of salt water will be the streams that flow amidst its sands. But the sands and the mud find each their suitable place to settle in. To save the cliffs of England, therefore, from further degradation,—to prevent the area of Great Britain from daily diminution, is, at the same time, to cut off one of the supplies of materials by which our havens' mouths are being choked and silted up.

The whole result is, that the heterogeneous materials of the cliff get sorted, according to their kind, like convict prisoners that have fallen into trouble. The German Ocean shuffles his cards most resolutely, but he manages to get the different suits together before the end of the game. And thus we have at certain points, such as Weybourn, Sheringham, and Southwold, those terraces of pebbles that are raised upon the beach as regularly as if they had been piled there by the hands of men. But their state is not final: at first they were rough and irregular; flints from the chalk, granite boulders from the rock; now they are smooth and rounded. For though the sea behaves to them in various style, sometimes only playing with them in gentle mood, scarcely making them send forth a pleasant rattle, and sometimes threshing them with the flail of his angry billows, causing them to spring, and clash, and shiver into pieces: he never leaves them quite in repose. Constant worry and want of rest are sure to tell in time; he grinds and frets their very hearts out; and the filings, the sawdust, the raspings of his lapidary work, are SAND; which thenceforth, as we have seen, has its own proper course and destiny to follow.

Sand, therefore, is rock and other hard substances reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was, therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character. For sand is a highly manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A bran-new planet can no more have sands (unless ready-made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old stag-headed oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains, and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old-established concern the ocean-wave mill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!

A small portion, then, of the sands of our beach may be the result of last week's stormy springtide; but they are not, like our coffee for breakfast, all fresh ground for the occasion. A much larger contribution may have been conveyed from the crag at Bramerton, or the cliff at Bacton, after having been treasured in those storehouses for thousands and thousands of years. Every handful of sand on earth must have undergone this process. Sometimes a natural cement reunites these pounded morsels, and they become arenacious rock, or sandstone. Old materials are thus used up again, and are once more serviceable in the world's masonry. Shell-sand is now and then hardened into marble; when the pearly lustre of the fragments is retained, the specimens are quite gemlike. Our beach happens, at this moment, to be impressed by the ripple-mark of the waves, by the indentation of the rain-drops which fell in the last shower, and by the footsteps of

birds which have been searching for their daily food. Just such portions of muddy beach, upon which sand has been drifted by the wind, are to be seen in our museums hardened into stone, and yet bearing fresh traces of waves, and rain-drops, and birds, that left marks of their action, and evidence of their existence, ages upon ages—upon ages! ago.

The most southern point of the Norfolk Coast is a peninsula composed entirely of sea-sand, stretching four or five miles from north to south, between the German Ocean and the estuary of the three rivers, Bure, Yare, and Waveney, and being less than a mile in extreme breadth. In the midst stands the town of Great Yarmouth; the portions of sandy plain above and below which are called the North and South Denes. The excavations for draining the town, made in 1851, showed how deep and unmixed was the sandy stratum. The highest portion of the South Denes is a ridge running parallel with the shore, and raised not many feet above it, but still commanding a most pleasing panorama of sea and land, town and country. It is annually used as a race-course; and for a walk or a canter, there are not many more cheerful and healthy spots on the face of the earth. Only, if a squall comes on, there is no shelter to be had, unless one could, rabbit-like, scoop a cave in the earth. On this slight elevation stands the well-known pillar, called Nelson's Monument. But the whole peninsula is a nearly level plain. It is covered with herbage, so short and fine, that to turn sheep and cattle to feed there seems almost as cruel as driving them to graze upon a green Brussels carpet, which has undergone a dozen years of family service. It is marvellous that they do live and grow. Numbers of brood geese also find the materials whence to produce their eggs and young.

The main agent which now causes any change in the level of the Denes is the wind, which not only deposites the drifting sand around every tuft of grass, but also opens a wider gap at any spot left bare of vegetation. I believe that were the Corporation of Great Yarmouth to shut up the Denes for a few years, instead of allowing them to be fed close, their level would rise rapidly from the accumulating deposit amongst the uncropped herbage. On the North Denes (where stand the mills immortalised in Robinson Crusoe), every tuft of furze is the foundation of a hillock; just as the African sand-winds raise a small mound over the carcase of every camel left exposed on the surface of the desert. One of these pyramids has come to be privately designated by a knot of young adventurers, "The Peak of Teneriffe;" another level and isolated elevation, "The Table Mountain." They are admirable hills, in small, for infantile geographers to explore with a reckless determination of making grand discoveries.

Now, there have been many assemblages of the habitations of man, called towns and cities, which have been overwhelmed by some catastrophe, or whose very site and foundations have been swept away; but there are not many, whose terrestrial locality did not exist at a very late historic epoch. On the deltas at the mouths of great rivers, in recently settled countries, we may look for new cities to arise; the spongy islands of the Paraná, and the swamps of the Mississippi, may, centuries hence, become connected, firm, and sprinkled over with the congregated dwelling-places of unborn colonists. If we take Holland to be, in great part, the delta of the Rhine, we have an instance of an analogous process which has taken place in past ages; but the mouth of the estuary of the Yare offers a still more modern instance of human seizure of the stranded spoils of the waters.

The very recent changes that have occurred on this spot, are fully proved by Mr. J. W. Robberds in his "Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk;" and he truly states that "natural appearances indicate that the portion of the coast of Norfolk, said to have been distinguished by the invasion of Cerdic the Saxon, in the year 495, was not in existence at the remote era when that invasion was effected." Swinden, too, long since observed, "All the records of Yarmouth universally agree, that the place where Great Yarmouth now standeth, was originally a sand in the sea, and by degrees, *caput extulit undis*, appeared above water and became dry-land."

Dry-land, or make-believe land, might appear, and yet not be very tempting to resort to. The temptation first offered here was that excellent fish, the herring. Attractive as was the bait, the reader is requested to remember, in addition, that the new made *terra-firma*, on which the infant Yarmouth was planted, was not a mud-bank, but a sand-bank. Wide is the difference in point of health and comfort. Whether in the African desert, or in these northern latitudes, on such a subsoil the air above and the sand below are both perfectly dry, pure, and wholesome: no deadly dews and damps to scare the traveller, or torment the resident *with* the dreaming fancy or the waking truth of racked bones and fevered blood. Vigour and longevity were thus the inheritance of Yarmouth. And the county newspapers still constantly furnish us with instances of good folks, who cannot be induced to quit this vale of tears, till they approach or arrive at their hundredth year. If you bear a grudge against any particular Insurance Office, purchase from it a heavy life annuity, go and live at Great Yarmouth, and draw your dividends till they ask in despair whether your name is Old Parr, or Mathuselah.

"So," says Manship, "this sand, by diffluvion of tides, did by little and little lift its head above the waters; and so, in short time

after sundry fishermen, as well of this kingdom, as also of France, Flanders, and the low countries, yearly about the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, resorted thither, where they continued in tents made for the purpose by the space of forty days, about the killing, trimming, salting, and selling of herrings, to all that hither came for that purpose." Yarmouth, therefore, could bear on her shield no more appropriate device than three glittering herrings, not even when she decapitated them, and reheaded them, in the first or second Edward's reign, with portions of the lions from the arms of England. Spelman tells us, that "at the first they built painted tents and huts against the inclement air; but by the King's (Edward the Confessor's) permission, soon more comely habitations, and shortly after superb ones."

This point of our history brings out the fact that Yarmouth had a government before it had a fixed foundation. The moral essentials of a town preceded the material ones. "Order is heaven's first law;" it was Yarmouth's fundamental principle. No Socialism, or Red Republicanism here. "To repress and prevent disorders arising among the multitude upon the sale and delivery of the herrings brought ashore there," observes Jeakes in his Charters of the Cinque Ports, "for want of a settled government in that town, or as hereafter noted, for want of a town built; the (Cinque) ports used to send thither yearly certain men as their bailiffs, that during the time of the herring fair they might abide there, and govern all that fishing season." Disturbances do arise, but are soon put down. "One of the port bailiffs doing his office there was killed;" for which the offender "as deservedly was hanged." Even the newly risen land is not free for whoever will to take possession of; for, quoth Swinden—"The original of Great Yarmouth was a sand in the sea; and as then none but the King had any right or title thereto, hence 'tis called in the book of Domesday *terra regis*, *i. e.*, the King's Demesne."

Of the herring—the rich ore dug from a watery mine—of the little fish which could thus lay the foundation of a prosperous community, very marvellous tales have been told, and credited. Jeakes speaks of the "herrings, which, by a wonderful and rare providence, having their constant course once a year round this island, about the autumnal equinox begin to keep their quarters on *these* coasts." Pennant, however, established the general currency of this erroneous piece of natural history. His idea that their grand army, starting from the Arctic Circle is split by the Shetland Islands into two divisions, one of which traverses the east, and the other the west coast of Great Britain, has been quietly met by the statement of Mr. Yarrell, that the herring does not abound in the Arctic Ocean. It is true that herrings are catchable and eatable later and later in the season, (with several exceptions, however,) as we run our eye southwards down the map; but the theory thence deduced by Pennant only shows the danger of forming too hasty conclusions from a regular consecutiveness of any set of events; or indeed from any series, whether of forms or actions. Fishermen have long and well known, that the herrings taken off the north of Scotland late in spring, off Yorkshire in summer, and on the Norfolk coast in autumn, are quite different fish; permanently different as varieties of the species, and not portions of the same, or similar shoals. They do migrate, it is true, but it is from the deep to the shallow waters of their respective stations, on each of which the catch is peculiar, and also unchangeable in its characteristics.

The Yarmouth fishermen's numeration-table is founded on a different principle to the decimal arithmetic commonly in use. The fishermen's tale is reckoned by fours instead of by fives or tens, both for green fish and for cured. The fish are counted by taking two in each hand, and throwing the four together in the heap. Thus:

Four herrings make a warp.

Thirty-three warp make a hundred—one hundred and thirty-two fish according to the Arabic notation.

A "last" of herring is defined by measurement, instead of by counting, but is estimated to contain about ten thousand Yarmouth herrings; so that a last of Baltic herring would contain more, and a last of Loch Fine herring fewer fish. At Yarmouth, the last is thus measured:—the fish are landed in certain convenient and quaintly-shaped baskets, called "swills," of definite capacity. Twenty swills make a last; therefore the duty of each swill is to hold five hundred herrings, and we may believe that it does not much fall short of, or exceed what is required of it. This is the established practice at Yarmouth, the metropolis of herrings. At other points of the coast, as at Sheringham, baskets used for the same purpose are called swills, but are different in size and shape.

The Yarmouth herring-boats, too, are of excellent contrivance. There are three different descriptions fitted out for this fishery; the smallest are open boats, or yawls. But the famous Yarmouth yawls are used rather for purposes of salvage, for giving aid to vessels in distress, and for rescuing life at the last extremity. Their crews are composed of men who are an honour, not merely to the town and to the county they belong to, but to the entire British nation. I have no room here to make any further allusion to their courage, generosity, and self-denial. The performance of the yawls is first-rate. One of them, the Reindeer, challenged the invincible yacht, the America, and it is believed would beat her. The America got out of it by refusing to sail for less than five thousand pounds—a sum which she knows Yarmouth

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the game of "pin-
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and savoury
men style *Litorina*
as the cobles have done
they speed back again. The
from forty to fifty tons bur-
herring-boats. Weather, which
feeble cockle-shells, like the
into harbour, only makes
things drop anchor, and
the storm, and ride it out.
they have even been rolled
the waves—turned completely topsy-
yet have gone on with their fish-
afterwards, as if nothing had happened.
their ballast sticking to the underside
of their deck, just served to prove
somersets that had been executed.

But Great Yarmouth has been possessed of more important, though perhaps not more useful craft than herring-boats. Not to mention the forty-three ships, and upwards, of one thousand sailors, with which, in 1347, she furnished the King's Majesty, for the siege and capture of Calais—in later times she sent fourteen or fifteen sail of whalers to Greenland. Two of them, the Norfolk and the Trelawney, still survive and are serviceable, although they have nearly reached the age of three-score years and ten—far beyond the usual limit of a ship's life. But a vessel of yet more advanced age had, and may still have her home in this port,—the Betsey, *ætat.* eighty, or thereabouts. She has lately been renovated and reconstructed, at a cost greater than that of a new ship, retaining all the old-fashioned peculiarities of her build, which have been severely tested by her having weathered the destructive gales of October, 1851.

A word on the shrimpers before bidding adieu to the Yarmouth fleet. Shrimp eaters are aware of the great difference, in flavour and appearance, between the red and the brown species. Both are caught here, but in very different localities. The brown, or "flat-nose kind," is taken along shore, and in the harbour; the red sort only in the roads, or out at sea. The present mode and locality of the red shrimp fishery was accidentally discovered some fifty or sixty years ago. The lucky hit was made by some boats that were employed in recovering lost anchors by a process which is called "sweeping." Two boats, at a certain distance from each other, proceed up and down the roads, having a loose rope suspended between them, at the middle of which is fastened a large fish-basket, or "swill," partly laden with stones to sink it. By these means the place of the anchor at the bottom is ascertained; and it is then raised. But in particular states of the tide, it was found that the swill, when brought to the surface, was filled with red shrimps. The men took the hint, kept their own counsel, got nets made, and, at the time, had the first gathering of the harvest, soon to be shared with others. There are now about eighty sail of shrimp boats, quite a little fleet by themselves. But they complain that the dredging of the new-discovered oyster beds has spoiled their fishery, by breaking up the shrimp grounds; and they are now obliged to go southwards into "the lake," towards Corton, for a satisfactory catch.

But we must neither forget that we are visiting lands but lately thrown up by the sea, nor the troublesome consequences of such a recent appearance. A bar of sand thrown across so wide an estuary whence three rivers have to find an outlet, whether separately or in union, is not likely to be allowed to establish itself quietly, without some difficulties being raised. People who run down to Gorleston, on the Suffolk side of the harbour, once or twice in the year, for the sake of the breezy walk on the pier, the busy groups of shipping, and the curious net-work of reflected waves to be seen at high water on its southern side; holiday people seldom think of the care and expense during hundreds of years which this pleasant, as well as useful, platform has taken to erect. Ladies and gentlemen who come here simply to enjoy themselves, do not dream that it has been no holiday to Yarmouth to put the harbour into its actual working trim.

The present haven's mouth, which now discharges its waters with such force and decision, having at last been "brought into one certeyn course to ronne out into the sea betwene two great peeres," is the seventh which, by the persevering industry of Yarmouth men, "was newe trenched and cutte out over the Denne into the sea." The whole history of the harbour manifests the wearing difficulties arising from a continued contention with the changing conditions of the coast, and of the inland tract of country. "From the tenth yere of Kynge Edward the Thirde, for x yeres the course of the haven began to be thought verye longe and tedious, by reason of much Sande, brought into the same by the rage of the Sea, that caused many shoulders (shoals) therein, and partly by reason moste of the marsh grounded became firm land. The which marshes and flotes could not receive the fluddes in such plentiful manner as they were accustomed." Yarmouth may therefore be pardoned for showing a sensitive jealousy on the whole subject of her

river; and especially respecting the preservation of Breydon, the noble expanse that now receives the flood tide, and serves as a reservoir of a power which, twice a day, scours out the mouth of the haven, and keeps its entrance in a navigable state. Outlets had been made, but again and again became unavailable. "The stormy wind and sea prevailing, the mouth of the fifth haven, which had cost great sums of money, was thereby choked, and stopped up." In this extremity, with ruin staring them in the face, it was finally concluded, after many consultations and mature deliberations, that whereas the church of St. Nicholas, in Yarmouth, was then possessed of some money, a great quantity of plate, and many costly ornaments and vestments, the same should be sold for the purpose of raising money to make a navigable passage. "And yet, nevertheless, the said haven did not long continue in that course, but the same stopped upp agene." Until at last, in 1500, a Dutch engineer, named Joas or Joyce Johnson, "a man of rare knowledge and experience in works of that nature," was brought from Holland, and appointed master of the works, with wages of four shillings per day; and by him the seventh and present haven was constructed.

Hierus, or Yare, is the name of the stream which has given so much trouble to the occupants of new-formed land, the colonists of the sands, whence the town was first named Hiermuth—without the aspirate, Jermouth—which, pronounced in Saxon fashion, is Yarmouth. And without entering into local squabbles, philosophers like you, gentle reader, and myself, will honour the "Inhabitantes of Greate Yermouthe" for the spirit they have shown, and the struggle they have gone through, with but little help from friends and neighbours. "Their charges have alwaies ben very greate, and their Landes and Revenewes verye smalle, for they doe live onlie by there trades unto the Seas, and therebye doe maynteine themselfs, there wifes and families, and the wholle Estate of the said Towne"; nevertheless, by courage and self-dependence, by putting a resolute shoulder to the impeded wheel, by helping themselves instead of intreating others to come and help them, they have gone on—and may they prosper!

INFORMATION AGAINST A POISONER.

The subject of the present information, or the hero of the present story is an Emanation. I should say rather the heroine, for, like the most famous poisoners of Italy and France, the thing is feminine. Men tremble at her soft, romantic name—which it has been the good fortune of few among us never to have heard—Malaria.

No, she is not crowded courts, drains, bad air, and all that kind of bother. She is an Emanation in her own right, not of mortal manufacture. Foul city air is not Malaria. Foul city air saps the foundation of our fleshly castles, and makes wide the breach by which Typhus enters, but foul city air generates no fever by itself, and the fevers for which it makes working ground and elbow-room are all contagious fevers, passed from hand to hand. Malaria destroys with a poison bowl exclusively her own; the fevers she produces are not communicable by the touch from man to man; they are intermittent and remittent, known to us in this country in their mildest form, as ague, for example: In other climes, Malaria destroys with a more terrible energy, sweeping men, women, and children, down by thousands. Her bowl is there filled with its strongest dose, producing fevers, remittent in form or even continued; still in no case contagious.

It may profit us to know a little of the story of this poisoner. She rises from the surface of the earth, her form is airy, imperceptible to any of our senses. She can no more be grasped by the chemist than Titania herself. We know her only by her deeds, and they are terrible. Her deeds were crude facts less than two centuries ago: it is only about one hundred and sixty years since her existence was inferred from them by Lancisi, an Italian physician, who wrote a book about the year 1695, upon the noxious effluvia from marshes. She is a daughter of the sun, unable to exist within the arctic circle, never coming forth during the cold season of our temperate regions, requiring nothing less than the comfortable sustained warmth of at least sixty degrees. In warmer climates she can be most active where the heat is greatest. The tropical heats of the West Indies develope all her energies.

Like many fleshly workers under heat, the impalpable Malaria also requires a little soaking of the clay, a little drop of something moist to keep her active. Dryness does not wait her corrupt humour. As Venus sprang out of the sea, Malaria will rise out of a swamp, in full perfection. In this country she doles out of her bowl the intermittent fever poison almost wholly on our eastern coast, in parts of Kent, Essex, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, where there are marshes, fens, or low grounds, sometimes overflowed with water. Within the present century, the elbow-room of Malaria in this country has been very much contracted by the drainage works that have converted marsh into dry land. Agues are become rare among us, though they were once common even in London. Of agues contracted in London, both James I. and Oliver Cromwell died.

Along the low coast of Holland the ague cup is carried up and down. For ages it has been quaffed by the dwellers about the Pontine Marshes, near Rome. Malaria has almost undisputed sway over the whole district

of the Maremna, which is made by her a tract for many leagues of almost uninhabitable land. At the close of the rainy season, when the sun beats on the damp forests in Northern India, everything which has the breath of life instinctively deserts them. The tigers go up to the hills the antelopes and wild hogs make incursions into the cultivated plain and those persons, such as dâk-bearers, or military officers, who are obliged to traverse the forest in the intervening months, agree that not so much as a bird can be heard or seen in the frightful solitude.' Out of what presence do they fly? They fly before the rising of the ghostly poisoner. They shun Malaria, who will assert her sway over those woods until the days of extreme heat are at an end.

We have obtained from Dr. Watson's lectures all the information we are giving on the subject of the poisonings committed by Malaria.

Represent heat by fire, and it may be said that al four elements—we mean the old-fashioned four—must unite in the production of Malaria. There must be fire, air, water, and earth also. If earth were not essential then Malaria could board ships out at sea between the tropics. But she does nothing of the kind, she only boards them when they touch at any of her coasts.

But has she nothing vegetable in her ancestry! Where there is earth subject to much heat and much moisture, we usually find rank vegetation, and much vegetable decay. Therefore it has, from the first, been said and now very generally said, that decay of vegetable matter is essential to the forming of Malaria. There is no ague formed among the rotten cabbage leaves of Covent Garden, or of costermongers' yards in London. That is a small fact. Dr. William Ferguson has brought together more decisive proof that Malaria may exist where there is not only no decaying vegetable matter, but no vegetation.

In August, 1794, after a very hot and dry summer, the English army in Holland encamped at Rosendal and Oosterhout. The soil in Rosendal, the valley of roses, was a level plain of dry sand, where there was no vegetation. It was the same at Oosterhout. To within a few inches of the surface this sand was percolated with water of good quality; that is to say, fit to drink, and not at all putrid. Upon this ground Malaria produced intermittent and remittent fevers in abundance. It was after a dry hot summer that the British army in Walcheren, over a soil of the same kind, a fine white sand about a third part clay, suffered under the violence of Malaria pains never to be forgotten, and "almost unprecedented in the annals of warfare."

In 1809 several regiments in Spain encamped in a half-dried ravine that had been lately the stony bed of a water-course. It contained neither vegetation nor mud. The pools of water standing in the rock were so clear that the soldiers eagerly encamped about them. The place proved pestiferous as any fen. Several of the men were seized with violent remittent fever before they could move from the bivouac next morning.

After the battle of Talavera, the army retreated along the course of the Guadiana. The country was so dry for want of rain, that the river course was no more than a line of detached pools. The troops along this track "suffered," says Dr. Ferguson, "from remittent fevers of such destructive malignity, that the enemy, and all Europe, believed that the British host was extirpated."

The river Tagus at Lisbon, about two miles broad, separates a healthy from a sickly region. On the healthy side the country is bare hill and rock, with water-courses. On the other side, the Alentejo land is quite dry, flat, and sandy. That side is held in occupation by Malaria. In and near Lisbon are many gardens in which stone reservoirs hold water during the three months' drought, water foul and putrid, close to the houses and the sleeping-rooms. These reservoirs do not breed fever, among people who live and breathe in their atmosphere; yet one night's sleep upon the sandy shore of the Alentejo, where no water at all has been seen for months—no putrid water ever—would probably secure to the peasant a strong dose of remittent fever.

This does not mean to say that the product of vegetable decomposition is not an unwholesome thing. It means that it is not Malaria. All that is required for the production of Malaria seems to be that an absorbent soil be soaked with water and then dried. The higher the drying temperature, and the quicker the process, the more plentiful and the more virulent will be the poison generated.

Malaria springs rather from a surface that having been wetted has been dried, than from a surface that continues to be wet. The edges of a swamp which dry, become wet, or dry again, according to the season, are more dangerous than the perpetually wet ground in the centre. When streams have overflowed their banks and then retired again, it is from the dried or half-dried ground on either side of them that fevers come.

Low damp grounds that have been drying and producing fevers, become healthy when the rain sets in that floods them over. Wherever Malaria has power to poison, she is more productive of disease and death, agues and fevers, in hot and dry years, than in years that are cold and moist. In the West Indies, in the higher grounds, the cooler parts, Malaria dispenses poison in its mildest form, producing agues; lower down, in warmer tracts, remittent fevers are the common form, but in the lowest and the hottest parts, the fever is continued. This fact is curiously illustrated by one of Dr. Ferguson's examples.

In 1816 the British garrison of English Harbour, in Antigua, happened to be disposed in three different barracks, one three hundred, one five hundred, and one six hundred feet above the level of the marshes. The dock-yard was among the marshes themselves; and the marshes were so pestiferous, that it often happened that a well-seasoned soldier, coming down from the upper barracks in full health to mount the night-guard, was seized with furious delirium while standing sentry, and died of yellow fever, or of something very like it, thirty hours after he had been carried up to his barracks. In those upper barracks, including women and children, no fever of any kind afflicted those who did not go down upon duty. In the middle barracks, at a height of five hundred feet, there occurred a little fever, but not much worthy of notice. In the lower barracks, every man—even of those who did not go down to the marshes—was attacked with remittent fever, and one died. The Italians in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes have been taught by experience to perch their villages on hills.

It is after the heat of summer, in autumn, that the poison of Malaria begins to work. Where the venom is peculiarly concentrated, it may kill speedily, as in the case of the sentinels just mentioned; but in temperate climates, the poison is both weaker and slower in its action. Many of the men who inhaled the poison of Malaria at Walcheren, experienced no bad effects until they had returned to England, and perhaps lived for some months at home. Irish harvesters carry the poison home with them frequently from Lincolnshire, and are attacked with agues weeks or months afterwards in Ireland, on the provocation of an east wind or a chill.

It is also a well-known fact, that the inhabitants of districts subject to Malaria become seasoned. At Walcheren, the natives would not believe that their home was unhealthy. In the pestilential plains of E-tremadura, the natives averred that the soldiers were swept off by mushrooms. The seasoned inhabitants of such malarious places are not, however, strong or long-lived men. They are puny, sallow, feeble, spiritless, abounding in swelled bellies and wasted limbs. Even the strangers, having had their dose of fever, become seasoned to the poison. The French general Monnet, who commanded for seven years at Flushing, recommended therefore that, however officers and men might demur, garrisons should be kept stationery in unhealthy places. He adduces the instance of a French regiment in Walcheren, which suffered in the second year of its residence there, only half the sickness it had suffered in the first year, and in the third year almost none at all.

To the statement that the dwellers in a district subject to Malaria, though seasoned, are unhealthy in it, an exception has to be made in the case of the negro. "To him," says Dr. Ferguson, "marsh miasmata are in fact no poison. The warm, moist, low and leeward situations where these pernicious exhalations are generated and concentrated, prove to him congenial. He delights in them, for there he enjoys life and health, as much as his feelings are abhorrent to the currents of wind that sweep the mountain tops, where alone the whites find security against endemic fevers."

There is also an exception, again in favour of the black colour, among swamps. The exhalations from black peat-moss are said positively not to occasion intermittents. The marshy tracts in many parts of Scotland and Ireland covered with peat moss, are quite free from fevers. The same is the case in the instance of the Dismal Swamp, which covers a hundred and fifty thousand acres on the frontiers of Virginia and North-Carolina.

What else we have to say about Malaria will chiefly concern certain peculiarities of character and habit, by a knowledge of which we may, in case of need, perhaps be able to protect ourselves against her deadly enmity.

Like many other bad things Malaria is most dangerous at night; she poisons in the dark most efficaciously. To sleep out of doors in a malarious district is to ensure the imbibition of the poison. A ship of war having touched at the island of St. Thomas, sixteen of the crew slept several nights ashore—all of these had yellow fever, and thirteen died. The two hundred and eighty other men went freely ashore in parties of twenty and thirty during the day, returning to the ships at night. No illness occurred among them. Such cases might be multiplied indefinitely. The reapers in the Campo Morto, a part of the fatal Maremma, are allowed to sleep for two hours at mid-day; it is then only that they can do so without danger. All strangers are admonished at Rome not to seek coolness by crossing the Pontine Marshes after the heat of the day is over. Though they are crossed in six or eight hours, many travellers who traversed them at night have been attacked by violent and mortal fevers. Wise people, therefore, in malarious districts will avoid the night air altogether.

In the next place it should be borne in mind that Malaria not only resembles other evil doers in her love of night attacks, but that she also creeps stealthily, as one who loves the ground and tends by habit ominously downwards. This may be one reason why it is especially dangerous to lie down in the night air when she is abroad. For this reason, says Dr. Ferguson, "in all malarious seasons and countries, the inhabitants of ground floors are uniformly affected in a greater proportion than those of the upper stories. According to official returns, during the last sickly season at Barbadoes, the proportion of those taken ill with fever in the lower apartments of the barracks exceeded that of the upper by one-third, throughout the whole course of the epidemic. At the same time it was

observed, that the deep ditches of the forts, even though they contained no water—and still more the deep ravines of rivers and water-courses—abounded with malarious poison." At the barracks of Spanish Town, in Jamaica, three men were found to be attacked with fever on the ground floor for every one that was attacked upstairs. The ground floor was not used as a barrack after this discovery had been distinctly made.

In the next place it should be understood that the poison of Malaria may be wafted by wind into an adjacent healthy district. It comes often accompanied by, perhaps clinging to, mist. In tropical climates, when the wind blows long from the same quarter, it is especially important to keep this property of the Malaria in mind. We can understand by it how it happens that malarious poison, though creeping habitually along the ground, may be rolled by an ascending current up a hill, or even over it, and down by the descending current on the other side. In the Island of Dominica a barrack was erected in a nook between two hills, which proved to be under just such a cataract of marsh poison as might thus be made. The nook proved to be pestiferous beyond belief. At a distance of five hundred yards on the same line of elevation a site was found perfectly healthy. Lancisi, the first writer on Malaria, relates another case in point. Thirty ladies and gentlemen sailed to the mouth of the Tiber on a party of pleasure. The breeze shifted to the south, and began to blow over a marshy tract of land to windward of them. Twenty-nine of the thirty were immediately afterwards attacked with tertian ague. Humboldt says that the town of Cariaco has intermittent fevers brought to it by the north-west wind, which brings with it miasma from the Laguna of Campona. Mindful of these facts, settlers in hot climates should avoid founding towns or houses on the lee side of suspicious ground.

It is a curious fact, that the poison of Malaria, having its downward tendency, appears to become lost and absorbed in passing over water. Crews of ships and boats, very near to malarious shore, sleep in the open air unhurt, though over land the poison may be wafted to a distance of at least three miles.

The marsh poison adheres also to the foliage of lofty trees. For this reason it is very dangerous to go under large trees in a maiarious place, and of course doubly dangerous to sleep under them. The trees, however, can by reason of this property be used for the defence of life. In Guiana the settlers live unhurt close to the most deadly marshes, where a thick screen of the large trees that abound in that territory happens to be interposed. New Amsterdam, in Berbice, lies on the lee side of a huge, swampy forest, in the direct track of a strong trade wind, that blows over it night and day, bringing the stench of the marshes even into the bed-rooms of the town. But it brings no fever. To sleep after nightfall in the forest would be certain death to any European, but the poison hangs among the trees, and the stench only escapes into the town.

Lancisi knew this fact about the poison of Malaria. He describes the vast increase of agues and remittent fevers in Rome, during the summer of 1695, after a certain inundation, and points out that the bad effects of the flood were felt throughout all Rome, except only one quarter that was protected by a belt of trees around it.

The last peculiarity to be noted concerning Malaria—a peculiarity common again to many evil things—is that her power decreases with the growth of population, and of civilization. Land that has been well drained and ploughed ceases to be fit soil for Malaria. East Lothian in Scotland was once so productive of Malaria, that reapers then expected ague quite as surely as their wages; now, that region is well tilled and planted with wood, and ague is unknown there. Agues are much rarer in large towns than in villages; perhaps the number of fires burned upon thickly peopled ground may make appreciable difference in the amount and strength of the marsh poison. The Italians date the introduction of the Malaria into the Maremna from the great plague of the sixteenth century, which made the inhabitants too few to resist her tyranny. And, far away from the Maremna, we are told by Bishop Heber, that the native Indians were ascribing the increased power of Malaria in Rudespoor to the depopulation of the district caused by the invasion of Meer Khan.

PLAYTHINGS.

I AM a rich old bachelor with many godsons, and have been thinking about toys; being in the habit of buying a good many on holiday occasions. In the week before Christmas-day, I was very busy among toy-shops, and, among other places, visited a bazaar in Langham Place, London, containing a great number of Christmas-trees, and a large space called a "German Fair," wholly devoted to the sale of German toys. I own, that when I had got through the chirp of birds among the bushes at the entrance, and the regular bazaar, and, following the printed directions, went upstairs ☞ "To the German Fair;" and when coming into the said fair, I found myself in a spacious world of toys among a crowd of children, capering like young kids about their mothers, with an echo of light music through the place, I felt disposed to kidnap, and to carry home forcibly, two or three children whom I would keep locked up in my dismal chambers, and engage to play at marbles with me all day long. I said to myself, Uncle Starch, you are a miserable bachelor, you are alone in the world, adrift in a boat on a salt ocean of tears—fine thought that, by-the-bye! And so I was, and so I drifted back to thoughts of my own childhood, and took a hearty feed upon the memory of my departed toys.

Then I thought of the dispersion of these tribes of playthings; peeped into the thousand parlours into which the joy-bringers were destined, each in its good time, to come. Then I felt as though all shouts of mirth, all merry chatterings and choruses of fun that those things were to beget, were being shouted, chattered, and chorused in one moment through the heart of me, John Starch; and my heart felt great with such a thought in it. In the next place, the particular parlours, whose interest I represented, were suggested naturally to my mind; nephews, nieces, and godchildren, danced into my recollection, and my sister Kate's astonishing boy (he really *is* an astonishing boy) seemed to have his small pair of arms, as usual, round my neck, with corresponding legs in my coat-pockets. So I proceeded to a critical examination of the toys with a view to purchase. This business fetched out the whole strength of my philosophy, because I don't buy toys at random.

The first walk round the German Fair suggested a few very obvious reflections. I dare say if I were well read in my modern metaphysics, I could express my thoughts more precisely by discussing objective and subjective relations with the world, and the peculiar form of German ontology. Nine-tenths of the toys were mere ideas — grotesque, humorous, pleasant to look at; but when you had looked at them—there they were. I will explain what I mean by an example. Let it be granted that I had bought for Kate's boy a toy in the fair, one belonging to a most numerous class, of which the following is a description:—It is a humorous burlesque of the amateur shepherdess that belonged to a past age of European literature. A piece of pink gauze fitted round a tall, thin, scarecrow shape, with a wooden head fastened on the top; a caricature Daphne is placed behind three white sheep with curly hair, and many bands and ornaments about them. Between the lady and the sheep is a black dog. The effect of the whole group upon a stand is very funny to the reader of the bygone Idyls that suggested it; it might amuse also a child, especially a German child. Now, if I had bought that toy as a present for my nephew Tom it would have delighted him amazingly for five minutes. Then with the instinct of a little Englishman, he would have thought it high time for the toy to do something. As the sheep would not baa, the dog would not bark, and the lady would not do so much as waggle her head—as the whole thing would have stood still on the table—Tom would have understood at once, like any of his elder countrymen, that what will not move of its own accord must be pushed or pulled. The shepherdess and her flock would then have been dragged about the carpet by a bit of string, until it was discovered that they were not worth dragging. My nephew would then, I am quite sure, have adopted the only course remaining open to him, if he would still extract active amusement from the toy. He would have broken sheep, and dog, and lady from their fastenings, have plucked the wool from the sheeps' backs, have eaten the sheeps' heads, and perhaps have bathed the lady in his father's ink-bottle.

Now I quite agree with Tom in the view he takes of such matters. If the shepherdess after her bath had been provided with the nearest towel in the shape of my sister's cambric handkerchief, and Kate had made any complaint to me, I should have said, "Your son does credit to his family, he is no German, he cannot sit before a toy, and look at it. In this country, at any rate, children are active things, and a child's toys are only proper toys when they provide materials for action."

In fact I would say to the great German nation, reform your toys. A great measure for Toy Reform is the first thing wanted, if you hope ever to get a strong United Germany. Since I have seen that large museum full of German toys, I have been strongly impressed with this fact. Begin your revolutions in your nurseries.

I like a dreamy child, a child dreamy by nature, differing from his companions and gifted with an early thoughtfulness that comes direct from Heaven. But I don't like to see an active child made dreamy by art, and dosed with stupidity—or ostentatious wisdom either—from the toy-shop. It is the nature of children to be doing, and to see things done. The boys most popular in England are of the right sort, and quite characteristic of the English temper. It was a curious fact, though any one can see the cause of it, that in my journey round the German Fair I did not see one ship or boat, except a frigate an inch high upon paper waves, mounted upon a bon-bon box. (I am glad, by-the-bye, that we have no English name for bon-bons.) Now, I should like to know what honest man there is in England, who has not, as a boy, done homage to the genius of our great maritime country by possessing a toy-boat or ship capable of sailing upon water. The poorest children in this country will put mast and rigging to a walnut shell; the sons of the more prosperous buy toy-boats, without which no sane keeper of a Noah's Ark would ever open shop and look for custom. I should like to know what are the real statistics of ship-building among the children of this country. Of eighteen boys, my own nephews and godsons, ten have moulded hulls with their own hands out of blocks of wood, and spent I know not how many active, happy hours in working out the details of the masts and riggings, in cutting out the sails, and in qualifying their vessels to sail well before the wind, and to tack cleverly. Thirteen possess more than one vessel. Six have bought ships made by playfellows. Among the whole fleet that can

be mustered by the united efforts of the eighteen children there are nine ships bought at toy-shops; eight of which, on trial, were condemned by the purchasers as lubberly, and underwent a complete refitting from keel to topmast. How much neatness of hand, how much quickness of eye, how much skill in adapting means to end, these boys have learned insensibly over such playthings! How many happy hours they have spent with them by rivers, lakes, and the sea-shore, where every ripple, every puff of wind has been observed and given them a little matter for reflection! No doubt, young ship-builders intent upon the neatness of their masts make a vile litter with shavings on the carpet; but their work is none the less a work of neatness. It shall help to make them active, accurate, and ready-witted men. You do not bore a boy over his boat about the blending of instruction with amusement. You look on.

The toys by which a child's mind is most usefully developed are indeed always those which furnish it with the most hearty, unrestrained enjoyment. It is the act of free development, the brisk use and expansion of the body or the mind from which the glow and pleasure of child's play proceed. Brisk exercise in youth is necessary for the perfect forming of a strong and healthy body; it therefore was beneficently ordered that brisk exercise in youth should be a source of physical delight to all but those who would be injured by it. The restlessness of children is their pleasure and their need. Precisely the same rule holds good with regard to the full development of the peculiar powers of the mind. The processes of nature are for ever pointing forward, and we might read much of a child's future if we would watch wisely these natural monitions; we might make that future happier if we would thwart them less than by our cut-and-dried systems of training we perpetually do. How thoroughly all little girls who have home futures in them, fasten to that genuine girl's toy—the doll! Nature accepts it as a useful aid, and the germ of the little woman already begins to push out a thousand rootlets through the fertile soil of child's play in which it is placed.

There were dolls at the German Fair with wide, unwinking eyes in due abundance. I bought one and put it in my pocket. As for the baron two feet high, of grotesque aspect, since he could only stand upon a table, and though funny, could not be laughed at for a week, I passed him by. The little old man by his kitchen fire, reading a newspaper to his little old woman, and ditto doing ditto to ditto in the arbour, winter and summer, I passed by for the same reason. I booked a Christmas-tree for my sister Kate, at whose house we had our family gathering *this* year, and very good fun it afforded. The lights, the toys upon the branches, the expectations and surprises, and the clamour of a merry company of children, made the Christmas-tree a thing of joy and wonder.

There were magnetic toys, and they are always good. Their action, caused by a mysterious agency—excites a sense of wonder, awakens the thoughts to vague and grand impressions of the unseen powers of nature—grand impressions, not the less because their grandeur is not a fact present to the child; children attain through wonder to knowledge; to them, therefore, wonder has been made an intense pleasure of the mind. Therefore they delight always in wonderful stories. Therefore they love balloons—and I was glad to notice fire balloons among the German playthings, though it is quite true that both these and the magnetic toys improve the speculaitve rather than the active qualities of the child's mind. They might be fairly looked for in the toy-shops of our thoughtful cousins. With us the balance turns the other way; we are as a people not contemplative enough, and wonder-toys might very usefully be suffered to take part somewhat more largely than they now do in the education of our children. How thoroughly the ascent of a globe into the air, and the disappearance among the floating clouds, high overhead, of something that we might have seen or touched, delights children by the active play it gives to their instinct of wonder, we hear every summer in the streets of London. For ragged children scamper by our windows screaming joyously Bal-loon! Bal-loon! whenever the Great Nassau or the Royal Cremorne looks like an inkblot on the sky above them.

One of the most beautiful of wonder-toys, recently added to our stock in England—I did not see one at the German Fair—is the stereoscope. If I had seen such a thing at the bazaar I would have bought it, but I was not disappointed, for I know that it has found its way into the London toy-shops. In the use of these philosophical toys I utterly object to all attempt to turn them into lessons, or to say one word about the science that *is in* them, more than can be made pleasantly intelligible. Even the simplest explanations I would give only in answer to strong curiosity, and just so far as the curiosity extends, no further. It is not at all necessary that a child should do more than wonder at a plaything of this kind, and feel through it the vastness of the unknown region that remains to be explored. Children may learn thus through their play to have some childish sense of the infinity of knowledge; that is, to master the essential groundwork of all human wisdom.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE CLUB SURGEON.

PALL MALL, your London street of palaces, does not contain my Club. I have incurred no risk of being pitched out of window at the Carlton Club. I have never dined at the Reform Club. My Club is in the provinces. No doubt it is a very poor affair; and I was a great blockhead to look forward, as I once did, to the day when I should be balloted for by its members. I am surgeon to my Club. I receive from it half-yearly pence, and pay to it daily labour. Every one may have heard of the Army and Navy Club, the University Club, the Travellers' Club; but there are many, I dare say, who know nothing of the Country Surgeon's Club. Most surgeons and apothecaries in the country know of it, however, well enough. It is one of a strong suit of Clubs held by the provincial medical world; held very good-humouredly, although not trumps, by men who are ever ready to put forth their skill, and play—indeed I must spoil the parallel to say here—to work, and to work hard; for love as often as for money.

No idlers at a window in St. James's can lounge better than the members of my Club do, on a Monday. The members of my Club smoke often, and dine occasionally at their Club-house. They ballot for new members, they are particular about their rules, and enforce them by means of a committee. Most of the members dress strictly according to the fashion of the place in which they live, wearing over their other clothes a kind of flannel petticoat. We have a majority and a minority among the members of that particular specimen of the Country Surgeon's Club with which I am connected. The majority consists of colliers smutted with black who work every day (except Monday), the minority, of potters who work all day smutted white. But in the Club all members fraternise: the black man and the white are brothers.

Brothers all of us in a peculiar sense, and having brethren in all parts of England able to identify us by the mystic nature of our grasp; or, if more be necessary, by a few cabalistic words and signs, which we have sworn not to reveal to strangers; for my Club is a stout branch from the stem of the Ancient Order of Woodmen, tracing our genealogy very far back through Robin Hood. Clubs of this kind are established, it is well known, as Friendly societies; and the member, in consideration of regular payments during health, is entitled to a weekly allowance during sickness, to gratuitous medical assistance, to a fixed allowance for funeral expenses, and to other advantages. Some of the largest Clubs are connected with societies bound, by a system of freemasonry, in fellowship with other bodies scattered through the country; such as the Odd Fellows and Foresters, while others are purely local Benefit societies. Until the calculations upon which these bodies founded their schemes were put under the control of a Government actuary, they often caused, in spite of the best intentions, a great waste of the money of the poor. Attempting too much they became bankrupt just when their solvency was most essential;—when the young and healthy men who had joined them, having become old and infirm, required to draw relief out of the fund to which they had been contributing their savings, during perhaps twenty or thirty years. It is not my purpose here to discuss the principle of Clubs of this kind, and of Benefit societies. I am looking at my Club purely from the surgeon's point of view.

I was only beginning to get on in my district, doing the reasonable work of two men for seventy pounds a year, as parish surgeon, and filling up what leisure time I could make with odds and ends of private practice, and the work supplied by a few unimportant Clubs. The parish work required the help of an assistant; but, as the said assistant must be qualified, and as a qualified surgeon could not be lodged, fed, and salaried at a much smaller cost than seventy pounds, it was quite evident that I must ride, walk, sit up of nights, make pills, and spread blisters for my slice or two of bread-and-butter, hoping that by good deeds among the multitude of men who could not pay me, I might earn the confidence of some who could pay me. The name of a small tradesman likely to run up and able to pay a ten-pound bill in the twelve months was, at that time, one of the best glories of my day-book and ledger. To get the Woodman's Club was then my nearest hope. There was a chance for me: being the

last new comer I was very popular among the poor; and the miraculous recovery of a patient whom I had left to nature, and to whom I had administered water tinged with a little compound tincture of cardamoms, had created for me an enormous reputation in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the most influential of the Ancient Woodmen. Beerley—who was surgeon to the Club—had very often been re-elected in spite of a repeated half-yearly notice of dismissal, on account of various short-comings; but it appeared at length to be quite obstinately settled that his last half year of office had arrived. It was then clear to all the parish that the choice of a new surgeon would lie between me and my neighbour Parkinson.

To compare the teaching and the training which is of the kind to make the thoroughly well-educated medical man a genuine philosopher, with all the petty details of the life he has to lead in many thousand cases as a general practitioner, would be a very edifying task. Parkinson and I had terrible heart-burnings about that Club, the appointment to which involved attendance on a hundred and fifty men for the payment of four shillings a year from each. But then we reasoned, These men are in receipt of good pay; among the colliers are some charter-masters, and whoever pleases them attends, perhaps, their families who are not members of the Club, and against whom he may add up a bill. Besides, it is all—that indefinable mystery—connection. Therefore I quarrelled with Parkinson, because he canvassed among the Ancient Woodmen, insinuated himself into the hearts of colliers who had votes, and even courted some of them at the Thistle itself, which is the house at which my Club assembles, and there won the good will of the host—always an influential person—by joviality and an affected love of beer. I thought this unprofessional, and I cut Parkinson; for I was myself a very Coriolanus in the way of canvassing.

Nevertheless, I was elected. The Secretary of our branch of the Ancient Order of Woodmen, accompanied by a member or two, came to announce to me, in a dignified way, the cheering fact. I accepted office with none the less dignity, because I knew the messenger to have been one of my opponents. Parkinson attended the secretary's family, and if I were to behave too cordially towards the head of that family, it might be inferred that I desired to take away some part of Parkinson's practice. I desired very much that it should come to me, but I had no right or wish to take it; therefore, I was in constant dread lest some good-humoured word or bit of cheerful gossip might, by some possibility, be interpreted into an attempt at theft.

Since it is necessary that the surgeon to the Woodmen should, himself, be initiated as a member of that ancient order, my first duty to my Club was to become a Woodman on the next evening of meeting. On that evening I went down for the first time to my Club-house, the Thistle, a picturesque inn at the bottom of a hill road, overlooking a swift river. The evening turned out to be a black January night; and, as I sat by a dim light in the host's parlour, awaiting the moment of formal introduction to the assembled Woodmen upstairs; getting an occasional sight of the unfriendly face of the host, whose ale I was now, as in duty bound, for the first time tasting; and listening to the rush of the river outside, and the discordant blowing of Woodmen's horns upstairs, every now and then, at certain stages of the ceremony; I thought myself the loneliest of poor young country doctors.

At length a functionary with a Woodman's club in his hand, came for me, and ushered me upstairs to a door, before which stood another club-bearer, who beat upon it in a mystic way, who received answer mystically from within, and so procured admittance. Then I beheld my club in its supremest glory. Its big horns, its mace, its badges, and its officers and members, looking powerfully grave, as I was set upon a wooden stool. The President then rose and read to me, as well as he could, a very long sermon indeed, out of a little book, concerning Woodmen from Adam and Eve downwards, and the duties and kind feelings by which Woodmen are bound together. I thought there was more than a spark of wholesome, human goodness at the bottom of it; but the absurd solemnity of the assembly, the pantomime properties represented by the colossal horns, and the amazing way in which the President pronounced all the hard words he came to, made it extremely difficult for me to hit the interesting situation in which I was placed without a display, before the court, of unbecoming levity. I repeated certain forms, was instructed in certain childish mysteries, and, kneeling on the footstool, repeated the formal vow not to reveal them to the uninitiate. Having done that, I paid a guinea, as the contribution of an honorary member.

The social business of the evening then commenced; the grave court resolved itself into an assembly of colliers and potters, who smoked pipes and drank beer in a spirit of good fellowship, and abounded in courtesy and politeness towards their newly-elected doctor. The great majority of working men are from their hearts truly courteous and polite. I wish to say something about this. I began practice as assistant in a purely agricultural district, employed by a practitioner of ample independent means. From the first day that I went there, very young and utterly unknown, every cottager touched his hat to me. Strangers who came on a visit to the place, if they wore good clothes, were greeted invariably with touched hats, bows, and curtsies. That is not courtesy, it is the mark of a degraded state of feeling.

When I first went among the colliers, I got no signs of recognition until I had earned them. Better wages, and a little more to think about, have made our workmen in the north more independent than the southern agriculturists; but it is precisely because they are less servile that they are able to be more really courteous. Now that I have made my way here and am prosperous, many hat-touchings do indeed greet me—when, for example, walking against the stream, I meet our congregation coming out of church; but these greetings express a genuine respect. I have joined broken bones for the greeters. I have watched by their sick children. I have brought health to their wives, often receiving, and I may venture to say contented by, these kind looks for my main remuneration. The courtesy I get among these colliers is genuine; and although they and their wives gossip like their betters, and make now and then a little cruel mischief, I have seen and know that simple kindly thoughts and impulses of the most genuine politeness prevail largely among them. Yet, they are perhaps the roughest and the least enlightened of the working men, except those who are employed in agriculture.

My Woodmen discoursed, therefore, in a courteous spirit; their officers discussed the few details upon which it concerned me to be informed, gave me the names of those who were then sick, together with a list of members of the Club, by which I might know what men were entitled to demand my services, in consideration of the four shillings a-piece paid yearly on their account. So after drinking a little beer in token of good fellowship, I travelled home through a wet night, with thirty pounds a year added to my income, and the care of the health of a hundred and fifty men added to my work.

Not long afterwards I found myself in charge of a very large number of patients, for whom medical aid was procured through a Dispensary which paid to me three shillings for the whole attendance upon each case, including medicine. In this respect I was better off than many of my brethren who strive hard to obtain appointments to dispensaries that pay them nothing but the cheap accidental advantage of putting their names a little more before the local public. Other Clubs subjected themselves to my lancet, among them a large Church Club established by the rector in antagonism to the societies which led men into the way of waste by meeting at public houses. Nevertheless, the number of my private patients increased slowly. At that time, after receiving patients in the surgery, and visiting in busy seasons as many as ninety sick people at their own homes, very often there were only three or four doubtfully profitable private entries for the day-book in the evening, and my poor heart rejoiced at any midnight knocking that might bid me give up my night's rest for a half-guinea fee. Very often indeed, however, the night-call was to a Club patient, or parish or dispensary case. At that time, being unable to afford assistance, I was out on an average, not less than three nights in a week; and as the average was very unequally distributed, sometimes the act of going to bed continued for a fortnight together to be a useless ceremony that could only result in pure aggravation. I would not record these experiences if they were matters purely personal; but there are thousands of my fellow-labourers who are, and have been in the same predicament. If a stray Club patient whose case fell properly to the care of my neighbour, Parkinson, disturbed my broken rest, I sent him on to the right door, and went to sleep again; if Parkinson were out, and he came back to tell me so, I went with him: but, if ever in such a case harm came of delay, the heartless apathy of the doctor—who did not care for the lives of Club or parish patients—was noised as the cause of all. If two urgent calls were simultaneous—as they would be sometimes—there was a certainty of getting heartily abused by somebody, and a chance perhaps of having one's professional and moral character be-argued in a court of law. Every month I see some surgeon in the newspapers thus ill rewarded for the hard life he had led.

There is nobody to blame for all this, and there is nothing wanting but a little more discrimination on the part of the public, a little generosity in recognition of the work that country surgeons do. While families unable to bear the extra cost of sickness form a large part of the population, either one half of the people of this country must find their way to the grave without a doctor, or else the doctor must consent to spend a large part of his skill in labour that produces little or no money return. He does so spend it; as he thinks, in the fulfilment of a noble duty. Though among ignorant patients many things occur to vex him, he bears with them patiently, and if he comes with a sound heart to his work, he acquires faith in the poor.

"Love has he found in huts, where poor men lie;"

they become warm friends to him, and become lusty trumpeters to spread abroad the fame of skill that he has been glad to exercise among them. Our ill-paid work is done ungrudgingly, but after it is done we are a little galled when we are censured thoughtlessly for the neglects, which are inseparable from the performance of so huge a mass of urgent duty. It annoys us when we have patients able to pay becomingly for our assistance, who regard us rather as tradesmen than as gentlemen, require bills that contain long lists of pills and mixtures to be filed together with the joints of meat and groceries consumed by the establishment, and pay us with a secret feeling, half-expressed, that we have taken care to be well paid.

Why, then, do we overload ourselves with work? Why, for example, did I consent to

take the Woodman's Club? Because I wanted thirty pounds a year; because I wanted and liked work too, feeling pleasure as only the dullest surgeons do not—in the active exercise of my profession, and because I hoped thereby to increase my knowledge, my power and my connexion. When I had a Dispensary and other Clubs added to the parish, why did I endeavour to do all that work single-handed? Because I had not at that time so much private practice as enabled me to pay the cost of an assistant. It is not pure labour that the country apothecary spends upon his parish and his Clubs. They oblige him to run up a heavy drug bill, to buy expensive instruments and to keep a horse.

The drug bill of a young country surgeon who has parish work and Clubs, with very little private practice, easily reaches fifty pounds a year; and if he has no friend from whom to borrow instruments, the cost of them is serious. He must be prepared to meet every emergency and to perform any operation. He cannot send, as he would in London, for assistance from the hospitals; and though he may send for any surgeon in his neighbourhood by way of consultation, to advise with him or take part in the responsibility of any obviously active measure, yet the performance of the active measure must be by himself. When he transfers the duty to a rival he confesses his inferior ability, and transfers to the prompter man his patient's confidence. The country surgeon, if he would act for himself, and incur no risk of figuring unpleasantly at inquests, must have at hand every instrument which, like the stomach-pump, may be demanded suddenly, and must purchase others as they are called into request. If he has much poor practice and nobody to borrow from during his first years, while he can least afford any expense, the call for one instrument after another will be tolerably brisk. In the first quarter of my attendance on the Ancient Woodmen, I spent all the quarter's money profit on an instrument required for the performance on a Club member of an operation not likely to be called for half-a-dozen times in a long course of practice. I had a broken leg two or three miles away in one direction, and a fever case requiring for some daily attention two or three miles off in another. In addition to the cases of average slightness furnished by my Club, I was summoned by some dozen members who had nothing particularly the matter with them, and who only sent for their doctor on some trivial errand because they had nothing to pay for his attendance.

All this time the followers of Parkinson were on the watch to register against me cases of neglect.

Of course they would and did occur: but as like cases were common to every surgeon in the parish, they were easily attributed to the general carelessness of medical men in their attendance upon the poor. They did me no harm; but as Midsummer, and the great annual Club day and Club dinner drew near, I was warned that a hostile motion was on foot, that Beerleyites and Parkinsonites were forming a coalition, and that my own ites could not maintain me in my place if I did not wipe a certain stain out of my character.

That stain was pride; inasmuch as the opposing faction, led by mine host of the Thistle, averred that it was very ungracious in me never to have come down to the monthly meetings to take my glass of beer with the assembled brethren. I was too proud to associate with working men. I was indeed spending my life among them and upon them, but the main point was the glass of beer. Besides, my pride was well enough known, for I had missed the annual dinner at another of my Clubs, and had put upon it the indignity of sending an apprentice, a mere boy, who could not carve a sausage. I was warned, therefore, by friendly Woodmen, that whatever I might think about the best employment of my time, if I did not go to the Woodman's dinner, I should in all probability get notice of dismissal from the Woodman's Club.

I revoked therefore my tacit intention to pay for the dinner, and abstain from eating it. True it is that the eating and smelling of a quantity of hot meat, and the breathing of tobacco smoke, in the middle of a hot working-day in July, can be considered only as a serious infliction; but I dared not trifle with my character. Already the growth of my private practice had been seriously retarded by my unprofessional conduct in not wearing a beaver hat. Subject to much physical fatigue, and liable to headache, I had found hats a source of torment, and wore therefore, in spite of much scandal, a light fur cap in winter, and in summer a straw hat, using Leghorn in deference to public notions of respectability. The want of a black hat retarded the growth of my private practice very seriously. A very lady-like individual, wife of a small grocer, Mrs. Evans, frquently declared that "she had heard me to be clever, and would have sent for me in her late illness, but she could not think of having a doctor come *to her* house in a cap, it was so very unusual." As I really could not give in on the hat question, it was a lucky day for me when I afterwards bethought myself of making up for the loose style of dress upon my head, by being very stiff about the neck. I took to the wearing of white neckcloths with the happiest effect. Everybody thought of the Church: I looked so cool and correct in a clean white neckcloth, that I drew a tooth for Mrs. Evans in the second week of it. My practice rose steadily from that date, and in popularity I became a rival even to the rector. What I should have done, if I had effected a crisis by repenting of my fur and straw, and resolving to wear a good hat for the remainder of my days, and be at peace with all men, I don't know. Hats I continue to abominate.

But as I had not then thought of the white neckcloth, it was necessary that I should appease my Club public, at any rate, by dining jovially in their company. I therefore not only took a ticket for their feast; but replied to the dubious inquiries of the stewards by a hearty promise that I would be there, unless most urgent matters hindered me.

There was a grand procession in the morning through our little town, when Club day came. The Ancient Woodmen walked with banner, badge, and bugle under the hot sky, until one would suppose that they must have walked themselves out of all appetite for anything but liquid food. More urgent matters did *not* hinder me, and duly at half-past one I saw the food they came to; solid enough. My place was at the head of the table before a quarter of lamb; down the table there were joints of meat and dishes of ducks, a great many dishes of peas and a few dishes of potatoes. There was no bread used except by half-a-dozen of the hundred and twenty diners; the general sentiment being that the Ancient Woodmen could eat bread at home; that they had paid a certain number of shillings for their tickets, and were bound to eat the value of their money, which they could not comfortably take in bread. The same opinion operated against potatoes.

The colliers beat the potters hollow in the point of appetite. I have dined with City Companies, but even an alderman cannot handle a knife and fork in competition with a collier who is eating out the value of his dinner ticket, and endeavouring to secure a balance in his own favour if possible. The actual manipulation of the knife may be more dexterous in aldermen; the colliers were sufficiently ungainly in the way of getting through their work, but the amount of work they did, it was a grand spectacle to see. Ducks were the favourite meat; they were carved, invariably, and eaten, after a plan that would have surprised nobody had they been partridges: each duck was cut by main force into two equal parts, being regarded only as sufficient to supply two plates. As for my quarter of lamb—I am remembering, and not imagining—when I had cut off the shoulder joint and held it lifted on the carving fork in the vain expectation that somebody would produce a dish in which to put it, a worthy collier regarding that joint as a tender slice which he should be sorry to see given to another, pushed up his plate, and paralysed me for a moment with the hungry exclamation—"I'll take that, if you please, sir."

So we began our dinner: how we went on, drank ale, and smoked, and sang, and how I had a speech to make and made it, how the Ancient Woodmen voted me a trump, how I retained and still retain the confidence of my Club, I need not go on to relate. It was my wish to make a little knowledge public that will help harsh critics of the country surgeon to more kindly and more just conclusions than they sometimes draw from awkward premises. In a vague way men are ready to confess that we give much of our toil very generously for little or no pay, but they have only a dim notion of the small annoyances we bear, of the unjust complaints that vex us most when we endeavour most to do our best. They do not practically understand the right we have to generous consideration from the guardians of parishes and managers of charitable funds, and to respect and cordiality from those who are alone able to make worldly amends to us for the petty vexations and the very considerable sacrifices to which we cheerfully submit.

MISS HARRINGTON'S PREDICTION.

"Janet, I tell you again, you will rue this foolish marriage. You are only preparing a life of misery for yourself; and you will repent too late that you did not follow my advice."

Janet, between laughing and crying shook her head, and twisted her apron-strings, as waiting-maids do on the stage. Then seeing that her mistress expected her to answer, she said, "But ma'am, he loves me so much that I cannot be unhappy! He will be kind and steady, and how can I be miserable then?"

"'He loves me so much!'—how many women, Janet, that delusion has led to their ruin! What an absurdity! The only answer a silly girl can give, when warned of her folly, is, 'Oh, but he loves me so much!' And on this fickle fancy of an unprincipled man—all men are unprincipled, Janet—she expects to find her happiness for life!"

"I know, ma'am, that you are against us girls in service marrying," answered Janet, gently. "I have heard you say so often, and how silly you think us for giving up a comfortable home for all the misery women get in marriage. And yet, ma'am, if you love a person, you would rather live in a hole in the ground with them, than in the Queen's palace without."

Miss Harrington frowned. She was a severe lady of the "nature repression" school; and she thought her waiting-maid's speech neither so womanly nor so modest as it ought to have been.

"I don't approve of women loving so very furiously," she said, with a sharp accent in her voice. "There are bounds of propriety even to the love of a wife; and as for an unmarried woman, Janet, whether engaged or not, she ought never to allow herself such an expression as you have made use of just now. It is not at all proper, nor what I approve of."

Janet's great hazel eyes looked down under their eye-lashes at this. She was a simple girl, and could not understand æsthetics. Her Rule of Right was contained in a very few broad touches, and Miss Harrington's metaphysical ethics were always lost on her.

"Well, go away now, Janet," she said, rather peevishly; "and if you have any common sense left, remember my warning. I tell you that this marriage with Robert Maylin will make you the most miserable woman in existence. He is a worthless fellow."—Janet pouted, and gave her head the slightest possible inclination of a toss—"and he will get tired of you before the year is out. And when he has spent all your money, for he is marrying you for nothing else"—Miss Janet pursed up a very pretty pair of lips: "something better than that," she thought—"and when he has drunk away all your income, he will get cross to you, and perhaps beat you, and then leave you on the parish. This is the history of nine-tenths of you young fools who marry for love, as you call it. And, who knows?—you *may* have some little children; the thing is not impossible; but if you have, what will you do when you cannot give them bread? Think of that!—a squalling, starving family about you! Go along, you foolish girl. I am provoked with your obstinacy. To prefer that good-for-nothing fellow, and all his wicked ways to a comfortable home and an indulgent mistress—it is really too bad! And how *I* am to be suited when you leave me, I'm sure I don't in the world know. But you girls are so ungrateful, it is of no use to be kind to you. As soon as you have got into our little ways, and begin to understand us, you leave us without gratitude or remorse, and we have all the trouble of teaching a new servant over again. There, go along—do; try if you cannot spend half an hour in the day usefully; and go and trim my blue cap, and do it better than you did last time. I won't have Robert Maylin's love in my work; and I am sure since you have been mad after that fellow you have done nothing well, and scarcely done anything at all."

And Miss Harrington, drawing her easy-chair closer to the fire, adjusted her spectacles, and began on the police sheet of the Times; feeling that she had disburdened her conscience, and performed her duty to society.

Janet shut the drawing-room door thoughtfully: not because she believed implicitly in all the forebodings of her mistress; but they struck on her sadly somehow, and she wished they had not been said. But Robert Maylin, to whom she told a little—not all—that had passed, called Miss Harrington "a stupid old muff," and told Janet so often that she was a fool to listen to her, that at last Janet believed, him and said, "Yes, she was a fool," too.

And then he swore eternal love for the hundredth time that week: and looked so handsome while he did so, that Janet, gazing at him with a kind of wondering spell-bound admiration, thought there was more truth in one of his smiles, and more worth in one of his words, than in all Miss Harrington's fancies and frets put together.

"I am sure you will always be *kind* to me, Robert," she said, suddenly, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking at him in her guileless way, right into his eyes.

She was a pretty girl, our Janet, with an open, truthful forehead, and a loving smile; and Robert thought he had never seen her look so pretty as now.

"Kind, Janet? Am I a man and could I be anything else but kind to any woman in the world—still less to one I loved? I could not lift my hand against a woman, if you paid me for it. I am not one of those brutes who kick and cuff you about like dogs—Kind! no woman ever found me unkind yet. I love them all too well for that—though, perhaps, a precious sight of you have found me too much the contrary," he added, with a slight laugh below his breath. Janet did not hear this last clause; which, perhaps, was quite as well, as matters stood.

Janet was comforted, credulous, and convinced. She knew nothing of a young girl lying pale in her shroud in a certain churchyard, because Robert Maylin had first loved and then deserted her. She had never heard either of Mary Williams, the wife of young John Williams, the baker, who took to drinking about a year after she had known Robert Maylin to hide her love and remorse together, and who had been willing to leave her three little ones, if he would have taken her off with him as he offered. She was ignorant of the history of the pretty housemaid in Berkely Square, where Robert was footman, who had lost her situation—and more too—for love of that handsome villain; and who had been afterwards taken up near Waterloo Bridge, mad with despair and destitution. People did say he had stolen her savings as well, though she was so infatuated with *him* she would not prosecute him; and only cried like one distraught when he left her to the workhouse or to the streets. She knew nothing of the life he had led since he left home, a bold and beautiful boy of fifteen, to seek his fortune in the world; and treated as slanders the faint rumours every now and then flying about, of the curse he *had* been to every pretty woman who had taken *his* fancy. She believed in his worth, because she loved him for his good looks; and she made, as all women do, the hero of her heart the model of her morality also.

The wedding-day came at last. Miss Harrington, who had been dignified and illused, sulky and snappish by turns, gave the dinner—from charity she said—gave the wedding clothes, because country girls have no notion of propriety, and she did not choose her old servant to disgrace her house; and she gave two-thirds of the furniture—"only to keep the poor wretch from the workhouse at first: she will be sure to go there in the end."

"It is not because I approve of the match, or like the man," she said. "I do neither; it is only from the merest charity that I give

anything to them. It is so shocking to imagine that a person who has been as long about one as Janet has been about me, should go to the union and live on the parish, after she has made one's very caps, and worn one's very gowns! It is horrible!—and I cannot bear the thought of it. So I have done all this just to keep her out of the House for my own sake. As far as she is concerned, she might go to-morrow for anything I should mind. Her folly in marrying that Robert Maylin deserves some punishment."

Miss Harrington was one of those old maids who are determined that Heaven shall have nothing to do with them. Their charity is only contemptuous almsgiving, their mortified affection, vindictive spitefulness; if they love you, it is from selfishness; and if they do you good it is from selfishness again. She was resolute in making herself out as evil-minded as possible, and took a crabbed pleasure in being virtuous and appearing vicious. On the day of the marriage, she sat upstairs and cried the whole time: but she said it was from vexation at the blunders of the little red-haired parish oaf—she had chosen the ugliest and most stupid girl in the school—who had taken Janet's place. As for Janet—on the whole, she thought she was glad to get rid of her. She had found out that she did not quite suit her.

To do Robert Maylin justice, he was as much attached to Janet as he could be attached to any one. But his love was of a kind that did not wear well; it was love born of personal fancy alone; drawing nothing of its nourishment from respect, and less from principle. It was all very well while the gloss of newness lasted on it; but it soon grew threadbare and shabby, and then he got tired of it. The first months of his married life went on smoothly enough. The pretty cottage and the pretty wife, the air of peace and love within those four walls, had a charm for Robert which surprised himself, vagrant as he was by nature. He liked his new occupation too—that of a market-gardener—and felt the effect of its healthful action on his frame, which was not a little enfeebled by his London habits. And being a very clever fellow, handy and capable, he soon learnt his business as well as the best of them, and made some slendid hits in cabbages and cauliflowers. It was a pleasant change to him altogether, and he did not regret his plush and gold-nobbed stick more than once or twice a week—when he was teased with snails, or baffled by blight.

But this season of pleasure did not last long. With the waning summer sun faded Robert Maylin's frail flowers of love; and when the autumn moon had passed away scarce a leaf remained to scent the air. His garden became stupid, and his work degrading; his house was small and mean—so different to the jolly times of Chesham Place and Berkely Square! His wife was growing ugly, and deemed tiresome; somehow he wished that he had never married. He was a deal better off as he was. What need had he to screw himself up for life in a village, with a silly woman and a parcel of yokels? he used to say, as he went to the alehouse; where he found more amusement in skittles, and the barmaid's saucy blue eyes, than in his own home, or his own wife. This was his nature. If he had married an angel, he would have exchanged her for a devil; and six months of Venus would have seen him Medusa's lover on the seventh.

Janet saw the change, but she tried to soothe it away like a sickness. She did her best to make her house inviting, and herself smart—a quality which Robert placed at the head of all feminine virtues. But all would not do. He had wearied of matrimony as he had wearied of love so often before; and you cannot bring back the dead to life. He was tired of her affection, and bored by her attentions; and he wished twenty times a day that he had never left his plush and his footboard. And at last he told Janet plainly, that she bothered him, and he wished she would leave him alone.

Janet had a pair of red eyes that evening when Miss Harrington sent for her to give her a scolding, and a baby's cap.

"Perhaps it teases Robert that I am changed, and can't do as I used, and don't look as I used," she thought, as she slowly walked to her former home. "When it is all over, and things put to rights again, and when he has baby to play with, he will like his own home again. Men are different to us, and don't feel the happiness we do in these things." And she concluded her soliloquy by sobbing bitterly, which of course was a manifestation of the happiness she was feeling at present.

When her mistress rated her for her red eyes, after she had scolded her sufficiently for her impropriety, and vowed that she had made an unhappy marriage after all—in the tone of a policeman charging her with murder, Janet stoutly denied all moral causes for depression, and stood by the physical like a heroine.

"One feels differently at these times, ma'am, and one cannot help crying for nothing. It does one good, and seems to relieve one. Robert is kind as kind can be, and I have no fault to find with any one."

And then she sat down on a chair, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

When she went to bed that night, she asked pardon for her falsehood. But as she looked at her husband lying there, half drunk, and thought how handsome and manly he was, she felt she had been justified in lying for him. And then she pushed his curls from off his forehead; when he swore, and struck out clumsily, and called her bad names in his brutal, stupid, drunken sleep.

The baby was born, and Robert less inclined for home than ever. He hated to hear it cry—and what baby will not cry?—and he hated to see his wife nurse and fondle it. And how are babies to live, if wives don't nurse and fondle them?

Things went on in this manner; only getting worse as Robert fell from weariness to neglect, from neglect to dislike, and finally to ill-usage. Every tear from Janet was a reproach vehemently resented; every caress an annoyance brutally rejected; her plaintive voice was the very thing to drive him from home for amusement, and her forced cheerfulness sent him out of doors for quiet. Sad or gay, smiles or tears, love or reproach—it was all the same; he would be ill-used, and find an excuse for himself in her conduct.

Another baby was born—almost within the year—making such a rapid advance towards a patriarchal condition of household that Robert talked moodily of the workhouse. But Janet thought that drink, not babies, would bring him to the workhouse, if ever he went there.

Things grew worse daily; Janet had black eyes and bruised lips often now, and her gait and actions were those of a person badly lamed. Robert had taken to beat her whenever he was tipsy—which was almost every night—till sometimes she thought he would murder her. And if it had not been for the children, she would rather have preferred his putting her out of the way, as she called it; if he would not have been hung for it!

One morning she rose early, after a night of heavy, dreamless sleep. But not so early as her husband, whose place by her was empty. As she glanced round the room, something strange and unfamiliar struck her. She did not at first understand what it was, but soon the open drawers, the rifled boxes, the scattered furniture, told her that she had been robbed while she slept so heavily that past night. Trembling she called her husband; but no one answered. Hurrying on a few clothes she ran down stairs, where a scene of infinitely worse confusion shocked and frightened her still more. The little stock of plate, partly bought by her own money, partly given by good Miss Harrington, and greatly prized, was gone; the best of the books—not best for their contents but for their bindings, which was all Robert Maylin was likely to think of—had likewise gone; the portable little prettinesses about the house; and, when Janet came to examine more minutely into matters, a small sum of money, which she had saved as a beginning for the children, had been carried off. All her best gowns and shawls were missing as well, and Robert Maylin with them. An amethyst brooch, which Miss Harrington had given her on her wedding-day; a little alabaster figure of more beauty than worth, but which Janet had loved almost like a living creature; and an old-fashioned gold watch that had been an heir-loom in the family for generations, and which was popularly believed to have belonged to that fabulous squire, whom most country families claim as their original progenitor—these had disappeared, together with the rest; and poor Janet felt utterly bereft of every possession in the world.

Search was made throughout the country; but Robert Maylin was not to be found. Janet was obstinate in the belief in thefts and drunkenness, and often expressed her conviction that her husband would turn up again somehow. She refused positively to look on him as the thief, and used to cry bitterly when her neighbours, in their rough way, asserted that her own husband had robbed her. He might desert her, because he no longer loved her; but how could she think him capable of such a wickedness as this? However, a letter from Liverpool set the matter at rest. For, without touching on the robbery, Master Robert coolly asserted his intention of proceeding forthwith to the United States, whither he was driven, he said, by the fear of a large family, and from whence he would return when he could support his wife and children as became him. It was an artful letter, and left a large margin for future events. It ended by exhorting Janet to be a sensible girl, and not to fret after him: that he should work for her, and she would be better without him. In which opinion many of the villagers concurred.

Janet found that loneliness is not always friendlessness. As if called up by magic, a host of kind hands pressed round her in her hour of need; a host of kind hearts offered her their sympathy, and loving faces spoke their pity. Miss Harrington was generous and kind as usual. She rated Janet for hours together for her folly in marrying that good-for-nothing fellow; for her wickedness in having two children so fast on each other's heels when she had nothing to give them; and for her babyish belief in the possibility of any other robber than her husband. At the same time, she gave the babies food and clothing, and set up Janet as a green-grocer in the neighbouring town; for which business her apprenticeship in her husband's market-garden peculiarly fitted her.

Time wore on, and fortune gave good gifts to Janet. By steadiness to her business she gathered a large trade together. Something, perhaps, was owing to her touching history, and something also to her touching manners; which, tranquil and gentle, had such a tinge of melancholy in them, that even a casual customer must have been won over. Her children were her pride. Well dressed, well educated, they might stand amongst the children of far grander people than she, as pretty and oftentimes better behaved than any of them. She did not spoil them, though she sacrificed everything for them, but she was bringing them up with

almost patrician delicacy, and with full as much patrician tenderness. They were sweet children, and she might well be proud of them, and not unwisely anchor her whole cargo of future happiness on their well-being and good conduct.

The children had been just put to bed, and Janet was working in the back parlour. The shop was shut, and all was silent; only the hurried tread of a few passers-by was heard, mingled with the shrill laughter of idle boys and girls congregated in the lanes by the scanty gas-lights of the little town.

A knock came to the street-door. Who could it be at this time of night? The widow led a quiet and respectable life, and was not accustomed to visitors so late as this—and was not fond of them either. However, it might be a neighbour wanting assistance in some way; so she rose and went to the door, which she opened with a kind of quake, feeling that presence of evil which sensitive natures do feel, even while undiscovered.

"Who is there?" she said, shading the candle with her hand, so that all the light flared upon her own face.

"Janet, do you not know me?" said a voice she knew too well. A man's hand touched her arm, and her husband strode into the shop.

He was paler than when she saw him last, thinner, a trifle bald, and his hair was sprinkled with grey. His eyes were bloodshot, perhaps with travelling, and his whole appearance was worn and shabby. Janet set down the candle, and stood for a moment irresolute. She neither screamed nor fainted; but she looked ghastly by the flickering light, and she could scarcely breathe.

"Janet," said her husband, in his gentlest tone, taking her hand lightly between his own, as one holding by sufferance, not by right, "are you glad to see me again, or have I behaved so badly, and you have been too angry ever to forgive me? Shall I go back, Janet, to all the misery of my self-reproaches, feeling that you have not forgiven me, and that God has not accepted my repentance, or will you live with me again, a penitent and reformed man? I have repented, wife, most bitterly of all that I have done wrong against you. Will you not allow my penitence to produce my pardon? Eh, Janet?"

Janet was overcome. After all he was her own husband, lawfully married by the creed of her childhood, and bound by ties that no man was to put asunder—the minister had said so—and he was the father of her children. If she herself still nourished feelings of bitterness against him, had she the right to deprive her little ones of a father? Poor Janet! She gave a deep sob, and then flung her arms round the man's neck, and murmured some misquoted passages about a prodigal son which seemed to relieve her soul mightily, though they were not quite correct.

Robert was taken to see his children as they lay sleeping in their little cots by the side of the mother's bed. And the sight affected him much, to judge by his tears and upturned eyes, his low-breathed blessings and tender caresses. By the side of those little cots he told Janet how guilty he had been, but only for leaving her; he stoutly denied all knowledge of or participation in the robbery, occasioned, he suggested, by his leaving the cottage-door ajar; how deeply he felt his wickedness; and how resolved he was that a future of untiring good should wash out his past evil. Janet, naturally a credulous woman—because a fond one—was doubly convinced, and doubly happy. She had received back, not only her husband, but a saint as well, and henceforth might expect sanctification of heart together with happiness of life in her renewed wedlock. She kissed her husband tenderly and welcomed him anew, saying, "I always believed you innocent!"

Janet's friends were all displeased when it was noised abroad that Robert had returned, and had been received by her. Miss Harrington withdrew her custom, and denied her house; and many of her old supporters grumbled at her loudly, and called her a fool for her pains. Janet let them grumble. Too happy in her love, and too confident in her happiness, she was indifferent to the storm without; and, though not ungrateful for all that had been done for her, she felt that she had taken the better part by her reconciliation so fully, that these murmurs sank into insignificance before the weight of her spiritual convictions. If she had been foolish, yet she had been also morally right; and a conscientious person can well bear up against the charge of folly, when backed with this conviction of right.

"Janet," said Robert, after he had been with her about a month, "your custom has fallen off very much. Your books do not give one half they did before I came. How is this?"

He spoke in a dry unpleasant voice, with a sharp suspicious glance, and a dictatorial manner.

"I don't know, Robert," replied Janet, quietly, "unless it be that I have offended some of my friends, which I know I have done, and my business has suffered in consequence."

"We can't go on in this way," Robert said, with a still more unpleasant manner.

"Oh! I'm not afraid! Steadiness will bring it all back again."

"And in the meantime are we to starve?"

"Starve!—no dear. I have plenty. I have saved fifty pounds already. It is in the bank, and we shall do very badly if we eat up that before I get my custom back again."

Robert's eyes sparkled. "Fifty pounds!" he said, coaxingly. "Little miser! you never told me of this!"

Janet blushed painfully. Something foreboded evil to her, and she would willingly have retracted her admission, if she could have

The baby was born, and
for home than ever.
cry—and what baby
hated to see his wife
And how are babies
nurse and fondle the
Things went on
getting worse as
to neglect, from
to ill-usage.
reproach when
an annoyance!
voice was the
home for an
fulness sent
or gay, an
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Another
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could have retracted she would; but the thing was done now; and right or wrong she must abide by her own decision.

The sale was effected, and by it Janet realised a large sum of money; larger than what she expected, or would have gained, had she not been so popular and beloved. Altogether, taking out the fifty pounds before mentioned, she made up one hundred and fifty pounds, and with this her husband asserted to her and every body else, they could make their fortunes in five years.

They took ship at Liverpool and sailed for New York.

They had a prosperous voyage, and Janet and the children bore it well. Robert, though nothing like the old Robert of brutality and ill-usage, was yet nothing like the tender husband he had been of late. He was moody and snappish, and more than once he told Janet that a wife was a great hindrance to a man, and that if he had been alone with such a capital to start with he would have been a gentleman in a year or two.

"But if you had been alone, dear, you would not have had such a capital," said Janet, simply. "You know I made it for us."

He growled something unintelligible, and walked away. Janet's heart sank within her.

"If I have been a fool after all!—if I have been deceived again!" she thought as she watched him stalking in the distance. But she would not give way to such a thought, and felt quite penitent that it had crossed her.

"You must not mind my humours," said Robert, coming back after a short time. "I was always a sulky, ill-tempered boy, and Heaven mend me! I am not much better now. Don't mind me, Janet, I don't mean half I say."

He patted her head kindly, and kissed her forehead, and for the next two or three days they were very happy.

Land was in sight, and all was animation. People running frantically above and below, rushing after their luggage like mad things, crying with pleasure or stifled by anticipation, the fond heart beating, the needy soul hoping, mothers call to their little ones to look at that dim strip in the horizon and to believe that it was America; all the bustle of a passenger ship nearing port bewildered rather than amused Janet.

"Here, Janet, take out the money from that box," said Robert. "In all this confusion it is not safe, for I shall have to leave you on board while I go and look for lodgings. Take it out and I will secure it."

Janet obeyed unhesitatingly.

"Where shall I put it?" she asked.

"Sew it into the inside of my waistcoat," said Robert, quietly. "It will be safe there."

She did as she was told; stitching it in securely.

"I will come back again for you and the children," he then said, kissing her, "as soon

as I have found lodgings. It is such a tramp for us all to go together; you stay quietly till I come and fetch you. Hurrah, Janet! we are at home at last!"

He ran up on deck gaily, and flung himself into the first boat going off to shore. As long as Janet could see him he stood in the stern, waving his hand and then his handkerchief.

Hours—long, weary, endless hours passed by, and no one returned for Janet. By degrees and in time the whole vessel was emptied, and only the wife and her two children remained. It was against rules that they should stay any longer, and the first mate came and told her they must "clear out."

"My husband has gone for lodgings for us, sir," said Janet, trembling. "He has not come back yet, and I do not know where to go to."

The first mate was very sorry—they should have managed better—he would have allowed her to stay if he could, but it was against orders and he must obey his captain. He was really very sorry for her; but she must clear out in double quick time for all that. Rules must be obeyed, and discipline kept up.

There was no help for it. Janet was put on shore with her two children, and must fare for herself as well as she could. She had five shillings in her pocket, which she calculated would give them all supper and a bed to-night, and to-morrow she would find her husband if he was alive in New York.

Wandering about, all bewildered at the strange place, not knowing where she was or where she must go, holding her children in her hand, one of whom was crying bitterly from weariness and dread, she met a motherly-looking, handsome woman of middle age, with a kind eye and positive brow; a woman that made you love her and obey her at the same moment. She looked hard at Janet and half stopped. Janet, swayed by one of her usual impulses, stopped to, and spoke to her.

"My husband left me in the ship this morning," she said, "to look for lodgings for me and the children. I am afraid that some accident has happened to him, for he has never come back; I was obliged to leave the vessel; they would not let me sleep there——"

"It is against orders," said the stranger promptly.

"Yes, so the mate told me, ma'am. But as I am a perfect stranger here, I don't know where to go to, and my children are getting tired and sleepy. Can you tell me where I can find a respectable lodging for the night?"

"Come home with me," said the woman, after a moment's pause. "I see that you are a stranger, and I am sure you are respectable. I will give you a bed to-night, and you can look for your husband to-morrow. A fool! to leave you in this manner. What was the man about, I wonder?"

Janet thanked her gratefully, and the woman took her home.

They had supper and beds prepared for them; all done in a certain great-hearted, motherly, majestic way, that impressed Janet deeply. Not much conversation passed; for the poor girl was both too tired and too anxious to talk; but she kissed her hostess in a child-like loving manner, and cried on her neck, and clung to her tenderly, and thanked her with an almost passionate gratitude. "Not for herself so much," she said, "as for her dear children." And the stranger seemed to read right down to the bottom of her guest's heart, and to renew again and again all the freshness of her motherly cares. And so they parted for the night; Janet holding the hand of her hostess long and lingeringly, and wondering at herself afterwards at the strength of the impulse which attracted her.

She went to bed early as it was, but she could not sleep. A thousand nervous fancies, a thousand horrible fears, disturbed her. She tried to hope there was some mistake on her husband's part, but she failed sorely in her attempt; and at last, abandoning herself to a fit of despair—almost like madness—she gave herself up to the terrible belief that she had again trusted, and been again deserted. Deserted, robbed, left to starve and die, she and her children, in this strange, wild city! And this was the man she had loved so trustingly; this was the man who had perjured himself so fearfully!

A voice called cheerily through the hall—"Bessie! Bessie! wife! come down." A man's step strode rapidly through the rooms, and Janet heard her husband laugh as he met her hostess merrily, and called her "wife" and "sweetheart." He was laughing gaily, singing snatches of popular ballads; and the mistress of the house was laughing too.

"You ungrateful vagabond," said the woman he had called Bessie. "Is this the way you behave to your lawful wife the first day of your return, after such a long absence? What trick have you been playing now, I wonder?"

Robert said something, but Janet could not catch the words. He seemed, however, to be giving the woman something, for she laughed gently and cried, "How beautiful!" and then she stifled her voice somehow, and then they both laughed again gaily, gaily; and in a short time they sat down to supper so merry and happy! while that poor pale girl lay like death between her children.

"What do you think I have done, Robert?" said the woman after a short pause.

"What, Bess? I am no hand at riddles, and cannot guess. Out with it, old lady."

"Why, I met a poor woman to-day with her two children; she had just come from England, and her fool of a husband had left her on board, while he went to look for lodgings for them. He left her so long that she was obliged to clear out before he

came back. She is a nice, pretty, respectable young thing, and I was glad to serve her. Besides"—and that genial voice took such a tone of womanly tenderness, it made Janet's heart ache to think how sadly misplaced!—"she was a countrywoman of yours, dear, and I could not help thinking somehow of your sister, or—or—your first sweetheart."

When she said this, it seemed to Janet as if she kissed him.

"You shall see her to-morrow, dear, perhaps you may know something of her. By the bye, I dare say she came over in your ship! I never thought to ask her the name. How stupid of me! but how lucky that I met her. You may be able to do something for her—perhaps find her lout of a husband, and teach him not to lose his wife again. Poor young creature! It so went to my heart to see her look so pale and desolate."

Every word of which Janet heard as if a thousand trumpets had sounded.

There was a dead silence. It seemed as if her husband was too much startled, too much oppressed, to venture on an answer. Perhaps he was afraid of his voice, which would either betray his agitation to the one, or his existence to the other.

"Are you not well, my dear?" then said Bessie, kindly. "How pale you have turned all at once!"

"It is nothing, dear," answered Robert in so low a voice, that had not Janet's hearing been sharpened to intensity by agony, she could not have understood what he said. He seemed afraid of being overheard, she thought, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"But something *is* the matter, dear. Tell me what it is!"

"Nothing, nothing; only a little pain in my chest. Come! give me another glass of brandy; that will cure me, I warrant."

After this Janet heard nothing more distinctly. The conversation was carried on in a subdued tone, as between people sitting close, side by side. Only once Janet distinguished the words, "successful spec—above a hundred pounds—waistcoat—give it you to-morrow." Soon after this they went to bed, and Janet heard them both talking in low whispers, in the room next her own. She could distinguish their different steps across the floor, and hear their faintest movement through the thin partition. She even knew when they came to the side next her room, and could fancy all their actions. She herself lay as still as death, for she thought that Robert was listening; she heard him come to the partition, and stand there for a moment quite quiet, as if to hear whether she was astir or asleep.

A few hours passed. They made the fond wife cast down her fondness as a winter tree its leaves; they changed the soft heart into one of stone and iron, and nerved the trembling hand and stilled the throbbing blood. They made her blush till her temples burnt with shame at her gross credulity—with shame at her childish faith; but they also made her heart spring up like a strong man's courage—masculine and resolute, equal to its fate. And this because of those two sleeping little ones. By herself she would have sunk utterly prostrate; as guardian to them she stood like a lioness at bay. Nothing stronger—nothing more determined—nothing braver drew breath in New York than that timid, patient, girlish wife, transformed into the heroine by maternal love!

She listened, and by their breathing she knew that Robert and his poor American wife were asleep. Even at this moment her woman's nature yearned in gratitude to that kindly face and great maternal heart: and she felt that she would have suffered any torment herself rather than have caused an hour's pain to one who had so blessed and befriended her.

"*She* shall not suffer by me," she thought, as she determined on her plan.

Quiet and pale as a ghost she rose—dressing herself noiselessly, and with incredible speed. She then took up her sleeping children, and dressed them, still asleep. Leaving them on the bed, she softly opened the door of her room, and stole to that of her husband. A faint light shone underneath and through the crevices: it was a night-light, which Bessie always burnt. She turned the handle and entered. By the glimmering of the light she made out the place where Robert had thrown his clothes, and walked softly to where they lay. She took up the waistcoat, unstitched the notes, and placed them in her bosom. As she turned to leave the room, with one last look of despair directed at him—one loving look of gratitude at her—her husband opened his full eyes upon her. She stood and met his eyes: then saying—"Take the curse of the widow and the fatherless, the curse of the deceived and the ruined!" she turned from him and left the room. He was too much stricken—partly by fear and partly by inability—to escape from the coil of circumstances which he had woven round himself, too much awed by her manner, and too much crushed by his conscience to answer. And so she escaped from the house without hindrance, and without disturbing the faintest dream of its kind hostess.

She took sail by a boat leaving for England that morning, and returned to her old place. With her capital of one hundred pounds she set up anew, in another business, and soon regained all the friends she had lost. Foolish as she had been, what could they do now but pity her: and if they pitied, aid? Even Miss Harrington scolded her in her old way, and loaded her with presents as before: and Janet found that she was happier now than ever—in her quiet, gentle, saint-like way—since she had thrown aside her weakness, and been sufficient to herself. And she was right. In weakness lies misery; in strength of will and

singleness of purpose lies peace, be the circumstances what they may.

Janet never heard of her husband again, until years after, when a letter came from "Elizabeth Maylin," telling her of his death. Though Bessie still preserved the name, more from habit than from pride, she knew now that she had not been his real wife. On his death-bed he had confessed all to her; and who had been that pretty stranger, whom she had taken to be a common thief and impostor. And Bessie wrote one of the noblest letters that woman ever penned to woman, and spoke of her unintentional wrong in such a large heroic manner, that Janet felt as if she had been almost the one to blame in having caused such evil fortune to one so great and good. But they made it up between them, and finally agreed not to reproach themselves any more; and in future years, Bessie Maylin received one of Janet's children, when he had grown a man, and made him the heir of all her property. And then Janet wrote to her, and said how strangely they had both exemplified the truth of the old Hebrew words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve came to us darkly,
Drooping to our cottage door,
Not with brave and boisterous greeting,
As it used to come of yore;
Not with soft and silent snow-fall,
Or with frost-wind quick and keen;
Yet it brought the berries blushing,
And it brought the holly green.

Many busy footsteps pattered
Through our little thoroughfare,
Children sent on pleasant errands
For the dainties they would share;
Young and female forms were passing,
Lightly flitting to and fro,
With a quick throb in their bosoms,
With their faces in a glow.

And the clean and cheerful windows
Gleamed upon the dusky night,
And the mingled voices humming,
Told of leisure and delight;
Genial voices linked together
In some old and homely rhyme,
In some old and hopeful carol
Fitted for the holy time.

In that little street of workers,
Brightening up from side to side,
One poor dwelling showed no signal
Of the merry Christmas-tide;
Feebly shone the simple taper
By the hearthstone dim and bare,
Poverty has cast its shadow,
Grief had hung its symbols there.

A forlorn and wasted widow
Held her son upon her knee,
Whose young stream of life was ebbing
Back into a shoreless sea;

Just as time with stealthy footstep
Strode into another day;
Death stood by the lonely mother;
That young life had ebbed away.

With the first burst of her anguish—
"Hark what news the angels bring!"
Rang from loud and hopeful voices,
Rang from tuneful flute and string;
And she thought she heard her darling,
High among the radiant spheres,
Singing with melodious gladness—
"Mother, mother, dry thy tears!"

And she dried them and subdued them,
Kept their fountains sealed within,
Lest a show of outward sorrow
Should be written down as sin;
But a cheering faith came o'er her,
That she was not quite alone;
That the God-child of the manger
Had the keeping of her own.

CUMBERLAND SHEEP-SHEARERS.

Three or four years ago we spent part of a summer in one of the dales in the neighbourhood of Keswick. We lodged at the house of a small Statesman, who added to his occupation of a sheep-farmer that of a woolen manufacturer. His own flock was not large, but he bought up other people's fleeces, either on commission, or for his own purposes; and his life seemed to unite many pleasant and various modes of employment, and the great jolly burly man throve upon all both in body and mind.

One day, his handsome wife proposed to us that we should accompany her to a distant sheep-shearing, to be held at the house of one of her husband's customers, where she was sure we should be heartily welcome, and where we should see an old-fashioned shearing, such as was not often met with now in the Dales. I don't know why it was, but we were lazy, and declined her invitation. It might be that the day was a broiling one, even for July, or it might be a fit of shyness; but whichever was the reason, it very unaccountably vanished soon after she was gone, and the opportunity seemed to have slipped through our fingers. The day was hotter than ever; and we should have twice as much reason to be shy and self-conscious, now that we should not have our hostess to introduce and chaperone us. However, so great was our wish to go, that we blew these obstacles to the winds, if there were any that day; and, obtaining the requisite directions from the farm-servant, we set out on our five mile walk, about one o'clock on a cloudless day in the first half of July.

Our party consisted of two grown up persons and four children, the youngest almost a baby, who had to be carried the greater part of that weary length of way. We passed through Keswick, and saw the groups of sketching, boating tourists, on whom we, as

residents for a month in the neighbourhood, looked down with some contempt as mere strangers, who were sure to go about blundering, or losing their way, or being imposed upon by guides, or admiring the wrong things, and never seeing the right things. After we had dragged ourselves through the long straggling town, we came to a part of the highway where it wound between copses sufficiently high to make a green gloom in a green shade; the branches touched and interlaced overhead, while the road was so straight, that all the quarter-of-an-hour that we were walking we could see the opening of blue light at the other end, and note the quivering of the heated luminous air beyond the dense shade in which we moved. Every now and then, we caught glimpses of the silver lake that shimmered through the trees; and, now and then, in the dead noon-tide stillness, we could hear the gentle lapping of the water on the pebbled shore—the only sound we heard, except the low deep hum of myriads of insects revelling out their summer lives. We had all agreed that talking made us hotter, so we and the birds were very silent. Out again into the hot, bright, sunny, dazzling road, the fierce sun above our heads made us long to be at home, but we had passed the half-way, and to go on was shorter than to return. Now we left the highway, and began to mount. The ascent looked disheartening, but at almost every step we gained increased freshness of air; and the crisp short mountain grass was soft and cool in comparison with the high road. The little wandering breezes, that came every now and then athwart us, were laden with fragrant scents—now of wild thyme—now of the little scrambling creeping white rose, which ran along the ground and pricked our feet with its sharp thorns; and now we came to a trickling streamlet, on whose spongy banks grew great bushes of the bog-myrtle, giving a spicy odor to the air. When our breath failed us during that steep ascent, we had one invariable dodge by which we hoped to escape the "fat and scant of breath" quotation; we turned round and admired the lovely views, which from each succeeding elevation became more and more beautiful.

At last, perched on a level which seemed nothing more than a mere shelf of rock, we saw our destined haven—a grey stone farmhouse, high over our heads, high above the lake as we were—with out-buildings enough around it to justify the Scotch name of a "town"; and near it one of those great bossy sycamores, so common in similar situations all through Cumberland and Westmoreland. One more long tug and then we should be there. So, cheering the poor tired little ones, we set off bravely for that last piece of steep rocky path; and we never looked behind till we stood in the coolness of the deep porch, looking down from our natural terrace on the glassy Derwent water, far, far below, reflecting each tint of the blue sky, only in darker, fuller colours every one. We seemed on a level with the top of Cat Bell; and the tops of great trees lay deep down—so deep that we felt as if they were close enough together and solid enough to bear our feet if we chose to spring down and walk upon them. Right in front of where we stood, there was a ledge of the rocky field that surrounded the house. We had knocked at the door, but it was evident that we were unheard in the din and merry clatter of voices within, and our old original shyness returned. By and bye, some one found us out, and a hearty burst of hospitable welcome ensued. Our coming was all right; it was understood in a minute who we were; our real hostess was hardly less urgent in her civilities than our temporary hostess, and both together bustled us out of the room upon which the outer door entered, into a large bedroom which opened out of it—the state apartment, in all such houses in Cumberland—where the children make their first appearance, and where the heads of the household lie down to die if the Great Conqueror gives them sufficient warning for such decent and composed submission as is best in accordance with the simple dignity of their lives.

Into this chamber we were ushered, and the immediate relief from its dark coolness to our overheated bodies and dazzled eyes was inexpressibly refreshing. The walls were so thick that there was room for a very comfortable window-seat in them, without there being any projection into the room; and the long low shape prevented the sky-line from being unusully depressed, even at that height, and so the light was subdued, and the general tint through the room deepened into darkness, where the eye fell on that stupendous bed, with its posts, and its headpiece, and its foot-board, and its trappings of all kinds of the deepest brown: and the frame itself looked large enough for six or seven people to lie comfortably therein, without even touching each other. In the hearth-place, stood a great pitcher filled with branches of odorous mountain flowers: and little bits of rosemary and lavender were strewed about the room; partly, as I afterwards learnt, to prevent incautious feet from slipping about on the polished oak floor. When we had noticed everything, and rested, and cooled (as much as we could do before the equinox), we returned to the company assembled in the house-place.

This house-place was almost a hall in grandeur. Along one side ran an oaken dresser, all decked with the same sweet evergreens, fragments of which strewed the bedroom floor. Over this dresser were shelves, bright with most exquisitely polished pewter. Opposite to the bedroom door was the great hospitable fireplace, ensconced within its proper chimney corners, and having the "master's cupboard" on its right hand side.

Do you know what a "master's cupboard" is? Mr. Wordsworth could have told you; ay, and have shown you one at Rydal Mount, too. It is a cupboard about a foot in width, and a foot and a half in breadth, expressly reserved for the use of the master of the household. Here he may keep pipe and tankard, almanac, and what not; and although no door bars the access of any hand, in this open cupboard his peculiar properties rest secure, for is it not "the master's cupboard"? There was a fire in the house-place, even on this hot day; it gave a grace and a vividness to the room, and being kept within the proper limits, it seemed no more than was requisite to boil the kettle. For, I should say, that the very minute of our arrival, our hostess (so I shall designate the wife of the farmer at whose house the sheep-shearing was to be held) proposed tea; and although we had not dined, for it was but little past three, yet on the principle of "Do at Rome as the Romans do," we assented with a good grace, thankful to have any refreshment offered us, short of water-gruel, after our long and tiring walk, and rather afraid of our children "cooling too quickly."

While the tea was preparing, and it took six comely matrons to do it justice, we proposed to Mrs. C. (our real hostess), that we should go and see the sheep-shearing. She accordingly led us away into a back yard, where the process was going on. By a back yard I mean a far different place from what a Londoner would so designate; our back yard, high up on the mountain side was a space about forty yards by twenty, overshadowed by the noble sycamore, which might have been the very one that suggested to Coleridge—

> "This sycamore (oft musical with bees—
> Such tents the Patriarchs loved)" &c., &c.

And in this deep, cool, green shadow sate two or three grey-haired sires, smoking their pipes, and regarding the proceedings with a placid complacency, which had a savour of contempt in it for the degeneracy of the present times—a sort of "Ah! they don't know what good shearing is now-a-days" look in it. That round shadow of the sycamore tree, and the elders who sat there looking on, were the only things not full of motion and life in the yard. The yard itself was bounded by a grey stone wall, and the moors rose above it to the mountain top: we looked over the low walls on to the spaces bright with the yellow asphodel, and the first flush of the purple heather. The shadow of the farm-house fell over this yard, so that it was cool in aspect, save for the ruddy faces of the eager shearers, and the gay-coloured linsey petticoats of the women, folding the fleeces with tucked-up gowns.

When we first went into the yard, every corner of it seemed as full of motion as an antique frieze, and, like that, had to be studied before I could ascertain the different actions and purposes involved. On the left hand was a walled-in field of small extent, full of sunshine and light, with the heated air quivering over the flocks of panting bewildered sheep, who were penned up therein, awaiting their turn to be shorn. At the gate by which this field was entered from the yard stood a group of eager-eyed boys, panting like the sheep, but not like them from fear, but from excitement and joyous exertion. Their faces were flushed with brown-crimson, their scarlet lips were parted into smiles, and their eyes had that peculiar blue lustre in them, which is only gained by a free life in the pure and blithesome air. As soon as these lads saw that a sheep was wanted by the shearers within, they sprang towards one in the field—the more boisterous and stubborn an old ram the better—and tugging, and pulling, and pushing, and shouting—sometimes mounting astride of the poor obstreperous brute, and holding his horns like a bridle—they gained their point and dragged their captive up to the shearer, like little victors as they were, all glowing and ruddy with conquest. The shearers sat each astride on a long bench, grave and important—the heroes of the day. The flock of sheep to be shorn on this occasion consisted of more than a thousand, and eleven famous shearers had come, walking in from many miles' distance to try their skill one against the other; for sheep-shearings are a sort of rural Olympics. They were all young men in their prime, strong, and well-made; without coat or waistcoat, and with upturned shirt-sleeves. They sat each across a long bench or narrow table, and caught up the sheep from the attendant boys, who had dragged it in; they lifted it on to the bench, and placing it by a dexterous knack on its back, they began to shear the wool off the tail and under parts; then they tied the two hind legs and the two fore legs together, and laid it first on one side and then on the other, till the fleece came off in one whole piece; the art was to shear all the wool off, and yet not to injure the sheep by any awkward cut: if such an accident did occur, a mixture of tar and butter was immediately applied; but every wound was a blemish on the shearer's fame. To shear well and completely, and yet to do it quickly, shows the perfection of the clippers. Some can finish off as many as six score sheep in a summer's day; and if you consider the weight and uncouthness of the animal, and the general heat of the weather, you will see that, with justice, clipping or shearing is regarded as harder work than mowing. But most good shearers are content with despatching four or five score; it is only on unusual occasions, or when Greek meets Greek, that six score are attempted or accomplished.

When the sheep is divided into its fleece and itself, it becomes the property of two persons. The women seize the fleece, and,

standing by the side of a temporary dresser (in this case made of planks laid across barrels, beneath what sharp scant shadow could be obtained from the eaves of the house), they fold it up. This again is an art, simple as it may seem; and the farmer's wives and daughters about Langdale Head are famous for it. They begin with folding up the legs, and then roll the whole fleece up, tying it with the neck; and the skill consists not merely in doing this quickly and firmly, but in certain artistic pulls of the wool so as to display the finer parts, and not, by crushing up the fibre, to make it appear coarse to the buyer. Six comely women were thus employed; they laughed, and talked, and sent shafts of merry satire at the grave and busy shearers, who were too earnest in their work to reply, although an occasional deepening of colour, or twinkle of the eye, would tell that the remark had hit. But they reserved their retorts, if they had any, until the evening, when the day's labour would be over, and when, in the licence of country humor, I imagine, some of the saucy speakers would meet with their match. As yet, the applause came from their own party of women; though now and then one of the old men, sitting under the shade of a sycamore, would take his pipe out of his mouth to spit, and, before beginning again to send up the softly curling white wreaths of smoke, he would condescend on a short deep laugh, and a "Well done, Maggie!" "Give it him, lass!" for with the not unkindly jealousy of age towards youth, the old grandfathers invariably took part with the women against the young men. These sheared on, throwing the fleeces to the folders, and casting the sheep down on the ground with gentle strength, ready for another troop of boys to haul it to the right hand side of the farmyard, where the great out-buildings were placed; where all sorts of country vehicles were crammed and piled, and seemed to throw up their scarlet shafts into the air, as if imploring relief from the crowd of shandries and market carts that pressed upon them. Out of the sun, in the dark shadow of the cart-house, a pan of red-hot coals glowed in a trivet; and upon them was placed an iron basin holding tar and raddle, or ruddle. Hither the right hand troop of boys dragged the poor naked sheep to be "smitten" —that is to say, marked with the initials or cypher of the owner. In this case, the sign of the possessor was a circle or spot on one side, and a straight line on the other; and after the sheep were thus marked, they were turned out to the moor, and the crowd of bleating lambs that sent up an incessant moan for their lost mothers; each found out the ewe to which it belonged the moment she was turned out of the yard, and the placid contentment of the sheep that wandered away up the hill side, with their little lambs trotting by them, gave just the necessary touch of peace and repose to the scene. There were all the classical elements for the representation of life; there were the "Old men and maidens, young men and children" of the Psalmist; there were all the stages and conditions of being that sing forth their farewell to the departing crusaders in the "Saint's Tragedy."

We were very glad indeed that we had seen the sheep-shearing, though the road had been hot, and long, and dusty, and we were as yet unrefreshed and hungry. When we had understood the separate actions of the busy scene, we could begin to notice individuals. I soon picked out a very beautiful young woman as an object of admiration and interest. She stood by a buxom woman of middle age, who had just sufficient likeness to point her out as the mother. Both were folding fleeces, and folding them well; but the mother talked all the time with a rich-toned voice, and a merry laugh and eye, while the daughter hung her head silently over her work; and I could only guess at the beauty of her eyes by the dark sweeping shadow of her eyelashes. She was well dressed, and had evidently got on her Sunday gown, although a good deal for the honour of the thing, as the flowing skirt was tucked up in a bunch behind, in order to be out of her way: beneath the gown, and far more conspicuous—and, possibly, far prettier—was a striped petticoat of full deep blue and scarlet, revealing the blue cotton stockings common in that part of the country, and the pretty, neat leather shoes. The girl had tucked her brown hair back behind her ears; but if she had known how often she would have had occasion to blush, I think she would have kept that natural veil more over her delicate cheek. She blushed deeper and ever deeper, because one of the shearers, in every interval of his work, looked at her and sighed. Neither of them spoke a word, though both were as conscious of the other as could be; and the buxom mother, with a side long glance, took cognisance of the affair from time to time, with no unpleased expressions.

I had got thus far in my career of observation when our hostess for the day came to tell us that tea was ready, and we arose stiffly from the sward on which we had been sitting, and went in-doors to the house-place. There, all round, were ranged rows of sedate matrons; some with babies, some without; they had been summoned from over mountains, and beyond wild fells, and across deep dales, to the shearing of that day, just as their ancestors were called out by the Fiery Cross. We were conducted to a tea-table, at which, in spite of our entreaties, no one would sit down except our hostess, who poured out tea, of which more by-and-by. Behind us, on the dresser, were plates piled up with "berry-cake" (puff-paste with gooseberries inside), currant and plain bread and butter, hot cakes buttered with honey (if that is not Irish),

and great pieces of new cheese to be put in between the honeyed slices, and so toasted impromptu. There were two black teapots on the tray, and taking one of these in her left hand, and one in her right, our hostess held them up both on high, and skilfully poured from each into one and the same cup; the teapots contained green and black tea; and this was her way of mixing them, which she considered far better, she told us, than if both the leaves had been "masked" together. The cups of tea were dosed with lump upon lump of the finest sugar, but the rich yellow fragrant cream was dropped in but very sparingly. I reserved many of my inquiries, suggested by this Dale tea-drinking, to be answered by Mrs. C., with whom we were lodging: and I asked her why I could neither get cream enough for myself, nor milk sufficient for the children, when both were evidently so abundant, and our entertainers so profusely hospitable. She told me, that my request for each was set down to modesty and a desire to spare the "grocer's stuff," which, as costing money, was considered the proper thing to force upon visitors, while the farm produce was reckoned too common and every-day for such a choice festivity and such honoured guests. So I drank tea as strong as brandy and as sweet as syrup, and had to moan in secret over my children's nerves. My children found something else to moan over before the meal was ended; the good farmer's wife would give them each "sweet butter" on their oat-cake or "clap-bread;" and sweet butter is made of butter, sugar, and rum melted together and potted, and is altogether the most nauseous compound in the shape of a dainty I ever tasted. My poor children thought it so, as I could tell by their glistening piteous eyes and trembling lips, as they vainly tried to get through what their stomachs rejected. I got it from them by stealth and ate it myself, in order to spare the feelings of our hostess, who, evidently, considered it as a choice delicacy. But no sooner did she perceive that they were without sweet butter than she urged them to take some more, and bade me not scrimp it, for they had enough and to spare for everybody. This "sweet butter" is made for express occasions—the clippings, and Christmas; and for these two seasons all christenings in a family are generally reserved. When we had eaten and eaten—and, hungry as we were, we found it difficult, to come up to our hostess's ideas of the duty before us—she took me into the real working kitchen, to show me the preparations going on for the refreshment of the seventy people there and then assembled. Rounds of beef, hams, fillets of veal, and legs of mutton nobbed, indiscriminately with plum puddings, up and down in a great boiler, from which a steam arose, when she lifted up the lid, reminding one exceedingly of Camacho's wedding. The resemblance was increased when we were shown another boiler out of doors, placed over a temporary frame-work of brick, and equally full with the other, if, indeed, not more so.

Just at this moment—as she and I stood on the remote side of the farm-buildings, within sound of all the pleasant noises which told of merry life so near, and yet out of sight of any of them, gazing forth on the moorland and the rocks, and the purple crest of the mountain, the opposite base of which fell into Watenlath—the gate of the yard was opened, and my rustic beauty came rushing in, her face all a-fire. When she saw us she stopped suddenly, and was about to turn, when she was followed, and the entrance blocked up by the handsome young shearer. I saw a knowing look on my companion's face, as she quietly led me out by another way.

"Who is that handsome girl?" asked I.

"It's just Isabel Crosthwaite," she replied. "Her mother is a cousin of my master's widow of a statesman near Appleby. She is well to do, and Isabel is her only child."

"Heiress, as well as beauty," thought I; but all I said was,

"And who is the young man with her?"

"That," said she, looking up at me with surprise. "That's our Tom. You see, his father and me and Margaret Crosthwaite have fixed that these young ones are to wed each other; and Tom is very willing—but she is young and skittish; but she'll come to—she'll come to. He'll not be the best shearer this day anyhow, as he was last year down in Buttemere; but he'll may be come round for next year."

So spoke middle age of the passionate loves of the young. I could fancy that Isabel might resent being so calmly disposed of, and I did not like or admire her the less because by and bye she plunged into the very midst of the circle of matrons, as if in the Eleusinian circle she could alone obtain a sanctuary against her lover's pursuit. She looked so much and so truly annoyed that I disliked her mother, and thought the young man unworthy of her, until I saw the mother come and take into her arms a little orphan child, whom I learnt she had bought from a beggar on the road-side that was ill-using her. This child hung about the woman, and called her "Mammy" in such pretty trusting tones, that I became reconciled to the match-making widow, for the sake of her warm heart; and as for the young man—the woe-begone face that he presented from time to time at the open door, to be scouted and scolded thence by all the women, while Isabel resolutely turned her back upon him, and pretended to be very busy cutting bread and butter, made me really sorry for him; though we—experienced spectators—could see the end of all this coyness and blushing as well as if we were in church at the wedding.

From four to five o'clock on a summer's

day is a sort of second noon for heat; and now that we were up on this breezy height, it seemed so disagreeable to think of going once more into the close woods down below, and to brave the parched and dusty road, that we gladly and lazily resigned ourselves to stay a little later, and to make our jolly three o'clock tea serve for dinner.

So I strolled into the busy yard once more, and by watching my opportunity, I crossed between men, women, boys, sheep, and barking dogs, and got to an old man, sitting under the sycamore, who had been pointed out to me as the owner of the sheep and the farm. For a few minutes he went on, doggedly puffing away; but I knew that this reserve on his part arose from no want of friendliness, but from the shy reserve which is the characteristic of most Westmoreland and Cumberland people. By and bye he began to talk, and he gave me much information about his sheep. He took a "walk" from a landowner with so many sheep upon it; in his case one thousand and fifty, which was a large number, about six hundred being the average. Before taking the "walk," he and his landlord each appointed two "knowledgeable people" to value the stock. The "walk" was taken on lease of five or seven years, and extended ten miles over the Fells in one direction—he could not exactly say how far in another, but more: yes! certainly more. At the expiration of the lease, the stock are again numbered, and valued in the same way. If the sheep are poorer, and gone off, the tenant has to pay for their depreciation in money; if they have improved in quality, the landlord pays him; but one way or another the same number must be restored, while the increase of each year, and the annual fleeces form the tenant's profit. Of course they were all of the black-faced or mountain breed, fit for scrambling and endurance, and capable of being nourished by the sweet but scanty grass that grew on the Fells. To take charge of his flock he employed three shepherds, one of whom was my friend Tom. They had other work down on the farm, for the farm was "down" compared with the airy heights to which these sheep will scramble. The shepherd's year begins before the twentieth of March, by which time the ewes must be all safely down in the home pastures, at hand in case they or their lambs require extra care at yeaning time. About the sixteenth of June the sheep-washing begins. Formerly, said my old man, men stood bare-legged in a running stream, dammed up so as to make a pool, which was more cleansing than any still water, with its continual foam, and fret, and struggle to overcome the obstacle that impeded its progress; and these men caught the sheep, which were hurled to them by the people on the banks, and rubbed it and soused it well; but now (alas! for these degenerate days) folk were content to throw them in head downwards, and thought that they were washed enough with swimming to the bank. However, this proceeding was managed in a fortnight after the shearing or clipping came on; and people were bidden to it from twenty miles off or better; but not as they had been fifty years ago. Still, if a family possessed a skilful shearer in the person of a son, or if the good wife could fold fleeces well and deftly, they were sure of a gay week in clipping time, passing from farm to farm in merry succession, giving their aid, feasting on the fat of the land ("sweet butter" amongst other things, and much good may it do them!) until they in their turn called upon their neighbours for help. In short, good old-fashioned sheep-shearings are carried on much in the same sort of way as an American Bee.

As soon as the clipping is over, the sheep are turned out upon the Fells, where their greatest enemy is the fly. The ravens do harm to the young lambs in May and June, and the shepherds scale the steep grey rocks to take a raven's nest with infinite zest and delight; but no shepherd can save his sheep from the terrible fly—the common flesh fly—which burrows in the poor animal, and lays its obscene eggs, and the maggots eat it up alive. To obviate this as much as ever they can, the shepherds go up on the Fells about twice a week in summer time, and, sending out their faithful dogs, collect the sheep into great circles, the dogs running on the outside and keeping them in. The quick-eyed shepherd stands in the midst, and, if a sheep make an effort to scratch herself, the dog is summoned, and the infected sheep brought up to be examined, the piece cut out, and salved. But, notwithstanding this, in some summers scores of sheep are killed in this way: thundery and close weather is peculiarly productive of this plague. The next operation which the shepherd has to attend to is about the middle or end of October, when the sheep are brought down to be salved, and an extra man is usually hired on the farm for this week. But it is no feasting or merry-making time like a clipping. Sober business reigns. The men sit astride on their benches and besmear the poor helpless beast with a mixture of tar and bad butter, or coarse grease, which is supposed to promote the growth and fineness of the wool, by preventing skin diseases of all kinds, such as would leave a patch bare. The mark of ownership is renewed with additional tar and raddle, and they are sent up once more to their breezy walk, where the winter winds begin to pipe and to blow, and to call away their brethren from the icy North. Once a week the shepherds go up and scour the Fells, looking over the sheep, and seeing how the herbage lasts. And this is the dangerous and wild time for the shepherds. The snows and the mists (more to be dreaded even than

snow) may come on; and there is no lack of tales, about the Christmas hearth, of men who have gone up to the wild and desolate Fells and have never been seen more, but whose voices are yet heard calling on their dogs, or uttering fierce despairing cries for help; and so they will call till the end of time, till their whitened bones have risen again.

Towards the middle of January, great care is necessary, as by this time the sheep have grown weak and lean with lack of food, and the excess of cold. Yet as the mountain sheep will not eat turnips, but must be fed with hay, it is a piece of economy to delay beginning to feed them as long as possible; and to know the exact nick of time, requires as much skill as must have been possessed by Eunice's father in Miss Austen's delightful novel, who required his gruel "thin, but not too thin—thick, but not too thick." And so the Shepherd's Calendar works round to yeaning time again! It must be a pleasant employment; reminding one of Wordsworth's lines—

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman stretched
On the soft grass, through half the summer's day," &c.

and of shepherd-boys with their reedy pipes, taught by Pan, and of the Chaldean shepherds studying the stars; of Poussin's picture of the Good Shepherd, of the "Shepherds keeping watch by night!" and I don't know how many other things, not forgetting some of Cooper's delightful pieces.

While I was thus rambling on in thought, my host was telling me of the prices of wool that year, for we had grown quite confidential by this time. Wool was sold by the stone; he expected to get ten or twelve shillings a stone; it took three or four fleeces to make a stone; before the Australian wool came in, he had got twenty shillings, ay and more; but now—and again we sighed over the degeneracy of the times, till he took up his pipe (not Pandean) for consolation, and I bethought me of the long walk home, and the tired little ones, who must not be worried. So, with much regret, we took our leave; the fiddler had just arrived as we were wishing goodbye; the shadow of the house had overspread the yard; the boys were more in number than the sheep that remained to be shorn; the busy women were dishing up great smoking rounds of beef; and in addition to all the provisions I had seen in the boilers, large-mouthed ovens were disgorging berry pies without end, and rice puddings stuck full of almonds and raisins.

As we descended the hill, we passed a little rustic bridge with a great alder bush near it. Underneath sat Isabel, as rosy red as ever, but dimpling up with smiles, while Tom lay at her feet, and looked up into her eyes; his faithful sheep-dog sat by him, but flapped his tail vainly in hope of obtaining some notice. His master was too much absorbed for that. Poor Fly! Every dog has his day, and yours was not this tenth of July.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

WHO and what was Hobson? I had often asked myself these questions. Often, when alone and miserable, had I been comforted by the selfish reflection that Hobson must have been worse off than myself. I think it is Rochefoucauld who says that it is wonderful with what patience we bear the misfortunes of our neighbours: and in the same way, I found it surprising that no antiquarian—no large hearted philanthropist—had been found to inquire into the birth, parentage, career, and terrible choice of Hobson. As I have declared, I had often been comforted when "the waves deepened on my path," with the serene reflection, that if the bitter cup was almost a bumper for me, it must have been filled to the "beaded brim" for my unknown friend Hobson. And then, when this reflection soothed my sorrow, when I forgot my cut finger in the reflection that Hobson's arm must have been amputated, I have been led to dwell with interest on the probable career and fate of this unfortunate gentleman. Hobson has immortalised himself, I thought, yet who knows anything of him and his memorable choice? I have had visions of him, jammed between two walls; required, with a halter about his neck, to marry an attractive bride of seventy-eight; quietly requested to give up his purse or forfeit his life; gently reminded that he must pay his friend's bill, or renew it for double the original amount; or indulgently allowed to choose between the stake and the axe. It is a pity, however, I thought, that no antiquarian has been found to amuse himself with Hobson and his choice; and I felt inclined to give to any gentleman the liberty to make use of my suggestion of a work to be entitled "The Life and Times of Hobson, together with an account of his Choice?" But, although it is difficult, I thought, for the inquirer not used to learned researches to ferret Hobson from his obscure corner, and to shake from before his memorable name the dust of ages, it is not so difficult to recognise his descendants. Undoubtedly the Hobsons have spread themselves all over England. They are a woeful race, inhabiting the uncomfortable places of every city, the heroes of endless scrapes, the forlorn wretches who have never had a chance.

These, in brief, were my thoughts in regard to Hobson; when one day I chanced to communicate my deliberations to a friend, who forthwith explained to me that he knew all about the hero of my philosophical moments. It appears that Hobson was by no means an unfortunate individual; that, on the contrary, he had a stern way with him of asserting his will, and that the choice to which his name

is tacked for evermore was one that he imposed upon his customers. It seems that Hobson was an Oxford stable-keeper, and that he forced his customers to take the horse nearest the door. In no case might they choose; every ill that horse-flesh is heir to might afflict the nag nearest the door, but still Hobson would let no other animal leave the stable till this one was disposed of. And thus Hobson's choice was no choice. I had thought often of Hobson as the forlorn victim of an adverse fate; but I found that he was Fate personified, and that he was the tyrant over Oxford equestrians.

I was walking in the streets of Birmingham one day, while its thousand chimneys were waging war with the sunlight. I was in a moody humour, and inclined to look out upon nature through smoked glass, when I stood still before a very pitiable object. It was the figure of a mere child, with a dull life showing through the eyes that should have been young and bright, and glad with the blue of heaven in them. What a face! What a head! It was swollen and shapeless —the forehead hung over the eyes; the jaws were coarse; and ill-health had burst hideously out about the lips. Surely, I thought, there is a Hobson hereabouts, and this child is his victim; it has no choice but a life of misery. I asked the child about its mother and its brothers and sisters. The old story fell from its poor lips — its mother away, and the brothers and sisters stupified by a neighbouring nurse. I meet Hobson's customers everywhere now. They crowd about me when I land at Belfast; they besiege my ear when I pause in the streets of Dublin; their childish voices ring upon my ear as I pass a certain establishment on my way from Cowes to Newport; their plaintive words are heard through prison-bars; the horse next the door has been a sorry one to all of them! Undoubtedly all these are customers of Hobson — doomed to his choice. At the cradle I have watched the babyhood of one of Hobson's customers. Limbs that should have been round and pulpy, were limp and fleshless; eyes that should have been quick and sparkling, were dull and heavy; cheeks that should have bloomed, and been dimpled often with smiles, were flat and colourless; the baby voice that should have been musical, was a wail— an unceasing grumble; the breath that should have been pure and sweet, reeked with the smell of laudanum! There it lay, wearing away time till it had scrambled together sufficient strength to trot forth from the drug-room of his babyhood to the streets, foul and pent-up, of its terrible neighbourhood.

As it is formed, and settled now, so, in after years, shall it bring forth good or evil fruit to the State. Its footsteps wander, and are without a purpose: it is a thing with senses, and little more; yet within lies the immortal germ, clouded with baby-poison, yet to be extracted by a skilful hand. But the child has only the choice of Hobson; therefore, no kind hand is stretched forth to sustain its better nature, and turn it from the pollution of its terrible neighbourhood. Hobson's choice is for it, as for its father and grandfather before it. How can it choose but be an outcast? There was poison in the atmosphere that surrounded its cradle, contamination in its play-ground; and how then shall the child fare, as I notice the sickly bud burst into the graceless flower? Its parentage, and the curse thereof, clings to it, as it wanders into the world to do the dreadful deeds that have been sown in the child's heart. A fire smoulders in the bosom of the young fellow, as he finds a sorry beast in the nearest stall for him! He has been at war with his fellow-man from the cradle. Not a passion has been restrained. His eye has ever dwelt upon hideous forms, and now it is dead to all beauty. Talk to him of the virtues that dignify and are the strength and charm of social life; your words are foreign to his ear—too heavy and sodden with pestilential atmosphere is his heart to vibrate with the tenderness of yours?

How can you talk to him of the equal chances of men—of the equal purity of all babyhood? By what subtile play of logic can you persuade him that there is not a curse upon his race— that he may escape from the tyranny of Hobson? He has his full measure of revenge, however; for he knows that his race costs the State a round sum yearly, in transport-ships, in penal colonies, in warm baths and patent cooking apparatus! He only wonders how it is that in these economical times his governors will not set to work in a more prudent manner—how it is that they let his brothers and sisters quietly grow up to follow the profession of robbers: for Hobson's customers of to-day know well enough, and their governors must know, that as surely as the law is a profession, so surely a portion of the population is set aside to be drilled and tutored as robbers. And this profession has its averages of success and failure like any other. Hobson's customers count upon an average run in this country of nine years, at the expiration of which term they are content to retire to the Government retreats provided for them. Here they have no care for the morrow—they have their full measure of food, and a trip to a distant country where they settle for life. No qualms of conscience make the heart sick here, for their life has been only the natural development of their childhood. They own at once that Hobson has never given them a chance of riding fair on a trusty steed. They point to their calamitous parentage in explanation of their deeds. Shameful Hobson! —a terrible fate this that he has imposed upon so many of us! A race foredoomed!— born to be thrown in the mud by Hobson's bad horses! How, ask earnest men, are we

to relieve Hobson's poor customers from the terrible fate which is fastened upon them? Government Blue Books say, by patent soups to be given to them when they grow up; by snug prisons, warmed by ingenious processes; by dexterous oakum-picking, and other devices of this order. Other men have said that it is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's deathbed; better to have a care while the bud is bursting to the sun, than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded blossom. While these rival authorities are wrangling, Hobson's customers continue to break their necks with his faulty horseflesh. A mild philosopher dandles a baby customer in his arms, and serenely tests the purity of its pap-boat; while his rival theorist wields a policeman's truncheon, and dips a thermometer carefully into his pet felon's warm-bath.

The shade of Hobson who never gave a choice—of Hobson whose nearest horses have always been knackers for a large body of customers—laughs roguishly at these contending philosophers while they ride their hobbies, and sees his victims, in crowds, scrambling on their broken steeds, and sprawling inevitably in the mud. Well, let us hope that we shall do something for Hobson's customers ere long; and not continue to plant poor devils upon vicious horses for the pleasure of paying their doctor's bill!

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

TRAVELLING SERVANTS.

I THINK a travelling party ought to be limited to three, with a good courier, and a good-tempered lady's maid, if there be a lady. This will just fill a carriage, and for so many, no more, rooms may generally be found at the same inn. Of course, in saying this, I am not speaking of the immense barrack-like hotels of Germany, which are large enough to lodge an army. But I have known—in Spain, and some other places—a numerous party very uncomfortably divided, and even some of those who formed it obliged to go on another stage for want of a place to sleep in. In all parties, one of the number ought to be appointed captain or general director, by which arrangement the expense of all will be diminished at least a third. I do not think that the management of the purse need form an essential part of a courier's duties, and, indeed, when I understand the language and manners of a country, I like to do this part of the business myself. It certainly saves, however, a good deal of trouble, and often ill-blood enough to spoil a day, if you walk quietly away from your hotel of a morning, and leave your courier to settle everything, and follow with the carriage and luggage. The struggle is between ease and economy, and the victory must be determined by your purse; one thing is certain, that if you allow your courier to be paymaster, he will receive certain fixed and regular perquisites to him belonging in that capacity, and which have filled the pockets of those who handle other people's money, from time immemorial. He may also get your bills (what is I think called) *salted*, besides; that is, an addition made to the usual price of things for his especial benefit, and varying according to his knowledge of your ignorance of the country and the strength of your purse.

I would rather have a good travelling servant—a valet, for instance, who had lived with me for some time, who expected to remain with me, and in whom I could place confidence—than any professed courier. The courier proper is too independent and important a personage for anybody but a Brummagem lord, with the guineas of half Lombard Street in his pocket, and their ponderous consequence in his noddle. I have seen my friend, the professional courier, who may be called the free lance among servants, treat those he was pleased to look upon as inferior people with great contempt. Worse, too, if the party he was conducting arrived at an out-of-the-way place, where good things were scanty, he would take the best, even to the longest and widest bed—an immense advantage in foreign inns—and his employers of course, fared upon what escaped the lion's share. There is another important difference also; your regular courier will ask at least ten pounds a month, which he takes very good care to convert by devices to him familiar into twenty, while your travelling servant, even the very best, will feel himself happy indeed with less than half. The best men-servants on the continent seldom, if ever, get more than from three to five pounds a month, finding themselves both in food and clothes when stationary, though you cannot, of course, expect them to do this while travelling. A friend of mine, indeed, residing at Vienna, had a smart Hungarian, costume, moustache, and all, a Baron too besides, for one pound sterling a month! He opened the door with a sort of flourish that quite took a visitor's breath away, and if he had not had an unfortunate propensity for indulgence in strong waters (when he was rather dangerous company), he would have been quite a grand addition to any household.

If it was not for their plaguey nobility, which makes them impudent and untrustworthy in their cups, Hungarians would make excellent servants. They are brave, strong, gay, good-natured, they laugh at fatigue, can live on anything, and will grow as attached as Irishmen to those they live with. I had an excellent fellow once from Presburg, and we lived for a long time in great harmony. I was as proud of him as ever Sterne could have been of La Fleur, for he was one of the handsomest, smartest, and best-tempered men possible. He could do everything—from varnishing a boot (he took

great pride in his boots, and especially in a pair of rather elaborate English boot-trees I had, which I found him often taking to pieces and putting together for the amusement of a numerous court) to grilling a chicken with red peppers, or roasting an egg. At last, however, he got drunk—once, twice, often every day—and went a wooing in my clothes; he even went to the extent of borrowing my name and getting in debt for me, and at last the evil day came, and I found him out. I felt very much disposed to lecture and keep him; but the thing was impossible. The whole town, a little one, was in an uproar about him, for he had actually appeared at a public ball in my uniform, and danced with one of the stiffest-backed old maids of the place, who was half wild about it. Reluctantly, therefore, I was obliged to bid him goodbye, and in the course of doing so, being led into some rather sharp remarks, he drew himself up, answered grandly, said he was a noble, and actually *challenged me*. Indeed, mortally afraid of some ridiculous scene, I was glad enough to get rid of him by changing my tone, and as he left me with the bow of a prince, and a speech that nobody but an Hungarian—or an Irishman—would have had the consummate impudence to make.

A plague on that nobility: I had a French valet, too, who said, and I believe with truth, that he was the representative of one of the most ancient families in France, and showed me documents proving his descent from one who had made a figure in the twelfth century. Of course he robbed me—robbed me in a mean, dirty way, that might have done disgrace even to a thimble-rig man—and then wrote me a letter, such a letter! all about his nobility, and his sword, and his shield, and his honour (!) with all the rest of it; but I never heard of him afterwards.

Indeed, if there is one thing more than another that travelling will do for a thinking man, it is the honest and hearty contempt that it will instil into him—inevitably, and no matter with what ideas he started—for birth without worth. Heaven and Earth! what is this nonsense to which we have been so long bowing the knee? What, in the name of common sense, can it matter to any human being who were the ancestors of a dullard or a rogue? What is there to be proud of, in the thought that your great grandmother was the mistress of a prince; or that the founder of your family ravished wealth from the helpless in an unjust war; or received nobility from a King for betraying his country? And then would not reflection tell the greatest goose that ever prided himself upon his ancestry, that one need not go very far back to find the whole of the inhabitants of a country related to each other in degrees of consanguinity more or less remote. Thus far pride of birth may go, and no farther. A man who comes of a wealthy house can give in early life, at least, a sort of pledge to the world that he does not go into society with sinister intentions, and that is all; for we have only to look at the sons of the best and greatest men who ever lived, to see that no one virtue or good quality, no grace—no, not even common sense and common honesty are hereditary. Out upon such vulgar nonsense as muddles the brains (if they have any) of Tufts and Tufthunters, with the first Christian Baron, with the bearer of the sounding name of Montmorenci in the House of Correction for a libel! To dignity and honour which a man has fairly won in the strife of the world all hail! They may be the just reward of wisdom and integrity—at all events, they are the meed promised to it; but a fig for a man whose only claims to respect are the honours of his grandfather. Our hereditary nobility is bad and nonsensical enough, where there is usually only one of a stock; but, abroad, they swarm over the lands like flights of locusts, and are usually so base and mean, so low, so utterly worthless as a class (I am not of course speaking of individuals), that no wonder, when writing of a roguish valet, I was reminded of them.

YACHTING.

YACHTING is a pleasant mode of travelling with a very pleasant party of people, all intimate enough to pull well together, yet not such old acquaintances as to have told all their best stories to each other, and have nothing left to say. I know few things that require more care and management than the selection of a good yachting party. A political dinner given by a country magnate is nothing to it although that is an awkward thing enough to manage well. One sulky or disagreeable fellow will spoil all the pleasure of the trip, for there is no getting rid of him, and a six months' cruise with a bore is a weary business. If a man who does not belong to a yacht club, and has not a yacht of his own, wishes to have a cruise, I recommend him rather to hire than buy a vessel. A very good one manned and all, may be got for a hundred pounds a month; and, supposing your party to consist of six or eight, it is very cheap travelling; and a loitering, lazy cruise in the summer seas of the Mediterranean, with good books and cheery people, is a thing to remember with pleasure as long as you live.

One of the most important points in yachting is to have a careful, experienced, and thoroughly trustworthy captain. It may be all very well to be your own captain now and then, if you were once a midshipman, and are fond of amateur navigating; but winds will blow rough and keen, and nights will sometimes be wet and cold, and gentlemen will be sleepy, or the ladies in the cabin will be more attractive society than the compass and the helm, and it is pleasant to know one can go to sleep if one likes, even on a dark night with a dirty sky. A hundred

and fifty pounds a year, if you keep a yacht, is always a fair salary to give an experienced captain; otherwise, from ten pounds to fifteen pounds a month. A small useful yacht, indeed, may be maintained altogether, and in very good style, for five or six hundred a year, everything included. A still smaller one, only intended for trips on the coast, need not cost more than two hundred. Fitting up yachts, however, is fearfully expensive, and so is a good stock of provisions. It is better to do these things by contract: hiring the vessel, hiring everything in it, and contracting even for provisions, giving back what may be brought home. For one trip, this is, of course, by far the cheapest way, but it would never do for a man who keeps a yacht always. Beware of forts and batteries, and take care always to answer immediately to any signals that are made to you. Remember, a gun-shot will reach a long way, and a refractory little schooner is sometimes brought, rather roughly, to order and obedience.

Yacht travellers are, generally, very well received wherever they go; and, as they are looked upon as bringing their certificate of respectability with them—especially if belonging to a club—they usually receive every attention. and are admitted at once into the society of any place where they may stop. This is a very pleasant thing, which yachting folks should be careful not to abuse.

After all, I look upon a yacht now-a-days very much in the light of a travelling carriage; and unless a man is very, very rich, or a very determined and enthusiastic sailor, it is, with all its advantages, often a troublesome and an expensive encumbrance. It is such a slow mode of travelling, too; and is so uncertain, that many a man who has gone gaily out to Lisbon to find important letters recalling him home, has been glad enough to leave his yacht to take care of itself, and get back to England in a fourth of the time by a steamer. Indeed, you may easily have most of the advantages of a yacht without any of the bother of it: you and your party taking in good time the best cabins of a steamer, and as you will find it generally stops at all places of interest, you may stop where you like, and either wait till the next of the line of packets makes its appearance, vary your journey by a little land travelling, or charter a boat to the next point where steamers are more frequent. Depend upon one thing; there is nothing like being independent as much as possible, and you will soon get heartily sick of any means of travelling you are absolutely tied to.

Neither must you expect much real amusement from your first trip on the water. You will, of course, be sea-sick, and I have known sea-sickness to last a whole voyage, even for months; indeed some people are never cured of it, and the oldest sailors suffer sometimes. I have seen the captain of a man-of-war obliged to rise from table by a sudden qualm. Remedies and quacking are of no use. For a short voyage, however, say from Boulogne to Folkstone, I believe there is a remedy, at least it is one I always find effectual, and neither more or less than a beef-steak and a wineglass full (no more) of cold brandy-and-water. Fish, wine, beer, sweets, made dishes, tea, coffee, and the rest of it, are all nearly certain to be troublesome. People have a silly idea that sea-sickness does them good; but I fancy this is a great mistake, and I have known many people seriously ill for a fortnight afterwards, one break a blood-vessel, and one who died from it. Among the three things that the Roman philosopher regretted was that of having *once* made a voyage by sea when he might have gone by land, and in the famous Spanish ballad about the landing of Tarik, who overthrew the Empire of Roderick, in Spain, the Moslem is made to say—

> "Since man is made of dust, I ween,
> He well may dread the sea,"

and this of a mere afternoon's sail across the Straits of Gibralter.

Chartering a boat in the Mediterranean is a very grave affair; and such a vast variety of rogueries are practised in the proceeding that the best way is to draw up a written agreement, even if you are only going a twenty-four hours' run. A very favourite manœuvre of the Cadiz boatmen is, or used to be, taking their fare to the wrong place, and then insisting upon some rascally payment to go on where he wanted them. Take care always, too, to carry rather more than a sufficient supply of provisions for any voyage you contemplate making in a felucca or mistico; for if a breeze spring up strong enough to ruffle a duck-pond, the master will, likely enough, run you into some out-of-the-way creek, while he crosses himself at leisure. Get him out of it if you can, while there is anything stronger than a zephyr blowing, or one sparkle of foam on the crest of a wave. Now, as the Spanish and Portuguese sailors live chiefly on powerful onions, washed down with the most abominable wine in a state of fermentation, you will find a couple of cold chickens and a glass of Val de peñas very useful. For the rest a close-fitting oilskin cap, and an India rubber mattrass filled with wind, and a Portsmouth sailor's tarpauling boots and great coat, are the best things possible to sleep in, if you can get them—as you sometimes can at Lisbon or Cadiz—as the whole boat is sure to swarm with vermin.

One of the pleasantest things I know of is a cruise in a man-of-war, and the properest thing to do after messing with the officers, is to send in a case or two of Champagne to the mess when you make your bow to them. A well-appointed man-of-war with a captain popular among his crew, is the paradise of the waters; its perfect and scrupulous cleanliness, the good order that reigns always;

the gaiety, roominess, excellent cheer, and jolly companions are enough to make a sailor of the veriest land-lubber that was ever nailed to a desk. A first class man-of-war, too, from its size and shape, and weight, does not roll much except in very heavy seas, and then the motion is generally so steady and measured, that you may escape sickness altogether. Especially if you lay on a sofa and read novels in very bad weather, when you will hardly feel the motion at all. Indeed, laying down, as long as you can practise it, is almost an infallible remedy for sea-sickness, but I did not mention it when speaking of yachting, because people do not go on pleasure trips to pass the time on a sofa or in bed. It may be well to caution young gentlemen also, that they are not wanted on the deck of a man-of-war in bad weather, and that if they do not attend to this advice, they may get a rebuke even from the most polite of captains, that is likely enough to offend their dignity.

In choosing your berth in ships, if you have any choice about it, get as near the centre of the vessel as possible. The motion will trouble you less, and it is as great an advantage as getting your back to the engine in a railway carriage, or your face to the horses in a coach; take care if possible to have a window in your berth, and one that you can open, that you may have as much fresh air as is to be found, if the weather will allow it. Do not ask questions; take especial care not to make any joking prophecy about going to the bottom, or talk of having had a prosperous voyage hitherto, or whistle when the wind is blowing, or suppose you will get into port on such or such a day, for all sailors are superstitious; it is second nature with them. Be quiet, therefore, about the sea, and all that in it is, and the ship, and the sails thereof, and the sailors, and above all make no observations about the weather. If you do you will be certain to touch somebody's sore place. Enthusiastic yachters will tell you that you cannot catch cold from being wet with salt-water; but I am sorry, from my own personal experience to be obliged to assert the contrary; therefore, on with your dreadnoughts when seas run high, and beware of it. Beware also of how you wash in it, for if you do not use fresh water afterwards, and dry yourself very carefully, you will have but a fidgetty day afterwards. In fact either bathe in it entirely, in which case it will not hurt you, or do not wash in it at all. If you are too doubtful of your swimming capacities to jump gallantly over the side, and trust entirely to your own thews and sinews for a glorious bath, make acquaintance with one of the sailors, fasten a well padded strap round your chest, securing it in its place by shoulder straps; to this harness fasten firmly a strong rope (mind it is long enough), and then go off head foremost; you cannot hurt. It is a treat however that cannot of course be indulged in when the ship is under canvass.

Thoze lazy barges in Holland are amusing enough to travel by if you have plenty of time on your hands, and you will get many a scene for your sketch-book in them if you have an artist's eye. Indeed, this is by far the best way of seeing Holland properly. If a good painter, too, would consent to rough it on a raft going down the Rhine, he would get some fine subjects, and see the noble river under aspects unknown to the everyday traveller by the steamer. The fires of the charcoal burners on the hills by night, the solitary lights from the watchers' huts among the vines, the frowning tower and beetling crag, awful in the darkness, would suggest a thousand new ideas to the poet and painter; while, to a man who really understands German, the talk of the boatman, full of story and superstitions, would not be without its charm, and his expenses would not exceed a shilling a day! Rowing against the stream of the Rhine is unfortunately out of the question, and in consequence of shifting sands and other things it would be, I am told, dangerous to row down stream, otherwise a pleasant thing enough. The dress of the people seems to go a hundred years back, and to acquire a wild picturesque character that is altogether lost during the annual invasion of the foreigners. A Rhine peasant in December is a very different person to the same man in July. The sheepskin coat, the fur cap, the muff, the snow shoes, make quite a character of him, and the red dresses of the women are pretty indeed. Spend six weeks, too, at Coblentz in winter, and you will know more of the people when you go away than in a score of summers. You will find yourself admitted into their pleasures, and will become familiar with quaint and beautiful scenes. Winter is the season of enjoyment, too, in Germany: the season of "Wein-lesen," a sort of Bacchanalian festival; the time of song, and mirth, and Christmas trees, and dancing, and love-making, and match-making, and marriages. Even your innkeeper becomes a pleasant fellow with a racy wit, instead of the unconscionable harpy presiding over a trap to catch travellers. I once was in Germany at this time of the year, and found that I had never before known the real charm of sauerkraut and black puddings; or what an odd, singing, dancing, saving, dreaming, stuffing, love-making, visiting, lazy, gossipping, speculating, friendshippy (there is no other word for it), maudlin, smoking, soaking life the Germans lead, when really at home and left to their own devices.

Your German, independently of his summer excursion—which is quite a necessity with him—is a traveller at heart. On the other hand, your Spaniard, Italian, Frenchman, Swede, Dane, Portuguese, and Oriental, appear to have a distaste for travelling. Go where you will, you may find an Englishman, a Dutchman, a German, and an American; other nations like to stop at home.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

[This is really a pleasant narration from actual experience. It is written by an old contributor to these pages, and reaches us in portions as it is sent from Australia.]

Monday, May 10th, 1852.—Met my old school-fellow Isaac Waits, on Tower Hill, with a very thick walking-stick in one hand, and an iron screw-and-pincer looking thing in the other. The smoke-coloured bowl of a Dutch pipe was sticking out of the top of his breast-coat pocket. Hadn't seen each other since we left school. Usual remarks—some, rather stupid on both sides—still, really glad to see each other. Looked hard at the iron screw-and-pincer instrument. Waits told me he was a clerk in a merchant's house. Thought he had an odd, rough appearance for a clerk, but had always been rather odd and dry in his ways. Asked him several questions, to which he returned abrupt and yet unsatisfactory answers. All the time we were talking, his mind seemed busy with something else.

"And so," said he, after staring awhile at the door-post of a Jew slop-seller's, where a pair of shiny black waterproof trousers were swinging to and fro overhead, "and so, you're apprenticed to a silversmith. How d'ye like it?"

I said, "Oh, pretty well enough."

"What's silver an ounce?" said he, swinging his great walking-stick, like a pendulum, between a finger and thumb, with a careless and indifferent air.

"About four and eightpence in pure rough ore," said I, "and five and eightpence fine silver. *Apropos*, what a thick walking-stick you've got!"

"Yes," said he, "it's a camp stool—opens into three legs at the bottom; but I don't see the *apropos*."

Explained that I was just thinking what a good stick it would be for a handsome ferrule, and chased silver top. Asked him what the heavy iron instrument was that he had in his other hand?

"This," said he, holding it up with a convincing look of great judgment, "this is worth its weight in gold—or will be. It's a screw-wrench."

"And where the deuce," said I, "are you going to work with this valuable screw?"

"Ah," said he, half winking one eye, "that's tellings. And so silver's only five or six shillings an ounce! Not worth picking up."

A sudden thought flashed upon me. "You are going to the Diggings!" said I.

"Of course I am," said he, relaxing his hard features into a sort of commiserating smile, "Of course I am! all the pluck of London's going there, or will be, soon."

"All the dissatisfied pluck of London, you mean," said I.

"Well," said he, "are you satisfied? I am not. By the bye, what brings you up Tower Hill among the marine Jews?"

Assured him that I had only strolled up there to look for a chest that I could turn into a pigeon-house for some almond tumblers my aunt had promised me. Waits made a shrug with his shoulders; said the best thing I could do was to turn the tumblers into a pie, fill the chest with shirts, and socks, and things, and go with him to Australia. I laughed at the joke; almost took my breath away though—it was so abrupt. Said this was all stuff—my prospect as a silversmith was too good to leave. Besides, there was a great want of water in Australia, wasn't there? and this would soon put a stop to the gold riddling and sifting, wouldn't it? Port Phillip was also such a long way off! Waits wished me good day at this, saying over his shoulder as he was going, "That was the place for a fellow of spirit and strength who had some headpiece." I laughed at him.

Returned to business. Very unsettled all the rest of the day. The articles in our cases did not look so bright as usual, and had rather a poorish white effect upon the eye.

May 11th.—Misdirected a chased silver salver, of seventy-three and a half ounces, and a dozen fiddle pattern forks, to Isaac Waits, Park Place, Peckham, instead of Colonel Thwaites, Park Lane, Piccadilly. Never found out the mistake till Waits brought them to me privately in the evening. Waits said, with provoking composure, that he saw my mind was not in its usual state. Very glad, though, to get back the plate so quietly. The governor would have put on his spectacles to ask me no end of questions, as to what I

thought of myself. Had a good deal of talk with Isaac about Australian wool, and the state of agriculture there. A few words passed as to the rivers. Waits never uttered a syllable about gold. Tried hard to lead him into it, without exactly committing myself, but he sat like a post. I was determined not to open the subject. He went away early. Could not sleep all night for thinking of those stupid Diggings.

May 12*th*.—Wrote a note to Waits, to say I should be glad to see him on Sunday to dinner at my lodgings. I was so restless about Australia—not that I had the least thought of going there myself—that I determined to have a good talk with him about it, and have done with it. The subject was now a general topic of conversation, and *all* I wanted was to understand the question once for all.

Intermediate days feverish and seedy. Dreamt two successive nights of Peckham being Peru—that is to say, "each seemed either," and that I was walking about the country all day in yellow spectacles, with a screw wrench in my hand, and the philosopher's stone in my pocket. Quite ashamed of myself when I awoke, though singularly happy and exhilarated while dreaming. Wondered what had come to me. Afraid I had caught a fever from the grating of an open sewer nearly in front of our principal window—épergne and candelabra department.

Sunday, *May* 16*th*.—A capital brill. Waits very silent, eating immensely. Fish slice never out of my hand till the bones lay bare. Same with the lamb and mint. Little or no conversation. A roast duck was a fool before him; and if ever a merchant's clerk punished a marrow pudding, Isaac Waits was the clerk to do it that day. Table cleared, and the first glass of wine inverted. Waits pushed the decanter into the middle of the table, and began to talk in a careless, drawling, steady-going way, and all about the gold diggings in Australia. What a field did he open before me!

"Mr. William Dixon," said he, in a rather formal, but impressive tone, "you are nearly out of your time—you are over one-and-twenty—and you don't expect to come into a fortune. Your aunt does the handsome thing by you, as far as the old lady can, you tell me—but she can't leave you very much. In short, you are not born with a silver spoon in your mouth—you must polish 'em up for the use of others—an't it true? You can't expect to set up for yourself, because yours is a business that needs a goodish capital. To be sure, silver articles an't worth much—"

"What do you *mean*!" said I.

"Silver articles an't worth much," repeated he, imperturbably, "by comparison with gold. I don't wish to undervalue silver, it is a nice clean wholesome thing to eat out of; but for brilliant beauty, what claim has your most polished dish-cover by the side of a fine steel sword blade, or a new bowie knife; and, for utility, what chance has it beside a good iron pick?"

"What sort of pick do you refer to?" said I.

"The whole family," said he, "in all its varieties, except that of the toothpick. Pick, pickaxe, mattock, hammer-pick, and so forth—all iron, of course. Whether in the form of a pick, a sword, a spade, a steam-engine, or a screw-wrench, iron is the metal which makes a country great; it turns fallow lands into fruit, and takes possession of foreign countries with all their jewels and gold. As for silver—but I don't wish to wound your feelings. You see, William (here Waits filled *himself* a bumper of port), you see, William, *ours* is a great old country, where everything has gone on in a regular way for centuries. A new field and a fair field, my boy—a field flowing with milk and honey, and oil and wine, and overloaded with cattle, and wool, and copper, and gold-dust, and nuggets from an ounce to a pound and a half in weight—*that's* the field for fellows of spirit and enterprise, like us, Bill; and now's the time exactly, for going there!"

As he said this, Isaac slapped me on the shoulder with his great, hard, bony hand, and filled himself another bumper of port. I joined him in this, and though I had never before fancied myself such a very enterprising spirit, the words of my old schoolfellow, with his confident air and beaming face—and he, too, so habitually grave and indifferent a card—did certainly produce a strong effect upon me. I felt booked.

"Now, old chap," said Isaac, laying one hand upon my arm in a kind way, very unlike his usual dry manner, "now, don't *let me* persuade you to do anything you don't fancy, and can't see your way in clearly, and believe to be for your own good, I wouldn't persuade you by any manner of means. I only say, if I did not believe in the thing, I would stay where I am. But I do believe in it, and I shall go by as early a ship as possible. You know I give up seventy-five pounds a year now, with the certainty of my salary being raised to a hundred and fifty next year. *Yet I go*; and I would go, if Mr. James Roundareme offered me two hundred a year—ay, or even three hundred a year—even four hundred a year; ay, or even if old Abraham Roundareme himself called me aside, and offered me a pinch of black rappee out of his great tortoiseshell box, and promised to make me a junior partner when I had been ten years more in the office. I wouldn't do it. No, nor if he said five years. No; I wouldn't. I'm for the Diggings."

We sat silently for some time after this, taking wine thoughtfully—at least, I know I was very thoughtful, and had a strange feeling come over me, and cracked a nut now and then, and dipped it in the salt, and looked at it.

"Have you been long in these lodgings?" said Waits, gazing round the room.

"It really *does* seem a good thing for many a man to do," said I. It was not worth while replying about the lodgings. Presently I threw down the nut-crackers—large plated ones, that broke a piece out of a China dish—"Isaac!" said I, "I've half a mind to go. If things can be managed, I'm your man."

"If I'm not gone," said he.

"Gone!" said I.

"Yes," said he, "the ship I mean to sail in will go the moment she's ready. The Rodney-rig—thirteen hundred tons."

"But not in a week!" said I.

"Perhaps not," said he; "but it's as well to be in time. I have taken my berth."

"Ah," said I, "why, you never told me this before."

"Didn't see why I should," said he, "but now that you are really beginning to think of going, I wouldn't conceal anything from you. Who do you think is going besides?"

"I have no idea," said I.

"Why, Arrowsmith!" said he; "don't you remember Arrowsmith, who was at old Tucker's Academy with us?"

"What! John Arrowsmith who fought hulky Mercer?"

"Yes."

"And built the snow-house?"

"And swam across Bigley's Pond, after the otter."

"And always used to be chosen captain of the Banditti?"

"Yes; and took the lead in most things out o' doors."

"Then," said I, "my mind's made up. Isaac, old boy, I'll go with you and Arrowsmith."

"Well!" said Isaac. "I hope there'll be room for you."

"Room?" I exclaimed. "Why, you said the ship held thirteen hundred tons! Think what a stomach she must have!"

"True," said he drily; "but thirteen hundred tons is still a limited space; and if she held thirty hundred tons, why thirty hundred tons would fill her, and no time to lose either, considering the numbers who are now preparing to go to Australia. I wouldn't swear there was room for a single passenger more."

"Isaac," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "don't talk in this way. I can't bear it. My feelings are not in a state to be met with any problematical difficulties, now that I have made up my mind. I'll call and see Arrowsmith—I'll write him a note to-night—what's his address? You'll tell him, when you see him, that I'm coming. He'll be sure to remember me, though we haven't met since we were at old Tucker's. We used to do 'Cordeery' together, don't you recollect, and afterwards Sallust. What a dab he was at hockey!"

Isaac nodded, and responded rather coolly, as I fancied, to the numerous questions I now put to him. He said, "Oh, you'll soon see." We parted with an agreement to meet in a few days to confer on the subject nearest our hearts, and in the mean time I was to see Arrowsmith, and ask his advice about the passage and outfit.

May 18th.—Perceived for the first time, that it would be impossible for me to make a real move without consulting my aunt—in fact, without obtaining her consent, because of the tin. I also had to get clear of the remainder of my time with Mr. Buckles. How I longed to be out of the sight of him, and his glass cases.

Went to aunt in evening. Broke the matter to her by degrees, like a death in the family. She actually stopped me in the middle, saying, she saw that I was thinking of going to Australia! To my surprise and delight she came into it at once, and even said the same thing had crossed her own mind. What a state the public feeling must be in about these wonderful Diggings.

May 19th.—Aunt wrote to Mr. Buckles concerning me. Old governor very good about the matter, answering by return, almost, and giving me up the rest of the time. All in the best sort of way, and saying several particularly handsome things about me; also saying much the same to me personally in the afternoon, and making me a present of one of the large silver pencil-cases—not valuable in itself, very much, but gratifying, as coming from so respectable and long-established an old screw. Called an hour afterwards on Arrowsmith. Not at home. In the evening also. Out of town. Left my card each time.

Called on Isaac Waits. Rather late, and he going to bed. Shown up to his bed-room. He sitting on the edge of his bed in a pair of ugly short drawers, with brown and grey stripes, and smoking a Dutch pipe, listened to all I said—asking, doubting, conjecturing, planning—without making any reply, except now and then by a slight nod, or retaining the smoke in his mouth till it forced its way in two jets through his nostrils, and then giving me a knowing wink with one eye. At last, his stupid pipe being finished, he tapped out the embers against his thumb-nail into the washhand-basin, leaving them smoking there, and then began to reply to one or two of my questions. Told me that Arrowsmith had gone abroad soon after he left old Tucker's, into some foreign army—believed he had been a lieutenant in the Columbian service, and that he had also been in a man-of-war some time, under Lord Cochrane, and seen a variety of desperate service in South America. Once had command of a foraging party up a fresh-water river, running far into the interior, and came back in a man-of-war's launch laden with spoils. Believed after this that Arrowsmith had been engaged in other parts of South America, and that he had also been

to Africa, and, by way of a little variety, had once engaged in a cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland.

"Arrowsmith's the man," said I. "But you don't tell me what successes he met with in all his adventures. Brought back lots of dollars and doubloons, I suppose, from South America, and gold and skins from Africa, and the other places?"

"I don't doubt but he did," said Isaac; "but at any rate he has not saved much since I've known him."

"Gambles, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Don't believe it," said Waite.

"Fond of horses, or dogs and guns?"

"Don't believe it."

"Pictures, prints, books, perhaps?"

"Very little of them, I fancy."

"Taste for plate, or jewellery?"

"No, I'm sure he hasn't the least."

"Drinks!"

"No."

"What can he possibly have done with all the gold and silver, then; and the skins and things?" said I; and I also suggested some other ways it might have gone very easily.

"No," said Waits; "I don't much think any of these, or not so very much as that comes to."

"Perhaps," said I, he never made any money!"

"I don't know," said Isaac; "If he only helps us to make money, we shall know how to keep it."

"I wish it wasn't such a deuce of a distance to Australia," said I; "if it were but a week or two, the thing wouldn't be so serious."

"Ah!" said Waits, very gravely; "it is a goodish distance across the sea. You've made your will, I suppose?"

"Good heavens, no!" said I; "do you think that necessary?"

"Of course," said Isaac; "if you've anything to leave."

"But I haven't," said I.

"Your aunt has, though," said he; "and if she hasn't made her will, the sooner you get the old lady to do it, the better."

I told Isaac I couldn't do such a thing—wouldn't hint at it for the world.

May 20th.—Received a note from Arrowsmith in the afternoon, inviting me to breakfast on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Not a word more. Wish he had named a much earlier day. A later hour would also have suited me better, as my lodgings are at Somers' Town, and his at Walworth. But *n'importe*—we Australian gold-diggers must not mind a little distance.

May 21st.—Walked to Tower Hill, and looked at sea-chests, waterproof boots, and waterproof coats and trousers; inquired the price of red night-caps, chequered shirts, and blue frocks. Took cards of all the shops where they kept cards. Inquired about a screw-wrench of several intelligent Jews who were standing at their doors, but could learn nothing about such an article. Made my way hastily through Thames Street to St. Paul's, and on arriving at Ludgate Hill could not for the life of me recollect what I had come there for. Very vexatious. Walked anxiously up Fleet Street at a prodigious pace, and back again. Wanted to buy something at nearly every shop, useful for Australia, and which could not be got there. Felt as if I could walk any distance. Continually thinking of my visit to Arrowsmith. Wondered if he would talk much of his travels and adventures to induce me to join him.

Went to tea with aunt in the evening. She very good and kind about intended expedition, which now seemed almost certain. Found her conversation, after a time, become scarcely tolerable. So sedate, and dull, and commonplace, and all about the old past, and worsted stockings, and things.

Saturday, May 22nd.—Arrowsmith's lodgings—half-an-hour before my time, and he not down. Wondered he could sleep at peace with such a new world of affairs on his mind. Breakfast-table laid—ham, dry toast in plated rack, eggs, watercresses, &c., and a large bottle of green and scarlet Indian pickle, brought over by himself, no doubt. Something lying on the cloth, loosely folded in half a sheet of the Times. Partly open at one end—saw the muzzle of a rifled pistol, of course a revolver. Made a note immediately in my memorandum book as to revolver. Indispensable. Wondered Arrowsmith had not been up since six o'clock, preparing. Expected hardly to know him. He would be very much larger and immensely taller since he was at old Tucker's with me—also having a very different sort of a face, much bronzed, with scars on the cheek and forehead from bullets and bursting shells, and cutlasses or tomahawks, and having a fierce eye, fit to pitch upon a new digging of a rich kind, and keep it. A slip of paper lying on the chimney-piece; could not help seeing that it was covered with figures and notes, no doubt of things he meant to purchase, and calculations of expenses—perhaps of gold dust of different degrees of purity, or of mining and engineering operations. Up half the night at it, very likely.

A light foot on the stairs, the door ajar—and in walked a little white wiry-haired Scotch terrier, who cocked his ears at me, and held his head on one side, but said nothing. Clock struck nine, another light foot on the stairs, and in came Arrowsmith. He walked straight up to me, and shook hands with a cordial smile, and instantly began to talk about our old school-days, just as if we had been there a few weeks ago. He went on in this easy way, scarcely looking at me—patting his dog, making the coffee and boiling eggs in bachelor fashion, and asking very kindly after my aunt, though he had never seen her. He was really very little altered—though considerably

broader, certainly not much taller—not at all bronzed, and without one single scar in his face after all he had done and seen. He never fixed his eyes upon me in a penetrating sort of way, to see if I should do for the Diggings, nor gave me any impression I had expected as to the man he had become, and all he was to do. I felt much disappointed in him. Still, all in a pleasant way. But what especially vexed me, if I may use so strong an expression, was the many questions he asked me about several fellows who had been with us at old Tucker's, but had turned out no great shakes, while he never even alluded to his travels and adventures, nor to the gold diggings. I began to doubt if he were going there, fancying I must have misunderstood Waits, or that Waits must have been misinformed.

After my second cup, and having been quite unable to do more than crack my egg all to smash over the top, I could endure the perverse suspension no longer:

"Oh, by the bye," said I, as if suddenly recollecting the matter, "I wanted to talk with you a little about Australia."

"So I understood by your note," said Arrowsmith. There he stopped. "Well," continued he, after a minute, and looking up from his plate, "talk away!"

"I should rather wish," said I, "to hear you speak on the subject, as you are so much more conversant with it, and have a fund of information on the subject."

"I don't at all know that I have any such thing," said he; "in fact, I have only recently determined to go. I have simply made sure in my own mind of the two main points."

"And what are they?" said I, eagerly, upsetting, I regret to say, my egg all over the cloth, caused by the dog.

"Why, that there's no doubt about the gold," said he, "and also that men may have it for the digging—provided" (here Arrowsmith did look rather hard at me) "they can get there with tools and so forth, and are able to work hard, and hold out until they succeed."

"Oh yes," said I; "but you know all about the best ships to go in, the fares, the sort of outfit, the various tools, engines, and implements."

"I can only say that I have taken my cabin already, in the Rodneyrig, which sails on the twentieth of next month from the East India Docks," said he; "and as to tools, implements, and engines, I consider them, for the most part, mere matters of speculation."

"I don't understand you," said I; and I certainly did not.

"I mean," said he, "that the proper tools, engines, and implements, may not be known here, or circumstances may cause changes on the spot, which cannot well be foreseen: and if they are known to those who deal in such things, there may be so large an importation of them in Australia as to supersede the trouble of taking them. The increased expense of purchasing them there may not exceed, or even equal, that of the purchase here, with the packing cases, carting, wharf dues, douceurs to storekeepers' men and ship-stowers, the freight, duty on arriving in Australia, carriage ashore by boats, porterage, warehousing for a time, and so forth."

"*The* deuce!" said I.

"On the other hand," proceeded Arrowsmith, stretching himself, with legs out and his arms thrown up in the air, "there may be a large demand for all tools and implements, so that they may be worth enormous prices at the time we arrive; in which case of course it will be fortunate for the man who has taken out a considerable stock, because he could select what he needed for himself and his party, and sell the remainder on terms that might pay for the whole, ten times over."

"Aha!" said I.

"Perhaps fifty times over—or a hundred times"—said he, "and his passage-money to boot—nobody knows; and because nobody knows, I call it speculation. I don't recommend it."

"Do'nt you!" said I; "not when you may get a hundred per cent. on your outlay, by George!"

"No," said he, "all things considered, I do not."

"Do you mean to speculate yourself?" said I, rather pointedly, by way of arriving at some fixed conclusion to guide me.

"I have given you my opinion, Dixon," said he curtly. "You must do what you think best."

Now, this seemed to me clearly declining the question. I made no remark. After proceeding some time, however, with my breakfast, though I could hardly swallow, I thought there absolutely must be several things, many indeed, which he could tell me about—things quite necessary to the undertaking. I was losing my opportunity with Arrowsmith if I did not elicit more than this. "I suppose," said I, carelessly, "I suppose I had better get some few articles as soon as possible—just a few that will be sure to be useful—perhaps indispensable. A chest of clothes for instance, a small family of picks, and a screw wrench—eh? Also, a revolver, a good Dutch pipe, though I don't smoke myself, and a camp-stool, don't you think?"

Arrowsmith looked close down into his plate when I said this, to conceal his countenance, as I fancied. He then beckoned his dog, who instantly leaped up and sat upon his knees, and he and the dog both looked straight at me. They both had very grave countenances, and yet, as our eyes continued to look at each other, there was something so odd in the effect of it, that I could not help laughing. At this, Arrowsmith instantly sank back in his chair, and laughed

immoderately, his dog barking at me all the time. I didn't see so much to laugh at as all this—it was absurd. Did not feel that I quite understood Arrowsmith. But he had always been a curious sort of a fellow.

After some desultory conversation, I told Arrowsmith I had quite determined to go to the Diggings, and that I should like exceedingly to make one of his party, and to go in the same ship with him.

"Dixon," said he, shaking me by the hand with a smile, "you shall be welcome to a corner in my tent; you are, I know, a good-hearted, honourable young fellow; you will be tolerably strong after a few week's training, and as you have seen nothing of life, and the world—beyond London life, and the dull routine of a silversmith's shop—a trip to Australia will enlarge your experience, if it does nothing more. Lose no time, if you wish to go in the Rodneyrig. As for outfitters, one house is about as good as another; and as for tools and appurtenances, one house is about as bad as another, because as I said before, scarcely anybody knows what is wanted, or can calculate for changes. You will let me hear how you get on. I must now wish you good morning, for," said he (taking up the paper of figures from the chimney-piece, which I had fancied were engineering calculations), "I have a rather long washing bill to settle before I go out this morning."

I walked homewards very thoughtfully. I did not much relish the remark about the shop; and yet it was true enough. A "trip" to Australia, too, sounded strangely. I was not much impressed with Arrowsmith's qualifications as a leader. The important question of outfit seemed to me to be treated by him with a great deal too much levity; and as to what he said about tools and implements as mere matters of speculation, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that he was mystifying me, that he did intend to speculate himself, and largely too; and perhaps—for such is human nature—that he did not wish to have a rival in the market. I wondered how much money my aunt would advance for my outfit. All depended upon that, as to what I should do in this respect.

OVERLAND TOUR TO BERMONDSEY.

"WHAT *is* this smell;" "Oh it's the leather."—"But what is that *other* smell?" "Oh, that's the glue!"

Two million olfactory organs, mostly belonging to Her Majesty's subjects, are annually troubled with a visitation of a peculiar kind; and two million owners of those organs (more or less) annually exchange such questions and answers as the above, in respect to that visitation. It would not be safe to assert that the number is accurately two millions, or that it does not vary like other mundane things, from time to time; but the assertion may be hazarded, that nearly all the passengers by the Greenwich Railway are sensibly reminded of the possession of certain nerves, subject to a kind of titillation when excited by odours. There are mysterious roofs, chimneys, wooden erections, and open yards in the Bermondsey district, through which this railway passes, not very loveable to look upon, nor embalmed in sweet perfumes. Bermondsey, thereupon, acquires a dubious character in the minds of those who fly through it on the top of these innumerable brick arches, and who have not time to inquire into its more solid characteristics.

If the reader will make one *in* a tour to Bermondsey, we will start from London Bridge, which may be taken as the extreme north-west limit of that region. We begin betimes in the morning, and at once encounter on the bridge sundry men and women, laden with large, sturdy bundles of bags and baggings, with which they are trotting along at a tolerably smart pace. The who, the what, and the what for, respecting these people and their bags, show that Bermondsey and its immediate vicinity have need of more canvas bags than any other district in the Metropolis. This demand gives rise to a busy trade of bag-making. There are so many corn-merchants on both sides of the Thames, so many hop-merchants in the Borough, so many wool-merchants in Bermondsey, and so many bags and sacks are required for the corn and hops and wool, that the making of these adjuncts gives employment to a very considerable number of poor people. The manufacturers or sellers have their warehouses mostly to the north of the bridge, *but* the actual stitchers live in the poor streets of Bermondsey; and the carrying of the canvas in one direction, and of the made bags in the other, is part of the duty of the bag-stitchers, who mostly have to take London Bridge in their way. This is one link in the Bermondsey chain.

We will next descend the forty or fifty steps at the foot of the bridge, and plunge at *once* into the water-side region *connected with the* coasting trade. It has very much of a Wapping character about it; yet it is not without sights and sounds, and odours, belonging peculiarly to itself. Tooley Street (a name, as antiquaries assure us, growing out of a corruption of St. Olave Street) is mostly a street of shopkeepers; but, if we turn down any of the crooked, crabbed openings on the left, such as Mill Lane, or Morgan Lane, or Stoney Lane, we get fairly among the wharfs and warehouses. And a strange region they make. The street rejoicing in the name of "Pickle Herring," and its eastern neighbour "Shad Thames," do occasionally succeed in getting a gleam of sunshine; but they have to struggle for it, with the granaries on the one side and the warehouses on the other.

Here we have a bit of roadway without any pavement; there a bit of pavement with one narrow track of roadway; at one place our proper route appears like an entrance to a warehouse; while, at another, a warehouse entrance seems to lie in our proper route. Below, we encounter barrels, casks, sacks, hampers, and bales, filled with various commodities. Above, we see galleries or gangways stretching across from the wharfs and warehouses to the granaries and corn-mills.

All kinds of mercantile odours present themselves for notice in turn. At a warehouse gateway we see a bill announcing a sale of raw goods at the Commercial Sale Rooms in *Mincing Lane*: the commodities are American horn-tips, East India buffalo horns, African cattle bones, ox and deer skins, and odoriferous guano—all of which are "on view" in this Pickle Herring establishment. In short, as Tooley Street has its salesmen, factors, store-shippers, ship biscuit bakers, outfitters, ship-chandlers, and others connected with shipping and commercial matters, so does the Pickle Herring region bring us one stage nearer the actual ships and commodities themselves. And thus we have another link in the Bermondsey chain.

Advancing a little farther east, before leaving the water-side, we come to Horsleydown and Saint Saviour's Dock, and here the granaries and steam corn mills are so many and so large, that they force themselves upon our notice. Besides the corn brought to London from our own countries, in coasters, which carry from two hundred to twelve hundred quarters each, it is now (thanks to corn-law repeal) brought also from foreign countries in loads of two or three thousand quarters each. After being measured by the City meters, and the City dues paid, the corn is carried to the granaries in Shad Thames, and elsewhere, where it is stored in vast quantity until required for selling, or for grinding. At these granaries the granary-rent, fire-insurance, and wages for tending and screening, are said to amount to about seven shillings per week for one hundred quarters of corn. The steam mills for grinding the corn into flour on the spot, instead of sending it into the country to be ground by windmills, may be regarded as one of the modern industrial features, almost unknown to our millers a few years ago. This vast corn-trade gives us a third link in the Bermondsey chain.

Further east we will not go; it leads to Rotherhithe, and its timber yards, and timber docks, its Surrey Canals, and Thames Tunnels. And yet we must go a little further east, even to see whether Jacob's Island has cleansed itself lately. Alas! it is very little more than an "Island of the blessed" than in past years; and we must pity any Jacob who is obliged to live there. In days long gone by, Bermondsey had a rich and beautiful Abbey, supplied with water by a stream which extended to the Thames near this point; and the tanners, and curriers, and fell-mongers, the glue-makers, and hat-makers, in more recent days, were dependent on this stream for a supply of water to aid their manufacturing operations. But now that the Abbey is gone, and that steam-engines are rapidly superseding water-wheels, and that water-companies are "laying-in" water, and that manufacturers are sinking Artesian Wells, the Folly stream has become Folly Ditch. A dirty ditch it was thirty years ago, when Wilkinson depicted it in his "Londina Illustrata;" a dirty ditch it was when "Oliver Twist" was written; a dirty ditch it still is. There are a few faint marks of improvement visible; but Jacob's Island and Halfpenny Alley, and Farthing Alley, within, and around, and between which the Folly Ditch stretches its slimy length, are no credit to our sanitary age. There is a street called Hickman's Folly close at hand; who Hickman was, we do not know, nor whether Hickman belonged to the Folly, or the Folly to Hickman; but there the Folly, encompassing Jacob's Island, still is; and we are sorry to have to give it a place as a fourth link in the Bermondsey chain.

Now, we fairly leave the river, and skirt the land-ward boundary of Bermondsey. Another, and a totally different aspect is presented; we have got among the market-gardeners, whose treeless, but very rich grounds supply so largely to Covent Garden and other markets. It is said that, vast as is the metropolis, three-fourths of the vegetable supply for its two and a quarter million of eaters are grown within a radius of twelve miles from Covent Garden; and within a radius of fifteen miles there are two hundred thousand acres of land in the hands of market-gardeners, all labouring for London the Great. Of the ten thousand loads of turnips, the hundred thousand sacks of peas, the twenty million heads of celery, the forty million cabbages, the thousand tons of water-cresses, &c., said to be sold annually in Covent Garden Market, how much of this is grown in the Bermondsey region we cannot say. This we *can* say, that if the ruined Protectionists of more distant counties wish to be convinced of the wonders of high farming; or to see what agricultural science, hand labour, and high wages can do for land which, without these appliances, would grow little else than rushes; let them take a survey of the low-lying market-gardens of Kent and Surrey. The enormous produce we have enumerated above is not got out of those grounds without immense capital and unwearied skill having been first put into them. Three and four crops a year off the same spots do not spring up spontaneously.

At two or three o'clock on market mornings the waggons are receiving their stores of fresh green vegetables, and wending their way through the London streets to

the great central emporium. A boundary roughly marked out by Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, and the Kent road will include the market-garden region, to which our tour has taken us; there are here a few pleasant spots to meet the eye of the railway traveller aloft, as a small compensation for the doleful odours nearer town. The rows of houses hereabout are struggling in a neutral ground between town and country. We have Blue Anchor Road and Princes Road, Grange Road and Spa Road, Willow Walk and Page's Walk, all trying to put in a countryfied look, but all terribly near the tan-pits; Willow Walk has lost its willows, and has got leather and tan-turf instead. But giving the district all the benefit of such fresh air scenes as it still presents, we must characterize this market-garden vicinity as a fifth link in our Bermondsey chain.

Now, however, we are about to plunge into Bermondsey proper—that strange region, which has more to do with leather and wool than all the rest of the metropolis besides. It was said a few years ago, that a circle one mile in diameter, having its centre at the spot where the Abbey once stood, will include within its limits most of the tanners, the curriers, the fell-mongers, the wool-staplers, the leather-factors, the leather-dressers, the leather-dyers, the parchment-makers, and the glue-makers, for which this district is so remarkable. There is scarcely a street, a road, a lane into which we can turn without seeing evidences of one or other of these occupations. One narrow road, leading from the Grange Road to the Kent Road, is particularly distinguishable for the number of leather-factories on either side; some time-worn and mean, others newly and skilfully erected. Another street, known as Long Lane, and lying westward of the church, exhibits nearly twenty distinct establishments, where skins or hides undergo some of the many processes to which they are subjected. Even the public-houses give note of these peculiarities, by the signs chosen for them, such as the Woolpack, the Fellmongers' Arms, Simon the Tanner, and others of like import.

The chief change observable since the above was written is the substitution of large new factories for some of the dingy, tumble-down, old ones; but it cannot be said that modern chemistry has yet done much to sweeten the processes, or the places where they are conducted, or the garments of those employed.

Look around, and see how these various trades depend one upon another; how they give to the Bermondsey chain a number of links which we can no longer attempt to register. Starting with the undoubted fact (let it have arisen how it may) that Bermondsey presents more tanning and leather-dressing than any other spot in England, or perhaps in the world, we find other undoubted facts accumulate under our hand in curious and very diverse ways. The sheep yields skin fitted for thin leather and parchment; and hence comes employment for the fellmonger, the leather-dyer, the parchment-maker, and others. The ox and the horse yield hides suitable for stout leather; and hence the labours of the skin-merchant, the tanner, the currier, and the leather-factor. But the English sheep-skins reach Bermondsey with the wool on; and from this arises a living for the wool-agent, the wool-stapler, the flock mattrass-maker, and the hat-maker. The ox and horse-hides, too, are brought to market with the hair on; and this hair gives a busy activity to the hair-merchant, the horsehair-maker, the hair-felt-maker, and so forth. Oxen and horses, sheep and goats, all have scraps and odds and ends of gelatinous matter about their hides or skins, which cannot be made into leather; and hence does the glue-maker derive a valuable store of materials. The spent-bark, when all its tanning property is driven out of it, has still a power of yielding a smouldering heat; and hence, the maker of tan-turf, or "good burning turf," obtains his supply of materials. Thus it is that all those traders and manufacturers, rich and poor, congregate at Bermondsey, each one using up what the others leave.

You must not "walk in silk attire" in Bermondsey, put on thick boots, and accompany us to the Leather Market, suitably placed in the very heart of the tanneries. A butcher, buying a calf or a sheep at Smithfield, buys it skin and all; and whether he slaughters at home, or at famed Newgate or Leadenhall, the coat is still his property. He places it at the disposal of a skin salesman, whose rattling, springless cart, is one of the most intolerably noisy of London noises; the salesman conveys it, with numerous other brother-and-sister skins, to the skin-and-leather market at Bermondsey, and here it is bought by the fellmonger.

The skin salesman is simply a broker or factor; he acts for the butcher who sells and the fellmonger who buys, and receives a small commission for his trouble. This market is really one which might frown upon certain markets much better known and more talked of in London; the leather people subscribed among them a joint-stock of fifty thousand pounds, about twenty years ago, with which they built a market and warehouses, not unworthy of a visit from those who live on the north side of the Thames. In the open market the skin salesman acts as broker between the butcher and the fellmongers, for the sale of the skins; whereas, in the warehouses, leather-factors act between the tanners and the dealers for the sale of leather. The skin salesmen rent certain bays and square compartments of pavement in the open market, where they transact their business. In a bright July day, with the thermometer at one hundred and ten degrees in the sun, a visitor had better contrive to have his handkerchief

to his nose, and keep it there pertinaciously; but it is only just to say that the market is kept as scrupulously clean as possible.

Walk into this tannery close to the market (there are so many which answer to this character, that we are relieved from all personality in the matter). Amid the compound of villanous smells, much that is commercially and scientifically interesting presents itself for notice. The tanner, scorning the thin skins of the sheep, buys the tougher hides of the ox, cow, horse, and calf, and makes the Leadenhall hide-salesman the medium of his purchases—for Leadenhall Market turns up its nose at Bermondsey Market, in respect to the hide trade. Arrived at the tannery, the hides are robbed of their horns, which accumulate in a heap in one corner, destined for the comb-maker, and the knife-handle-maker; they are robbed of bits and scraps, which go towards the formation of a glue-maker's heap in another corner; they are robbed of their hair by a steeping and scraping process, and thus the horse-hair worker is provided; and then they are plunged into vessels and tanks, the contents of which had better not be minutely examined. After months of steeping and turning, the hides have imbibed the tanning principle contained in the oak bark employed, and they have became leather. They are hung up, and dried, and beaten, and rolled, and a tough leathery result is obtained.

But a tannery is sweetness itself compared with a fellmonger's yard, in which sheep-skins, instead of ox-hides, are treated. Here's a gateway open, with a man wheeling a barrow full of skins to a cart outside; but, oh, the sloppiness of the yard within, and the paddling about of the men in their be-slopped garments, and the ground-level tanks filled with slimy liquids of unmentionable composition! Yet, if the wool *will* not leave the skins without all these dirty doings, what is to be said? By dint of steepings, and scraping, and pullings, the wool is separated; it is sold to the wool-staplers, while the pelts or shorn skins are sold to the leather-dressers and the parchment-makers.

Another peep; this is a leather dresser's yard, where the thinner kinds of skins are made into leather; where, for instance, goat and sheep-skins are converted into "morocco" (real or imitative), or "roan," or "skiver," for chair-covers, bookbinding, shoes, slippers, pocket-books, and hundreds of other articles; where kid and lamb-skins are made into kid leather for shoes and gloves; where sheep and deer-skins are transformed into "shamoy" leather for various purposes. And although the processes necessary for this conversion partake of the characteristics so often mentioned, yet they are more interesting to witness, on account of the ingenious contrivances employed.

The smaller fabricators are many and varied; the currier is one who softens and perfects the thick hides which the tanner has prepared; the leather enameller, the leather gilder, the leather stamper, the leather stainer, pursue avocations sufficiently denoted by their names; and for all of these alike, Bermondsey is the head quarters, the heart and centre. So likewise of the parchment-makers; the sheets on which legal documents are engrossed, and the big drum with which M. Jullien astonished the world in his Exhibition Quadrille, might tell something of the sheepish doings of Bermondsey; and the clippings of these parchmented skins furnish a size-making material. The sheep filaments, which are literally "done to fiddle-strings" in the classic regions of Cow Cross, belong not to our friends of Bermondsey.

Stop a bit near the Spa Road Station; let the eye follow the direction which the nasal organ points out; you have a glue-factory here. On one side are thousands of skinny fragments, drying in the open air; on another are the boilers and vessels in which these scraps are made to give up their gelatine; and on another are the stages filled with cakes of the gelatine or glue—not exactly "Wasting their sweetness on the desert air," but sharing it impartially among the railway passengers.

Let Russell Street (Bermondsey is not without this lordly designation) and its neighbourhood claim your notice for a minute; for here the wool-staplers have chosen to congregate. They purchase the wool as taken from the skins, sort it into qualities, pack it in bags, and sell it to the hat-makers and the woolen manufacturers. Here is a wagon, destined probably to the Camden Goods Station; two men roll out from the warehouse a huge bag of wool, another paints some cabalistic characters upon it, another grips it with two formidable-looking grapnels, a couple more lift it waggon-high by a crane, and it is forthwith deposited by the side of its brother bags.

Should we wish to put to the test our Bermondsey theory, let the Post Office Directory—that huge mass of statistics—be appealed to; and let us ferret out the tanners, the dressers, the cutters, the enamellers, the gilders, the stainers, and the stripers of leather; the leather-factors and merchants, the curriers, the fellmongers, the skin-merchants, the parchment-makers, the glue-makers, the wool-staplers. Here find we that the leather-dressers of Bermondsey muster thirty-eight strong, while the curriers are thirty-seven; the tanners give us forty-one, out of forty-seven, in the whole of the metropolis, while the wool-staplers number twenty-seven out of twenty-eight.

Rambling about in search of those Bermondsey characteristics, we play at bo-peep with the railway arches, diving under them from time to time, until at length we arrive near our starting point at that busy corner, where the two great hospitals and the two

great railway stations have thrown the small streets quite into a state of bewilderment—the Maze has become a maze in more ways than one.

Here endeth our Overland Tour to Bermondsey — the Ey or Ei or Marsh of Beormund.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF FLAX.

Flax is the only perfectly unexceptionable fibre for a shirt. A silken shirt, which sounds so well in an Eastern tale, always makes me think of the Spanish Princess Isabella's vow (whence the once fashionable colour of Isabelle-yellow), and it also revives the libel which some traveller has published about the Persian gentry, namely, that though they bathed ever so often in the day, they were never clean, except while they were in the water. Flannel shirts partake too much of the vest, whether outer or inner, to allow a linen shirt to be dispensed with. As to flimsy, low-price-ticketed, cotton articles, run together with hot needle and burnt thread, indelibly stained with the tears of three-quarters-starved seamstresses—*they* ought to be torn into shreds, tossed into the streets on the first symptom of a hurricane, to be borne away for ever into empty space, like ephemeral and unreal phantoms as they are. In temperate language, they are abominable and unwearable. No argument shall ever persuade me to the contrary—

"'Odious! In *cotton!* 'Twould a saint provoke!'
Were the last words that poor *Scriblerus* spoke,
'One would not, sure, be *seedy* when one's dead;
So, Betty,'"——

"please let the remains of poor Scriblerus be wrapped in a fair linen shirt, when they are laid out to take their last long repose."

"Linen" is a word derived from the French *lin*, or the Latin *linum*—whichever you please—both meaning "flax." Our "linseed" springs from the same etymological root. We have seen that the courtesy of housewives admits hempen cloth into the catalogue of linen, but, granting all the merits of hemp, the indulgence is contrary to strict etiquette. By "linen," here, we understand "flaxen" and nothing else, while we are taking a cursory glance at the early history of a linen shirt.

All clothing is a something of which we have selfishly despoiled something else. Skins, furs, and feathers, are stripped from off other fellow-creatures, living or dead; vegetable garments are plunder taken from, or wheedled out of the earth. The shepherd shears the flock which he has fed and tended, to make him coats of wool; the husbandman feeds, and tickles, and currycombs the land, to induce it to send forth a sort of herbaceous hair and bristle, which he then rapaciously plucks up by the roots, to furnish himself with nether vestments. The natural history of a lady's muff, or the personal adventure of an Alpaca paletot, are subjects not devoid of interest; and, wishing that some clever hand may undertake them both, I will at once open the series by the Story of a Shirt.

Flax unadulterated is the only permissible fibre, both for warp and woof; but flax must be grown before it can be so employed. Flax may be seen growing and in preparation in various parts of the world; but, to avoid confusion, I will now confine myself to what I have lately been beholding in the northern provinces of France.

I have not seen it mentioned in any treatise on the subject, but have observed the fact with my own eyes, that the best flax *is* grown on perfectly level ground. A flax field should be like a bowling-green or a billiard table. The reason is the exact converse of that which makes hilly and mountainous ground the best adapted for forest land. The great object in flax culture is to obtain a long, straight, unbranching stem, delicate rather than robust in its proportions. Wherefore the seed is sown broadcast, with a liberal hand, that the plants may shoot so thickly from the ground as almost to choke each other. They are thus drawn up, thin and wiry, without a lateral branch, like oaks too closely planted in a wood. Not a single flax plant should overtop another; the whole crop ought to rise from the earth as level as if it were clipped with a gigantic pair of shears during the entire period of its growth. But on unlevel ground, plants of unequal height do overtop each other, in exact proportion to the steepness of the ground. They individually catch more light and air; they shoot out a greater number of side branches; and their woody fibre becomes firmer. The same conditions which bring the oak to perfection spoil the flax plant for our domestic uses. A crop of flax is an exceedingly beautiful object when it has obtained the height of two or three inches. The hue of its green is more delicate than that lovely colour which wheat displays in early spring, "when hawthorn buds appear;" and the texture of the living down with which the earth *is* covered, exceeds everything that *one can imagine* in the way of velvet, plush or Turkey carpet. Only there is no pattern on the ground—or ought not to be. The tint throughout the field should be as uniform as the blue of the sky above it.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold, close to Guines, and not far from Calais, is well suited for flax-growing, and is consequently strangely altered since it was the scene of the rival display of finery between Francis I. and Henry VIII. Three hundred and thirty-three years, interposed between ourselves and any distant event, form a wonderful clear medium through which to behold the vanity of vanities. The spot on which stood the palace-like tent of the big wife-killing bully is now ploughed up for the next year's crop,

and is simply decorated with a post bearing the inscription of "CHASSE RESERVEE." Every peasant proprietor of a paternal half-acre has now the right to placard this prohibition, often in most unsymmetrical capitals, before the face of his noble neighbour. Feudalities are swept away, and fierce was the torrent which did so sweep them. The Forest of Licques, which crowns those hills in the background yonder, is no longer a temptation and a trap for cruel punishments. The ungentle hand, even the merchant-spicer, can easily and legally enjoy the pleasure of destroying whatever wild creatures he may find there. The fortifications of Ardres are being demolished, at the instance of a lady who longs for a glimpse of the country outside; people catch their eels, and shoot their wild-fowl, and drag their not-so-very-slow barges, fearless of the dangers which used to beset the French and English border lands. Guines has become a nest of Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Academies, instead of being the hiding-place and the spider's nest of the warriors and the traitors of olden time. Agriculture, water-conveyance, and the white-darting wreath from the distant railway, have taken the place of tournaments and war. The Field of the Cloth of Gold has become the Field of the Cloth of Flax. And three hundred and thirty-three years hence, when the Cloth of Gold shall be forgotten, or shall be voted a vulgar article through the satiating glut of Australian importations, the Field of Flax may still display its bright carpeting of green, and the Cloth of Flax may bleach ever triumphant on the banks of the sluggish streams of the Calaisis.

On the Field of the Cloth of Gold itself, the only human habitation is a solitary roadside half inn half farm-house, which seems principally intended for the entertainment of the cocks and hens, and pigeons, and four-legged animals that have taken up their lodgings there, rather than to beguile the wayfarer into loitering on his journey. But just beyond the outskirts of this prancing-ground of the French and English monarchs, is a thrifty village, which we will call Les Saules, with a population amounting to nine hundred inhabitants, which population annually grows and sends forth flax to the amount of eight thousand pounds sterling, even in the imperfect state in which it leaves their hands.

The leading topographical features of Les Saules are pollard willows, rich meadows intermingled with patches of arable land, productive cottage-gardens, and plots of ground that have been dug with the spade. Little streams of soft and clear water wander hither and thither through the village, and wherever you go, you observe that almost every tenement has one or more rude clay buildings attached to it, in whose walls, instead of windows, a row of squarish holes are broken, at about the height of a man, through which you can see daylight from the other side. These wretched-looking hovels are the workshops in which the flax is prepared; and they not only are the sources of considerable wealth, but they also shelter a good deal of fun and merriment. The scutchers, to earn wages enough to keep them alive, are obliged, in winter, to begin working before daylight, and to continue their task some time after it has departed. The introduction of lamps or candles amongst such inflammable materials is carefully avoided; nor are they necessary, as the operations can be conducted as well by the aid of feeling as by sight; and during these hours of industrious obscurity, the imps of darkness are kept at bay by patriotic, amatory, and comic songs. The holes in the opposite walls are made for the purpose of admitting a current of air to carry off the dust—the great nuisance of this part of the business. I asked my acquaintance, Louis Carrout—(who fancied I must be connected with the great flax-growers of England, and was come over to engage French workmen, and who begged me to recommend him to a good place, as here he could only earn five-and-twenty or at the very most thirty sous a day, being paid by the pound weight, to support himself and wife and children)—I asked poor cheerful Louis why they could not avoid the dust, by working in the open air, under the shade of a tree, in fine calm weather. But no, he said, that would not do; the flax would get too dry, and would not work so well.

At Les Saules, the steeping of the flax is performed on the spot; and though some people may call it an offensive operation it is in reality a very nice one. It is by no means easy to determine beforehand the length of time necessary for the steeping, so much depends upon the state of the atmosphere, the article required, and other circumstances; and if the fermentation of putrefaction does not go on equally throughout the mass, all the bunches of flax have to be taken out, and again packed together in their watery bed. To conduct this process with any certainty, samples are obliged to be drawn, from time to time, out of the centre of the mass, to ascertain whether the fibre can be easily separated from the straw; but unless a man has great experience, he is obliged to dry the sample stalks, before he can decide whether the steeping has gone far enough.

As soon as that point is determined, which generally happens at the end of ten or twelve days (though some flax is not steeped longer than four days, while other some remains submerged as long as three weeks), the stagnant water is immediately drawn off from the pond, and fresh running water is let in, to wash the flax-stalks and cleanse them from any mud or colouring matter which has been deposited upon them. Where there are no conveniences for doing this, the flax is taken out, spread upon grass land,

and exposed to the rain for several days, which has the same effect. Afterwards, the stalks are set upright in conical bunches, hollow in the centre, to dry as quickly as possible. The flax is now fit to be stored, either in barns, or in small stacks in the open air, to await further preparation at the leisure of the workman. All which has hitherto been done may be considered as belonging to agriculture; it now passes into the hands of the artisan and the manufacturer, although it may remain in the possession and under the roof of the original grower. The men who reduce the ready-steeped flax to a saleable condition for spinning, are here called *écoucheurs*, and they make a regular trade of it. It furnishes them with employment the greater part of the year, and when not so engaged, they mostly fill up their time by working on the land.

In order to see how flax becomes changed from the bunch of twigs which it is when the steeping is done, to the skein of silk which it resembles before spinning, I walked over to Les Saules the other day. A little boy with a scarlet night-and-day cap, lifted the tassel by way of salutation as I approached the cottage of Pierre Heurtrcull. Being expected, no diplomacy was necessary, and the work went on without interruption. There were two clay-built *boutiques* on the premises. Pierre, the master, was himself at work in one, with another man. In the second, four men were installed in each angle, with their respective implements, as if they were playing a never ending game of "cat-get-a-corner." Louis Carrout, after making proper inquiries about the health of his mother and sisters, laid his half-finished task aside, and stepped into a little barn adjoining, that I might see the whole thing from the beginning. He then spread a sheaf of flax evenly and rather thinly on the floor, and pummelled it with a deadly weapon, which he called a *mail*. I cannot quite translate the word as mallet. It was something like a hearth brush without any hairs, and with a curved handle. The lump of wood from which the bristles would proceed, was stout and heavy, and cut at the bottom into sharp tooth-like ridges, which promised to have a similar effect upon the flax, to that of an elephant's tooth upon a branch of acacia. Louis, however, only beats the flax with his wooden grinder, he does not quite chew it into fragments. When his *mail* has munched it enough, he divides the sheaf into handfuls, in which it ever afterwards remains, and keeps them separate by laying them across each other in a circular fashion, making a sort of harmless Catherine-wheel. The bundle of handfuls is brought into the *écoucherie*, and each one is further crushed between the jaws of a thing standing on four legs, properly termed a *braque*, because *braques* is the French word for a lobster's pincers. Both this and the previous operation really are modes of purposely imperfect mastication; the mumbling breaks the stalk of the plants but leaves the fibres uninjured and entire.

The *mail* and the *braque*, both tools for general service, are the property of the master; the other implements belong to the several workmen. After each handful has been well crunched and tasted by the wooden palate of the *braque*, it is tossed, after a twist, to the foot of the *écouche-pied*—an upright plank, with a horizontal *slit* a couple of inches, or so, wide, at the height of three or four feet from the ground, and firmly fixed in a solid slab of wood. With his left hand the scrutcher introduces a tuft of *braqued* flax into the slit, so that it hangs down on the other side, and with his right he scrapes and chops at it with the tool called an *écouche*, something like a battledore, or a monstrous wooden butter-knife. A leather strap stretches just before his legs at the lower part of the *écouche-pied*, that he may not bark his own shins while scutching the flax. By these means, and by turning it about, the woody refuse is got rid of, and little else but the pure fibre remains. This is the state in which it is marketable, and is largely purchased (by the *pierre* or bundle of four French pounds), by the female amateurs of home-spun linen.

As yet, however, it is but an unfinished article; the fibres are still imperfectly separated from each other, and a portion of useless substance still remains. But the ladies have it now in hand, and contrive to reduce it about one half in weight. It is carefully drawn through a couple of square combs (the coarser one with iron, the finer with brazen teeth), that are studded in formidable phalanx on the surface of one and the same plank, till the handful of scurfy-looking flax becomes a beautiful, soft, and silken tress, now resembling nothing so much as a lady's back hair, after it has undergone the mysterious manipulations of the toilet. Any forlorn, melodramatic heroine, requiring to electrify her audience by the recital of her stage sorrows, though really suffering most at heart from the scantiness of her natural *periwig*; has only to make a journey to Les Saules to obtain an unlimited quantity of flaxen locks. With these picturesquely dishevelled, and gilded by the beams of the rising footlights, or agitated by the breezes which rustle through the wings, she may successfully defy the oppressor and the tyrant. But the worthy maids and matrons here dream of no such vanities as those. Their souls are absorbed by the instinctive impulse of spinning. Round goes the wheel, and smooth glides the thread. The boiler boils it, the weaver weaves it, the bleacher bleaches it, the seamtress stitches it; and at last you have, on your delighted good-looking person, a shirt which will keep you warm and make you respectable for years and years, outlasting

whole warehouses full of the rubbishy nothings which a home-spinning dame would call dear at a gift.

THE LEAF.

I saw one leaf upon a tree remaining,
Which by a feeble trembling tenure hung;
The cold chill winds of winter were complaining,
And heaps of dead leaves, wet with constant raining,
Were here and there in fitful eddies flung.

Still, in the piercing blast, this lone leaf quivered
As though each gust would force it from its hold;
Or, as it dying were, and feebly shivered
Ere to the dull cold grasp of Earth delivered,
And with its dead and rotting brethren rolled.

From the bleak north a fiercer blast came sweeping,
And from its tottering hold the leaf was hurled
Down to the ground; the bitter rain seemed weeping—
In its sad icy tears the dead leaves steeping—
While in the rushing wind they madly whirled.

And then it seemed the only hope had parted,
While desolation did supremely reign;
'Twas like the last trust of the broken-hearted;
Yet was a consolation then imparted
Which eased my spirit of a weight of pain:—

For, as my heart was thus so sadly viewing
The dying leaf, and seeing but its tomb,
I thought upon the coming spring, renewing
All that seemed desolate, and for dead leaves strewing
The laughing Earth with flowers of gayest bloom.

'Tis thus we should for ever look at sorrow—
But as a casting our dead leaves away
To give place to a brighter bloom to-morrow:
And from the fresh'ning face of Nature borrow
All joyous emblems a perpetual May.

THE CAPTAIN'S PRISONER.

Not many miles from Kendal, in Westmoreland, there is a little town which I will call Bridgemoor. Bridgemoor has a long, scattered, straggling street of houses built in the "any how" style of architecture. The market-place in Bridgemoor has a circular flight of steps in the midst, surmounted by a jagged stone stump—the pedestal, in old Catholic times, of Bridgemoor market-cross. There is a market-house, within whose cloister is a statute of Sir Gervase Gabion, Knight, of Gabion Place, hard by; who barricaded, loopholed, casemated, and held out the market-house, against Colonel Barzillai Thwaites, commanding a troop of horse and two companies of the Carlisle Godly train-bands, in the Cavalier and Roundhead days. The loyal baronet is represented in full Roman costume, including, of course, the voluminous periwig essential to strict classicality in those days. He stands in a commanding attitude, irremediably crushing with his left sandal a hideous stone griffin, supposed to be an effigy of anarchy, or Cromwellism, embodied in the person of Colonel Barzillai aforesaid. The baronet's right hand holds an elongated cylinder of stone, which may be interpreted as a baton, a telescope, or a roll of paper, and with which he points in the direction of his ancestral mansion, Gabion Place, nearly half of which mansion he had the patriotism to blow up with gunpowder about the ears of the Godly train-bands; in consideration of which eminent, loyal, and patriotic service, the inhabitants of Bridgemoor caused this statue to be erected to him in the market-house cloister; and King Charles the Second, on his Majesty's happy restoration, did him the honour of playing basset with him twice in the gallery at Whitehall, being actually in addition condescending enough to win two score pieces of him and to make two jokes on the fashion of his periwig; which was all he ever did for him.

Bridgemoor has, besides the architectural embellishments I have noticed, the usual complement of decent, or genteel, or stylish houses, being the residences of its clergyman, lawyer, doctor, and other local big-wigs. It has a quiet, humdrum, harmless population; and manners quite as harmless, as quiet, and as humdrum; but, amidst its general tranquility, it possesses so great a warmth of feeling on a certain subject, that if a Certain Personage were to come over from foreign parts and set up, aggressively and defiantly, his Toe to be kissed in Bridgemoor market-place, he would be told something from Bridgemoor folk that would, I warrant, astonish him.

Such is Bridgemoor, and such it was, with some few exceptions, one hundred and six years ago, when the story I have to tell had action. The same street, market-place, market-house, quiet humdrum people, and manners existed then as now; but, in 1746, the men wore cocked hats, and square cut coats; the ladies coifs, pinners, and quilted petticoats. The Bridgemoor ladies now ride in railway carriages from the Bridgemoor station along the railway to Kendal; in 1746 they rode on a pillion behind John the servant-man. In 1746 the market-place could boast of two time-honored monuments or institutions, called stocks and a whipping post; at which latter institution very many vagrants, male and female, were salutarily scourged by the parish constable "till their bodyes were bloodie," according to the humane letter of the more humane statute of Elizabeth in the case of vagrancy made and provided, for which see Mr. Burns his Justice. Both of these institutions, together with a cheerful-looking gibbet on an adjacent moor, on which fettered corpses swung in the northern blast, and which was the chief lounge for the Bridgemoor crows, ravens and starlings, and the terror of vinous farmers returning from fair or market, have long since disappeared. So have some score cottages which tumbled down from time to time through rottenness, and were rebuilt in a more modern style. So

has Gabion Place, the ancient mansion of the Gabion family which (house and family both), were pulled down one hundred and seven years ago in the manner I am going to tell you of.

In the fatal Forty-five, as all men know, Charles Edward Stuart came from France into Scotland, and from thence as far as Derby in England to fight for what he conceived to be his own. There were many widows and orphans made in England and Scotland, many tears of blood shed through his bootless quarrel for the crown with George of Hanover. In the more fatal Forty-six, after Culloden, there was martial law in the highlands of both countries. Dragoons scoured the country side in search of fugitive Jacobite officers, of Jesuits, and papal emissaries, of disaffected persons of every degree. Gentlemen's mansions were broken into, wainscoting was torn down, flooring wrenched up, pictures were pierced for the discovery of the "priest's hole;" farmhouses were ransacked barns searched, hay and straw turned up with swords and bayonets lest Jacobite refugees should be concealed beneath. In every ditch, there was a corpse; in every rivulet, blood; in every farm field, a smouldering haystack, or a shattered plough; in every house, fear and horror and trembling cheek by jowl with savage brutality and drunken exultation. On every hearth where the red stream of Civil War had flowed to quench the fire of love and household hope, there were the ashes of desolation. Women and young children slaughtered or outraged; men shot and hanged without trial or shrift or hearing; goods and chattels wantonly destroyed; crops burnt, homesteads rased;—such was martial law in Northern Scotland. In England and at Bridgemoor, its aspect, though somewhat less sanguinary, was as gloomy. One hideous and uniform system of military terrorism was in force; and though—from the number of persons resident in the northern counties who were attached to the existing Government, and had never taken any part with the adherents of the Pretender—there did not exist the same pretence for the wholesale plunder, spoliation, and blood-shedding with which Scotland was ravaged; still an unceasing round of domiciliary visits was made, and in almost every house military were quartered.

Of the many families directly or indirectly compromised by the political events of the foregoing, none were so seriously implicated as that represented at Bridgemoor by the Lady Earnest Gabion, who resided at Gabion Place, and superintended for her son the management of the vast estates he owned. The lady's husband, Gervase Gabion, Lord of the Manor of Bridgemoor, died in 1725, leaving issue one son, Gervase Earnest, now twenty-two years of age. The family were rigid Catholics, and as rigid partisans of the House of Stuart. The last Squire Gabion had been intimately mixed up with the Earl of Mar's rash outbreak in 1715. In the course of a long sojourn in France before he could make his peace with the Government, he married, in 1720, the Lady Earnest Augusta Mary, sole daughter and orphan of Earnest Baron Brierscourt of Brierscourt, in the Kingdom of Ireland, who was attainted for his share in Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy; but escaped, went abroad, and—bidding adieu to the pomps and vanities of the world, political and social—took the cowl, and died in the famous Monastery of La Trappe. The Lady Earnest would probably have imitated his example, and have been received as a nun in the convent where she was already a boarder, had she not been, at the passionate instance of her brother, the titular Lord Brierscourt (who under the name of the Baron de Bricourt had taken service in the French *king's* Grey Musketeers), eventually persuaded to accept the hand of Mr. Gervase Gabion. They lived together very happily, as the story-books say, till the demise of the squire, who died in his bed and in decent odour with Sir Robert Walpole, leaving an infant, as I have told you, who at two years of age became sole lord of Bridgemoor Manor and of a rent-roll of twenty thousand pounds a year.

As the little lad grew he imbibed, together with a doting affection for his mother and a bigoted attachment to his Church, an attachment as doting as bigoted, as self-denying, as irrational may be to the princes and politics of that ill-fated, false, and faithless house, which never brought but misery and ruin upon the lands they ruled over. Everything around him conspired to confirm him in his love for the house of Stuart. The mother he idolised valued a golden crucifix she had received from James the Second, at Saint Germain's, next to the relics of the saints. His nurse was never tired of telling him of the great and good Earl of Derwentwater; of how he fought and bled for James the Third; of how the Whigs slew him on Tower Hill, in London, and of the brave words he spake to the people there; of how his body was brought home to the Lakes in earl's state and splendour, travelling only by night, and resting in Catholic places of worship during the day; of how she dressed him in a laced shroud when he came home. The peasants in the neighbourhood were for ever telling him that, when he was a man, he was to bring the rightful King home; his tutor, an Irish priest, mixed up Jacobitism and the Delphin Classics for him, and instilled the divine rights of kings into his accidence. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that at eighteen years of age Gervase Gabion was compelled to leave even orthodox and Jacobitical Oxford, for openly expressed and obstinately maintained anti-Hanoverian principles; that at twenty-one he raised, equipped, and commanded as fierce a troop of Westmoreland troopers as you could find now in

the Life Guards—that he went, over head and ears, for Charles Edward Stuart?

When Culloden had been fought, and the Prince was hiding, and the proscription came, a troop of Morrishes regiment of dragoons (the yellow horse) came to Bridgemoor. The name and character of the widow of Squire Gabion stood so high, she was so beloved far and near for her meekness and goodness, that her house, until the date of the commencement of this story, had been left sacred. But a strict watch was kept on her and hers.

The Lady Earnest had been, for nearly a score of years, in the habit of receiving, in the great oak parlour of Gabion Place, every night in the week save Sunday, the principal inhabitants of Bridgemoor. They ate and drank nothing, save on stated occasions, for which special invitations were issued; but the ladies brought their needlework, and the men played at a very solemn and intricate game called Trictrac. Two circumstances may have induced the Lady Earnest to hold these very frequent *réunions*. In the first place, there was no family in Bridgemoor of sufficient rank to admit of her visiting them; in the next, she had been educated abroad, where it is the custom for the principal lady in a provincial town to "receive" six times a week. So, night after night, winter and summer, there assembled in the great oak parlour Doctor Boyfus the Esculapius of Bridgemoor, (sometimes Mrs. Boyfus,) and Mr. Tappan the solicitor; the three Miss Tappans, his elderly sisters (very assiduous in their attendance), Captain Limberup, who had been with the Duke at the battle of Hochstadt; one Mr. Paul, who had formerly dealt in gruggets at Leeds, and was, consequently, somewhat looked down upon; but who was so devout a Catholic, so warm a Jacobite, and so good a man, that he had been admitted on a sort of good-humoured sufferance for full ten years as an honorary member of the Gabion coterie. Mrs. Vanderpant, whose husband, a Dutch sea captain, had been summarily shot by William the Third for tampering with the adherents of the Pretender, closes the list of the regular frequenters of the oak parlour. The rector of the parish, Doctor Small, came but seldom; he was a Low Church man, and was very much occupied with the composition of a folio refutation of Bentley's Phalaris. A nonjuring archdeacon of the Protestant persuasion (very much put to his shifts, and forced to earn his bread as a travelling tutor) dropped in occasionally: but he talked too much about Doctor Sacheverell, all of whose sermons he had by heart, and quarrelled too, with Father Maziere, the Irish Benedictine chaplain and tutor, whom I have not mentioned hitherto as one of the circle, he being as much an article of household furniture, as the great, long-backed arm-chairs or the trictrac board. Many a summer and winter's day had past and gone since young Squire Gervase had put his foot across his own threshold. In his place there came another visitor, unwelcome, though not unbidden; dreaded, yet nightly expected; courted, but hated and feared. This was Captain Seagreest, the commander of the troop of horse stationed at Bridgemoor. He was the Fate of the town, he held the strings of life and death; he could hang all Bridgemoor, so they said, as high as Haman, if he chose, in half an hour.

On a certain cold Thursday evening in November, 1746, Lady Gabion had determined to close her doors to her entire circle of visitors, as she had closed them on the preceding Tuesday and Wednesday. The existence, almost cloistral, led by those who dwell in small towns, creates in them a species of habit of analysing and explaining—to their own satisfaction at least—the minutest actions of their neighbors. All Bridgemoor was agog for the two days, and for a considerable portion of the two nights, to find a solution for Lady Gabion's seemingly inexplicable conduct.

On Thursday morning, after the reception by old Mr. Paul of a missive from the Lady Gabion, intimating her renewed inability to receive that evening, and begging him to communicate her apologies to her visitors in collective, public curiosity reached the boiling point, and well nigh boiled over. With this curiosity began to be mingled alarm, not for the health of Lady Gabion, but for her life. At twelve o'clock in the forenoon, old Mr. Paul, walking on the High Street, was smartly tapped on the shoulder by a tall man with a black campaigning wig, a scarlet coat, a grizzled moustache, and evil minded cocked hat, cruel eyes, a great gash across the left cheek, a trailing sabre, and jack-boots with long brass spurs. Mr. Paul, a venerable man, of full seventy years, with flowing white hair and an infirm gait, trembled violently when he felt the hand of captain Seagreest on his shoulder, and when, turning round, he found himself face to face with that horrible trooper.

"I know what's going on up yonder," was the greeting of the dragoon.

"Know, captain?" faltered out Paul.

"Ay," responded his interlocutor, with an oath, "and so do you, you infernal Jacobitical old rag pedlar. *I've* watched the crew at the Place. I know their game, and I'll spoil it too. The old Cumberland witch, Bridget," he continued, "was in the market, almost before daylight this morning, and bought eggs: the Gabion woman never eats eggs. She bought fowls: the Gabion woman never eats poultry. As I passed this morning after parade, I found the second window on the first floor of the left wing had been cleaned, and fresh curtained. I know who sleeps there when he is at home; and you know, too, you whining Popish hunks."

He struck the old man, sportively it may

be, a blow on the cheek as he spoke, with his soiled gauntlet. Sportively, I hope, but rudely enough to bring a flush to the pale cheek, and a clench to the palsied hand, that, twenty years ago, would have been as good as a knock down blow to the ruffian soldado.

"Look you here, Master Teazle and Wool," he went on, gripping the retired cloth-merchant by the arm. "You are hand and glove with this Babylon baron's daughter; you mumble out of the same mass-book, and plot against His sacred Majesty together. Now mark! go you up, and tell my lady this—she expects her son to-night. Don't lie, old Judas, and say she doesn't. In this pocket," and the captain slapped his thigh, "I have the proclamation for the taking of Gervase Gabion of Gabion, dead or alive, with two hundred pounds reward. I come to Gabion Place to-night. Either I go away the accepted suitor and affianced husband of my Lady Gabion, or I come away, to-morrow morning, with a serjeant and a squad behind me. I'll ride my horse Turenne, d'ye hear; but I'll have the bridle of another horse in my hand, and on that horse shall be her dainty master Gervase Gabion, gagged, handcuffed, and with his legs tied underneath the horse's belly."

"Captain, captain!" faltered Paul.

"Tell her that!" concluded the captain triumphantly, snapping the fingers of the soiled gauntlet. "Tell her that her pet boy shall swing at Carlisle within a fortnight; that he shall be hanged, drawn, and quartered according to law, like a traitor as he is. Tell her *that*, and that I'll marry her afterwards into the bargain, if she isn't civil."

And with these words swaggered away, with much jingling of spurs and clanging of the sabre, Captain Jesse Seagreest of Morrishes regiment of horse. He was as great a bully, ruffian, and gamester, as ever was permitted, in those somewhat free and easy Horse Guard days, to disgrace His Majesty's service.

The cloth-merchant hurried away as fast as his tottering limbs would permit him, in the direction of Gabion Place. He was panting and trembling with exhaustion and excitement when he reached the quaint iron gate, which gave entrance by a sinuous carriage drive to the picturesque old mansion. The old porter was not so deaf and stupid, but he sufficiently comprehended the importance of the occasion when Mr. Paul pencilled hastily on one of his tablets a passionate request to the Lady Gabion, to let him have one minute's interview with her. Simon Candy, the lodge-keeper, was as devout a Catholic, and as staunch a vassal of the houses of Stuart and Gabion as can well be imagined, and he had no sooner read the words held before his eyes by the hand of the cloth-merchant, than, with a nod of acquiescence, he admitted him within the gate, and bidding him wait an instant before the lodge door, hurried away towards the house.

He returned almost immediately.

"My lady'll see thee," he said. "Gang thee ways oup yander, lad: thee know'st t'way." The lad of eighty, having indicated to the lad of seventy the route he was to take, retired into his lodge.

Slowly and sadly—a contrast to the hurried eagerness with which he had approached the house—the ancient man proceeded upon his mission. Now that he was so near upon its completion an accountable reluctance seemed to take possession of him in unfolding its purpose. He trod laggingly through a trim, prim, square-cut garden, arranged in that Helvetico-Italian style of which Lenôtre was the inventor and prime professor. By hedges cropped like horsehair cushions, through quaint triumphal arches of herbage, under trees cut into fantastic shapes, by zig-zag flower-pots he went, the gravel rasping discordantly under his feet, the leaves of the evergreens soughing piteously. So, on till he came to a glass grape-house, where was a large grapevine, near which, in a rustic chair, was a lady of a noble presence, with pale face and great brown eyes, a white hand, a supple yet commanding form, and fair hair. Nigh forty years had passed their hands across her features, but they had dealt with her lightly, and had left few scars behind. If her face had not been so deathly pale, and her eyes so sorrowful, she would have been beautiful.

The cloth-merchant was a plain man, and told what he had to say as plainly and succinctly as he could. "Dear lady," he said, in conclusion, "if what this murthering trooper says be true, tell us at least if he has reason for his suspicion. Let us see what we can do to hide the truth, to save our boy. There is not a soul in Bridgemoor, I will be sworn, but would go through fire and water to serve you—the swashbuckling dragoons excepted. Joe Limberup (the captain) is in the commission of the peace. *He* might help us."

For reply she took him by the hand, and pulled him rather than led him into a little shed, outside where the gardener kept his tools. She closed the ricketty door, she hung her mantle over the latch, she looked around so scared and so bewildered, as if she feared the sparrows on the window-sill would carry her secret; then, pulling from her bosom a torn, dirty, crumpled piece of paper, she thrust it into the old man's hand, and bade him read it.

It was a letter from her son, Gervase Gabion. It said that he was in prison, and in peril of his life; but that he had planned an escape. He indicated three days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in this same week, on which he might come disguised to Gabion. If he did not come on the third day he was to be considered dead. There was neither place nor date to the hurried scrawl which was as a life or death warrant to two human beings;

but there was a postscript in which he bade his mother give a munificent reward to the messenger who had brought the letter.

"And this is Thursday," cried the lady. "He will be here to-night, and the red-coats know it, and they will carry him off and hang him!"

"Trust in me," responded Ezra Paul. "He shall be saved. I will have scouts posted all round the place all night, to watch for him; but, dear lady, you must disarm suspicion, you must receive your usual visitors to-night."

"But the dragoon—the dragoon! *He* will be here."

"Curse the dragoon," cried Ezra, in his piping voice, "we will watch him. I'll get drunk, I'll poison him, I'll kill him."

Passing down the main street, by the threshold of the town-brewery, which had been converted into a temporary barrack, he was halloed to by Captain Seagreest, who was smoking a pipe and watching one of his troopers clean his famous horse Turenne with a wisp of straw, cursing the man heartily, and kicking him bewhiles.

"You've done your errand I see, old Sly-boots," he roared out condescendingly. "See here, what a pretty paper-hanging I mean to cover my barrack-yard with."

Paul looked up. There was a proclamation offering the reward for the apprehension of Gervase Gabion, twenty-two years of age, light curly hair, blue eyes, six feet in height, a scar on the left hand.

The cloth-merchant shuddered, and, in as civil terms as he could command, notified to the dragoon that a slight indisposition, under which the Lady Gabion had been suffering, having yielded to two days' quiet nursing, she was willing to receive as usual that evening, and begged the favour of his company. To his unspeakable joy and relief the captain informed him, with a sarcastic bow, that duty would call him away the whole of that night from Bridgemoor, "and as for the little bit of business I have with my Lady Grandeur," he sneered forth, "that may as well be settled to-morrow evening as this." With this, Paul took leave of him.

"And yet," he said to himself musingly, as he bent his steps towards the abode of Captain Limberup, "there are some devil's thoughts under that campaigning wig of his. Is he going to scour the country with his marauding, tapstering butchers? Yet his plan must evidently be to catch the bird in its nest. To have it taken elsewhere would spoil his plans. Perhaps he is only off on some drinking bout with the other Philistines at Kendal."

The Gabion "Thursday night" was held as usual. The dreary game of trictrac went on as usual. Prodigal Sons, and Sacrifices of Isaacs were worked in parti-coloured silks for chair covers or screens. Snuff was taken, quiet remarks hazarded, half-crowns decorously won and lost. Lady Gabion sat paler than she had been that morning, with forced conventional smiles playing on her wan lips. The ticking of the clock smote on her tympanum like a hammer on an anvil, the wind outside screamed as in pain, the twisted bell-pulls seemed as hangman's halters, the great oak parlour seemed to her as the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And, though the dreaded Seagreest was not there, his very absence increased instead of allaying her terrors.

Towards eleven of the clock of this same Thursday night, a young man riding a grey horse, with a docked military tail—as troop horses were docked then—and splashed, man and horse, up to the eyes, was making his way doggedly from Kendal to Bridgemoor. He seemed to know the country, for he avoided the main route, and came by a devious and circuitous path. For all his caution, though, he was challenged once or twice by horsemen, but a few words, and the sight of a paper he carried in his breast, were a sufficient passport for him. He clattered down the main street of Bridgemoor, as far as the brewery barrack, in front of which stopping boldly and resolutely, he called to the sentry to call the serjeant of the guard.

In a minute or two the officer in question came forth from the guard-house, holding a lantern, and offering, in his unsteady gait, rolling head, and blinking eye, an interesting problem to the philosopher as to whether he were more drunk than sleepy, or more sleepy than drunk.

"I am on the King's business," said the man on horseback. "I am Corporal Harris of Hawley's dragoons, on my way to Lancaster. Here are my pass, papers, and billet. The mayor of Kendal has given me a billet on one Lady Gabion, of Gabion Place here. Which is the way to it?"

The serjeant held up his lantern to examine the papers which the horseman offered for his inspection.

"Good!" cried the serjeant, lowering his lantern. "Good night, comrade. Jolly good quarters you'll get at the popish woman's. Corporal Foss, Gabion him the way to Gabion Place!" Upon which the serjeant nodded, and returned, lantern and all, into the guard-house.

Corporal Foss did as he was bid, and, after watching the retreating figure of the horseman till it disappeared at the curve of the street, returned to the guard house also.

"Serjeant Scales," he remarked to his superior officer, as the two resumed the consumption of two pipes and two mugs of beer, "was'nt that young fellow very like the chap proclaimed for, dead or alive, with two hundred shiners reward for nailing him?"

"Hang you for a fool, Corporal Foss!" responded the serjeant. "Didn't I see the Duke of Cumberland's own fist at the bottom of the pass? We should have more stripes on

our backs than on our arms if we had stopped that cull, you whackhead."

As the Lady Earnest Gabion sat trembling in the great oak parlour alone, her guests having left her about half an hour, the ticking of the clock, sharp and distinct as it was, was suddenly rendered partially inaudible by the clattering of distant hoofs. The lady stood up in the middle of the chamber, so that when she heard the hoofs come nearer, nearer, nearer still; when she heard the lodge-gate open, a man dismount, the door-bell ring, the portal open, and the voice of Bridget the old housekeeper cry out below in joyful recognition, "My master—my young master!" she went down on her knees for joy and thankfulness.

"He is here! He is here, dear mistress!" cried the housekeeper, rushing into the room.

"Who is here?" asked a harsh voice, as a gaunt figure stepped from behind the tapestry on the landing and laid its knotty hand on Lady Gabion's arm. "Who is here?" asked Captain Seagreest.

"Let me go to my son!" screamed the lady.

"Hush, for Heaven's sake! hush my dear mistress," said the housekeeper. "My lady is well-nigh distraught, your honour. The gentleman is one of King George's soldiers quartered here for the night, and here is his paper, sir."

So saying, she held forth to the brutal trooper the BILLET, which the supposed corporal had put into her hand as he entered.

"Bah!" the captain replied with sublime contempt. "Go and see your baby, my lady. Make your most of him for five minutes. After that he belongs to me."

He loosened his hold of the lady, who sprang from his grasp like a bird. She rushed into the wide entrance hall, and folded in her arms the tall young man standing there.

"My own boy!" she cried, sobbing and kissing him passionately. Till, looking up in his face, she gave one loud and awful scream, saying, "*This is* NOT *my son!*" and fell down senseless.

"Goodness forgie us and save us if it is!" cried Bridget in an agony, "and yet how like! The very hair, the very blue een, and wavy hair, and all. Holy mother! the very mark on his hand."

"Not her son!" said Captain Seagreest, stepping unconcernedly over the prostrate form of Lady Gabion, and staring the astonished soldier in the face, "Who are you in the devil's name?"

"Corporal Harris, Captain Butt's troop. Hawley's dragoons," answered the young soldier drawing himself up, and saluting the uniform of his officer. "On my way to Lancaster with a dispatch to Colonel Tarleton. Here is my pass and papers, there is my billet for the night. God save the King, and confound the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender."

"Confound *you*, you mean," said Captain Seagreest. "You *are* Corporal What's-his-name! What business have you to be so confoundedly like the young Gabion? Go into the kitchen and get your supper."

MADAME OBE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

WHEN I first became acquainted with my pretty brisk hostess, she and her husband were just established, after several years of hard struggle, in a rather important looking house in the principal street of the French town where I occasionally take up my abode. We formed a strict friendship when she had received me as her lodger; for the little woman, who liked to talk, found *in* me a ready listener to all her stories of success and difficulty. Both she and her husband were so industrious and persevering, that I felt sure they would get on, and I was scarcely surprised, after an absence of two years, to find that Madame Obé no longer let her lodgings, as she required more rooms herself and moreover was so much richer that she did not look to that mode of increasing her income: nevertheless, in spite of my apologies, she would not hear of my seeking an other domicile, and insisted on giving up the rooms I formerly occupied for my behoof. As this arrangement entirely suited me, and evidently gave the little pair pleasure, I yielded to their wish and became once more their inmate.

Madame Obé's toilet is much changed since I first saw her, in her smart cap, with gold-coloured satin ribbons, which set off her bright silken black hair and rosy round cheeks to admiration: this cap was worn when she went out with Monsieur on fête days and Sundays, for the class to which she then belonged do not wear bonnets in France. The first thing that struck me this year was Madame Obé's new white bonnet, adorned with crimson and saffron-coloured flowers intermixed, which tints suite her brunette complexion as well as those of the former cap: she wears, when dressed, a black velvet mantilla, and pale yellow kid gloves, with finely worked sleeves and *chemisette*, and, in case of cold weather, she has an *ermine muff*. All this, because she is very careful and economical still, proved to me that my industrious friends were making rapid strides towards fortune, and the smiling faces of both—their lively air and bustling demeanour—convinced me that all was going well with them. We have now two *bonnes* instead of one, and Madame Obé's cook, Elvire, is so clever, that it is by no means necessary now for her mistress to make herself hot in the kitchen, and descend to the dinner-table burnt and flustered, as she used to do two years ago. Madame Obé tells me that she has a particular dislike to the coarser part of housekeeping, and I never allude to the dishes that she formerly took pride in con-

cocting with her own fat little hands, which are now much whiter than I remember them. There is great talk in our establishment of the insignificance of a country town and the superior advantages of Paris, where the qualities of a man of talent can find fitter appreciation: by this I am led to imagine that there is some idea of a removal to the great city one of these days.

Both Elvire, the cook, and Sabine, the many-officed housemaid, profess their desire to accompany a family to the metropolis; but a veil of mystery at present hangs over the purpose that may exist in certain minds on this subject, and I am too discreet to make any inquiries.

A wood fire is romantically considered by many as a rural delight, much to be preferred to the black murky coal, which throws off showers of blacks and dims the lustre of a smart apartment; but, to an English recluse, who has little but his fire to enliven him, wood is far from offering the charm in reality which is supposed to accompany it. In the first place, almost all chimneys smoke abroad, and wood smoke stings the eyes, and is more subtle; in the next, it is fifty to one, after you have laid in your stock of logs, that you find the greater part so damp, that instead of burning up briskly, they lie and smother away, softly hissing and consuming without giving either flame or heat. Add to this, at a certain point they are sure to fall altogether on each side their chenets, or supporters, covering the hearth with ruins, and taking that opportunity of sending forth volumes of smoke from the half-burnt tips, which are pointed outwards, as a matter of course. Thus, the stranger in despair throws down all the instruments of torture he has been playing with *en amateur*, and summons the *bonne*, as I did Sabine the other day; and, in sulky and discontented mood points to the state of desolation but too apparent on the wide black yawning hearth.

"*Ah, tiens!*" said Sabine, as she knelt down with a determined air and apostrophised the refractory element; "we 'll soon know the reason of this! What, you won't burn, won't you? I 'll soon be your master—you had better make up your mind to do it."

During these observations she had put all straight.

"*Ah ça!*" said she, "now you have a fire fit for an Empire."

I could not help smiling at this remark from a young girl of seventeen, who probably knew but little of empires and principalities; and, being propitiated by the brilliant flames that threw a bright light over the before sombre room, I was shamed out of my surly mood by her patient good-temper, to address a few questions to the young priestess, whose touch the logs obeyed.

"Are you a native of this town?" I inquired, knowing that the question would elicit a little history.

"No," replied she, "I come from very far off indeed, all the way from Colomberque!"

"And where," said I, "is Colomberque?"

"Far away on the route of St. Omer, nearly three leagues from this — ah!" she added with a sigh, stooping down to arrange a bit of *braise* that had already fallen, "it is a terrible long way from the poor dear mamma, anyhow!"

"And have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Oh yes—my little sister Florentine is in service here at the baker's opposite; she is very young, only twelve, but very good, and never does anything without asking me, as, of course, I never do anything either without asking the poor good mamma."

"That's right," said I; "and how many more are there?"

"There are the two boys at home, one ten, the other eight, and papa is there too, you understand, so that mamma is not dull; but still, however, I write to her almost every week, and tell her we are better off here than at home, which makes her quite happy. She works at her needle, and papa works as a labourer, but, poor man! a tree fell on him, as he was cutting it, and ever since he has great pain in the side of his head, and is sometimes ill for weeks; besides poor Alexis's accident, which, you know, has quite disabled him. He was only two years old when he fell, and the doctor insisted that the arm was not broken, but it was; and, in consequence, he has quite lost the use of it, and is ill besides. He has great courage, and wishes to learn very much, so we go out because of this, otherwise we should stay at home, as we used, to mind our cows."

"You have cows, then?"

"O yes, and pigs, too, such dear little pigs: I used to be so fond of them, because we bring them up, and sell those we do not want for our own eating. In the country, you know, we do not live as we do here, but only eat bacon, which we keep up the chimney: once, when the great flood was, we had only one little pig in the stable, and both papa and mamma were out at work, and I was left to take care of the children, who were very little, for I was then only ten myself. Just at the bottom of our garden runs a river, and the rain had so swollen it, that the water had begun to rise higher and higher till it overflowed the whole orchard and garden and fields. The cows were in the stable, and our pig too, and all of a sudden I thought, What if the dear little animal should be drowned! so I ran out across the yard, which was beginning to be filled with water too, got to the stable, and carried away the pig in my arms. I was afraid the water would get into the house, so I shut all the doors, made the little ones go upstairs, and put them to bed, and the pig in my bed with my youngest sister and me. Neither papa nor mamma came home that night, for the

flood was so great that they could not cross the meadows, for our cottage is a good bit from Colomberque, where both were at work. I was not frightened, because I knew all was safe, and I knew, too, the reason they did not come; but, though Florentine and the others slept well, I could not, because the pig did nothing but grunt, it was so uneasy, not being in its usual place, poor thing! It was but just light in the morning when I looked out, and saw that the water was all gone down, and, presently, I heard mamma's voice calling. I ran down and opened the door, and she came in, very pale, and cried out, 'Where are the children?' I began to laugh, and pointed upstairs, on which she up there like lightning, and found them all, and the pig too. She was afraid I should not take care of the little ones, and that they were all drowned. Presently papa returned, and there he stood, and cried like a child, and kissed us all, and particularly the pig; for it would have been a great loss if he had been drowned, as two others had died, and there was only this one left. We have a good many hardships in the country; but yet one is sorry to leave home; however, it is necessary to decide when one grows as old as I am; and if we both go on well, we shall be able to do a good deal for the poor good mamma who loves us all dearly; but if I was to take the value of a sous from any one, she is capable of beating me. My youngest brother César is strong and as good as gold, and leads the other to school every day; and poor Alexis is so clever! he can read and write, and we think some day he will manage to get his bread some way, if is health were only better. César minds the cows now, as I used. Once I went with Florentine to cut grass for the cows at the top of a little hill, pretty steep, and had cut a great deal—more almost than I could carry, for I was quite small then—we had tied the great load which I carried on my head with cords, and fastened it round my neck and waist, and we set off back. I was quite glad at having got so much, but was not able to see where I was going, when my foot slipped at the steep part of the road, and down I rolled over and over, load and all. I most have been smothered, as I could not lift it off me. and the cords kept it tight, if Florentine had not thought of cutting the cords; as soon as she did, I was able to get out, and we managed, with two or three journeys, to get the grass home, which was a capital thing for the cows, and we were all so glad. It was so clever of Florentine to think of cutting the cords!"

Sabine would probably have found in her memory some other incidents in her long and varied life to tell me, if the obstinacy of the fire had not been subdued, and all excuse for lingering disposed of. Added to which the shrill voice of her master downstairs caused her to start away, with the parting remark, that I was quite at liberty at all times to call her, when my fire refused to obey. This promise of patronage I treasure up, as I feel sure that every day the same event will occur; the same necessity of opening all the windows to let out the smoke, and at the same time letting in the cold blast which blows all stray sheets of paper about the room, swells out the crimson and white curtains into supplementary drapery, bangs all the doors, and causes universal uproar; after which the logs blaze energetically for a few moments, and then sink into smothering repose amongst their *braise*. My hostess, who is economical of fire, as most French people are, comes smiling into my room with an elaborately carved bronze article in her hand, which looks like a jewel casket of the *Middle Ages*, but which I find to be a *chaufferette* of bronze, which she proposes, with my permission, to fill with the little glowing half-burnt scraps of wood which give an appearance of warmth to my hearth, like the bits of tinsel at the tip of a *bon-bon* representing a cigar, destined on the day of Saint Nicolas to take in children of all growths. Throughout the winter, however sharp the weather may chance to be, she is content to sit in a fireless room with her feet on this machine, and professes to be rendered extremely comfortable by its influence. Her maids—when once set down to work at their needles, which they always find time to do for some hours of the day—have no other warmth than what a humbler *chaufferette* dispenses. She talks all the time she is filling her casket, and remarks as she retires, after numerous acknowledgments, "Well, if I have stolen the worth of two farthings, I have left your fire sixpence better." Which is quite true; for she has a lucky hand with the logs, and they always burn after she has placed them in order.

Monsieur, however, declares that he surpasses her in that accomplishment, as also in making the salad; consequently, a standing contention exists, in which a good deal of domestic wit and banter comes into play every day, relative to the goodness of that indispensable part of a French dinner, the inevitable salad. Monsieur is *certainly* a wonderful little man! There is *nothing* he would not undertake, and but few things that he cannot do; he turns his hand to anything. We have, since I was last here, two rooms thrown into one to make a good dining-room; what hand but his removed the partition?—The panels of the three doors are painted with groups of flowers, fruit, game, and other adornments; who but he performed those miracles of art? Then there are three long windows in the room which open into an ugly dim court; these are now, by his skill, all encrusted with paint to imitate rough glass, and spotted with glowing stars in a most animated style. Over the dining table is a globe with a jet of gas, which makes the whole place luminous: his hand directed the

pipe from his workshop below and brought it to bear upon his hospitable board. He gilds the numerous picture frames that adorn his house, he places stands and corner cupboards, he nails down carpets, he knocks up curtains —it is true that he fails in making his nails or screws keep together those unlucky gilded heads of curtain pins which, in every French house, seem only placed to fall, with a clatter, regularly every time the curtains are arranged.

Monsieur is very jocose: he knows every trick at cards, and no end to sleight of hand marvels; he can send a five franc piece through the table and you hear it fall into a tumbler beneath, even while you think you are holding it in your hand enveloped in a handkerchief which he is whisking away; his dog can do things, taught by him, that no other dog can. If an acquaintance boasts of having made a good leap, he has made one at least three times as good; if a race has been run successfully, he can run twice as far and fast; he is the best rider of the country, which perhaps is not saying much; and as for sporting, no one has ever caught so many trout or such remarkably large pike. His friends are always playing him practical jokes, but he is always more than even with them, and never, by any chance, out of humour if defeated in any of his plans, as he has instantly a better to replace the failure. He once, not only invented, but executed in miniature, a break to ward off danger in a railroad collision; he was about to apply for a patent for it, when decision was given that it would inevitably cause the death of all the passengers, even if it succeeded in stopping the trains; he was very confident about this discovery, and exhibited his pretty toy of a machine on his table to all comers, but I never ask about it now, and have not heard of any new wonders brought to light by his mechanical genius. He has made a little gutta percha fish, whose scales move and whose body is induced to take natural curves, to deceive the finny fools who trust in it; in this he has improved on the lumpy model made in England, which was sent him as superior to French bait; he has been offered a large sum for his secret, but declines it. Monsieur is very gay and sings a great deal as he runs up and down stairs, but he, fortunately, does not play on any instrument. If his musical genius has not been developed he makes it up in his passion for pictures; his walls are hung with *chef d'œuvres* by unknown masters with impossible dutch names, whose force appeared to lie in solitary windmills placed on gray heaths, overshadowed by ominous dark clouds in bundles; while others come out grandly in cabinet pictures of fat-faced maidens, holding shining brass pots at open windows, the seats strewn with carrots, and the whole adorned with gaudy curtains, in the manner of the first-rate masters in this impressive style. He has a disinterested friend of the Jewish persuasion who kindly sacrifices occasionally a miracle of art of this description at his request—always for a good consideration. Madame is extremely suspicious of this friend, and, whenever she has an opportunity, intercepts his letters, and does not mention the fact to her husband that a fine occasion is within his reach of becoming possessor of another treasure. Monsieur covers a good deal of canvas with his own inspirations in oil, for which he sometimes buys stupendous frames at sales, which he regilds and hangs up.

Madame never misses attending the Saturday market, even though the weather is unfavorable, and is always smartly dressed, as she is sure to meet more than one neighbour in whose eyes she would not like to appear in deshabille; "for you conceive," she justly remarks, "that one is looked upon according to one's costume, and every one knows that my husband is making money." The same motive actuates her on Sunday when she goes to the twelve o'clock mass, which Monsieur, who does not go, slyly designates "Longchamps, a place for brilliant toilettes." He is, however, quite as anxious as his wife that she should do him credit by her attire, and attends minutely to the effect of her colours; a piece of connubial care perhaps worthy of imitation in England. Madame Obé has an intimate friend who frequently goes to England; and, having an anglo-mania, furnishes her house as nearly in an English style as she can manage it. There is some rivalry between the two ladies on this subject; and one piece of lately acquired furniture I found had caused much anxiety, as well as admiration, in the breast of my hostess. I was taken to see this coveted ornament, and found it to be an enormous circular mirror of the old English school, the frame adorned with the full complement of eagles, wheat-sheaves, wreaths of laurel with berries, and sprawling Cupids. My evident want of enthusiasm has given a different turn to Madame Obé's feelings, and she has not mentioned her friend's acquisition since; but has occasionally thrown out hints that the taste of some folks is "*rococo*," and that they are apt to be seduced by "*rossignols*," a favorite term in these parts to express old-fashioned articles.

I cannot help being a good deal struck by the fact that, amongst a people so fond of change as the French, there are some customs which never alter. For instance, no new year arrives which does not bring in its train the same amount of bons-bons and gifts of all imaginable sorts, for young and old. Revolutions come and go, and dynasties sink and rise, but all France still keeps constant to its sugar-plums. A great day, before the greatest, is the sixth of December, which is dedicated to Saint Nicolas, a benevolent patron, whose special care is the entertainment of children. He used, in former days, to figure in effigy over the bon-bon shops in

his bishop's costume, having by his side a tub full of children, one of which was always trying to get out; tradition says that he found some infants starved with cold one hard winter, at a period beyond the memory of man, and resuscitated them by his prayers; the lively one in the tub is intended to represent their sudden return to life. If his pictures and statues have been swept away in the course of progress, his influence is as great as ever, and the worship paid him as sincere.

On the eve of the Saint, I went with Madame Obé to see the illumination in honour of the new Emperor of France, who was proclaimed in the market-place in the morning, to a remarkably silent audience. Sabine, on my return home as she placed my tea on the table, with the philosophical and familiar remark, that "no sooner was one meal ended than another begun," paused as if expecting that I should ask some question; but finding I did not, she volunteered to tell me of a surprise that she had prepared for her little sister Florentine, the assistant at the baker's opposite. "I would not buy her bons-bons," said she, with dignity, "there was no use in that; but I have bought her a little jacket, one of those pretty knitted ones which are so warm and useful; not maroon, because of the flour, but a grey blue. I have just run over the way to give it to her mistress, who promises to put it under her pillow when she was asleep: she will find it in the morning, and be astonished at who could have put it there!"

"But she will think it was Saint Nicolas, no doubt," I remarked.

"Ah, bah!" said she, contemptuously; "it is only the ignorant who believe such nonsense."

She had given five francs for this little present; and, as it was within my knowledge that her gains for the month only amounted to ten, I was able to appreciate the liberality of Sabine's offering, particularly as I suspected the chief part of the remainder was destined to her mother's use when she arrived in the "cousin's cart," as was probable, next market-day.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

CARES OF STATE.

I WAS living in the capital of a pretty German kingdom, I won't say where, because it has nothing to do with my story; but, perhaps it was in the dominions of the All-Highest His Royal Majesty the King of the Towering Taxes; perhaps it was in those of His Effulgency the Margrave of Schwarz-Wurst-Schinkens-Hausen. Let the discerning reader choose between them.

I cannot say I enjoyed my stay there very much, although I was living with Herr Doctor Schnapsgeldt, a little man of great reputation in those parts. But I am a plain Englishman, fond of plain things and plain people, and I must confess the little Doctor knew too much about Semiramis for me; and I was so utterly plagued and worried by this unfortunate hobby of his, that I very often wished myself back in London, and Semiramis—without disrespect—at Halifax. Then the folk were all a vast deal too grand, and I hardly know to this moment whether I was ashamed of them or of myself, when among them. They were so proud and so pompous—so hung in chains, and so festooned in ribbons. People whom I am quite sure my cousin, Farmer Mangold, (utterly ruined by Free Trade), could buy with the stroke of a pen ten times over, looked down upon the Doctor and me with such contempt, and treated each other with such ridiculous formality; using titles so long and so incomprehensible, that I could scarcely make up my mind whether to laugh at or be angry with them.

Your subjects of His All-Highest make fine caricatures. They are so naively and pleasantly absurd, and so utterly unconscious of it, that if you can only set at defiance all temptation to get out of humour, you may have fine sport among them. Poor, ostentatious, learned, silly, heavy, huffy, smoking, soaking race, I can never remember you without a laugh.

There is something good, too, in your wondrous kootooing to dignities, oh ye long-enduring poets and philosophers of Towering Taxes, and I, for one, love you none the worse for it. If I cannot look upon a goose with sixteen quarterings having the same awe of him as you have, if a king and a cobbler are one and the same man to me—and I'd as lief dine with the one as the other—don't let us quarrel about it.

I think, too, you are decidedly wrong about Sauer-kraut; and, if I had been a Chinese, I might believe that I was sent to eat it for my sins. It is my opinion that a man ought to wash himself once or twice between the beginning of October and the middle of June. I do not approve of eating black puddings for supper, and smoking cigars bad or good until you smell like a snuff-box; I should like you to ride better, and dress better, than you do; I would rather, even, you did not sleep between two feather beds, with an unequal hay mattress beneath. Your beds might be longer and broader without positive disadvantage; your pillows less uneasy and less fluffy; your wash-hand basins larger than pie-dishes, with a glass of water in the centre. Let us—stay while I put on my glove—let us shake hands. Your hair is touzled, my friend; I know it always was, and you might comb it, but you won't. Your eyes are red; your beard is rusty. But if I should ever want to know whether Nimrod was left-handed, and Cleopatra, spite of her reputation (for beauty), had a cast in the eye—I do not know anybody I would sooner come to than a touzled-headed philosopher of Towering Taxes.

They were wondrous grand folk who lived in the Hauptstadt. It took away the breath

of little Doctor Schnapsgeldt sometimes even to pronounce their names; partly from the awe he felt when speaking of such august personages, and partly from the sheer length of their titles. There was Senior Durchlaucht, the Herr Prinz Donnerblitz, six hundred and third of that noble family, and possessing the exact sum of eighty pounds a year to live upon; which he did in great glory and importance, finding himself, and having his ribands given to him. Then there was a terrible old curmudgeon, one Graf Grab, who was said to be immensely rich—even perhaps to the amount of five hundred a year—and the inside of whose house, still less his knives and forks, had never been seen by any human eye, save those of his deaf valet. He always appeared to wear the same musty old coat, and the same square-toed, much-enduring boots, to black which was a mockery. His tenants brought him eggs and butter, and upon these he lived in a house as cold, cheerless, and everlasting-looking as himself. Then there was Her Excellency the Ex-Grand Mistress of the Clotheshorses—the first lady in the land (I have seen little Schnapsgeldt turn quite pale when he passed her). She was a fat blossoming sort of body, good-humoured enough, I dare say, if she could have forgotten her consequence; but unluckily she was haunted by the recollection that she was actually a cousin of the great-granddaughter of a lady who was supposed to have won the heart of Adolphus the Fat, and to have managed the weighty affairs of the kingdom during the latter part of a reign which was prematurely cut short by a surfeit of mushrooms. It was extremely refreshing for me to see the native good-humour of Her Excellency struggling with this tremendous recollection; and finally being so conquered and subdued by it that she could not, I verily believe, have bent from her upright and uncomfortable position if her life depended on it.

Then there was the Commander-in-Chief of the armies, a fat veteran, whose clothes were as tight for him as if the end and aim of all uniform was to make the wearer uncomfortable, as perhaps it is. There was the factotum of the All-Highest, a bald round gentleman of gay and debonnaire manners, and one of those roguish eyes that make one wonder how long some men will fancy they are young, and gallop with loose reins after the follies of youth long after its graces have left them.

But, to return to my muttons. A discerning public will not readily understand how I and little Schnapsgeldt were ever admitted into such distinguished company as that which I have been speaking of; inasmuch as the order of society in Germany places men of learning immediately after bootblacks in rank. There were, however, peculiar circumstances. Little Schnapsgeldt had, among other accomplishments, what Uncle Sam calls a great "gift" for music; and as he was a modest little fellow, giving lessons at half price, he was very extensively employed among the high aristocracy of the capital, and I played second fiddle. It happened that at a party where most of these notabilities were assembled to talk scandal, and to drink lukewarm tea with lemon in it, I met, standing in a doorway and utterly out of his element, a strange crack-brained little fellow; who, I found, believed in the ologies so as to be quite hot and excitable when any of them were mentioned; divined people's characters by their handwriting; and after having earnestly solicited permission to feel my head, shook his own despondingly when the operation had been concluded, and seemed to think me a very improper person indeed.

Perhaps, however, I won on him afterwards; or perhaps, he was as utterly extinguished and snubbed, as men of the kind usually are when dropped from the clouds among the young and gay. At all events, it is certain that our acquaintance so far ripened into intimacy, that I learned the following story of the phrenologist, and he assured me with great disgust that it was a true one.

"I am an inventor, sir," said the little man, excitedly; "a great inventor, and a political economist. Oh, talk to me about political economy if you like, and I will answer you. Well, sir, in—but, never mind what year—I had a great idea; so great indeed that my head, which you may have remarked is deficient in the organ of Holding-tightness, had great difficulty in retaining it. But I did retain it, sir; I am happy to say that by the help of pen, ink, and paper, and keeping a watch over my mind, as I may say, sir, I did retain it; and by the efforts I then made, and have since made in this respect, my organ of Holding-tightness, small as it is, is undoubtedly larger than it was—a remarkable phrenological fact."

"So," said I, with a slight yawn, "so!"—a little exclamation, which is enough to satisfy the most exacting talker; for it may be made to bear any meaning whatever, according to the pronunciation of it—

"So! Do you know if we are likely to have any supper?"

"Supper? No," replied the inventor, with a sigh, "the high nobility never give supper; but as I was saying, I had a great idea; an idea, sir, of the greatest importance to the country, I may say to the world. Ah! I see you are incredulous; you Englishmen always put up your eyebrows at foreigners, but it is true."

I hastened to apologize, and tried to get away in the confusion of bowing that followed; but it would not do. The man of the great idea bowed, till I could see he shaved the back of his head too high up, but he held me fast by the button of a coat which I respected, and escape was impossible.

"I mentioned my idea to His Excellency my uncle, who is Sub-deputy Over-taker-off of Nightcaps to the All-Highest, and he told me at once that I must make known my idea to His Royal Majesty. Delighted, flattered, perhaps intoxicated with the prospect of so much honour; hoping that my name would find a place hereafter among the famous of the Fatherland; I could neither sleep by night nor eat by day after my uncle had formally solicited an audience for me; and I thought of nothing else but how I could explain my great idea in the most flowing language, and with the best effect. At length the momentous day came; my uncle received a note from a quarter too august to be named, commanding me to attend at the palace on the following day in uniform.

"It was a dreadful moment, it makes my hair still stand upright to think of it. I had no uniform! What was to be done? I had been, it is true, midshipman of the tenth class in one of the unbuilt ships of the German Navy, but since that institution exists no longer, I felt a certain delicacy about hanging out false colours if I wore the uniform. I took counsel of my uncle, however, and he recommended me to do so fearlessly. 'Cut boldly, replied the augur, and the king cut it through accordingly.' In other words, I resolved to wear the only uniform to which I could pretend; and, by standing over the tailor night and day (a dreadful duty, for he smoked bad tobacco all the time), my clothes were ready by the time appointed, and behold me—strapped down and buckled in to the last verge of human endurance—at last in the ante-room of the King. It was full of officers, buckled in, and strapped down, and puffed out in very much the same manner as I was myself, and they must have been equally uncomfortable, save that they were more used to it. I do not know how I supported the wretched two hours that followed, and though I and my uncle had spent more than a year in endeavouring by every possible means to obtain the unspeakable honour which had at length been vouchsafed to me, strangling, panting, stifling, throttling, red in the face, tingling in the hands, burning and singing in the ears, tightening in the nose, my only wish was now to get well out of it; and awaiting death or delivery, I at length sunk down upon a chair, resting myself at the extreme edge of it, and tilting up my heels that by humouring my straps and buckles as much as possible I might get the only mockery of ease which was attainable.

"The officers clanked their sabres and strutted about, and brought their two armed heels sharply together for salute, when there was a new arrival; and then, as the door closed and all was again silent, looked straight before them and breathed hard. I am sure there was not a man in that room who could have bent his neck in any direction, had his life depended on the exertion.

"The second hour of my waiting had long passed by, and my crick in the neck was fast giving way to and yielding before an intolerable pain in the back which had just set in, when the folding-doors were at last thrown wide open, and an aide-de-camp coming in dismissed the officers on duty for the day, while about half-an-hour afterwards I was informed that it was impossible for the King to grant me an audience.

"I do not know whether relief at being able to unbutton my coat, or pain at the failure of my hopes, was the first feeling in my mind; but I do know that I left the palace with a sigh at the suffering I had undergone, which carried off several out-of-the way buttons in its discharge.

"My uncle was waiting for me, expecting that my face, perhaps, might have caught some of the glory of Majesty during the interview he expected me to have had; and he looked extremely blank when he found the result of my morning. Recovering himself, however, he made many sagacious reflections on the grave cares of kings, and how proud and grateful their subjects ought to be for the sleepless anxiety which ever watches over them. Unluckily, my uncle hit upon so much excellent rhetoric while pursuing this train of thought, that he could not help haranguing on the subject in the evening at a *thé dansant* given by the Grand Mistress of the Clotheshorses.

"'Ah! said she, 'the dear King! he was so pleased and amused this morning. It was delightful to see His Majesty, and the dear Queen, too. Oh Count!"

"'To be sure; said my Uncle very grandly. 'Great affairs are the pleasures of great minds; I hear all the Ministers waited upon His Majesty this morning.'

"'To be sure they did, the tiresome fellows. They never know when they are wanted. But not one got an audiance—not one, I assure you, my dear Count.'

"'Not one?' replied my uncle. 'Ah, His Majesty is a wonderful man to carry on the affairs of the nation by his own unassisted reflections.'

"'Fi donc! fiddle-de-dee!' *replied the* Grand Mistress, annoyed into *being natural*. 'I am afraid, Count, you are a democrat.' The dear King and the sweet Queen were teaching their Pinch (her sweet Majesty's lap-dog) to walk upright with a cocked hat on. They spent all the morning about it, and I never knew His Majesty in such delightful spirits.'

"And this was the end of my Great Idea; for when I got home, I found that the police, in seizing the papers of a newspaper correspondent who lived next door to me, on the same floor, had, in their zeal, paid a visit to my rooms also; and, finding some important-looking papers, had seized them at once, assured that there *could* be no good in them."

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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DOWN WITH THE TIDE.

A VERY dark night it was, and bitter cold; the east wind blowing bleak, and bringing with it stinging particles from marsh, and moor, and fen—from the Great Desert and Old Egypt, may be. Some of the component parts of the sharp-edged vapour that came flying up the Thames at London might be mummy-dust, dry atoms from the Temple at Jerusalem, camels' foot-prints, crocodiles' hatching places, loosened grains of expression from the visages of blunt-nosed sphynxes, waifs and strays from caravans of turbaned merchants, vegetation from jungles, frozen snow from the Himalayas. O! It was very very dark upon the Thames, and it was bitter bitter cold.

"And yet," said the voice within the great pea-coat at my side, "you'll have seen a good many rivers too, I dare say?"

"Truly," said I, "when I come to think of it, not a few. From the Niagara, downward to the mountain rivers of Italy, which are like the national spirit—very tame, or chafing suddenly and bursting bounds, only to dwindle away again. The Moselle, and the Rhine, and the Rhone; and the Seine, and the Saône; and the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, and Ohio; and the Tiber, the Po, and the Arno; and the——"

Peacoat coughing as if he had had enough of that, I said no more. I could have carried the catalogue on to a teazing length, though, if I had been in the cruel mind.

"And after all," said he, "this looks so dismal?"

"So awful," I returned, "at night. The Seine at Paris is very gloomy too, at such a time, and is probably the scene of far more crime and greater wickedness; but this river looks so broad and vast, so murky and silent, seems such an image of death in the midst of the great city's life, that——"

That Peacoat coughed again. He *could not* stand my holding forth.

We were in a four-oared Thames Police Galley, lying on our oars in the deep shadow of Southwark Bridge—under the corner arch on the Surrey side—having come down with the tide from Vauxhall. We were fain to hold on pretty tight, though close in shore, for the river was swollen and the tide running down very strong. We were watching certain water-rats of human growth, and lay in the deep shade as quiet as mice; our light hidden and our scraps of conversation carried on in whispers. Above us, the massive iron girders of the arch were faintly visible, and below us its ponderous shadow seemed to shrink down to the bottom of the stream.

We had been lying here some half an hour. With our backs to the wind, it is true; but the wind being in a determined temper blew straight through us, and would not take the trouble to go round. I would have boarded a fireship to get into action, and mildly suggested as much to my friend Pea.

"No doubt," says he as patiently as possible; "but shore-going tactics wouldn't do with us. River thieves can always get rid of stolen property in a moment by dropping it overboard. We want to take them *with* the property, so we lurk about and come upon 'em sharp. If they see us, or hear us, over it goes."

Pea's wisdom being indisputable, there was nothing for it but to sit there and be blown through, for another half hour. The water-rats thinking it wise to abscond at the end of that time without commission of felony, we shot out, disappointed, with the tide.

"Grim they look, don't they?" said Pea, seeing me glance over my shoulder at the lights upon the bridge, and downward at their long crooked reflections in the river.

"Very" said I, "and make one think with a shudder of Suicides. What a night for a dreadful leap from that parapet!"

"Aye, but Waterloo's the favorite bridge for making holes in the water from," returned Pea. "By the bye—avast pulling lads!—would you like to speak to Waterloo on the subject?"

My face confessing to a surprised desire to have some friendly conversation with Waterloo Bridge, and my friend Pea being the most obliging of men, we put about, pulled out of the force of the stream, and in place of going at great speed with the tide, began to strive against it, close in shore again. Every color but black seemed to have departed from the world. The air was black, the water was black, the barges and hulks were black, the piles were black, the buildings were black, the shadows were only a deeper shade of black upon a black ground. Here and there,

"I mentioned my idea to [illegible] my uncle, who is Sub-depu[illegible] of Nightcaps to the All-H[illegible] me at once that I must m[illegible] to His Royal Majesty. [illegible] perhaps intoxicated w[illegible] much honour; hopin[illegible] find a place hereaft[illegible] the Fatherland; I night nor eat b[illegible] formally solicite[illegible] thought of no[illegible] explain my [illegible] language, and[illegible] the moment[illegible] a note fr[illegible] named, [illegible] palace or [illegible]

"It w[illegible] hair st[illegible] no ur[illegible] been [illegible] cla[illegible] Ne[illegible] le[illegible] e[illegible]

[illegible] made nothing [illegible] gallantly up to [illegible] Pea and I disem[illegible] the black stone archway, [illegible] stone steps. Within [illegible] summit, Pea presented [illegible] an eminent toll-taker [illegible] structure), muffled up to [illegible] shawl, and amply great[illegible]

[illegible] received us with cordiality, and [illegible] that it was "a Searcher." [illegible] originally called the Strand [illegible] informed us, but had received his [illegible] at the suggestion of the pro[illegible] when Parliament had resolved to [illegible] hundred thousand pound for the [illegible] a monument in honour of the [illegible] Parliament took the hint (said [illegible] with the least flavor of mis[illegible] and saved the money. Of course [illegible] Duke of Wellington was the first [illegible] and of course he paid his penny, [illegible] course a noble lord preserved it ever[illegible] The treadle and index at the toll[illegible] (a most ingenious contrivance for [illegible] fraud impossible), were invented [illegible] Mr. Lethbridge, then property man at [illegible] Lane Theatre.

Was it suicide, we wanted to know about? said Waterloo. Ha! Well, he had seen a good deal of that work, he did assure us. He had prevented some. Why, one day a woman, poorish looking, came in between the hatch, slapped down a penny, and wanted to go on without the change! Waterloo suspected this, and says to his mate, "give an eye to the gate," and bolted after her. She had got to the third seats between the piers, and was on the parapet just a going over, when he caught her and gave her in charge. At the police office next morning, she said it was along of trouble and a bad husband.

"Likely enough," observed Waterloo to Pea and myself, as he adjusted his chin in his shawl. "There's a deal of trouble about, you see—and bad husbands too!"

Another time a young woman at twelve o'clock in the open day, got through, darted along; and before Waterloo could come near her, jumped upon the parapet, and shot herself over sideways. Alarm given, waterman put off, lucky escape.—Clothes buoyed her up.

"This is where it is," said Waterloo, "If people jump off straight forards from the middle of the parapet of the bays of the bridge, they are seldom killed by drowning, but are smashed, poor things; that's what *they* are; they dash themselves upon the buttress of the bridge. But, you jump off," said Waterloo to me, putting his forefinger in a button hole of my great coat; "you jump off from the side of the bay, and you'll tumble, true, into the stream under the arch. What you have got to do, is to mind how you jump in! There was poor Tom Steele from Dublin. Didn't dive! Bless you, didn't dive at all! Fell down so flat into the water, that he broke his breast-bone, and lived two days!"

I asked Waterloo if there were a favorite side of his bridge for this dreadful purpose? He reflected, and thought yes, there was. He should say the Surrey side.

Three decent looking men went through one day, soberly and quietly, and went on abreast for about a dozen yards: when the middle one, he sung out, all of a sudden, "Here goes, Jack!" and was over in a minute.

Body found? Well. Waterloo didn't rightly recollect about that. They were compositors, *they* were.

He considered it astonishing how quick people were! Why, there was a cab came up one Boxing-night, with a young woman in it, who looked, according to Waterloo's opinion of her, a little the worse for liquor; very handsome she was too—very handsome. She stopped the cab at the gate, and said she'd pay the cabman then: which she did, though there was a little hankering about the fare, because at first she didn't seem quite to know where she wanted to be drove to. However she paid the man, and the toll too, and looking Waterloo in the face (he thought she knew him, don't you see!) said, "I'll finish it somehow!" Well, the cab went off, leaving Waterloo a little doubtful in his mind, and while it was going on at full speed the young woman jumped out, never fell, hardly staggered, ran along the bridge pavement a little way passing several people, and jumped over from the second opening. At the inquest it was giv' in evidence that she had been quarrelling at the Hero of Waterloo, and it was brought in jealousy. (One of the results of Waterloo's experience was, that there was a deal of jealousy about.)

"Do we ever get madmen?" said Waterloo, in answer to an inquiry of mine. "Well, we *do* get madmen. Yes, we have had one or two; escaped from 'Sylums, I suppose. One hadn't a halfpenny; and because I wouldn't let him through, he went back a little way, stooped down, took a run, and butted at the hatch like a ram. He smashed his hat rarely, but his head didn't seem no worse—in my opinion on account of his being wrong in it afore. Sometimes people haven't got a halfpenny. If they are really tired and poor we give 'em one and let 'em through. Other people will leave things—pocket-handkerchiefs mostly. I *have* taken cravats and

pocket knives, toothpicks, studs, shirt ings, (generally from young gents, early ae morning) but handkerchiefs is the neral thing.

"Regular customers?" said Waterloo. "Lord, yes? We have regular customers. One, such a worn out used-up old file as you can scarcely picter, comes from the Surrey side as regular as ten o'clock at night comes; and goes over, *I think*, to some flash house on the Middlesex side. He comes back, he does, as reg'lar as the clock strikes three in the morning, and then can hardly drag one of his old legs after the other. He always turns down the water-stairs, comes up again, and then goes on down the Waterloo Road. He always does the same thing, and never varies a minute. Does it every night—even Sundays.

I asked Waterloo if he had given his mind to the possibility of this particular customer going down the water-stairs at three o'clock some morning, and never coming up again? He didn't think *that* of him, he replied. In fact, it was Waterloo's opinion, founded on his observation of that file, that he know'd a trick worth two of it.

"There's another queer old customer," said Waterloo, "comes over, as punctual as the almanack, at eleven o'clock on the sixth of January, at eleven o'clock on the fifth of April, at eleven o'clock on the sixth of July, at eleven o'clock on the tenth of October, Drives a shaggy little rough poney, in a sort of a rattle-trap arm-chair sort of a thing. White hair he has, and white whiskers, and muffles himself up with all manner of shawls. He comes back again the same afternoon, and we never see more of him for three months. He is a captain in the navy—retired—wery old—wery odd—and served with Lord Nelson. He is particular about drawing his pension at Somerset House afore the clock strikes twelve every quarter. I *have* heerd say that he thinks it wouldn't be according to the Act of Parliament, if he didn't draw it afore twelve."

Having related these anecdotes in a natural manner, which was the best warranty in the world for their genuine nature, our friend Waterloo was sinking deep into his shawl again, as having exhausted his communicative powers and taken in enough east wind, when my other friend Pea in a moment brought him to the surface by asking whether he had not been occasionally the subject of assault and battery in the execution of his duty? Waterloo recovering his spirits, instantly dashed into a new branch of his subject. We learnt how "both these teeth"—here he pointed to the places where two front teeth were not—were knocked out by an ugly customer who one night made a dash at him (Waterloo) while his (the ugly customer's) pal and coadjutor made a dash at the toll-taking apron where the money-pockets were; how Waterloo, letting the teeth go (to Blazes, he observed indefinitely) grappled with the apron-seizer, permitting the ugly one to run away; and how he saved the bank, and captured his man, and consigned him to fine and imprisonment. Also how, on another night, "a Cove" laid hold of Waterloo, then presiding at the horse gate of his bridge, and threw him unceremoniously over his knee, having first cut his head open with his whip. How Waterloo "got right," and started after the Cove all down the Waterloo Road, through Stamford Street, and round to the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, where the Cove "cut into" a public house. How Waterloo cut in too; but how an aider and abetter of the Cove's, who happened to be taking a promiscuous drain at the bar, stopped Waterloo; and the Cove cut out again, ran across the road down Holland Street, and where not, and into a beershop. How Waterloo breaking away from his detainer was close upon the Cove's heels, attended by no end of people who, seeing him running with the blood streaming down his face, thought something worse was "up," and roared Fire! and Murder! on the hopeful chance of the matter in hand being one or both. How the Cove was ignominously taken, in a shed where he had run to hide, and how at the Police Court they at first wanted to make a sessions job of it; but eventually Waterloo was allowed to be "spoke to," and the Cove made it square with Waterloo by paying dis doctor's bill (W. was laid up for a week) and giving him "Three, ten." Likewise we learnt what we had faintly suspected before, that your sporting amateur on the Derby day, albeit a captain, can be—"if he be," as Captain Bobadil observes, "so generously minded"—anything but a man of honor and a gentleman; not sufficiently gratifiying his nice sense of humor by the witty scattering of flour and rotten eggs on obtuse civilians, but requiring the farther excitement of "bilking the toll," and "pitching into" Waterloo, and "cutting him about the head with his whip;" finally being, when called upon to answer for the assault, what Waterloo described as "Minus," or, as I humbly conceived it, not to be found. Likewise did Waterloo inform us, in reply to my inquiries, admiringly and deferentially preferred through my friend Pea, that the takings at the Bridge had more than doubled in amount, since the reduction of the toll one half. And being asked if the aforesaid takings included much bad money, Waterloo responded, with a look far deeper than the deepest part of the river, *he* should think not!—and so retired into his shawl for the rest of the night.

Then did Pea and I once more embark in our four-oared galley, and glide swiftly down the river with the tide. And while the shrewd East rasped and notched us, as with jagged razors, did my friend Pea impart to me confidences of interest relating to the Thames Police; we betweenwhiles finding "duty boats" hanging in dark corners under

banks, like weeds—our own was a "supervision boat"—and they, as they reported "all right!" flashing their hidden light on us, and we flashing ours on them. These duty boats had one sitter in each: an Inspector: and were rowed "Ran-dan," which—for the information of those who never graduated, as I was once proud to do, under a fireman-waterman and winner of Kean's Prize Wherry: who, in the course of his tuition, took hundreds of gallons of rum and egg (at my expense) at the various houses of note above and below bridge; not by any means because he liked it, but to cure a weakness in his liver, for which the faculty had particularly recommended it—may be explained as rowed by three men, two pulling an oar each, and one a pair of sculls.

Thus, floating down our black highway, sullenly frowned upon by the knitted brows of Blackfriars, Southwark, and London, each in his lowering turn, I was shown by my friend Pea that there are, in the Thames Police Force whose district extends from Battersea to Barking Creek, ninety-eight men, eight duty boats, and two supervision boats; and that these go about so silently, and lie in wait in such dark places, and so seem to be nowhere, and so may be anywhere, that they have gradually become a police of prevention, keeping the river almost clear of any great crimes, even while the increased vigilance on shore has made it much harder than of yore to live by "thieving" in the streets. And as to the various kinds of water thieves, said my friend Pea, there were the Tier-rangers, who silently dropped alongside the tiers of shipping in the Pool, by night, and who, going to the companion-head, listened for two snores—snore number one, the skipper's; snore number two, the mate's—mates and skippers always snoring great guns, and being dead sure to be hard at it if they had turned in and were asleep. Hearing the double fire, down went the Rangers into the skippers' cabins; groped for the skippers' inexpressibles, which it was the custom of those gentlemen to shake off, watch, money, braces, boots, and all together, on the floor; and therewith made off as silently as might be. Then there were the Lumpers, or labourers employed to unload vessels. They wore loose canvas jackets with a broad hem in the bottom, turned inside, so as to form a large circular pocket in which they could conceal, like clowns in pantomimes, packages of surprising sizes. A great deal of property was stolen in this manner (Pea confided to me) from steamers; first, because steamers carry a larger number of small packages than other ships; next, because of the extreme rapidity with which they are obliged to be unladen for their return voyages. The Lumpers dispose of their booty, easily, to marine store dealers, and the only remedy to be suggested is that marine store shops should be licensed, and thus brought under the eye of the police as rigidly as public-houses. Lumpers also smuggle goods ashore for the crews of vessels. The smuggling of tobacco is so considerable, that it is well worth the while of the sellers of smuggled tobacco to use hydraulic presses, to squeeze a single pound into a package small enough to be contained in an ordinary pocket. Next, said my friend Pea, there were the Trucken—less thieves than smugglers, whose business it was to land more considerable parcels of goods than the Lumpers could manage. They sometimes sold articles of grocery, and so forth, to the crews in order to cloak their real calling, and get aboard without suspicion. Many of them had boats of their own, and made money. Besides these there were the Dredgermen, who, under pretence of dredging up coals and such like from the bottom of the river, hung about barges and other undecked craft, and when they saw an opportunity, threw any property they could lay their hands on overboard: in order slyly to dredge it up when the vessel was gone. Sometimes they dexterously used their dredges to whip away anything that might lie within reach. Some of them were mighty neat at this, and the accomplishment was called dry dredging. Then, there was a vast deal of property, such as copper nails, sheathing, hardwood, &c., habitually brought away by shipwrights and other workmen from their employers' yards, and disposed of to marine store dealers, many of whom escaped detection through hard swearing, and their extraordinary artful ways of accounting for the possession of stolen property. Likewise, there were special pleading practitioners, for whom barges "drifted away of their own selves"—they having no hand in it, except first cutting them loose, and afterwards plundering them—innocents, meaning no harm, who had the misfortune to observe those foundlings wandering about the Thames.

We were now going in and out, with little noise and great nicety, among the tiers of shipping, whose many hulls, lying close together, rose out of the water like black streets. Here and there, a scotch, an Irish, or a foreign steamer, getting up her steam as the tide made, looked with her great chimney and high sides, like a quiet factory among the common buildings. Now, the streets opened into clearer spaces, now contracted into allays; but the tiers were so like houses in the dark, that I could almost have believed myself in the narrower byeways of Venice. Everything was wonderfully still; for, it wanted full three hours of flood, and nothing seemed awake but a dog here and there.

So we took no Tier-rangers captive, nor any Lumpers, nor Truckers, nor Dredgermen, nor other evil disposed person or persons; but went ashore at Wapping where the old Thames Police office is now a station house, and where the old Court, with its cabin

windows looking on the river, is a quaint charge-room: with nothing worse in it usually than a stuffed cat in a glass case, and a portrait, pleasant to behold, of a rare old Thames Police officer, Mr. Superintendent Evans, now succeeded by his son. We looked over the charge books, admirably kept, and found the prevention so good, that there were not five hundred entries (including drunken and disorderly) in a whole year. Then, we looked into the store-room; where there was an oakhum smell, and a nautical seasoning of dreadnought clothing, rope yarn, boat hooks, sculls and oars, spare stretchers, rudders, pistols, cutlasses, and the like. Then, into the cell, aired high up in the wooden wall through an opening like a kitchen plate-rack: wherein there was a drunken man, not at all warm, and very wishful to know if it were morning yet. Then, into a better sort of watch and ward room, where there was a squadron of stone bottles drawn up, ready to be filled with hot water and applied to any unfortunate creature who might to brought in apparently drowned. Finally we shook hands with our worthy friend Pea, and ran all the way to Tower Hill, under strong Police suspicion occasionally, before we got warm.

MY SHADOWY PASSION.

I AM stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Cerito, in the beautiful vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some capricious power had made the dancer invisible and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, flitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a blind. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolises, is idolatry; and into this idolatry I fell. I knew my danger. If disappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying. "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Louisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turn out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substance, do so unsuspectingly—entrapped by over confidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others—I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought, (or something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions), "in loving a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the window of my solitary room, as soon as the oil-lamps hung across the narrow straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite—sitting in the dark that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know. I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never in the day-time, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or birdcage. Soon after dusk the curtain would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow, working or sometimes (as I fancied) reading. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from sheer lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to construe all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects—as when men are enamoured of a substance—I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one—an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in shadow—while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face—sometimes of ordinary dimensions—become ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's, and again grow out to unusual length—only once in a whole evening becoming an ordinary nose—at which time alone I capriciously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgently supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shoot up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf—was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wavering passion. But no; I might have been impatient at these distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken, was the Rue d'Aimette, in the City of Rouen—since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Ouen, and re-built with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-doored, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-grey plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in

Rouen. Mr. Guindé, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris), had employed me to decypher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Nôtre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy; a labour that occupied me many months. And thus my days were spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely—very lonely: perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labours in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog, of the old familiar colour of the parchments I had been poring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficing than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog creeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite; and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodgers' keys within the lodge, and answered, "M. La Roche."

"What is his business?"

"I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously.

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night; and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is——"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long dark hair, and a face with such hideous features and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Grégoire?" asked the stranger.

"None, sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he was gone.

"Indeed! is his sister then——" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important: so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should——"

"What?"

"If you should wish——"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question, I interrupted him by saying, "Oh no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and etherial nature of my sentiment, that I shrunk, thus instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow? I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at that time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the smoke and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the aim of all education.

After this defence. I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old enemy, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Eauplet, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the bird-cage was there with the bird (still standing upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch), but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible substitute! the gigantic brother must have walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo), till the whole dreadful spectre vanished. When, after an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching; saw it set a box (I think) on the table; saw it place a chair or something like it, beside; saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms upturned, arrange its back hair, and fix it again with a comb—did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and inhospitably

drove them out as soon as they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a substance. I was in the cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, listening to the chaunting of the singers hidden in the choir, when suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the baize-covered door behind me I looked round involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I secretly felt it (in spite of my philosophy) to be worth all the shadows in the world. I will not describe it; first, because those romancists who delight to catalogue each separate item of beauty, with all the minuteness of a slave merchant haggling with the Sultan's eunuch, have never yet been able to present to my imagination the total of a human face: and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the colour of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs—as is customary in French churches—leaned over the back of it, and in that devout posture began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now, as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil, flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-coloured boots became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was re-established." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a nothing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, prevail against these attractions, which, in a bar of wintry sunlight, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased ten-fold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the baize-covered door slammed to again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chaunting was such a worthless, old-fashioned, hacknied tune, sung with such preposterous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, I had assuredly not endured it so long. "How jarring," thought I, as I walked on tip-toe towards the baize-covered door, "is this tasteless music; in a church more rich in workmanship than the bridal lace veil of a queen."

O daughters of the early world, whose ears and fingers yielded gold enough to make a monstrous idol! not less than you, the Norman woman worships gauds and trinkets. As I came out from the cathedral porch, behold, I saw a pair of chocolate boots standing quite still in the light from a shop front—the very first of a row of jewellers' windows, all glittering, shameless, in the Sabbath afternoon. It was but for a moment, but the pang that it caused me was the first penalty I paid for my interest in a substance. When the chocolate-coloured boots walked away, I walked away too; and, as it happened by the same street. I was not following them. I merely took the way to my home; but, through street after street, the owner of the boots kept still before me, till she turned at last into the Rue D'Aimette. Drawing nearer to the house where I had so often seen the shadow on the blind, a hope that hardly dared declare itself made my heart throb like wine poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. Only a few yards from the door she looked back for a moment and hesitated. Perhaps she thought that some one had followed her. A child watching a spinning teetotum dying out upon the line that separates a prize from a blank, knows something of the anxiety that I felt at that moment. But I was soon relieved. I saw her distinctly enter the very house, and in spite of all doubts which (considering the great number of families always living in a large house in France) I might reasonably have cherished still, I decided at once that this was the identical substance of the shadow I had worshipped.

With what anxiety did I watch the blind that night! fancying how, if by some transmigration I could become that bird, I would pretend to be asleep like him, and sometimes hear her talking secrets to herself, or humming tunes, or laughing suddenly at some recollection, and many other notions of the kind, none of which had ever come into my head till I fell away from the wiser form of shadow worship. But that time I think she sat behind the light, for I saw nothing but the birdcage, and I went to bed in an ill-humour, having said bitter things against my landlady, because my candle, being loosely set up, fell out of its socket as I walked with it across the room.

Having now, as I believed, seen the original of the shadow—my passion began to ripen fast. No more fogs compelled me to visit the porter again; for which reason I determined to visit him without compulsion, and renew our conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Grégoire."

"Good morning, sir."

"You were saying, 'that if I should wish——'"

"Yes; I remember. To see a really pretty

girl, you should go to the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon"—

"I know," I interrupted. "A young lady of common height, black hair and eyes, small nose, clear skin, black shawl and dress, and a pair of chocolate boots."

"And wears a bonnet," he added; the latter article being extremely rare in Rouen at that time, and generally considered as a mark of great gentility.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "a place where I may see so beautiful a face, any Sunday afternoon, is worth knowing. It is no fault of yours that I accidentally discovered this before you had an opportunity of completing your information. I am not so mean as to take advantage of this fact. Do me the favour —if you are a loyal man—of accepting a portrait of his majesty King Louis Philippe."

Mr. Grégoire took a bright five-franc piece that I gave him; and, gently remonstrating, deposited it in a greasy leathern bag, which he drew from somewhere under his blouse; while I, having laid this foundation of our friendship, and judging it well to pretend to have at present no other feeling than curiosity towards the owner of the chocolate boots, said, "Ah, well! Beauty does not interest me. A mere shadow has been hitherto the object of my gallantry. I think I can dispense with anything more substantial at present."

This must have been quite unintelligible to Mr. Grégoire, but he was a quiet man, and "*nil admirari*" (though he did not know how to say it in Latin) was his motto. This was all that passed between us at this interview.

For six days I saw the shadow on the blind; on the seventh I met the substance in the Cathedral; which seemed to me now like a very great deal of dry bread to a very small quantity of sack. On the eighth day I entered the porter's lodge again, with a nosegay, and a letter, and another five-franc piece.

"Monsieur Grégoire," I said, with a little hesitation, "if you would do me the favour to give this note and these flowers privately into the hands of the lady they are addressed to."

"Mademoiselle La Roche!" he exclaimed, with apparent surprise, the superscription catching his eye.

"I have known her long." I said, thinking to relieve him of responsibility in having previously given me information about her: "that is to say her shadow."

"Her shadow?" said the porter, looking puzzled.

"Yes. Her window, you know, is opposite mine."

"It is."

"On the blind of that window, long before I knew Mademoiselle La Roche, I used to see and take an interest in her shadow. So, you see, although you first gave me her name, and told me that that ugly fellow was her brother, our acquaintance is not your fault."

"Englishmen are so eccentric," said the porter.

I felt tempted to unfold to him a little of my theory of shadow worship, but recollecting the fate of the whimsical author of A Journey round my Room, who, having begun to explain philosophically a simple question from his man-servant, stopped short on perceiving that his pains were thrown away, and was thence triumphantly supposed to have been posed by the latter, I determined rather to submit to be considered eccentric.

"I may depend on you," I said.

"My word of honour," replied Mr. Grégoire, with the grace and dignity of a crowned king. My candle might have fallen out of its socket many times that night, before I could have found it in my heart to say a bitter thing against my landlady. I had seen my shadow again, and the bird-cage, and—what more important than all that night—I had also seen the shadow of a nosegay in a vase, placed between the light and the window, according to a request in my letter. Three days after —I know not by what means—I received a note.

"Sir,—Your whimsical description of your interest in my shadow has amused me so much, that I have tried to persuade myself that there can be no harm in receiving from a stranger so pure and graceful a present as a few flowers. I placed them near the window last night, as you requested. You say you have seen me lately. I entreat you to avoid meeting me at present. You who have so long shown yourself capable of silence must promise me to remain strictly faithful to my shadow for—say six months. By-and-by you shall know the reason of all this. Meanwhile, if you obey me, it will be a strong proof of your sincerity. But above all, do not make the porter of the house in which I live your confidant in this matter. Address me, in future, at my friend Mademoiselle Polart's, Rue Robec, No. 8. My brother has already seen you in the 'loge,' and he is very suspicious. MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

"Six months!" I repeated, as I finished the reading of this letter. "Would that I had to toil seven years, as Jacob toiled for Rachel; that you might see the strength and endurance of my love. I read it a dozen times, and wondered if a Frenchman, who had been familiar with the words from childhood, could see more meaning in them than I did. I analysed even the subscription—the heartless French form of "assurance of esteem and distinguished consideration," which I have not thought it worth while to transcribe, and found a meaning in every word. But that constant craving, which distinguished my new sentiment from its original form, began to trouble me. A shadow every day, with the occasional feast of a letter, seemed to me a very spare diet for a strong, hearty, growing passion like mine. The love of Jacob for Rachel, I felt, must have been of a very cool

business-like character, and not at all to be compared with mine. "I must have been a fool," thought I, "to think of pleasing a Frenchwoman, by being ready to wait for her any length of time." Before I went to bed that night I had despatched another letter to the address she had indicated. This was her reply :—

"Sir—I assure you that your idea of my brother's character is quite a mistake. He is no tyrant. If I condemn myself, at present, to almost total seclusion, it is because I feel it to be necessary for his sake. I may confide to you the fact, that his present occupation is such that we cannot admit strangers here—not even a servant. Judge, then, how necessary to him is the presence of one upon whose prudence he knows he can depend. Adieu. Be discreet and patient.

"Marie Stuart La Roche."

Here was a tantalising mystery, indeed! Her brother's occupation required a beautiful and accomplished girl to shut herself up (except going to church once a week) for six months, never so much as showing her face at the window, save when the blind was down at night. What honest business could explain that? Was that monster—as far removed from her in mind as in body—persuading an inexperienced girl to aid him in some dishonourable pursuits; bringing her, perhaps, to ruin with him? Was he a midnight robber or assassin? I thought of his herculean form, and of some mysterious murders lately committed in the streets of the city, and pictured him stealing up the dark staircase at night—like Cardillac the jeweller—fresh from some horrible deed. This must be it: unless he was a coiner. Yes; he might be a coiner; he *was* a coiner; I had no doubt of it. Till, lying in bed awake, it struck me that he was, perhaps, a political conspirator. This would account for the desire for privacy. He had papers about. He was making an infernal machine. It would not do for his sister to expose her beauty to the world, and attract strangers to watch about there. Otherwise, what was there particularly dangerous in my being in the porter's lodge? This milder hypothesis seemed to me a sudden inspiration. "She is in hourly danger," I said, "Dark plots are forming around her; barrels of gunpowder are under her bed. Her brother, with horrible imprecations, forbids her to pry into their contents. She sees a dreadful machine with rows of iron barrels, and is told to ask no questions. Her brother mysteriously implores her to keep at home, and like a noble, self-sacrificing creature, she renounces all for him."

My suspicions became more and more painful; but I did not dare to hint them to her. In spite of her injunction, I watched in the cathedral unobserved, and saw her again, dressed exactly as before. I thought she looked paler, and her face haunted me. The next night, I watched till I saw the door of the porter's lodge open, and I glided in and crept up the stairs. I thought, if I could listen at the door a moment, and perhaps hear her voice, which I had never heard yet, it would be a relief. There was a lamp on the staircase, but it was nearly burnt out, and I groped my way up in the dark. I listened at her door, but could hear nothing. A light came through the keyhole, and a curiosity—which was perhaps my secret motive in coming there—prompted me to look through. But I was disappointed. I could see no one, nor anything more suspicious than a fireplace and a picture on the wall.

I was turning my eye from side to side, to get as wide a range of sight over the room as possible, and was wholly absorbed in my expectation of seeing something remarkable, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by both arms from behind.

"I know you," said a voice, "though we are in the dark. I am tempted to throw you headlong down the well of the staircase."

"Let go," I said, struggling.

"Scoundrel! spy!" he exclaimed.

"Let go!" I repeated, still striving in his terrible gripe, "and I will explain my conduct frankly."

"I know your purpose," he repeated, giving me a sudden swing round that hurled me against the opposite wall, and taking my place at the door. "I suspected you the first time I saw you. You have been prying here before."

Scarcely able to hear his last words, I felt so exasperated with his violence, that I rushed at him, and struck him several times with my fist. Immediately after, the blows of a stick began to fall upon my back and shoulders, like the strokes of two blacksmiths beating at the same piece of iron on an anvil. Warding off the blows with my arm, I rushed at him again; but a second time he hurled me against the wall, and suddenly opening the door, he entered and closed it in my face, turning the key.

My position was embarrassing. To batter the door would have been as ridiculous as to have been caught listening there. I resolved to retreat, and meditate some scheme for vengeance at leisure. I walked about the streets for some time, and thought of the stanzas in Corneille's tragedy, in which the Cid describes the conflict of love and honour, when called upon to avenge the insults of Don Gomez. From this, it will be supposed that my bruises were not of a serious character: but my humiliation was great. I would have given an Aldine copy of Erasmus, with the signature of Montaigne upon the title page (if I had possessed a copy of Erasmus with that valuable addition), to have known whether his sister was in her room during our fracas. I passed by the window and saw a light there, but no shadow. I determined to go home and write a long

letter, in which I hinted my suspicions of her danger, and intreated her to confide all to me.

Her reply was longer coming this time. Meanwhile the horrible brother haunted me; I compared him to that furious and unreasonable genii, who would hear no explanation from the unfortunate merchant, who, peacefully eating his meal by the wayside, and flinging his date stones over his shoulder, had unintentionally knocked out his miserable one eye. There was cunning, malignity, and injustice, and even a consciousness of supernatural power, all to be discerned in that hideous countenance, that I had never forgotten since the moment when it suddenly appeared, set in the frame of the porter's doorway. I knew he had not walked up the stairs when he found me at the door: I must have heard him if he had. He was probably at a few thousands of leagues distance, engaged in some nefarious business; when knowing by some means that I was looking through his keyhole, he vanished, and in a moment reappeared behind me on the landing. This might naturally have led me to suspect that his sister was some wrinkled old hag, whom his magic art made beautiful, in whatever eyes he pleased; but it did not. And, herein, I cannot blame myself, consistently with my philosophy of illusions. For I hold that Titania was blessed even in her love for Bottom, the weaver, and was not at all to be pitied until the spell was broken.

This was the third letter that I received from Miss La Roche:—

"Sir,—I am much grieved that you should have suffered from my brother's violence on my account. How could you be so mad as to enter the house after I had told you the danger? My brother is very unreasonable, but you must be patient with him and forgive him, as I do for my sake. I will explain to you everything—as I might have done at first, if I had forseen this misfortune. My brother, I assure you again, bears no resemblance to the monster which your imagination has pictured him. His personal defects, I am sure, do not prejudice you against him; and his slight failings, in other respects, I think you will forgive when you know him better. Listen then, to the simple explanation of the mystery which has so troubled you. Five years ago, my brother was a chemist; he served the dyers with ingredients for dyeing. One day he heard that Jacob Garcia, a Spaniard, had discovered a new scarlet of more brilliancy than had hitherto been known, and that he had sold his secret for a million of francs. My brother's mind was captivated, and he began to experimentalise for further improvements. The pursuit became a passion; he gave up his business and came to Rouen—our native city—to continue his experiments in secret. Drawing near (as he assures me) to the attainment of his object, he is become, after five years' research, more and more anxious lest his secret should be stolen from him. For this reason he never allows any stranger to enter here. His apparatus and materials are always exposed, and the slightest trace, he imagines, might afford a clue to his mystery. I have told him that he exaggerates the danger, but his anxiety only increases. It has become almost a mania; and his eccentric and irritable nature, I feel, will not be improved until his labours are ended.

"This, sir, is why I entreat you, at present, to be contented with my shadow.

"Marie Stuart La Roche."

Here was a reasonable explanation. Why, of course, I might have guessed all *this*, but for an unfortunate propensity to imagine marvels. How could I sufficiently apologise to this noble and disinterested girl, for my absurd suspicions. Her wise and gentle tone, her devotedness to her brother, her compassion for failings—that highest proof of a thoughtful mind—made me ashamed of my own weakness. I wrote to her again promising to wait patiently, and excusing my folly on the plea of my anxiety for her welfare; and assuring her that since her explanation, I felt the highest respect and esteem for her brother. I confess, however, that my antipathy for him was not diminished, and that if I happened to go out late, I had no desire whatever to meet him in our lonely street.

My labours in the library were now ended, and nothing but my shadowy correspondent retained me in Rouen. One Sunday I resolved again to watch for her in the Cathedral, concealing myself as before. She came as usual, and wore chocolate boots again. Standing behind a pillar, I saw her once more go out by the baize-covered door. When I thought that she had time enough to disappear, I went out also. But, as I stood in the porch again, I saw her, to my astonishment, standing with a stranger, talking, in the very centre of the market-place! Could it be possible that this story of her brother's pursuits was but an ingenious fiction intended *to deceive* me, and prevent me for some *purpose* discovering that she had another *lover*? I could not believe that. It must be some relative. She had said that they were natives of Rouen; they had of course connections in the city.

She took his arm, and they walked away together, while I followed them at a distance, determined to note any further indications of the nature of their acquaintance. Keeping close in the shadow of the houses, in a narrow lane, I saw the stranger place his arm round her waist, which she suffered without resisting, and they walked on thus till they came to the street in which she lived. There they stopped, as if deeming it imprudent to go further together, and stood again talking for some time at the corner of the lane. At last I saw

them embraced each other, so long and earnestly, that I felt the evidence of her treachery to be complete; and finally they separated, and walked away, in opposite directions, in the same street.

I had never imagined such duplicity. Such a beautiful girl to turn out the cunningest hypocrite I had ever met with! All my old suspicions of her horrible brother were at once revived. I shuddered to think what might have been her real motive in trying to keep my passion alive for six months. Perhaps to give her time to draw one victim into her brother's power, before beginning with me. At any rate, I resolved to overtake her, and tax her at once with her faithlessness, in order to remove all ground for doubts. So I walked after her rapidly till within a few yards of her, when she heard my footsteps and turned round.

"Is that you, Adolphe?" she said, for the overhanging roofs made it quite dark upon the pathway.

"No," I answered, coming forward. "It is I—another of your lovers—your shadow-worshipper. You know me."

"There is some mistake, sir," she said, evidently trembling. "The darkness has deceived you."

"No," I answered, "there is no mistake"—for I took her trembling for a sign of guilt. "I am your simple correspondent, to whom you told that pleasant story about the dye. Do you not blush a deeper scarlet than Jacob Garcia ever discovered?"

"I don't know who you mean, sir, by Jacob Garcia," she interrupted.

"Jacob Garcia the Spaniard, I mean: he who set your fiendish brother's head a-fire, till he gave up the chemistry business, and shut himself up with you, and became very irritable, and could not bear you to look out of window."

"Indeed, sir," she said, "there is some mistake. I have no brother. I don't understand you. Pray let me go."

"I am not mistaken," I persisted. "You think I have only seen you once; but I have watched you many times in the Cathedral. I have discovered your duplicity, this very night. Miss La Roche," I continued impressively, intending to warn her of the results of such faithlessness——

"No, sir, indeed," she interrupted, "that is not my name. I have heard that name somewhere—I don't know where. My name is Mademoiselle Antoinette? my other name is Duchemin."

"Ay, ay," said I, "you have a lively fancy. You can invent names—whole histories when you please. Serpent, confess that you know who I am."

"For shame!" she said, beginning to shed tears; "you would not dare to insult me thus, if Adolphe were near. He would kill you on the spot."

"Your tears betray you," I said, with the stern perseverance of Milton's Sampson; "I am satisfied. Henceforth——"

But my manner becoming very impressive at this point, she shrank back in alarm; and then, seizing the opportunity, she darted away, and in a moment disappeared through the entrance to her house.

In spite of my philosophical theories, I felt compelled to take the ordinary view of things which, in calmer moments, I should have undoubtedly rejected. I was, in short, vexed at having been her dupe, and tempted to rush up the stairs again, and provoke her Goliah of a brother to instant combat. I felt that I could have returned from the fight, carrying in my hand his hideous head (with the expression of contemptuous defiance with which he began the strife still upon its features), swinging it to and fro, by its long black hair, with very great satisfaction. It would have been sweet to hang his scalp at my girdle. I could have felt great pleasure in drinking beer out of his skull in the Scandinavian paradise. All which ideas passed through my mind while I was crossing the road, and before I had caught sight of my shadow, seated as usual in its shadowy chair. When I saw this, my mind was troubled. She had not had time to mount the stairs and take off her bonnet; I suspected that the brother's magic was again employed to deceive me; but the bare possibility of the porter having made some mistake occurred to me, and I crossed the road again, and entered the lodge.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "did you not tell me that the name of my opposite neighbour is La Roche?"

"Without doubt."

"And that she was to be seen in the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon; that she was of common height; had black hair and eyes; wore chocolate boots: and never appeared without a bonnet?"

"Pardon," replied the porter; "you confound two people. I spoke then of Mademoiselle Antoinette—a very different person."

"But *I* was speaking of Miss La Roche You told me that was my neighbour's name."

"I did. But, said I, if you wish to see a *really* pretty young woman, look at Mademoiselle Antoinette, or rather I meant to say so when you stopped me."

I was confounded.

"Monsieur is so hasty—so very eccentric," said the porter, following up his advantage. "But you said you knew Mademoiselle La Roche; and it was not for me to say anything against her.

"Against her!" said I. "What is there to be said against her? Speak; I shall not be offended. You may depend upon my secrecy."

"Mademoiselle La Roche is a very good young woman," replied Mr. Grégoire, shrugging his shoulders; "and they say a very sensible young woman"

"But in face," said I instinctively interpreting the shrug of his shoulders, "is the very counterpart of her horrible brother. Is it not so?"

"Not *quite* so ugly," said the porter, shrugging his shoulders again.

That shrug was sufficient. I fled precipitately, and the next morning departed for Paris, without even having seen or desiring to see the object of my truly shadowy passion.

OLD ECHOES.

You wonder that my tears should flow
In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskilful sounds should fill
My soul with joy and pain—
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
Within my heart again?

You wonder why that common phrase,
So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
And thrill my soul to hear—
How can you tell what ancient charm
Has made me hold it dear?

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise.
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise—
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

O, these are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!

TRAVEL ON TRAMP IN GERMANY.

LUBECK TO BERLIN.

By right of churches full of relics, antique buildings, places curiously named, Lübeck is, no doubt, a jewel of a town to antiquarians. Its streets are badly paved, but infinitely cleaner than the streets of Hamburgh. I did not much wonder at that, for I saw no people out of doors to make them dirty, when I exposed myself to notice from within doors as a solitary pedestrian, upon my way to take a letter to a goldsmith in the market place. The market place is a kind of exchange, a square building with an open court in the centre, around which there is a covered way roofed quaintly with carved timbers. In this building the mechanical trades of Lübeck are collected, each trade occupying a space exclusively its own under the colonade. Here, all the tradesmen are compelled to work, but not permitted to reside. Each master has his tiny shop-front with a trifling show of goods exposed in it, and his small workshop behind, in which, at most, two or three men can be employed. In some odd little nooks the doors of these boxes are so arranged, that two masters cannot go out of adjoining premises at the same time without collision.

Though my friend in Lübeck was a stranger, as a brother jeweller he gave me friendly welcome. Having inquired into my resources, he said, "You must take the *viaticum*."—"It is like begging," I answered.—"Nonsense," he replied; "you pay for it when you are in work, and have a right to it when travelling."—"But I might find employment, on inquiry."—"Do not be alarmed, my friend; there is not a job to be done in the whole city." I was forced, therefore, by my friend's good-natured earnestness, to make the usual demand throughout the little group of goldsmiths, and having thus satisfied the form, I was conducted to our guild alderman and treasurer. A little quiet conversation passed between them, and the cash-box was then emptied out into my hand; it contained twenty-eight Hamburgh shillings, equal to two shillings in English money.

I returned to my hotel and slept in a good bed that night. The morning broke heavily, and promised a day's rain. Through the lowering weather and the dismal streets I went to the police office to get my passport *visé* for Schwerin in Mecklenburgh. Most dismal streets! The Lübeckers were complaining of loss of trade, and yearned for a railway from Lübeck to Hamburgh. But the line would run through a corner of Holstein, and no such thing would be tolerated by the Duke of Holstein. The Lübeckers wanted the Russian traffic to come through their town and on to Hamburgh by rail. The Duke of Holstein wished to bring it through his little port of Kiel upon the Baltic.

Too poor to loiter on the road, having got my passport *visé*, I again strapped the knapsack to my back, and set out through the long avenues of trees over the long, wet road, through bitter wind and driving rain that put my pipe out. Soaked with rain, and shivering with cold, I entered the village of Schöneberg at two o'clock, just after the rain had ceased, as deplorable a figure as a man commonly presents when all the *vigour* has been washed out of his face, and *his clothes* hang limp and damp about *his body*. Wearied to death, I halted at the door of an inn, but was told inhospitably—miserable tramp as I seemed, and was—that "*I* could go to the next house." At the next house they again refused me, already humbled, and advised me to go to The Tall Grenadier. That is a house of call for masons. I went to it, and was received there hospitably. My knapsack being waterproof, I could put on dry clothes, and hang my wet garments round the stove, while the uproarious masons—terrible men for beer and music—comforted me with unending joviality. They got into their hands a book of German songs that dropped out of my knapsack, and having appointed a reader set him upon the table to

declaim them. Presently another jolly mason cried out over a drinking song, declaimed among the others in a loud monotous bawl, "I know that song," and having hemmed and tuned his voice a little, broke out into music with tremendous power. The example warmed the others; they began to look out songs with chorusses, and so continued singing to the praise of wine and beauty out of my book, until they were warned home by the host. I climbed a ladder to my bedroom, and slept well. The Grenadier was not an expensive hotel, for in the morning when I paid my bill for bed and breakfast, I found that the accommodation cost me fourpence-halfpenny.

Since it is my desire not to fatigue the reader of this uneventful narrative, but simply to illustrate by a few notes drawn from my own experience the life of a German workman on the tramp, I shall now pass over a portion of the road between Hamburgh and Berlin in silence. My way lay through Schwerin, and having spent a night in that exceedingly neat city beside its pleasant waters, and under the protection of the cannon in the antiquated castle overhead, I set out for a walk of twenty miles onward to Ludwigslust. The road was a pleasant one, firm and dry, with trim grass edgings and sylvan seats on either side. The country itself was flat and dull, enlivened only now and then by a fir plantation or a pretty village. Brother tramps passed me from time to time with a cheerful salutation, and at three o'clock I passed within the new brick walls of Ludwigslust, a town dignified as a pleasure seat with a military garrison, a ducal palace, and an English park.

At the inn to which I went in Ludwigslust, the house of call for carpenters, I was in luck. The carpenters were there assembled in great force, laughing, smoking, and enjoying their red wine, that may have come from France, for Mecklenburg is no wine country. It was the quarter-day and pay-day of the carpenters, who were about to celebrate the date as usual with a supper. I went to sit down in the small travellers' room, and was invaded instantly by the whole army of joiners, with bleared eyes, flushed faces under caps of every shape and colour, and a flexible pipe hanging from every mouth—Who was I? What was I?—Whence did I come?—Where was I born? and whither was I going? &c., &c. When they had found out all about me and confirmed their knowledge by examination of my passport, which one dull dog persisted in regarding as a book of ballads, out of which he sang, I began to ask concerning food. "Nothing warm in the house," said the housefather, a carpenter himself. "There will be a grand supper at six o'clock, and everything and everybody is wanted in the preparation of it. Make yourself easy for the present with brown bread and dripping and a glass of beer, then you can make your dinner with us when we sup." That suited me quite well.

The carpenters flowed out into the street, to take a stroll and get their appetites, leaving behind them one besotted man, who propped himself against the oven, and there gave himself a lecture on the blessings of equanimity under all circumstances of distress.

"Do you sleep here to-night?" inquired the host. Certainly, I desired to do so. "Then you must go to the police bureau for a permission."—"But you have my passport; is not that sufficient?"—"Not in Ludwigslust; your passport must be held by the police, and they will give you in exchange for it a ticket, which I must hold, or else I dare not let you have a lodging." I went to the police office at once; through the ill-paved street into the middle of the town. I went by a large gravelled square, which serves as a riding ground for the cavalry in the adjoining barracks; and a long broad street of no great beauty, ending in a flight of steps, led me then to the police office, and would have led me also, had that been my destination, to the ducal palace. The palace fronts to a paved square, it is a massive, noble edifice of stone, having before it a fine cascade with a treble fall. To the left, across a green meadow, I observed the church—the only church—a simple whitewashed building with a colonnaded front. At the foot of the low flight of steps was the police office, in which I found one man who civilly copied my passport into a book, put it aside, and gave me a ticket of permission to remain one night in Ludwigslust. I was desired to call for my passport before leaving in the morning.

At seven o'clock there was no sign of supper. At eight o'clock the cloth was spread in a long, low lumber room at the back of the inn, and the assembled carpenters took their seats before the board, or rather boards supported upon tressels. I took my place and waited hungrily. Very soon there was a great steam over the whole table sent up from huge tureens of boiled potatoes; smaller dishes of perserved prunes, boiled also, occupied the intervals. A bottle of red wine was placed for every two men. We then began our meal with soup; thin, sorry stuff. Then came the chief dishes, baked veal and baked pig's head. The prunes were to be eaten with the veal, which meat having been first boiled to make the soup, and then baked in a deep dish in a close oven to bring out some of the faded flavour, was a sodden mass, removed a very long way from the roast fillet of veal and pickled pork known to an Englishman. Our pig's head was, however, capital, and no soup had been made out of it. The carpenters with assiduous kindness heaped choice bits upon my plate, and as I had not dined, I supped with energy. The drunken man who had fallen asleep by the stove sat by my side with greedy looks, eating nothing,

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[illegible] his share; he was a man [illegible] his gains, and he received [illegible] toasts. The [illegible] all glasses were [illegible] the guild of [illegible] live [illegible] The ho! was [illegible] "Long live all [illegible] o!" At ten o'clock [illegible] confusion at the door, [illegible] a long string of lads marched, two and two, cap in hand, into the room. These were all the carpenters' apprentices in Ludwigslust. Every quarterly night the hospitable carpenters have them in after supper to be regaled with beer and cordials, and initiated into the mysteries of jollity that are connected with the existence of a master carpenter. "Long live all carpenters' apprentices! Vivat ho——o——o!" The apprentices having revelled in as much beer and spirit as could be got through, shouting included, in a quarter of an hour, formed double line again and marched out under a fire of lusty cheers into the street. Some jolly carpenters still lingered in the supper room, smoking or singing chorusses, or making partners of each other for mad waltzes round the table to the music of their tongues.

Longing for bed I was obliged to wait until the landlord was at leisure to attend to me. After I rose next morning, I waited for three hours impatiently enough until the sleepy host had risen, for until I had received my ticket back from him I was unable to get my passport and go on. At length, however, I got out of the brick walls of Ludwigslust, and marched forward under a clear sky on the way to Perleberg, my next stage, distant about fifteen English miles.

Having passed through two dirty, ill-paved towns, and being in some uncertainty about the road, I asked my way of a short red-faced man who, being himself bound for the frontier station, favoured me so far with his company. He was a postboy whose vocation was destroyed, but who was nevertheless blessed with philosophy enough to recognise the merits of the railway system, and to point out the posts marking the destined line between Berlin and Hamburgh, with the comment that "the world must move." It seemed to be enough for him that he lived in the recollection of the people on his old roadside, and that he could stop with me outside a tollgate, the first I had seen in Germany, sure of the production of a bottle for a social dram, in which I cordially joined. Then presently we came to a small newly built village, the Prussian military station. A sentinel standing silent and alone by his sentry box striped with the Prussian colours, black and white, marked where the road crossed the Prussian frontier. We passed unchallenged, and found dinner upon the territory of the Black Eagle, in a very modest house of entertainment.

Travelling alone onward to Perleberg, I stopped once more for refreshment at a melancholy, dirty place, having one common room, of which the chairs and tables contained as much heavy timber as would build a house. I wanted an hour's rest, for my knapsack had become a burden to me, and the handles of the few tools I was obliged to carry dug themselves relentlessly into my back. "White or brown beer?" asked the attendant. Dolt that I was to answer Brown! They brought me a vile treacley compound that I could not drink; whereas the Berlin white beer is a famous effervescing liquor, so good, says a Berliner, that you cannot distinguish it from champagne if you drink it rapidly with closed eyes and at the same time press your nose between your fingers. In the evening I got to Perleberg, and walking wearily up the old, irregular High Street, established myself at the Londoner Schenke—the London Tavern. I found the parlor pleasant and almost private, the hostess quiet and lady-like. While she was getting coffee ready for me, I paid my call of duty upon the police, for though my passport had been visé to Berlin in half a dozen places, the law required that I should not sleep in a new kingdom without first announcing my arrival.

At the upper end of the market place I found a red brick building with a gloomy door opening upon a broad stone staircase, by which I mounted to the magistrate's room. That was a lofty hall, badly lighted by two little windows, scantily furnished with a few seats. Behind a railing sat the magistrate in a velvet skull cap and black robe, a short fat man with a satisfied face, but unsatisfied and restless eyes. Two armed soldiers shared with him his space beyond the rail. Two townsmen, hat in hand, were patiently waiting for their passes. Having mentioned my business I was told that I might wait; standing, of course. The heavy quiet of the room was broken presently by the entrance of two young workmen in clean blouses, bound upon an errand like my own, who hovered in a tremulous condition near the doorway.

The magistrate of Perleberg, after awhile, looked at my passport, and asked "*Have you* the requisite amount of travelling money to show?" I had not expected *such* a question, but the two gold ducats were still in my fob, and I produced them with the air of a fine gentleman. One of the soldiers took them in his hand, examined them and passed them to his comrade, who passed them to the townspeople. "They are good," said the soldier, as he put them back into my hand—"Is that enough?" I asked, as though there had been thousands of such things about other parts of my person, for I saw that I had made an impression. "That will do," said the magistrate, "you may sit down." O miserable homage before wealth! They would not keep me standing.

It had grown dark, and a lighted candle

had been placed upon the desk of the chief magistrate, the most diligent man in his office, who seeing no description of my person in the passport, set to work with the zest of an artist upon the depiction of my features. Examining each feature minutely with a candle, he put down the results of his researches, and then finally read off his work to me with this note at the bottom —"The little finger of his left hand is crooked."

The hostess of the London Tavern, when I got back to my quarters, must have heard about my wealth. That pleasant little maiden lady told me all about her house, and how it had been named afresh after the King of Prussia slept there on his way to London, where he was to act as sponsor to the Prince of Wales. I, who had been turned away from the doors of the humblest inns, was flattered and courted by a landlady who had entertained His Majesty of Prussia. The neatest of chambermaids conducted me to an elegant bedchamber—"her own room," the little old maid had said as I left her—and there I slept upon the couch sacred to her maiden meditations, among hangings white as snow.

The next morning I went out into Perleberg, a ricketty old place, full of rats and legends. There is a colossal figure in the market-place of an armed knight, eighteen or twenty feet high, gazing eternally into the fruit baskets below. He has his head uncovered, and his hand upon his sword, and he is made of stone, but who he is nobody seemed to know; I was only told that the statue would turn any one to stone who fixed his eyes upon it in intense gaze for a sufficiently long time. I visited the chief jeweller, a wonderful man, who was said to have visited nearly all parts of the known world except London and Paris. I found him with one workman, very busy, but not doing much; and he was very civil, although manifestly labouring under the fear that I had come to ask for a "*viaticum*." I did not. I went back to eat a hearty breakfast at the London Tavern, where I found the mistress gracious, and the handmaid very chatty and coquettish. From her talk I half concluded that I was believed to be an Englishman who travelled like a journeyman for the humour of the thing: the English are so odd, but at the London Tavern they had not been without experience of English ways. My display of the gold pieces must have been communicated to them overnight, by one of the townspeople who heard me tell the magistrate at what inn I was staying.

From Perleberg to Kerits was eighteen miles. Upon the road I came up with a poor fellow limping pitiably. He had a flat wooden box upon his back, being a tramping glazier, and he made snail's progress, having his left thigh swollen by much walking. I loitered with him as long as my time allowed, and then dashed on to recover the lost ground. Passing at a great pace a neat road-side inn, singing the while, a jolly red face blazed out upon me from the lattice window. "Ei da! You are merry. Whither so fast?"—"To Berlin."—"Wait an instant and I'm with you." Two odd figures tumbled almost at the end of the instant out of the house door. One burly man with a red face and a large moustache, the other a chalky young man with a pair of Wellington boots slung round his neck. They were both native Prussians on the way from Hamburg to Berlin, having come through Magdeburg, travelling, they declared, at the rate of about six-and-twenty English miles a day. These Prussians will talk; but at whatever rate my friends might have travelled, they were nearly dead beat. They had sent on their knapsacks by the waggon, finding them unmercifully heavy. The stout traveller had a white sack over his shoulders, his trousers tucked up to his knees, and his Wellington boots cut down into ancle-jacks to ease his chafed shins, that were already dotted with hectic red spots from over-exertion. His young friend carried his best Wellingtons about his neck, and wore a pair of cracked boots, through which I could see the colour, in some places of his dark blue socks, in other places of his dark red flesh. Both were lamed by the same cause, inflammation of the front of the leg, in which part I also had begun to feel some smartings.

We got on merrily, in spite of our legs, and overtook two very young travellers, whom I recognised as the flutterers before the presence of the magistrate at Perleberg. One proved to be a bookbinder, the other a wood-turner. They were fresh upon their travels, and their clean white blouses, and the arrangements of their knapsacks, and the little neatnesses and comforts here and there about them, showed that they had not yet travelled many days' march from a mother's care. Then we toiled on, until our elder friend grew worse and worse about the feet, laughing and joking himself out of pain as he was able. Finally, he could go no farther, and we waited until we could send him forward in a passing cart.

He being dispatched, we travelled on, I and my friend with the boot-necklace, till we met a little crowd of men in blouses, little queer caps, knapsacks, and ragged beards, all carrying sticks. They were travelling boys like ourselves, bound from Berlin to Hamburgh. "Halloo!" they cried. "Halloo!" we answered, shouting in unison as we approached each other. When we met, a little friendly skirmish with our sticks was the first act of greeting. A storm of questions and replies then followed. We all knew each other in a few minutes, carpenters, turners, glovers, not a jeweller among them but myself. We parted soon, for time was precious. "Love to Berlin," cried one of them back to us. "My compliments

to Hamburgh," I replied; and then we all struck up an amatory chorus of the "Fare thee well, love" species, that fitted properly with our position.

Continuing upon our way we found our lame companion smoking a pipe comfortably outside the village inn at Warnow. His cart was resting there for bait to man and horse. We baited also and discussed black bread-and-butter, and Berlin white beer, till the cart carried away our moustachioed friend, never again, perhaps to meet us in this world, and not likely to be recognised by his moustachios in the other.

My chalky comrade, who was also very lame, lay on the ground in a desperate condition before the day was over, and it was with some difficulty that I brought him safe by nightfall into Wusterhausen. He had become also mysterious, and evidently inquisitive as to the state of my finances, exhibiting on his own part mysterious glimpses of a brass medal wrapped up in fine wool, which he wished me to look upon as a double ducat. When we got to the inn-door, my friend made a hurried proposition very nervously, which made his purpose clear. There were sixty English miles of road between us and Berlin; he was knocked up, and a fast coach, or rumbling omnibus, accommodating six insides, would start for Berlin in the morning. He thought he could bargain with the coachman to take us to Berlin for a dollar—three shillings—a-piece, if I did not mind advancing his fare, because he did not want to change the double ducat until he got home. I put no difficulty in his way, for he was a good fellow, and moreover would be well able to help me in return, by telling me the addresses of some people I depended upon finding in Berlin. He proceeded, therefore, into the agonies of bargaining, and was not disappointed in his expectation. At the price of a dollar a-piece we were packed next morning in a frowsy vehicle, tainted with much tobacco-smoke, to which he came with his swollen feet pressed only half-way down into the legs of his best Wellingtons. The ride was long and dull, for there was little prospect to be caught through the small, dirty window, and the air tasted like German tinder. From a cottage villa on the road-side, a German student added himself to the three passengers that started from Wusterhausen. He came to us with a pipe in his mouth, unwashed, and hurriedly swaddling in a morning gown, carelessly tied with a cord about the middle. After a few miles travelling the vehicle was full, and remained full—until we at last reached Berlin.

There I found no work, and wandered listlessly through the museums and picture-galleries, for a troubled mind is a poor critic in works of art. So I squeezed myself into the Police Court, meaning to leave Berlin, and had the distinction of being beckoned before my turn out of the reeking mass of applicants for passports, because my clothes had a respectable appearance, and I wore a showy pin in my cravat.

CHIPS.

CLEAN WATER AND DIRTY WATER.

THE steep town of Barnard Castle on the river Tees, not unknown in military annals, inserted, the other day, an important page in sanitary history. A few of the most enlightened and energetic of the eight thousand who now inhabit that ancient patrimony of John Baliol, formed themselves lately into a Local Board of Health; and, taking powers under the Public Health Act—and, with them, advice and assistance from the General Board of Health—have completed efficient sewage and water works, with a degree of success and economy which ought to encourage all the ill-drained and badly watered towns in the kingdom to follow its example. What Barnard Castle has done, many other places (most places indeed) can do more easily and cheaply; for local difficulties had to be overcome, not existing in every other town.

Although Barnard Castle has beaten a large field of competitors in sanitary improvement by coming to the winning post first, yet it is gratifying to learn from a speech delivered by Mr. Chadwick on the spot, that there are now seventy-three cities and towns where surveys preparatory to new works are either complete or are in progress. There are, also, fifty-four cities and towns where plans for complete works of drainage and water supply—for the entire abolition of all *cesspools*; for constant instead of intermittent supplies of water to be carried into the very poorest cottager's room; and for the removal of all stagnant waters—are in various stages of progress: several being completed. The house supplies of water will be given at one-half the previous rates levied for an imperfect distribution of by no means pure water: and the house purification will be effected at half the existing charge for cleaning *cesspools*, drains, or sewers of deposit. As a result of the Local Boards joining with the General Board of Health in these objects, and carrying them on under their sanction, the greatest of all conceivable engineering difficulties will be overcome: namely, that of making the expense of the works not exceed the previous estimates. This, however, must be fully verified by extended experiment before it can be universally believed. It was actually fulfilled in Barnard Castle; from that town being blessed probably with an uncommonly shrewd local board, and a curiously conscientious engineer.

The provisional orders, which the General Board of Health furnish to the localities applying for them, have all the force of local Acts of Parliament, the lowest price of which

is two thousand pounds. The cost of such provisional orders and of other preliminaries was, to Barnard Castle, exactly one hundred and sixteen pounds. The expense of the works themselves will be amply defrayed by a special district rate of one shilling and sixpence in the pound, to expire in thirty years; which is less than the rates now paid for cleansing cesspools, mending pumps, and purifying and renewing foul water-pipes. For twopence farthing a week in addition, every imaginable sanitary luxury will be brought into the meanest cottage; and most of this sum will be saved in the economising power of the water (which is derived from a hill-spring a mile from the town) in the use of tea and soap.

The Local Board adopted the new principle of seeking springs where natural springs of soft water are to be found; or, where natural are not to be found, looking for some suitable stratum, and making artificial springs, by laying down earthenware drain-pipes on the principle of agricultural drains, and collecting spring water. In the present instance, natural springs upon search were found.

In connection with the new drainage works the idea of brick sewers was given up, and there will soon be neither a cesspool, nor a brick sewer in the place: the whole of the new sewers and drains are of earthenware.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Melbourne, Nov. 12, 1852—To all whom it may concern:—once for all, digging is so very arduous and precarious a work that very few, excepting labouring men, can continue it profitably. *They* can attempt it without capital, or with only thirty or forty pounds each, because if they fail, they can work on the roads, or at something else, until they have accumulated enough to try their luck again at digging. But it is not a work for men of education and different habits of working and living. Besides suffering from a new set of muscles called into arduous activity, they will have to eat dirt, drink dirt, breathe dirt, get only dirty water to wash in (and but little of that), and have their souls obscured in clouds of dust and clouds of dirt during the whole period of their labours. So much for spade, and pick, and cradle, and pan work, as digging is at present constituted. As soon, however, as machinery comes to be employed, and companies are well established, matters will be different.

The greatest profit is derived from buying and selling gold and other things. A large capital is of course best, but not necessary, as the money may be turned over once a fortnight, or once a month at farthest. With three hundred pounds a man may realize from fifty to three hundred per cent. in a short time. Fifty per cent. is nearly certain, and a hundred per cent. is an ordinary transaction.

It should be remembered that a sum which is a fortune to a working man hardly repays others, and by no means those who have a certain moderate income, for the adventure. When companies are well formed and properly worked by men who really know what they are about, and when machinery is employed, then it will be a different thing, and the head will be worth more than the hands. The expense of living is so great in Melbourne, that six hundred a year does not produce half the sustenance that may be had in England for two hundred a year. Comfort is unknown here—that is, in the town; although a house and garden in the bush is a very different thing. At present all the varieties of the English climate, and in far greater severity—especially with regard to floods of rain, and dense clouds of hot blinding dust—rage in the golden land.

There are thousands of persons, many of them females and children, daily landing at the wharf, who cannot either for love or money, get places wherein to lay their heads. Imagine a gloomy day (of which there are many at the present season), the rain descending in torrents, and the unpaved streets a morass: the river steamers running up and down the Yarra, between the town and Hobson's Bay (where the shipping are anchored) all day long, to convey at each trip hundreds of newly arrived emigrants: the passengers are landed, bag and baggage, on the wharf, among hundreds of their fellow-sufferers, and are left ruthlessly to their fate. The men of the different parties disperse about the town in quest of lodgings; the women seat themselves upon their piled up luggage, gather their wondering children around them, and await the husbands' or brothers' return with hope and confidence. Husbands, fathers, and brothers do return; but after long absence, with wearied feet, flushed faces, and sinking hearts. They have made a tour of the town, and there is *no* lodging to be had—they are absolutely houseless.

Beside this, every article of consumption is enormously dear—store-room for luggage (if found at all) is ruinous. Again the men start wildly on the same errand, and again return unsuccessful. I have seen tears rolling down more than one manly fellow's face, as he has stood contemplating his wife and children reduced to such hard necessities; and it is painful to witness the stunned look of despair, or the agony of grief and tears with which the English women receive the cruel intelligence, and clasp with streaming eyes their homeless little ones to their hearts.

The feverish bustle and excitement at the wharf is increased by a novel kind of sale or market, which is incessantly being held, and which, in itself, is also a disagreeable and ominous "sign of the times!" The wares thus sold in the open air consist of the household furniture, the little lots of goods brought out

as speculations, or often the personal "kit" only of many of these people, who, unable to find storage for their things, except at a rent which would in a few days or weeks swallow up their whole intrinsic value, are compelled to sacrifice their property for anything that it will fetch. In short, there is a disagreeable effect about this first landing—a kind of damper thrown upon the hopes and prospects—a change in the bright ideas originally formed—a demolition in the visionary castles built since leaving Europe, which (or I am much mistaken in the expression of the human countenance) very few fail to feel on touching the shore.

From every part of the world as well as from Great Britain, vessels are daily pouring in, filled with large cargoes, to swell the houseless number. I have, not once, but frequently, within the last month, counted in the daily returns of published arrivals, from two to three thousand passengers and emigrants in a single day, and we are told that this is as yet but the commencement. What to do with this superabundance of population is now the great question—where to lodge them, and how to feed them? Immense numbers, it is true, hurry at once to the mines without delaying in Melbourne, and the once lonely road from thence to Forest Creek and the Bendigo Diggings, is now little less thronged than that between London and Epsom on a Derby day, although with a somewhat different-looking class of travellers. Nevertheless, the town remains crowded to suffocation; every house doing treble duty by accommodating three times its proper quantum of occupants—wooden villages are rising in the suburbs, and encampments of tents line the banks of the Yarra, or spring up like mushrooms in the flats adjoining the town.

The social condition of the colony can never be much worse than it is at this moment. The law, enforced as it is by a few underpaid policemen and a handful of soldiers only, is almost powerless, at a time when it ought to display itself in its fullest vigour. The streets at night are filled with prowling desperadoes, ticket-of-leave holders, expirees or escaped convicts from Van Dieman's Land, while the roads to the mines swarm with mounted ruffians of the same class, who, under the name of bush-rangers, emulate in Australia the doughty deeds of the Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals, who in former times took the road on our English heaths and highways. Murders, robberies and outrages of every kind are so fearfully prevalent as to have become wearisome in their constant repetition, and even the quietest and most peace-loving individuals in the community cannot now stir out of their houses after dark, without carrying with them the protection of revolver, dagger, or life-preserver. You will find that the newspapers I send with this parcel fully bear me out in this description of the golden age in Australia. I would draw your particular attention to the *Argus* of Monday the nineteenth of October, in which you will find a detailed account of the proceedings of a party of five or six armed bush-rangers, who actually, on a fine sunshiny afternoon, took possession of the public road leading from Melbourne to St. Kilda and Brighton, within three miles of the metropolis, and for upwards of two hours, robbed every individual (upwards of thirty) who passed up and down the road; taking them afterwards into the bush, tying them together, and detaining them as prisoners, until they had brought their days' operations to a satisfactory conclusion. I might cite numberless other instances of similar lawless outrages, but I think that this in itself is a sufficient specimen of the unprotected state of the colony, and the insecure tenure by which we hold our property and our lives.

But what is to be done to improve this state of things? It is an easy task to blame the Government for want of forethought in providing for a crisis, which it was certainly not difficult to foresee. Still it is easier to find fault than to remedy the evil. To provide homes for the houseless without labourers, and protection to the community without an adequate police, is a task which might puzzle the rulers of a far older and more firmly consolidated community than ours.

Then as to prospects at the mines—it is true there are gold escorts coming down, week after week, with unheard of quantities of gold, and ships are starting every now and then for England; perfect *sailing gold* mines in themselves. Still, calm *statistics*, although less exciting, are, after all, more certain means of getting at the riches of the gold fields than such criterions; and statistics tell us, that there are so many thousands of diggers at the mines; that the yield of gold is so many thousand ounces, and that this yield divided among these people will not give to each individual as much as will amount in sterling money to thirty shillings a week; which sum, at the prices for provisions now charged, is barely *sufficient* for the miner's keep. It is true that it is a lottery, and has some bona fide *prizes*; but a little consideration will tell every reflecting mind that for all those who get more there must be some who get even less than the above-mentioned average. And such, indeed, is the case. It requires no prophet to foretell that thousands of our new arrivals will soon get heartily sick of the laborious and ill-rewarded toil, and be compelled to betake themselves to pastoral and other pursuits. It is on this result that the squatters and other persons interested in a plentiful supply of cheap labour, build their hopes, and are anxiously looking.

Having depicted the darker prospects of the newly arrived emigrants at the present crisis,

it is only fair to add that wages of mechanics and labourers are, at the present crisis, enormous. From one pound to twenty-five shillings per day being not unfrequently paid to some descriptions of artisans. How long this will last, taking into consideration the present rush of the whole world to Victoria, and the competition which must follow, cannot be foretold.

WALLOTTY TROT.

THERE was once an old woman who lived with her daughter at the side of a hill in the midst of a forest. They were very poor, their only means of support being the thread which the daughter spun with her distaff and spindle; and she, poor girl, worked early and late to earn enough for their wants. It so happened that the king's son, while hunting, went astray in the forest, and entered the widow's cottage to inquire his way. He was greatly struck with the girl's beauty, and not less with the numerous hanks of yarn which attested her skill and industry. He inquired how it happened that they had collected such an immense pile; when the old woman—concealing the fact that this was nearly an entire winter's store—declared that her daughter had spun the whole in a week. "In a week!" exclaimed the astonished prince; "if this be true, I have found a wife more worthy and valuable than any other in the country. I will send you a load of flax; and if she has it spun by the end of a week, I will make her my bride; but if not, I will have you both cut in pieces for deceiving the son of your sovereign." The terrified girl saw next day a train of laden mules coming to the cottage; she went out into the forest to weep over her destiny, when she met a decrepid old man. On learning the cause of her weeping, "Do not weep, daughter," he said; "I will execute the task imposed on you by the prince, provided that you will either give me your first-born son when he is twelve months and a day old, or that you shall, in the meantime, find out my name." The maiden, wondering greatly, agreed to the terms; the old man conveyed away the flax from the cottage, she did not know how; and returned it in the form of beautiful yarn just before the week had expired. The prince found all as he had wished, and married her; they were very happy, and when the princess had a son, the joy of the prince knew no bounds. But alas! the year came near its close, and the princess had not yet found out the name of the mysterious old man: she dreaded to lose her little son, and yet dared not tell her husband. The prince, seeing his wife one day disconsolate, told her an anecdote to amuse her. He had been hunting, and lost his way in the forest; he looked around, and saw a cave in which an old man was spinning with a sort of wheel, such as the prince had never before seen; and the old man was singing,

"Little my mistress she knows my name,
Which shan't be forgot, which shan't be forgot,
When a prince as heir to the fortunes I claim
Of Wallotty Trot, Wallotty Trot."

The princess instantly guessed that this must be her mysterious friend. When the year and day expired, the old man appeared and claimed the child. "Stop," said the lady; "your name is Wallotty Trot." It was so; and the old man said that, to reward her ingenuity, he would teach her how to use the wheel, which had enabled him to spin the flax so quickly. Having done so, he disappeared, and was never seen again; but the prince and princess taught this new branch of industry to their subjects, and so enriched their country as to become the admiration of surrounding nations.

Such is an epitome—shorn, we fear, of much of its story-telling attractiveness—of a legend which the late Dr. Cooke Taylor heard from the lips of an old woman in Ireland, and which he believes to be nearly identical with one preserved by the brothers Grimm in Germany. That the old woman believed in her story is very likely: people have believed much worse stories in their time. It is, in truth, one among many examples of a curious tendency in the popular mind—to attribute to fairies or good people, or mysterious people of some kind or other, all useful inventions, the date or the introduction of which is not well known.

The spinning-wheel marked one stage in the great history of clothing—one of the greatest of our social histories. Weaving was, in all probability, an earlier art than spinning; because reeds and rushes and straws, ligaments and fibres and rootlets, can all be woven in their natural state. But spinning was, nevertheless, one of the earliest arts; the distaff and the spindle were known to most of the chief nations of antiquity; they are known by everyday use to the Hindoos at the present day; and they were the recognized means of spinning until comparatively modern times. The "spinsters" or spinners with the distaff and spindle, included the high-born and wealthy ladies of our feudal days. Who was the real Wallotty Trot that invented the spinning-wheel, will, in all probability, remain an unfathomable mystery; but, be he who he may, he was the Arkwright of those days; he levelled one of the roads which led to the gigantic manufacturing system of the present times. Unless the yarn had been spun more rapidly than the distaff and spindle could accomplish it, rapid weaving would have been useless, and improvements in looms unsought for; the spinning-machine would not have appeared, for want of its progenitor the wheel; the steam-giant would not have been called in aid; and the neat cotton dresses and merino

gowns, the net collars and silk kerchiefs, the white stockings and tidy shirts, would not (as now) have been attainable by the families of working men. If social evils have accompanied these changes (and such is doubtless the case), let us not ignore them; we can talk of the great changes themselves, and still do justice to those—whoever and whatever they be—who yearn to pluck out the tares from among the wheat.

What a mighty contrast exists between the manufacturing systems of the last century and the present! If, for example, we take the productions of woollens and worsted, we find that Norfolk carried on this branch of industry long before the West Riding of Yorkshire; that serge, and camlets, and other coarse goods were the chief products; and that much of this work migrated to Yorkshire about sixty or seventy years ago, on account of the water power and the cheap coal which that county possesses. But, whether in Norfolk or Yorkshire, in Kendal or in the West of England, the cloth manufacture, before the introduction of machinery, presented an aspect which to us now would seem most strange. No factories: scarcely even workshops. The cloth-maker, the monied man who had to bear the commercial responsibility of supplying the markets, picked up or gathered up his wares in an extraordinary way. In the first place he had to travel about on horseback, to buy the wool, on which the labour of the handicraftsman had afterwards to be bestowed; he visited the sheep-farmers, and also those privileged towns which had the "staple," or market for wool, and purchased his material in bits and scraps. He next availed himself of the aid of sorters who slowly separated the wool into parcels, cutting up with a hatchet or with scissors those fibres which were too long. When the sorters had finished, the combers took away the wool to their own homes, combed it into "laps," and brought it back again to the manufacturer. The wool was then carefully packed, strapped to the backs of mules, and carried out to the country districts, in the cottages of which it had to be spun; and not only was this done in the neighbourhood of the large towns, but to very great distances from those towns. In order to save his horse's legs and his own time, he conveyed the wool to one agent in each village, and left him to distribute it among the villagers. The wife and daughters of the cottager, with the old one-thread wheel, spun the wool into yarn, which the agent called for, and sent back to the manufacturer. Another running about ensued: the yarn had to be sent to the weavers. These weavers lived here, and there, and everywhere; they had to be sought out, and the yarn placed in their keeping. When returned in the shape of cloth, the material had yet to be scoured and fulled, dyed and shorn, and had to go out on its travels again before this could be accomplished.

Nor were the cotton districts less marked by the rambling nature of the manufacturing arrangements; although, from the comparative recency of the cotton trade in England, the circumstances were not quite parallel. The cotton yarn was mostly spun in the houses of the peasants near and around Manchester and Bolton, and other Lancashire towns; the wives and daughters spun it in the intervals of farm labour; and travelling chapmen went with their pack-horses from door to door, to purchase the yarn. The supply was very uncertain, and the weavers were thus frequently brought to a stand-still for want of material; the prices paid for yarn were often high—so high, indeed, as to encourage much of that children's labour which has since become a feature in manufacturing districts. Very frequently the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner, both working on different sides of the same humble room. Sometimes the manufacturer gave out warp yarn, with raw cotton for weft yarn, to a cottager, and left him, with his family, to perform all the operations necessary for converting the material into cotton cloth. Travelling pedlars took advantage of this system to tempt the housewives into dishonesty; they offered trinkets for purloined bits of cotton, which it was hoped would not be missed by the manufacturer.

The system pursued among the manufacturers themselves contrasted no less strangely with that which is so familiar to us. The roads of Lancashire were so bad, that cotton could be conveyed from town to town only by pack-horses. Dr. Aikin, who lived at Manchester when the manufacturing system was about developing its gigantic proportions, says that previous to 1690 there were no capitalists among the Lancashire cotton manufacturers; every man worked hard for a livelihood, whether he employed others or not. During the next period of thirty or forty years the manufacturer worked hard and lived plainly, but he accumulated a little capital; he sold his goods to wholesale dealers who came to him. "An eminent manufacturer of that age used to be in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came in to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick, and poured into a dish; at the side was a pan or basin of milk, and the master and apprentices, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time dipped into the same dish, and thence into the milk-pan; and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work." About the middle of the last century, and down to the time of Arkwright's epoch, the manufacturer gradually established a larger system of dealings. Instead of sending chapmen with laden pack-horses to the small dealers in the small towns, the chapmen merely carried patterns and received orders;

and in proportion as the roads became improved, waggons were employed instead of pack-horses. At length came the inventions of Watt and Arkwright, Crampton and Hargreaves; and Lancashire underwent a social revolution such as the world has rarely witnessed.

Let a second Wallotty Trot enable us to jump over a period of sixty or eighty years, and set ourselves down in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Scene the First: a Lancashire cotton-mill. Take it where we will: it matters little—Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, Ashton—any will do. It is a brick building of vast length and height, with as many windows as there are days in a year, or perhaps more. Dull are the bricks, unadorned are the windows, and monotonous the whole appearance of the structure: be factory labour good or bad, the factory itself is certainly not a "thing of beauty" in its externals. But it is a grand machine in its organism — the mind, the fingers, and the iron and steel, all work together for one common end. A bale of cotton goes in at one door, and the cotton comes out at another, in the form of woven calico or fustian; and a thousand human beings may be marshalled in the path from the one door to the other. The building consists of six or eight stories, and each story of vast rooms or galleries, with many-windowed walls. There is machinery to lift the workers to the upper floors; machinery to raise and lower the cotton; machinery to work the mules and the looms. There is gas for winter-light, warm air for cold days, and ventilating currents of cool air for warm days. The cotton is conveyed in its bag, perhaps to one of the upper floors, and it travels downwards from floor to floor, as the order of processes advances; a "devil" tears the locks of wool asunder; a "scutcher" blows away all the dirt; a "carding-machine" lays all the fibres parallel; a "drawing-machine" groups them into slender ribbons; a "roving machine" slightly twists them into a soft spongy cord; a "mule" or a "throstle" spins the roving into yarn; and men and women, boys and girls, tend on the machines while all this is being done. There is no running about from cottage to cottage, to get the carding done at one place, the spinning at another, the weaving at a third; all is done as part of one great process; and not only so, but most of the machines feed themselves with the material on which they are to work. All the real labour is performed by machines; the attendants are engaged in minor but nice adjustments, which the machines cannot do for themselves. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that factory labour reduces the factory workers to mere machines: their duties require much quickness, delicacy, and discrimination. And when the yarn has been spun, and has been conveyed down to the weaving shed, we here find a thousand wonderful machines weaving calico by miles; the machines doing the hard work, and women and girls attending to adjust and supply them. And when the calico reaches the warehouse, we find hydraulic presses and steam presses to pack it into compact masses; while, in the counting-house, the manufacturer and his clerks are carrying on correspondence with every part of the globe, watching the pulsation of the market, and making sales and purchases with (often) a very slender margin of profit.

Scene the Second: a Leeds Flax Mill. If, in respect to the Lancashire cotton factories, one general type might serve for all, without special reference to one particular establishment, such is not the case in respect to flax-mills; for there is one at Leeds so striking, so original in its aspect, so advanced in its organization, as to stand out in broad distinction from all others. This is the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Marshall. What are the objects to be attained in a great building devoted to manufactures? To exercise a ready supervision over the whole of the arragements and operations; to provide facilities of access to all the machinery; to obtain a uniformity of temperature and moisture (very important for some purposes); to avoid draughts of air; to establish good ventilation; all these, added to the ordinary mechanical acquirements of the work to be done. Now, it occurred to Messrs. Marshall that one monster room might effect all this; and they constructed a monster room accordingly. They procured designs and drawings from M. Bonomi, derived from the temple architecture of Egypt, and sought how to throw boldness and massiveness into a one-story building. An entrance like an Egyptian temple, a façade of stone surmounted with a bold cornice; a chimney having the form and proportions of the far-famed Cleopatra's needle—these meet the eye on the exterior. In the interior we find a room nearly four hundred feet in length, by more than half of this in breadth —five times as large in area as Westminster Hall. The roof of this vast hall is supported by half a hundred pillars, and is lighted by ten thousand square feet of conical skylights, occupying the summits of small domes or ground arches. On the floor of this room are ranged rows of machines in almost countless number, by wich the flax can be wrought into linen yarn, and a thousand or more of busy workers are tending these machines, with ample space to move about. The two-arched roof is formed of concrete so firm and durable that vegetable mould can be spread upon it, grass grown in the mould, and thus a field made on the top of a factory. The drainage of the field (the rain water of the roof) is carried down the fifty hollow pillars to the ground underneath, as was done at the Crystal Palace. Beneath the vast room are large machines and furnaces for ventilating and warming it, and also some of the

apparatus for setting in motion the hundreds of flax machines. Here, therefore, not only are the operations of hundreds of cottages and cottagers concentrated in one building, but the building itself may be said to be concentrated in one room, where all that mechanical skill can effect is effected, to make every hour's work do the best that it can. Flax cannot be wrought and spun without much dust and a little wet; but the workers can pursue their labours with much less of personal discomfort than under any variety of the older system.

Scene the Third—a Bradford alpaca-mill. Alpaca, by the care now bestowed upon its production, is made to produce fabrics of much beauty for ladies' dresses, not only in its uncombined state, but also when combined with silk and cotton. Mohair, too, (the hair of the Angora goat) has come greatly into favour. Bradford contains many immense factories—on the Lancashire plan—for working up wool, and alpaca, and mohair into cloth or stuff; and more are being built: but if the world will continue to demand more stuff, more alpaca, more mohair, there must be an increased expansibility in the manufacturing arrangements for their supply. And thus do we find a clue to the origin of *Saltaire*. Mr. Titus Salt, one of the magnates of industry at Bradford, has several establishments in the town, which have grown with the growth of manufactures; but the time has come when organisation and centralisation are wanted; and these are about to be obtained by a scheme of (perhaps) unparalleled boldness.

On the line of the Leeds and Skipton Railway there is a point at which a small river-valley branches out southward to the town of Bradford, about three miles distant. And at the point of junction stands the town of Shipley, one of the stuff-working satellites of Bradford. Not far from Shipley is an estate which Mr. Salt has recently purchased, crossed by a road, a river, a canal, and a railway; and on this estate is now being constructed a factory which will, in many respects, be the finest in the world, and will be the nucleus of a town towards which great attention will be attracted. A great power for good and for evil will rest in the hands of the owner of this gigantic establishment; and one feels inclined to encourage a hope that the second half of the nineteenth century may show itself to be something more than a mere steam-engine era.

If, leaving the Shipley railway station, we rumble along the Bingley road, we come shortly to what was once a wide expanse of green fields, but is now the theatre of immense building operations. It seems more like a Legislative Palace, or a Record Office, or some great public work, than a mere factory belonging to one individual, which is here under construction, so solid do appear the masses of stone employed, and so vast the scale on which the operations are planned. The entire buildings will cover or enclose an area of six acres. The chief structure, technically called the "mill," will be a stone building five hundred and fifty feet in length, six stories in height, and having its crowning cornice and its many hundreds of windows so finished with dressed stone, as to give an architectural grandeur to the whole. And then, instead of frittering away the window surface into numerous small panes of glass, large sheets of cast plate-glass will be employed. All that hollow-bricked floors can effect in giving lightness and facilitating ventilation; all that massive cast-iron beams and ornamental cast-iron columns can do to ensure strength; all that can be done in rendering the structure fire-proof by avoiding the use of wood, are duly considered and provided for. Running northward from this fine structure are two subordinate portions, or wings, each about three hundred and thirty feet in length, and as lofty as the main structure; they are to be warehouses. Beyond the western warehouse are large but low buildings for the preparatory manufacturing processes, while the other extremity is to be devoted to weaving and finishing; the main structure itself being the scene of the intermediate or spinning processes. The raw materials will thus enter one warehouse, traverse the huge range in a circuit, and then reach the other warehouse.

The arteries of communication are quite extraordinary for their completeness. There is, in the first place, a handsome new road being formed along the western face of the pile, crossing the Leeds and Skipton railway by a cast-iron bridge, and then crossing both the river Aire and the Leeds and Liverpool canal by a wrought-iron tubular girder bridge on the celebrated "Britannia Bridge" principle, and about four hundred and fifty feet in length. In the next place, the warehouses abut northward on the canal, and will have steam-worked "hoists" for loading and unloading barges in the canal. In the third place, a branch will be carried from the railway into the building, where hoists will load and unload the railway waggons with great rapidity. And hoists will *load* and unload ordinary waggons, and *will raise* and lower materials from one story to another, and will very likely raise and lower the operatives themselves (or some of them) to save leg-power.

Then the power for working this stupendous concern: how vast must it be! The steam-engines, of power adequate to the whole demands of the mill, will occupy two handsome engine-houses on either side of the principal entrance; and will send off their smoke into an Italian-looking campanile sort of building, two hundred and fifty feet high. Twelve hundred tons of solid stone are said to have been employed to form the supporting beds for the engines. The boilers beneath

the level of the ground, will be fed with water from the Aire by one tunnel, and send forth the used water by another tunnel. Beneath the weaving-shed will be an immense filter and reservoir, capable of storing half a million gallons of rain water from the various roofs—rain water being useful in scouring wool. Between the canal and the river are to be gas-works, capable of supplying five thousand jets with their light-giving food. But as to the working-machines, the complex apparatus which will cover ten or twelve acres of flooring in the different stories, no mere paragraph, or no dozen paragraphs, could describe it; all that invention has yet accomplished in the manufacture of stuffs, alpacas, mohair, and such like, will doubtless be brought into requisition.

The living machinery has yet to be noticed; and here is the matter that will tax the head and the heart of the founder of this great establishment. The buildings, machines, and appliances will be fitted for a staff of no less than four thousand five hundred workpeople; and as there must be at least an equal number of non-workers to give domestic homes to the workers, the full powers of the mill would require a neighbouring population of nine or ten thousand persons. Now, the factory is being built out in the fields, beyond the limits of Shipley; and Mr. Salt has therefore to create a town as well as the factory which is to give bread to the townspeople. His plans comprise the building of seven hundred houses, of various sizes and ranks, but all provided with light, ventilation, and drainage, on the most approved modern arrangements; wide streets, gardens, spacious squares, and play-fields and grounds; a church, schools, a covered market, baths and wash-houses, a public kitchen such as scientific cooks now know well how to plan, a refectory or large dining hall, and other useful buildings.

And such will be SALTAIRE—a name which, unless anything should occur to frustrate the works now rapidly advancing, will soon occupy a place among the notabilities of Yorkshire. Some of the London newspapers have set down the probable cost now being incurred by Mr. Salt, at half a million sterling; but it has since been stated, apparently on good authority, that the outlay will be much less than this. Be it a hundred thousand more or less, however, here we see before us a prospective community, the daily bread and the social comfort, and the moral advancement of which will very intimately depend on the fortunes of one single establishment. When trade is good, and stuffs are "looking up" in the Bradford market, and all hands are employed, and credit is sound—then may Saltaire possibly be one of the best of our industrial communities, for it appears as if it would have many physical and moral advantages to begin with; but when adversities come (and they do occur to stuff-makers as well as to other makers), then will be the test, to show whether the Saltairians (we will coin a word for the purpose) can bravely stand the buffetings of fortune. How much, how very much of this will depend on the combined wisdom and kindliness of the Captain of Industry, who leads the whole, need hardly be insisted on.

BARRYHOORAGHAN POST OFFICE

THE Postmaster General may live in peace. I have a complaint or two to make against the post-office of Barryhooraghan, county Cork—against the post-office of my own village—but I complain, for my own satisfaction, of abuses that I don't particularly want to see reformed. If ever some busy City gentleman, with a stiff neck and elastic boots, should come for a week to Barryhooraghan, the Times and the Postmaster General may both expect to hear of us. To me our post-office provides excitement and amusement, it varies the monotony of life by its irregularities, and breeds diversion in the village. My complaint against it is a pleasure; like the nightingale's complaint, however doleful it may sound, is the result of satisfaction in the utterer.

Letters, for example, do now and then change hands, and go down the middle, but they always finally come up again. I think it no very grievous thing, though I complain sadly that sentimental letters addressed to me are incessantly delivered to a stout matter-of-fact neighbour, whose name begins and ends like mine. I know that she reads them, by the bad look she carries about with her, after she has taken in this way an accidental dose of poetry or feeling. The taste of it seems to lie in her mouth all day.

Letters, however, do not go astray now under the rule of Mrs. Minahan, grocer and post-mistress, as they did two years ago in the reign of Patrick O'Shaughnessy, who was called for shortness, Posy Houlahan. Posy had been a very excellent member of the Irish constabulary force, and had, in one way or other, scraped together many items of a good education. Latin and Greek included. He was constable and tutor, until, resigning his post in the police force on his marriage, he was placed at the head of the world of letters in our village. Then, as we all agreed, "Posy got beyant himself." He left the letters to the care of his illiterate household, by the members of which they were distributed very much at random. Posy himself prosecuted schemes of high ambition, and eventually left us. I have seen a letter from Dublin in his handwriting to a neighbour abusing us all heartily as "the Barryhooraghan clique of aristocrats," under the signature of Standish Hamilton. To that length has Posy got beyond himself.

Mrs. Minahan takes pains with the home arrangement of the letters, but she finds it

difficult to get what she can call "a dacent runner." In Posy's time, the runner, or letter-carrier, in consideration of threepence a week, not only delivered letters, but also fetched water and did the nursing of a baby. These additional duties are not now attached to the office of runner to the Barryhooraghan postal establishment; the salary is also raised, but Mrs. Minahan declares that the mode in which the duties are executed "would break the heart of a millstone."

We have had three runners.

No. 1. Thady Cronin, a quiet boy (for an Irish boy); as soon as he knew his business among us, he went off on board ship.

No. 2. Billy Keating, a scamp, was always in bed when we were at our breakfasts and expecting letters to come in. He never got out of bed unless he was hauled up by main strength. Most letters delivered by him were either caked with mud or wet with puddle water; but, fortunately, as he left them at wrong houses, they had time to rub clean or to dry before they reached their rightful owners. Billy Keating also transferred his service from Her Majesty's post-office to Her Majesty's navy.

No. 3. Tommy Hegarty, the present runner. a small, ragged, bright-eyed urchin, who may be of any age between ten and fifteen. Ten by form and size, but fifteen or fifty by the twitchings of his wide old Irish mouth, and by the shrewd look in his eyes.

On the morning after Tommy's installation, having made his presence known by an authoritative official knock, he sent three or four letters up to me with the verbal message, that "there was a pinny charged on one of them." The royal countenance upon the stamp gave grace to them all, and as I went down to breakfast, letters in one hand and key-basket in the other, I greeted Tommy, saying, "No penny to be paid on any of these, my little fellow."

"May be not, ma'am," answered our postman. "Mrs. Minahan bade me get a pinny somewhere from some ov 'em, so I thought I'd try if it was your honour."

Mr. Tommy Hegarty, our letter-carrier, has lately added to his cares the business of a news agent. In a large city not far from our village, a weekly penny newspaper was lately started; it is an advertising print, containing three pages of miscellaneous advertisements, recommended to notice by one page of amusing extracts from new books and magazines. The proprietors, anxious to extend the circulation of their paper, appointed as its rural agents the "runners" attached to the different post-offices. Thus Mr. Tommy came by his promotion.

On the Saturday following his appointment, he very perseveringly hawked bundles of papers through the town, and really met with a good many customers. One of my neighbours bought a copy, and desired to have the paper supplied to her, every week. On the following Saturday, little Tommy, who on the strength of his improved worldly position had started a new pair of corduroys, brought his paper to my friend in triumph.

We have little to amuse us in our village, so the lady lost no time in peeping at the sheet. But there was something familiar about the aspect of it, and a little dialogue ensued.

"Why, Tommy, how is this? This is last week's paper: the same that I bought before."

"Oh, then, to be sure it *is*, ma'am. Why would I go bring a new one *till* I have the ould ones all sould off? That would be a quare thing, I'm thinkin!"

"But this is of no use to me."

"Why, then, can't ye buy it, ma'am, and good luck to ye? 'Twill be better for *yeself* too; for, ye see, the sooner we get through the ould 'uns, the sooner we 'll come to the new."

Such logic holds good among us; so Tommy Hegarty marched off with his penny, and a slice of bread-and-butter.

The letters slipped into our post-office must give great trouble to somebody. I append a few directions which have passed through the post-office in our county town, selected from a list sent by one of the managers to a local paper. I have reason to know that Barryhooraghan supplies its share of riddles. S. Newenham, Esq., a gentleman living in our neighbourhood, was duly found, when staying in a distant place, by a letter from Barryhooraghan, addressed "Mr. Sym noihiam."

The following I think must have defied the blind clerk's penetration, and was never unriddled at Barryhooraghan.

"ile of man Cork Crist vusen lolkil *partie* let. Ellen taylor."

A very natural way of distinguishing one another used among our people, being transferred to the outside of letters, has an odd effect, and I dare say causes, now and then, to the person addressed some little annoyance. As this, for example, if it ever could arrive, that is to say, if Michael Hurley were sufficiently well known in the navy:

"To Michael Hurley A Salor Boy on board Ship. His mother sells milk *on the* Coal Quay, Cork." Or this, "*O.H.M.S.*, Michael Leary, private Soldier, James Town, Saint Helena Regiment. the above Michael Leary is a Taylor from Ballingarry Count of Cork Ireland near Carrigaline post office."

Such letters do not much trouble our post-office, except when they arrive among us. We send out our bags with a clean conscience, and leave the distribution of our despatches to be settled by the world at large. As for the mistakes and troubles that beset us in the distribution of our own supplies, as I have before said, they increase fun in a dull village, and it is neither in sorrow nor in anger, but, as I have also before said, nightingale fashion, that I murmur complaint about them.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as* HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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PROPOSALS FOR AMUSING POSTERITY.

POSTERITY, that ancient personage yet unborn, is at times a topic of much speculation with me. I consider him in a variety of lights, and represent him to myself in many odd humours, but principally in those with which he is likely to regard the present age. I am particularly fond of inquiring whether we contribute our share towards the entertainment and diversion of the old gentleman. It is important that we should, for all work and no play would make even Posterity a dull boy.

And, good Heaven, to think of the amount of work he will have to get through! Only to read all those books, to contemplate all those pictures and statues, and to listen to all that music, so generously bequeathed to him by crowds of admiring legatees through many generations, will be no slight labour. I doubt if even the poetry written expressly for his perusal would not be sufficient to addle any other head. The prodigious spaces of time that his levees will occupy, are overwhelming to think of: for how else can he ever receive those hosts of ladies and gentlemen who have been resolved and determined to go down to him! Then the numbers of ingenious inventions he will have to test, prove, and adopt, from the perpetual motion to the long range, will necessarily consume some of the best years of his life. In hearing Appeals, though the claims of the Appellants will be in every case as clear as crystal, it will be necessary for him to sit as long as twenty Chancellors, though each sat on the woolsack twenty years. The mere rejection of those swindlers in the various arts and sciences who basely witnessed any appreciation of their works, and the folding to his bosom of those worthies whom mankind were in a combination to discard, will take time. It is clear that it is reserved for Posterity to be, in respect of his labors, immeasurably more than the Hercules of the future.

Hence, it is but moderately considerate to have an eye to the amusement of this industrious person. If he *must* be so overworked, let us at least do something to entertain him—something even over and above those books of poetry and prose, those pictures and statues, and that music, for which he will have an unbounded relish, but perhaps a relish (so I venture to conceive) of a pensive rather than an exhilarating kind.

These are my reflections when I consider the present time with reference to Posterity. I am sorry to say that I don't think we do enough to make him smile. It appears to me that we might tickle him a little more. I will suggest one or two odd notions—somewhat far-fetched and fantastic, I allow, but they may serve the purpose—of the kind of practical humour that might seem droll to Posterity.

If we had had, in this time of ours, two great commanders—say one by land and one by sea; one dying in battle (or what was left of him, for we will suppose him to have lost an arm and an eye or so before), and one living to old age—it might be a jest for Posterity if we choked our towns with bad Statues to one of the two, and utterly abandoned and deserted the memory of the other. We might improve on this conceit. If we laid these two imaginary great men side by side in Saint Paul's Cathedral, and then laid side by side in the advertising columns of our public newspapers, two appeals respecting two Memorials, one to each of them; and if we so carried on the joke as that the Memorial to the one should be enormously rich, and the Memorial to the other, miserably poor—as that the subscriptions to the one should include the names of three-fourths of the grandees of the land, and the subscriptions to the other but a beggarly account of rank and file—as that the one should leap with ease into a magnificent endowment, and the other crawl and stagger as a pauper provision for the dead Admiral's daughter—if we could only bring the joke, as Othello says,

"—to this extent, no more;"

I think it might amuse Posterity a good deal.

The mention of grandees brings me to my next proposal. It would involve a change in the present mode for bestowing public honours and titles in England; but encouraged by the many examples we have before us of disinterested magnanimity in favour of Posterity, we might perhaps be animated to try it.

I will assume that among the books in that

very large library (for the most part quite unknown at the present benighted time) which will infallibly become the rich inheritance of Posterity, there will be found a history of England. From that record Posterity will learn the origin of many noble families and noble titles. Now the jest I have in my mind, is this. If we could so arrange matters as that that privileged class should be always with great jealousy be preserved, and hedged around by a barrier of buckram and a border of green cloth, which only a few generals, a few great capitalists, and a few lawyers, should be allowed to scale, —the latter not in a very creditable manner until within the last few generations; as our amiable friend Posterity will find when he looks back for the date at which Chief Justices and Puisne Judges began to be men of undoubted freedom, honor, and independence—if such privileged class were always watched and warded and limited, and fended off, in the manner of hundreds of years ago, and never adapted to the altered circumstances of the time; and if it were in practice set up and maintained as having been, from Genesis thenceforward, endowed with a superior natural instinct for noble ruling and governing and Cabinet-making, as triumphantly shewn in the excellent condition of the whole machinery of Government, of every public office, every dockyard, every ship, every diplomatic relation, and particularly every colony—I think there would be a self-evident pleasantry in this that would make Posterity chuckle. The present British practice being, as we all know, widely different, we should have many changes to make before we could hand down this amusing state of things. For example, it would be necessary to limit the great Jenner or Vaccination Dukedom and endowment, at present so worthily represented in the House of Lords, by the noble and scientific Duke who will no doubt be called upon (some day or other) to advise Her Majesty in the formation of a ministry. The Watt or Steam Engine peerage would also require to be gradually abolished. So would the Iron-Road Earldom, the Tubular Bridge Baronetcy, the Faraday Order of Merit, the Electric Telegraph Garter, the titles at present held by distinguished writers on literary grounds alone, and the similar titles held by painters;—though it might point the joke to make a few Academicians equal in rank to an alderman. But, the great practical joke once played off, of entirely separating the ennobled class from the various orders of men who attain to social distinction by making their country happier, better, and more illustrious among nations, we might be comfortably sure, as it seems to me—and as I now humbly submit—of having done something to amuse Posterity.

Another thing strikes me. Our venerable friend will find in that English history of his, that, in comparatively barbarous times, when the Crown was poor, it did anything for money—commuted murder, or anything else—and that, partly of this desperate itching for gold, and partly of partial bias in favor of the feudal rich, a most absurd obsolete punishment, called punishment by fine, had its birth. Now, it appears to me, always having an eye on the entertainment of Posterity, that if while we proclaimed the laws to be equal against all offenders, we would only preserve this obsolete punishment by fine—of course no punishment whatever to those who have money—say in a very bad class of cases such as gross assaults, we should certainly put Posterity on the broad grin. Why, we might then even come to this. A "captain" might be brought up to a Police Office, charged with caning a young woman for an absolutely diabolical reason; and the offence being proved, the "captain" might, as a great example of the equality of the law, (but by no fault in the magistrate, he having no alternative) be fined fifty shillings, and might take a full purse from his pocket and offer, if that were all, to make it pounds. And what a joke *that* would be for Posterity! To be done in the face of day, in the first city upon earth, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three!

Or, we might have our laws regarding this same offence of assault in such a facetious state as to empower a workhouse nurse within two hours' walk of the capital, slowly to torture a child with fire, and afterwards to walk off from the law's presence scot free of all pains and penalties, but a fortnight's imprisonment! And we might so carry out this joke to the uttermost as that the forlorn child should happily die and rot, and the barbarous nurse be *then* committed for *trial*; her horrible offence being legally measured by that one result or its absence, and not by the agony it caused, and the awful cruelty it shewed. And all this time, (to make the pleasantry the greater) we might have all manner of watch-towers, in measurement as near as possible of the altitudes of the Tower of Babel when it was overthrown, erected in all parts of the kingdom, with all sorts and conditions of men and *women* perched on platforms thereupon, *looking out* for any grievance afar off, East, West, North, and South, night and day. So should that tender nurse return, gin-soaked, to her ministration upon babies, (imagine the dear matron's antecedents, all ye mothers!) and so should Posterity be made to laugh, though bitterly!

Indeed, I think Posterity would have such an indifferent appreciation of this last joke, on account of its intensely practical character, that it might require another to relieve it. And I would suggest that if a body of gentlemen possessing their full phrenological share of the combative and antagonistic organs, could only be induced to form themselves into a society for declaiming about Peace, with a very

considerable War-Whoop against all non-declaimers; and if they could only be prevailed upon to sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of War, and to present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its being undefended against War, and becoming the prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors upon it,—why then I really believe we should have got to the very best joke we could hope to have in our whole Complete Jest-Book for Posterity, and might fold our arms and rest convinced that we had done enough for that discerning patriarch's amusement.

BERTHALDE REIMER'S VOICE.

"THAT'll do, wife,—that'll do; it's not a very cold night," Karl Reimer said with a sigh; and his wife, looking a little sadly for a moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of wood with which she had meant to replenish the half-burnt embers on the hearth. Returning to her chair she sat down in silence by her husband's side.

"Your work has not made you hungry to-night, Karl," she said, presently, with an effort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced at a little table standing near, on which a very homely supper of brown German bread and sour milk in a thick curd lay scarcely tasted.

"Hungry enough, wife," was the quiet answer.

There was a pause. The woman, stooping forward, laid her hand upon his shoulders, and said gently:

"We must keep a good heart, husband. While we have good wholesome food, and a roof to cover us, we have no right to complain; many a one is worse off than we to-night!"

"Ah, to-night,—it is not to-night I'm thinking of," Karl muttered, and suddenly rousing himself he stretched out and cautiously bent and unbent his left arm, clenching his hand the while, like one trying its strength; then shaking his head with a deep sigh, he let it fall again by his side, and resumed his former attitude.

"It is rest that you want," his wife said soothingly. "You have been working too hard these two or three months."

"No," he answered despondingly, "no rest would bring back strength to this arm. It is not overwork that has brought on the weakness. Wife, look here," and a sickly smile came over his lips, as, clenching his hand again, he turned it to her. "Look—a child might open it. Try you" (her first effort unclasped his fingers). "I thought so," he said bitterly And again they both were silent. There were tears in Madame Reimer's eyes, and she held the weakened hand closely in hers.

"It might have been the right hand. Be thankful, Karl," she said softly, in a little while.

"I *am* thankful, but if it get worse, if it become useless, I should have to give up work; what's to become of us all?—what's to become, all through her life, of that poor child?"

"Hush!" Madame Reimer whispered softly, and shading her face from the light, she turned her eyes to a corner of the room where, in a little low bed, a girl lay asleep.

"She has been asleep an hour or more," Karl answered quickly. "If it were not for her, we could bear up bravely enough. We have worked hard, both of us, these seven years past—seven!—ay, it is more than seven since the lightning blinded her—near eight years now—we have worked hard to try and save up for her, and what will she ever be the better for it? There's not a week passes but we have to draw upon our little stock; for, of all we have worked and saved there are not twenty gülden left. She will be a beggar, our child—our Berthalde!"

"Hush, hush, Karl, it will not come to that—we can work for her yet—it is all in God's hands."

There was a few minutes' pause. Then Karl spoke again, in a passionate, though subdued voice:—

"She may be a beggar next month, for aught we know. When I can't work any longer, what is there for the whole of us but beggary?" A momentary flush spread over his brow; but, as it passed away he proudly raised his head, and shaking back his thick hair, crept on tiptoe to the bed, and knelt down on the floor beside it. As he bent over the sleeping child, a look of deep, pitying, and tender love softened his rugged features. Softly and tenderly he pressed his rough hard hand over the child's uncovered head; drew aside a curl of her long hair that hid her face; and, stooping down, pressed his lips in a long silent kiss upon her pale thin cheek. She lay quite still, with her sightless eyes closed, breathing low and quickly.

"How pale she is," Madame Reimer whispered; for she had followed her husband, and stood now with her hands leaning on his arm, and her eyes fixed upon her child.

The little face was as still and white as if it had been carved in marble. For an instant Karl glanced upwards to his wife, and a look of sudden alarm and pain passed over him—a quick look, which seemed to flash for a moment from his dark piercing eyes: then, as it died away, he turned round to the little bed again, and laid his head beside his child's upon the pillow, not speaking anything aloud, though his lips moved.

"May the holy Virgin bless her!" Madame Reimer whispered in the silence.

"Amen!" Karl breathed, in his deep, low voice; and with one other kiss he rose from

his knees. "We will go to bed now; tread softly, wife—softly," he said, as together they moved away.

But when the door was closed, and all was still, then, in the darkness and the silence, large tears began to steal through the closed lids of Berthalde's eyes; for she had heard all that which their love would strive to keep from her. She had had many fears of late: her father had seemed changed, and sorrowful; and longing to know what thing it was that grieved him, she thought it no sin to listen. Now that she did know the child could only weep, and sob sorrowfully to herself:

"O, that I could do anything to help them! O, that I could work! O, that I was not blind!"

Berthalde was so patient and so gentle, that she could feel no deep or keen regret for the loss of that which yet had made her life almost a blank to her. Others thought that she had grown accustomed to blindness; that she had forgotten what it was to see. But that was the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet full of a wild, deep sadness, unutterably beautiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream, too beautiful to have been. Often in the long, silent nights she lay awake, and thought of it, weeping then when she was all alone, as she was weeping now to-night; but to-night another, and a different thought was in her heart. A thought which many a time had risen there before; but never with the strength and bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay awake, she thought that there was not one thing in all the world that she could ever do to help or comfort any one she loved. That she must be all through her life until she was quite old, a burden upon every one—a useless, helpless, solitary thing, not giving joy to any, nor feeling joy herself. Thinking this, the poor child longed to die, and shivering, drew up the bedclothes round her, hiding her face beneath them, that the bitter sobs which burst from her might not be heard breaking the silence of the night. For in this hour there seemed no comfort near her; all dark without, within it seemed as dark; the love that had been poured upon her through so many years was all forgotten now, she could not feel that she was loved; her whole heart seemed to have room in it only for one thought—that she was an encumbrance upon the earth.

Piercing through the richly painted window of a dim old church the winter's sun threw on the marble pavement of the nave bright rays of coloured light, making the gloom on either side seem deeper still. From the altars, waxen tapers shed on the gold and silver plate around, on the gay vases filled with flowers, and on the rich, gold-embroidered dresses of the priests, a sudden radiance.

In the open space without the rails of the High Altar many people knelt; for it was a festival to-day and Mass was being performed. There was a daily mass, but then the people were so much absorbed in their worldly occupations that the mass was often solemnised on week-days to empty walls. A child had slowly and softly threaded her way across the nave to take up her station alone at the foot of one particular pillar in the chancel. Daily, for hours together, she sat in the same spot, as still as if she were a little marble emblem. Few noticed her, and few came near her, for the pillar stood in deep shade, and she was almost hidden when she sat beneath it. It was a dark and gloomy seat, but the most cheerful spot in all the church would have been as dark to poor Berthalde.

To-day there were marks of tears upon her cheeks. Still she waited patiently to hear the glorious voice of the organ, which always spoke to her. It seemed of all the things upon earth the most beautiful. She thought it never would begin to play to-day. But at last she heard the first low swelling notes; and, as she listened, drinking in the rich, heart-filling sound, all sorrow seemed to pass away, all earthly things seemed to be forgotten. As the exquisite music crept around her—now soft, faint, and low, now loud and deep, rolling wave upon wave along the great groined aisles—she knelt and hid her face, weeping. Her heart trembled with a strange, wild, half-understood delight that only cathedral music afforded her.

Never had the grand and solemn music seemed more grand and solemn than it did to-day. As the rich tones of the organ filled the solemn space around her, and the soft voices of the choristers ran through the dimly-lighted aisles, and as one solitary voice filled the great echoing church with its clear tones, the blind girl bowed her head upon her hands, trembling with a wild, almost painful joy, that seemed to take her breath away. So shaken was she with emotion, that the thin slight fingers scarcely served to hide her tears. Even when the last notes had quite died away; when the last lingering footsteps had left the church, she knelt on, as if still, in the silent air, she heard an echo of the song that to all other ears had passed away. Presently two light quick footsteps gaily tripped along the marble floor, and the sound of merry voices and half-suppressed laughter, roused her from her dream. She crouched upon the step at the pillar's base, thinking to wait there until the footsteps had gone past. But suddenly they stopped quite close to her, and a bright young voice exclaimed—

"Oh, see how stupid I have been! I have come down without my music. Margaret, you must wait for me one minute, till I run back for it. They are closing the organ. I shall be scarcely in time!" and with the last words, leaving her companion, the girl ran quickly towards the choir.

"They are some of the singers!" Berthalde

thought within herself, and her heart beat with almost a reverential feeling. "How happy they must be, how very happy!" For a moment more the tears sprang up into her eyes, for, suddenly, the girl that stayed behind began, as she paced up and down, softly to sing a low, sweet melody. Berthalde remembered it at once: it was the *Agnus Dei* of the lately finished mass.

A second time there were steps and voices coming near—slow steps, unlike the first, and the singer's voice was hushed as a new voice, rich, sweet, and low, broke upon Berthalde's ear.

"What would you have me say, Lisa? I am weary of complaining. You grow more careless every day. Your singing now is worse than it was six months ago."

"Maestro, I do not think it's possible to please you now," said the girl, half angrily, half carelessly. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and I suppose my voice is as good as it used to be."

"Your voice is the finest in the choir; but—"

"My dear master, then what is the use of scolding me?" Lisa exclaimed with real delight.

"But," he went on quietly, without heeding her, "you have no love for music—no true feeling for what you sing—no perseverance in study."

"Then what is the use of my coming here any longer?" the girl asked, with suppressed irritation.

Without answering her, the Master turned to the other girl.

"Margaret, you did well to-day, very well. Go on as steadily as you are doing now, and you will find that your reward will come. Only have courage, perseverance, and patience."

"Courage!" Margaret answered a little sadly. "Ah, I sometimes want courage. I sometimes almost lose heart. If I had but more voice! There is so much that I can never sing. If I only had Lisa's voice!"

There was a moment's pause; then the first girl said, more humbly than she had spoken yet, "Master, what can I do? I am sure I *want* to sing well."

"You want to sing well?" he repeated. "Why, Lisa?"

"Why!" she answered. "Surely, everybody thinks it's more pleasant to be admired than—than to be blamed."

"So you wish to sing well to be admired? Exactly. I understand you perfectly," he answered drily. "And you, Margaret, is it also to be admired that you work so hard, and study so perseveringly?"

She answered "No," in a low voice, earnestly and almost humbly. Berthalde felt that it came from her heart, and in her own heart the blind girl echoed it.

The Master said abruptly, after a pause, "It is getting late. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning," and leaving them he went away, they following.

When they were gone, a sudden change had come upon Berthalde. A bright light was in her sightless eyes. She whispered tremblingly, almost like one in fear,

"Oh, if there was any way, any hope—if I knew what to do—if I could speak to him and tell him—" She paused a moment, and pressed her face upon her hands: then bursting into tears, she cried almost aloud, "Oh, if he would teach me, if he would let me learn of him, if he would let me be a singer!" and falling on her knees again, she broke into a passionate, imploring prayer, sobbing and trembling as if her very life depended on its being heard.

For a long time she knelt, not praying always, but feverishly. Yet with intense delight and eagerness, building bright castles in the air, confusing herself with multitudes of thoughts that poured in on her; bright, happy thoughts for the most part, though now and then some sudden fear would come, making her heart grow sick, lest all that she was hoping now should never be to her anything but a dream. Then she prayed again until the fear began to fade away, and she would grow bewildered with her happiness once more. Now that she was so full of it, it seemed so strange to her that never in all her sorrow, and with all her passionate love of music, she should have remembered that it was possible for her as a singer to gain her bread, and grow so happy; oh, so happy, that it scarcely seemed to her that there could be in all the world anything more that she could wish for.

Patient, cheerful, full of hope, day after day found Berthalde at her old place at the church, waiting, with a firm purpose though a trembling heart, to hear the Kapell-meister's step; but day after day too saw her turn away in disappointment; for in vain she waited, in vain she strained her ears to catch a sound of the well-remembered voice, in vain she listened to each solitary footstep, believing that she could at once distinguish his from any other—he never came again. And after a time she began to fear that there must be a private entrance to the choir through which he came and went, and that she might wait for months here in the chancel and never see him; and then what to do she knew not, for she shrank from telling any one her secret, and she could not hope to find her way alone to a strange place. And presently, by degrees, her heart began to sink, her whole project began to appear to her wild and unattainable, and at last one day she turned from the church so weary of hoping in vain, so sad and out of spirits that she could scarcely keep her tears from falling as she went away.

The church was near to where she lived, so near that—blind though she was—neither her father nor her mother ever objected to

her going to it alone, or feared that she should miss her way. Nor was it likely, for she had gone daily there for many years, and no accident of any kind had ever happened to her; but on this day, as she was sorrowfully making her way home, less careful perhaps than usual to keep out of the way of passers-by, almost at the church door she tripped over something that lay across the path and fell down heavily. But almost in the instant that she fell, a voice close to her broke upon her ear—a voice that as if by magic made her forget the pain that she was suffering, for it was the long watched for voice of the Kapell-meister.

"My child, take care! Why, where could you be looking?" he exclaimed, and before she could speak he had raised her from the ground, and was half supporting her with his arm.

"Looking wouldn't have done her much good, poor thing," said a good-natured man coming out of his shop close by. "Do you know her? She is the little blind girl, Berthalde Reimer."

"Why, my child, you have really hurt yourself, your hand is bleeding, let's wrap my handkerchief round it;" and, while Berthalde stood trembling by him, he gently bound up her injured hand, talking to her kindly while he did it.

"I think, sir, she's a little faint—the poor thing looks so pale," the shopman said. "Let her come into my shop and rest herself before she goes home."

"No, no, no!" Berthalde broke in. "I would rather go into the church again. I wanted to speak. I wanted, if he would be so kind, I mean,—oh, sir, I think I can walk!" she suddenly exclaimed; but, not heeding her remonstrance, the Kapell-meister lifted her up in his arms, for she was very little, and carried her within the church again, and laid her down upon a bench.

"Oh, sir, you are very good," she whispered, her voice quite shaking now with agitation, and nervously and half unconsciously raising herself up from the position in which he had placed her. And, if you please, sir,—if you wouldn't go away for a minute or two—if you would just let me say something to you that I've wanted so much to say, and not be offended—not, I mean—not think—" and then her imperfect sentence came abruptly to an end.

"You have something to say to me?" the Kapell-meister asked. "My child, how do you know who I am?"

She said quickly, "I heard you speak, one day. You are the Kapell-meister."

"You are right. But what can you have to say to me?"

He paused a moment, but there was no answer; and then, looking at her, in a gentle, pitying tone he added,

"My child, you are frightened. Wait then a minute before you speak. Now, what is it? Tell me frankly. Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, though almost below her breath. "You can do more for me than anybody in the world! Oh, sir, I have been waiting here every day to see you, that I might be able to tell you what I want, and yet now I am afraid to say it."

"My poor girl, if it be in my power to do what you want, I will do it," the Master said. "Tell me now what it is."

With drooped eyes, and hands pressed together, she said simply, in a very low voice,

"I want to learn to sing in the choir," and waited calmly, but pale even to her lips, to receive his answer.

The Kapell-meister shook his head.

"What put this into your mind? Who told you you could be a singer?"

"No one," she answered faintly.

"You thought it of yourself?"

"I thought it after I had heard you speak, one day. I never thought it until then; but I have come here to listen every day for so many years, and the music has always seemed so beautiful to me!"

The Kapell-meister laid his hand upon her head, and said, in a voice so gentle, almost so tender, that it made the tears spring to her eyes.

"My child, I think you have forgotten one obstacle, you have forgotten that you are blind."

"No, no!" she eagerly exclaimed; "I have not forgotten it. I know that I can only learn by remembering what I hear; I know that you cannot give lessons to me as you would do to others. I do not ask that you should trouble yourself with me so much; I only want to come where I can hear you teach, then, you would hear me sing, and tell me when I am wrong, and what to do." And in anxious inquiry she again looked up into his face.

"You are very young," he began, after a little pause.

"I am thirteen, sir," she said, *quickly*; "but I am very little," she added *humbly*.

"Yes—but your name, tell *it me* again?"

"Berthalde Reimer."

"Berthalde, would it make *you* happy if I gave you your wish?"

The look that sprang into her face answered him without words.

"Yes, I see it would. And is it your love of music only that makes you wish to be a singer?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then the colour mounted to her cheek, and she whispered,

"No."

"Tell me what other reason you have?"

She wept as she said, "We are so poor at home, and there is nothing I can do to help them. Oh, sir, do not be angry with me!"

and half shrinking back she hid her face upon her hands.

"Angry, my child!" was all the Master said, but the tone thrilled to Berthalde's heart; and, as he laid his hand upon her head again, she felt such a wild rush of gratitude towards him that she could have fallen down and kissed his feet.

She told him all that was in her heart, all her sorrows and her hopes, pouring everything out to him amidst her tears, forgetting all her former fear of him in the kind sympathy with which he listened to her. And when it all was spoken, and, half sobbing, still she stood beside him, he took her hand in his, and gently said,

"Wait for me here to-morrow. You are too agitated now to let me hear your voice; but to-morrow you shall come with me to the choir. And this at least I promise you now, my child, that you shall have free leave to join the rest of the singers when we meet together. Now dry your eyes, and come with me; but are you able to walk? We have forgotten all about your fall."

"So have I, sir," she answered simply. "I can feel nothing now but joy."

"Give me your hand, then."

And they walked together to the door, and there parted.

On the following day, when mass was over, the Kapell-meister came to seek Berthalde; and, speaking to her cheerfully and kindly, led her, trembling half with joy and half with fear, up to the organ loft. The singers were all gone save Margaret; she, by the Master's request, had remained behind, and to her he spoke, as with Berthalde he entered the choir.

"This is my little friend, Margaret, of whom I told you. I give her into your charge to teach her the way here; she will not be long in learning it, and you will take good care of her, I know, until she does."

And while he spoke, Berthalde felt her hand taken in another soft warm hand, and a few gentle words were whispered into her ear. And then the two girls stood together, hand in hand; and when, without another word the Master took his seat before the organ, a long low note pealed through the church.

"Come here, Berthalde."

She came, guided by Margaret, and stood beside him.

"Listen to what Margaret sings."

In her clear sweet voice Margaret sang a simple exercise.

'Now, my child."

Berthalde's first notes were low, feeble and broken; for every nerve within her trembled.

"Join with her, Margaret!" And, shielded by Margaret's firm strong tones, Berthalde's voice gained strength; her fear began to pass away; a strange, deep joy filled her heart; and her voice arose more clear, more full, more rich, with every phrase; mingling with the deep, grand tones of the swelling organ; and, with it, awakening the echoes of the dark old church.

The music died away under the Kapell-meister's hand, and he turned to her.

"My child, you did well to speak to me," was all he said.

Margaret bending down, whispered, "Have courage, dear," and for a moment her lips rested on Berthalde's brow.

"Listen, Berthalde! do you know this?" and the Master played again.

It was the *Agnus Dei*. She sang it alone; beginning with much fear, and in an unsteady voice; yet as she grew absorbed, again forgetting everything in the intense delight of singing, of hearing her own voice mingling with the deep music of the organ, as hundreds of times with vague longing she had listened before to other voices; and, imperfect as her self-taught singing was—the earnest fervour with which she sang, and the purity and sweetness of her voice made it really beautiful.

When she had done, and there was utter silence, her life seemed to hang upon the next words the Kapell-meister would speak. It seemed an age before he closed the manual of the instrument, and rose from his seat preparatory to departing. But presently, laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said,

"Berthalde, I accept you as my pupil. You were born to be a singer."

"Master!" she cried; and choking with joy fell down at his feet.

When she returned home that day it was late, and the short winter's day had closed and she had been some time expected.

"Why, Bertie, where have you been so long?" the mother asked as she came in, and the father rose in silence to meet her; and a faint smile spread over his face as his eyes rested on the little figure that was so dear to him. Karl Reimer was much changed of late—broken down in health and spirits—growing every day more hopeless for the future. And not without cause, for his work daily became more painful to him.

"I've only been in the church, mother," Berthalde answered; but there was something in her voice that attracted the attention of them both.

Karl took her on his knees.

"What have you been doing at the church my darling?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, father, I'm so happy! The Master says that in a few months I shall be a singer in the choir, and that I shall earn money then to help you; and oh, father, I shall never be a burden to you any more!"

"My child!" was all Karl could say, passionately clasping her to his breast. Two large tears silently fell upon his cheek as he bent his head down over her.

Four years passed; and on a bright clear summer's morning in the old town there

was great bustle and preparation. The Elector of Saxony was that day to pass through it and had signified his intention—before partaking of a banquet prepared for him in the Town Hall by the chief burgomasters—to be present at a solemn service in the principal church. It was the first time for many years that the town had been so honoured.

As the hour drew near the people flocked from all parts towards the church, and before the Elector himself had arrived a dense crowd filled every corner, and a low ceaseless murmur of many voices broke the silence of the echoing aisles. The sunlight streamed across the choir; and from more than one painted window the rainbow tints again were falling on the ground, and in the far recesses where no sunlight ever came. In the dim chancels, which never but on occasions such as this were visited except by one or two stray wanderers, long lines of lamps were hung, each shedding for a little way around a faint, pale light, and shining on the eager faces which grouped below, were all expectantly turned in one direction.

At last he came. There was a loud buzz of voices: and, mingling with the full swell of the Hallelujah chorus which broke forth grandly and solemnly there came in the same moment a tramp of feet along the marble pavement of the nave. The Elector crossed the church, and took the seat assigned to him near to the high altar.

The mass began, and the united voices of the choir broke forth together in the opening *Kyrie*, in purest and most perfect harmony; but when the solemn and exquisite solo, *Et incarnatus*, swept through the church, rising and falling as the accompaniment of organ and chorus rose and fell—the full, rich, fresh voice that gave it forth with the passionate fervour of an inspired devotion was greeted with an involuntary murmur of admiration from the Elector's lips, which was caught up and echoed by those standing near, spreading over the whole assembled people.

The mass was over, and the priests had left the altar; but the Elector still remained, speaking to one or two of those around him, and presently it was whispered through the church that he in person would inspect the choir; for he was an amateur of music. In a few minutes he was conducted up the narrow staircase that led to the organ-loft. The visit was so unexpected and unprepared for that the Kapell-meister had scarcely received notice from a hurried messenger of the Elector's approach; when he entered with two or three of his suite.

"Herr Kapell-meister. I have come to take a glance at your little territory here. Your choir does you much credit."

The bewildered maestro bowed.

"You have good materials to work upon," the Elector continued, in the tone of a connoisseur; "good voices, and a good instrument;" and, sending an excuse to the civic authorities for a little delay, added,

"I would gladly listen to a little supplementary performance."

The Master took his seat; and, at a sign from him, a beautiful dark-eyed girl moved from the little group; and, blushing deeply as the Elector's eye fell full upon her, stood by the Kapell-meister's side.

"Ay, that must be she," thought the Elector, who was a connoisseur no less in beauty than in music. But he had been over-confident. In another moment he found that his sweet songstress was still to seek, for the voice of the dark-eyed *girl* was a contralto.

"Very good—very good, indeed! a fine voice, and well-trained," approvingly murmured the Elector. "This young lady is your best contralto singer, I presume?"

"She is. Perhaps your Highness might wish to judge of our soprano?"

"By all means," the Elector answered, heartily.

The Kapell-meister paused for a moment; and, glancing over his choir, as if in doubt whom to select, he came to a sudden decision and beckoned to Margaret. She came half unwillingly to his side; and, stooping down, spoke something to him in a low voice.

"Yes, presently," he answered aloud, with a smile; and, pointing to the music that lay on the desk before him, he began to play. It was an air from Pergolesi's Calvary that he had chosen.

"Very beautiful—very beautiful, indeed!" cried the Elector. "But she was not the singer of the *Incarnatus?*"

"Your Highness may be interested in knowing," said the Kapell-meister, "that the best soprano singer in the choir is a blind girl." Berthalde was called.

"Why, she is a mere child!" exclaimed the Elector.

"She is older than she appears," said the Master, playing the opening bars of the *Incarnatus*.

The Elector rose, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the pale rapt face which, raised, seemed receiving inspiration.

When she ceased the Elector remarked:

"Herr Kapell-meister, your blind girl is an angel! Where did you find her?—how have you taught her?—what do you say is her name?" and glancing from the Master to Berthalde, he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his questions. "Yes, yes—very good—very good," he muttered to himself, as if pondering some project in his mind. "I would gladly hear one other piece. I will choose something for myself," and, reaching across the Master, he began to turn over the pages of the mass that still lay open on the desk. He stopped at her own favourite *Agnus Dei*, and at his request she sang it. Her

cheek was tinged with a faint glow of colour now; she seemed to the Elector wonderfully beautiful. He gazed at her, and listened in deep silence. When she ceased to sing he drew a long deep breath. Then he turned from her to the Master.

"Herr Kapell-meister, a visit here is truly not thrown away. Much as I respected this good old town, I anticipated no such pleasure from my stay in it as this last half hour has afforded me. But time presses now; we must not try the patience of our municipal friends too far. Herr Kapell-meister, may I request your further attendance? I would speak to you privately about some matters;" and, bowing courteously to all around, the Elector, followed by the Master and his suite, retired from the choir

"Berthalde, remain with me a little while," the Kapell-meister said, when on the day succeeding to the Elector's visit, the mass was over and the singers were departing.

Standing beside him, she listened, as was often her delight to do, to a slow movement that he played, until the rest were gone, and they two were alone. Then, the Master closed the organ, and coming to her took her hand in his. A small, thin, delicate hand it still was, and she herself too was small, but no longer now a child, nor looking like one.

"Berthalde," the Kapell-meister said, "I have news for you. Have you no suspicion what it is?"

She shook her head.

"Did nothing happen yesterday?"

"Yesterday!" she exclaimed, "you mean the Elector's visit?"

"I do, and what I have to tell you now is this, that his Highness has expressed a wish that you should accept an engagement in the choir of his court chapel at Dresden."

He watched her face as he spoke, and a look of almost tender pity beamed from his dark eyes as he saw the sudden change. She stood before him pale as death, her head bowed down, her lips quivering; no word broke from her. She stood like one turned into marble, quite still and calm; her arms had fallen down, and the hands were clasped. Her attitude was that of one whom some great sudden grief had crushed.

"My child, what is there in this news so much to grieve you? I thought that you would have rejoiced at it."

She was still mute, and he anxiously implored her to arouse herself.

She did arouse herself, and crushing down the sorrow within her, tried to speak.

"Master, forgive me; it came so suddenly—I am quite unprepared," she said, faintly.

"Did I then tell it to you too abruptly? Sit down and calm yourself a little while. Why, Berthalde," he said, half laughing, "you look as frightened as you did that day so long ago, when for the first time I saw you at the church door below."

Still she wept.

"Berthalde," he continned, "you must tell me what is grieving you. I cannot comfort you if you will not tell me what your sorrow is."

Through her tears she tried to answer him; and though her voice was broken, her tone was almost passionate in its earnestness, as she said:

"O sir, I have lived here all my life. All that I have in the world is here. Do you think that I can leave it all and feel no grief? Do you think that I can bear suddenly to be told that everything I love is to be taken from me, and never weep? Do you think only because I am blind, that I can grow so little attached to anything that all places are the same to me? O sir, we do not need sight to love."

"My child, you cannot think that we would send you forth to a strange place alone."

She looked up with one instant's hope—his last word trembling on her lips.

"Alone," she echoed.

"Berthalde, will not your father and your mother both be with you?"

She stooped her head again to stifle a deep sob. There was a few moments' pause, then again the Master spoke:

"My child, I knew it is no easy thing to tear ourselves away from things that we have grown to love; but those who are dearest to you you take with you, and if there be a sacrifice to be made, will not the thought that it is made for their sake, to save them from the labour that is grown so hard to them, repay it? It is I indeed who should grieve to lose you, for I cannot hope, when you are gone, to find another who will fill your place."

His last words blotted all the others from her memory.

"But," she answered, choking with emotion, "who will fill your place to me? Who will take pity on the poor blind girl, and comfort her when she is sorrowful, and be a friend to her as you have been? Who will give her more than life? Do you think that for all that you have been to me I have no gratitude to you—no love for you?"

"I do not think it, Berthalde. My kind, dear child, my dear little friend, I know you love me, and I think you know that you are dearer to me than a pupil only. But, alas! my child, there are every day many friends and more than friends who part."

She did not answer him; perhaps she scarcely heard the few last words, for as he spoke them his voice had grown very sad and low, and she was weeping. And then again they both were silent for a little while, until she cried with passionate sorrow,

"O Master, must I go?" and clasping both her hands together, raised her beseeching eyes up to his face as though it were possible for her to see what sentence might be written there.

"No, not against your will," he answered,

but the joy which for a moment had half broken forth into a cry, was silenced by the tone in which he spoke, it was so grave and cold; and while she stood abashed and silent, he added sorrowfully and reproachfully, "Your father—your mother, Berthalde, are they both forgotten?"

"Forgive me, for I did forget! I thought only of myself," and she sobbed aloud. "Oh, do not hate me—do not look in anger on me!"

She stretched out both her hands to him; he took them into his, looking with a deep, searching pity on her, and with unutterable melody his rich voice spoke:

"My child, you condemn yourself too much. I well know there have been few moments in your life when you have forgotten others in thoughts of your own self. Be comforted."

"My father! my mother!" she murmured to herself, in low and tender tones, as though she sought by whispering their names, to strengthen herself for the great sacrifice; and then again she was quite silent, and they both stood beside each other, until at last she raised her head, and with a face quite pale, like marble, with the long, dark lashes of her eyes cast down upon her cheek, with trembling and white lips, she slowly said,

"My Master, I will go."

And then there came suddenly—almost in the moment that the words were spoken—a passionate flood of tears.

He spoke no word of comfort; he could not understand her overwhelming grief; nor had he any sympathy with it. Many long solitary years, perhaps, had chilled the feelings of youth. Perhaps from his calm station he looked back upon them with a kind of pity, smiling at the passionate grief and the still more passionate joy that trifles once could give him. His passion was his art. And he was happy in it, perhaps as happy as he wished to be, for he had forgotten much.

Only when the poor child's wild outburst of sorrow had partly died away, and the deep bitter sobs grew hushed, did the Kapellmeister speak to her.

He spoke to her about her parents; about their poverty, and the small help which she had yet been able to give to them; of their love for her, their pride in her, and the joy that it would give her to be the comfort and support of their old age. Her heart answered to each word, and her tears ceased to fall, and her resolve grew still more firm that she would think about herself no more. Then he spoke of her own future; rejoicing that her great talent would be no longer hidden; that she would make a name to herself, and gain the honour that here she scarcely could have hoped to gain.

She shook her head, and tried to silence him, and tears rose in her eyes again,—for what was fame to her? And when at last he tried to strengthen her for her departure—telling her how each day would lessen her regret; how gradually old memories would fade away; how the keen sorrow there, though hard to bear at first, would lose some portion of its sharpness every hour—she only shook her head and wept.

"My child, it is growing late. They will be looking for you at home," said the Kapellmeister, breaking the silence that had fallen over them. . . .

She roused herself, and rose hurriedly.

"Yes, I should have gone before—I did not know how late it was. Master, I have kept you here much too long. Forgive me: it was very thoughtless," she said timidly.

"Nay, my child, it was I rather who detained you," he answered kindly.

She stood before him, her lips trembling, and her eyelids cast down, as if she wished to speak, and had not courage. Then she made a great effort and the words came out:

"You must not think I am ungrateful. You have been exceeding kind to me." She did not weep, but great sobs heaved up her bosom convulsively.

"All my life's gratitude can never be too much, can never pay you back all that I owe you—never! but all my life I will remember you, and love you; and O, think of me when I am gone!"

"Yes, I will think of you, my child," the Kapell-meister said, and even his voice, so calm at all times, seemed shaken with emotion now; "I will think of you as of one who was taken from me in the moment when I felt that she might become as dear as a daughter to me." The Kapell-meister stooped over the kneeling girl, and pressed a cold calm kiss upon her brow. Then, when a few moments had passed, with a steady voice again he gently bade her go; and she rose up, weeping no more, and, like a child, obeyed him. Their last words together were of ordinary things.

"You will be here to-morrow at the usual time, Berthalde?"

"I will come, Master."

And so they parted.

For many years, in the choir of the court chapel at Dresden, Berthalde Reimer's voice had, it was said, so strange a power, that strong men were moved to tears in hearing it. Men who had not prayed for years bent their knees involuntarily, and bowed their heads, awed by its solemn and unutterable beauty.

For many years she lived, and sung, and suffered. Then she died.

It is very long ago; yet, amongst the people, many a kind tradition lingers even now of the blind girl who sang so wondrously; who, coming a stranger to their town, lived with them, gentle to all, yet ever sad and calm, and pensive, until her aged parents died; then, dying too, as if her work was done, prayed to be buried far away, in the country whence she came; and so was laid

by loving hands in the spot which she had chosen, close to a nameless grave that rested in the shadow of an ancient church.

CHIPS.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

ALTHOUGH, as a rule, a man has a right to whatever he buys and pays for, yet this rule like all others has exceptions. A by no means literate person can, for example, purchase the privilege of placing after his name the letters "Ph.D." or before it the title of "Doctor," and thus patent himself in society as one of the learned; but, as no one can buy brains with bank-notes, or learning with small change, so an ignoramus has no right whatever to the distinction, although he may be able to show a receipt for the value in cash of his diploma. A gentleman advertised his services in the literary papers regularly, some time ago, to retail, to any one who could pay, certain learned degrees, at per diploma. The wholesale houses with which he dealt were understood to be the universities of Jena and Giessen.

Ben Jonson wrote in his day,

> "Hood an ass in reverend purple,
> And he will pass for a cathedral doctor;"

and now, in our day, society is often hoodwinked by the agency of the much-revered yellow of twenty sovereigns, (more or less), into believing in the erudition of any person who chooses to disburse that sum to some German University for the privilege of being addressed as "Doctor." Of all titles, none ought to be more respected; consequently, when improperly borne, the false pretence demands exposure.

As now bartered for lucre, the prefix "Doctor" is a distinction extrinsically without a difference; for, titularly, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Abernethy, Dr. Hooker, or any other really great man, stands in the same rank with Dr. Taws, who keeps a school and cannot spell; or Dr. Family Black, who has found it profitable to add a drug department to his grocer's shop; and who, like Dr. Taws, has paid his money to buy the privilege of adding "Dr." to the brass of his door-plate.

It must be understood, however, that although the title "Ph.D." is a suspicious one, all Ph.D.'s are not pretenders. Even at the German universities, the first and second classes of Doctors can only obtain their degress after trying and legitimately successful examinations. It is only the third class diploma which is sold, "and no questions asked." On the document of this third class it is inscribed that the candidate has passed *cum laude*, with praise (doubtless for prompt payment); the second class awards it *cum multâ laude*, or, with great praise; and the first, *cum summâ laude*, with the highest praise. Some of our most distinguished chemists are Ph. D.'s of the first class, such as Lyon Playfair, Hofmann, Graham, and Musprat. The public cannot, however, know whether the innumerable Doctors of Philosophy daily to be encountered, are of the honourable first or second class, or of the dishonourable—because paid for—third class. They may, however, detect any pocket-dubbed doctor by asking to look at his diploma, and learning with what sort of praise he was "capped." The present market price of a third class German degree is one hundred and sixty guilders.

THE GAUGER'S POCKET.

POOR old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name. That light active half-stooping form; bent as though he had a brace of kegs upon his shoulders still; those thin gray rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of threescore years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the Coast Guard.

He was the last of the smugglers; and when I took possession of my glebe, I hired him as my servant of all work, or rather no work, about the house, and there he rollicked away the last few years of his careless existence, in all the pomp and idleness of "The parson's man." He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years: throughout which time, all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them as sheath to steel.

Gradually he grew attached to me, and I could not but take an interest in him. I endeavoured to work some softening change in him, and to awaken a certain sense of the errors of his former life. Sometimes, as a sort of condescension on his part, he brought himself to concede and to acknowledge in his own quaint rambling way:—

"Well, sir, I do think when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night, and idle abed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying and always prepared for to shet (shoot) the gauger; I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!"

But whatever contrite admissions to this extent were extorted from old Tristram by misty glimpses of a moral sense and by his desire to gratify his master, there were two points on which he was inexorably firm. The one was, that it was a very guilty practice in the authorities to demand taxes for what he called run goods; and the other settled dogma of his creed was, that it never could be a sin to make away with an exciseman. Battles between Tristram and myself on these themes were frequent and fierce; but I am

bound to confess that he always managed, somehow or other, to remain master of the field. Indeed, what Chancellor of the Exchequer could be prepared to encounter the triumphant demand with which Tristram smashed to atoms my suggestions of morality, political economy, and finance? He would listen with apparent patience to all my solemn and secular pleas for the revenue, and then down he came upon me with the unanswerable argument—

"But why should the King tax good liquor? If they *must* have taxes, why can't they tax something else?"

My efforts, moreover, to soften and remove his doctrinal prejudice as to the unimportance, in a moral point of view, of putting the officers of His Majesty's revenue to death, were equally unavailing. Indeed, to my infinite chagrin, I found that I had lowered myself exceedingly in his estimation by what he called standing up for the exciseman.

"There had been divers parsons," he assured me, "in his time in the parish, and very larned clargy they were; and some very strict; and some would preach one doctrine, and some another; and there was one that had very mean notions about running goods, and said 'twas a wrong thing to do; but even he, and the rest, never took no part with the gauger—never! And besides," said old Trim, with another demolishing appeal, "Wasn't the exciseman always ready to put *us* to death when he could?"

With such a theory it was not very astonishing—although it startled me at the time—that I was once suddenly assailed, in a pause of his spade, with the puzzling inquiry, "Can you tell me the reason, sir, that no grass will ever grow upon the grave of a man that's hanged unjustly?"

"No, indeed, Tristram, I never heard of the fact before."

"Well, I thought every man know'd that from the Scripture; why, you can see it, sir, every Sabbath day. That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch-door, that heap of airth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooly's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! but how came such a shocking deed to be done?"

"Why you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there was bribery, and false-swearing; and an unjust judge came down—and the jury, all bad rascals, tin-and-copper-men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish; and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass twenty times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well but Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooly was accused of—what had he done?"

"Done, sir! Done? Nothing whatsoever but killed the exciseman!"

The glee, the chuckle, the cunning glance were inimitably characteristic of the hardened old smuggler; and then down went the spade with a plunge of defiance, and as I turned away, a snatch of his favourite song came carolling after me like the ballad of victory.

On, through the ground-sea, above!
Light on the larboard bow!
There's a nine knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

Hush! for the heaven falls:
The skulking gauger's by,
Down with your studding sails,
Let jib and fore-sail fly!

Hurrah, for the light once more!
Point her for Shark's Nose Head,
Our friends can keep the shore,
Or the skulking gauger's dead.

On, through the ground-sea above!
Light on the larboard bow!
There's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

Among the "King's men," whose achievements haunted the old man's memory with a sense of mingled terror and dislike, a certain Parminter and his dog occupied a principal place. This officer appeared to have been a kind of Frank Kennedy in his way, and to have chosen for his watchword the old Irish signal "Dare!"

"Sir," said old Tristram one day, with a burst of indignant wrath, "Sir, that villain Parminter and his dog murdered with their shetting-irons no less than seven of our people at divers times, and they peacefully at work in their calling all the while!"

I found on further inquiry that this man Parminter was a bold and determined officer, whom no threats could deter and no money bribe. He always went armed to the teeth, and was followed by a large, fierce, and dauntless dog, which he had thought fit to call Satan. This animal he had trained to carry in his mouth a carbine or a loaded club, which, at a signal from his master, Satan brought to the rescue. "Ay, they was bold audacious rascals—that Parminter and his dog—but he went rather too far one day, as I suppose," was old Tristram's chuckling remark as he leaned upon his spade, and I stood by.

"Did he, Trim, in what way?"

"Why, sir, the case was this. Our people had a landing down at Mellnach, in Johnnie Mathoy's hole; and Parminter and his dog found it out. So they got into the cave at ebb tide, and laid in wait, and when the first boat-load came ashore, just as the keel took the ground, down storms Parminter, shouting for Satan to follow. But the dog knew better, and held back, they said, for the first time in all his life: so in leaps Parminter smack into the boat, alone, with his cutlass drawn; but,"

(with a kind of inward ecstacy) "he didn't do much harm to the boat's crew—"

"Because," as I interposed, "they took him off to their ship."

"No, not they; not a bit of it. Their blood was up, poor fellows, so they just pulled Parminter down in the boat, and chopped off his head on the gunwale!"

The exclamation of horror with which I received this recital, elicited no kind of sympathy from Tristram. He went on quietly with his work, merely moralizing thus—"Ay, better Parminter and his dog had gone now and then to the gauger's pocket at Tidnacombe Cross, and held their peace, better far."

The term "The Gauger's Pocket," in old Tristram's phraseology, had no kind of reference to any place of deposit in the apparel of the exciseman; but to a certain large gray rock, which stands upon a neighbouring moorland, not far from the cliffs which overhang the sea. It bears to this day, among the parish people, the name of the Witan-Stone, that is to say, in the language of our forefathers, the Rock of Wisdom; because it was one of the places of usual assemblage for the Gray Eldermen of British or of Saxon times—a sort of speaker's chair or woolsack in the local Parliaments. It was moreover, there is no doubt, one of the natural altars of the old religion; and, as such, it is greeted with a fond and legendary reverence still. Hither Trim guided me one day to show, as he told me, "the great rock set up by the giants, so they said; long, long ago, before there was any bad laws such as they make now." It was indeed a wild, strange, striking scene; and one to lift and fill, and, moreover, to subdue the thoughtful mind. Around me was the wild half-cultured moor; yonder, within reach of sight and ear, that boundless breathing sea, with that shout of the waters, which came up ever and anon to recal the strong metre of the Greek,

"Hark! how old ocean laughs with all his waves!"

and there, before me, stood the tall, vast, solemn stone: gray and awful with the myriad memoirs of ancient ages, when the white fathers bowed around the rocks and worshipped!

"And now, sir," clashed in a shrill sharp voice, "let me show you the wonderfullest thing in all the place, and that is, the Gauger's Pocket."

Accordingly, I followed my guide, for it seems, "I had a dream which was not at all a dream," as he led the way to the back of the Witan-Stone; and there, grown over with moss and lichen, with a moveable slice of rock to conceal its mouth, old Tristram pointed out, triumphantly, a dry and secret crevice about an arm's length deep. "There, sir," said he with a joyous twinkle in his eye, "there have I dropped a little bag of gold, many and many a time, when our people wanted to have the shore quiet, and to keep the exciseman out of the way of trouble; and there he would go, if so be he was a reasonable officer; and the byeword used to be, when 'twas all right, one of us would go and meet him, and then say, 'Sir, your pocket is unbuttoned;' and he would smile and answer, 'Ay! ay! but never mind, my man, my money's safe enough;' and thereby we knew that he was a just man, and satisfied, and that the boats could take the roller in peace; and that was the very way, sir, it came to pass that this crack in the stone was called for evermore 'The Gauger's Pocket.'"

A PILL-BOX.

A box is often a lure, a bribe, a coaxing machine. Its contents may be pretty or valuable, or both. But the box frequently entices to the purchase of that which would not be purchased if the box were not. Herein is the philosophy of box-making. It is a psychological study. The box-maker not only contrives to fashion a convenient receptacle for the thing to be contained, fitting in shape and size, and perchance elegant in form and adornments; but he studies (although he may know nothing of phrenology) the bumps of form, colour, individuality, ideality, in his friend the public.

Never was there so much money spent as now for captivating boxes; and never were the wits of the makers of these packages so taxed for new designs and new combinations. Take envelope-boxes. A new and "catching" envelope-box is a little fortune to the envelope-maker; he packs up his shilling's-worth in the graceful new box, and the whole is bought as much for the sake of the box as for the contents. Those who enjoy peeping into shop-windows—and it is a peep not without profit, if the peeper can only keep his hands out of his pockets—will remember the Crystal Palace envelope-box, the almanack envelope-box, the thermometer envelope-box, and hosts of others; all equally good for the envelopes, but each intended to catch the eye of the buyer by some novelty or some beauty.

The French are very busy manufacturers of paper boxes: not merely such small wares as pill-boxes; but a whole class of boxes in which cartonnage or pasteboard is the material. No less than four thousand persons are said to be thus employed in Paris; and these are not employed indiscriminately on all kinds. Jacques Bonbomme may make very good pill-boxes; but it does not hence follow that Jacques can equally well produce the other varieties. The boxes are classified almost with the care and discrimination with which the naturalist classifies his plants and animals. First in rank come the most elaborately finished and ornamental boxes, for the display of artificial flowers, rich velvets, ribbons, satins, silk trimmings, corbeilles for wedding-presents, and other costly delicacies which appeal to the purses of the

wealthy: these require the services of the most skilled artisans in the cartonnage trade. Next in rank come the boxes and small cartonnage decorations required by the confectioner, for the tasteful adornment of his table sweets, or for packing the smaller sweets for sale. Another class of boxes comprises those used for packing the numerous nameless trinkets which the French are in the habit of selling at twenty-five sous per box. Fourth on the list are found those boxes which are used to contain perfumery, fans, gloves, and various articles of haberdashery. Boxes of the fifth class, larger in size but humbler in quality, are those which may be seen on the shelves of mercers and milliners and haberdashers, containing the largest kinds of goods which can conveniently be placed in paper boxes. The sixth, smallest and cheapest, but the most numerous and certainly not the least commercially important, are productions of the pill-box and wafer-box genus. In neatness of execution, and lightness and delicacy of ornament, this French cartonnage maintains a high reputation. Besides the above six classes, the boxes for containing fruit are largely made in France, especially at Bordeaux.

Wherever the manufacture of lace, gloves, or light articles of haberdashery and bonnetry is largely carried on, there is sure to be an extensive demand for paper boxes. Thus, paper boxes are made in Manchester, Nottingham, Leicester, and Belfast, as well as in Birmingham, for the innumerable trinkets of that town. The paper duty presses heavily on this home manufacture. Lest any one should imagine that boxes and wrappers and labels for manufactured goods are trifling matters, we may just mention that Belfast is said to spend eighty thousand pounds a year for the ornamental wrappers alone in which Irish linen is bound for export, and that the School of Design in that town is looked forward to as a means of educating designers for this as well as other departments of artistic adornment for manufactures.

In the higher departments of paper box making, the fabrication of the box itself is a small matter compared with the adornment. The smoothly rolled carton or pasteboard is cut to size; and by delicate touches of the scissors, and the paste-brush, and the gum-pencil, the structure is built up: the paint and the varnish, the enamel and the gelatine, the gold and the embossment, do the rest. There are writing-desks and work-boxes now made of carton, presenting an exquisite delicacy of appearance: the colour and texture of the carton itself presenting an unexceptionable groundwork on which taste may be afterwards displayed. Time has been when carton delicacies — "papyro-plastics"—were a favourite object of fire-side lady-like pursuit; but the never ending crochet-needle seems to have set these nearly aside.

It is, however, in relation to the smaller and cheaper paper boxes that the commercial or manufacturing features are most worthy of attention. Small haberdashery, small confectionary, and small trinkets, are packed to an immense extent in boxes made with surprising cheapness. Some of these boxes, though paper externally, are really made of wood; they are of the kind called scaleboard. A pretty art this is, of making scaleboard out of a thick plank. There is a sharp cutting instrument, bearing much resemblance to an ordinary plane-iron; it is as long as a plank is wide, and is used to cut off a layer, or shaving, or veneer, or scale from the plank. The plank is moved by a steam-engine, and is drawn steadily over the inverted plane-iron (which is fitted to a bench), by which a slice is shaved off; and this is repeated until the whole thickness of the plank is sliced away. So nice has now become this art, that with a very smooth-grained and regular kind of deal, one hundred and twenty films or scales are occasionally cut from an inch of thickness; for it must be remembered that there is no sawdust, no waste: like a well-conditioned wheaten loaf, the plank may be sliced without making crumbs. It is, however, rarely that the wood is cut to such extreme thinness as this: a thirtieth or fortieth of an inch is a much more usual and useful thickness. This, then, is the scaleboard employed by the box-maker; he procures it from the saw-mills, and forthwith fashions it to his wants. The scale is cut half through, and turned up to form sides and ends; thin paper is pasted on both sides, to strengthen the slender structure and to form the hinges; a little paste or glue cements the junctures; and the outer covering of smarter paper gives much of the strength and all of the beauty which the box may present.

But the boxes of which we are now speaking—oblong quadrangular boxes from an inch or two to a foot or two in length—are not all made of scaleboard: some are formed of carton or pasteboard. The pasteboard consists of numerous sheets of paper, pasted, and pressed, and rolled into a homogeneous substance. The pasteboard, like the scaleboard, is cut half through, at the boundary of the length and breadth of the box, to permit the outlying pieces to be turned up for forming the sides and ends, and little square bits are cut out at the corners to enable these turnings-up to take place. In most of such boxes the horizontal edges form tolerably strong joints, simply because the carton remains in one piece, being not cut through; while the vertical edges are secured rather by the paper with which the box is usually lined and covered, than by direct applications of glue or paste.

What would any such box be worth, however, without its external beauty? The reader may rest assured that this beauty—real or conventional, as the case may be—is a subject of most serious thought to the maker. How poor

is mere black ink in aiding us to describe the dazzling attractions of this little box now before us! It is about two inches long by an inch and a half in width; it is one of a kind which the maker sells wholesale at three shillings and sixpence per gross, a fraction above one farthing per box; it is not mere scaleboard, but real pasteboard, covered with glazed paper, edged with gold paper, adorned with a coloured picture on the lid, and surfaced with gelatine as smooth and lustrous as glass itself—and all for threepence-halfpenny per dozen. Its destiny is, we believe, to be filled with comfits or confectionary, and then to be sold complete for one penny, or perhaps twopence. Let us take the liberty to look into the artistic department of our friend the box-maker. Here is an artist at work (for as some tailors keep a poet, so do some box-makers keep an artist); he is making new designs for box pictures, and is copying bits from larger pictures; he does not attempt the lofty style, but wishes to catch the eye of penny buyers. The Australian diggings, Jenny Lind, the Bloomers, the Duke of Wellington, Uncle Tom's Cabin—all are fish that comes to his net; he keeps an eye upon what is passing in the world around him, seizes on any matter of public interest, and fixes it down on paper directly, or rather on stone, for the pictures are lithographed. Our manufacturer has by him drawers full and portfolios full of sheets of pictures, some newly springing into popularity, others passing into oblivion: the maker and the artist taking especial care that new beauties shall be ready to attract the eye before passed beauties have waned too much. The Duke was a capital subject; he sold many scores of grosses of boxes. At present Uncle Tom is the reigning favourite; for who, we should like to know, could resist purchasing a box of sugar-plums, when there is Eva teaching Uncle Tom, or Eliza crossing the ice, or the Quaker throwing the big fellow down the precipice, or Topsy not knowin' nothin' about nobody—all for one penny? The pictures, whatever be the subjects, are grouped to the size of a large sheet of paper; they are engraved upon stone, and printed off; they are handed up to children, who colour them: they are then glazed in a very remarkable way with pure gelatine, so smooth and glass-like as to excel any varnish; they are lastly cut up, and pasted to the lids of the boxes which are to receive them.

To those who have no opportunity of testing the greatness of the manufacture of small things, there is something about pill-boxes even yet more curious; they are cheaper by a wide interval than any of the square boxes (except Congreve boxes, which are the poorest of the poor), and yet there is really more manufacture in them, more of the appliances of mechanical skill. There is a veteran pill-box maker—the king of the craft, we believe, in England—residing not so very, very far from the Artillery Ground at Finsbury; in his rambling old-fashioned workshops, with his score or so of assistants, he makes by millions the neat little pasteboard boxes for pills, and the cheap wood or chip boxes for wafers, for ointments, and other minor purposes; and an hour may be much worse spent than in looking at the nimble fingers of these workers.

Is it not a striking fact that chip boxes, each requiring the work of eleven persons, can be sold at one shilling per gross—three for a farthing? But, this is the case in respect to the smallest ointment boxes met with at the chemist's!

A box of this kind, an inch and a half in diameter, an inch high, with a lid extending a quarter of an inch down over the box—let us stand by and see such a box made. In the first place, a plank of soft deal is selected, rather more than an inch and a half in thickness; a shaving or veneer from the edge of this plank will be wide enough for the diameter of the box. The plank is so fixed that a planing machine can pass along it, and take off a film of the required width; and this is repeated until the plank is planed away. Another, one inch in thickness, is similarly planed to form the vertical sides of the box; and a third, a quarter of an inch thick, yields the strips which are to make the overhanging part of the cover. Out of the broader strips, the circular discs are cut which are to form the top and bottom of the box; and this is done with astonishing rapidity by means of a punch and a wooden mallet: the punch is made of hardened steel, and is kept very sharp; the scaleboard is laid down on a block, the punch is placed on it with the left hand, and a blow with the mallet drives out a circular piece of wood; the man shifts the wood, or the punch, or both, almost as rapidly as the eye can follow his movements; and in a few seconds the punch becomes filled with a pile of twenty or thirty discs, which he removes to make way for others. Sometimes the film is cut from a much thicker plank, so as to economise material, by cutting one row of discs in the interstices of another row. The punch for the cover-disc is a little larger than that for the box-disc, to enable the cover to fit properly in its place. While this punching is in progress, a dapper little maiden is giving the proper twist-about tendency to the strips which are to form the sides of the box and cover. These strips are cut to the required lengths, and are drawn between two rollers, so adjusted that each strip becomes curled partially round, the grain of the wood rendered pliable, and the surface glossy.

Every one of these chip boxes, and every lid, is shaped in a tinned iron mould or cylinder, in a manner the rapidity of which almost exceeds belief. One woman, with a vessel of hot glue before her, takes up one by one the strips which are to form the sides of the boxes, and dabs a modicum of glue on one

end and along one edge; she brushes them one after another, taking each in her hand in turn, and serving a hundred or a gross in—we were about to say—no time. Another woman takes each glued strip, and curls it rapidly round within a little tin cylinder or bottomless box; and when she has done twenty or thirty in this way, she takes an equal number of discs, and puts one into each cylinder; she next takes a kind of rammer, and pushes each disc down to the bottom of its little cell, where its circumference comes in contact with the glued edge of the strip; and after this she places a little wedge within and across the diameter of the box, to keep the parts in proper circular form until the glue is dry. In all these varied movements the fingers seem to work spontaneously; before the looker-on, with a high appreciation of his own keenness, has well seen how the little strip is curled round within the little cell, there are twenty cells filled, twenty discs put in, twenty actions of the rammer, and twenty wedges adjusted. If the box be oval instead of circular, like many wafer and toy boxes, the wedges would distort the oval form, and the strips are therefore temporarily compressed by small steel springs. Whatever the box undergoes, the same is borne by the lid: the scaleboard is planned from the plank, the discs are stamped from it, the strips are cut from it, these strips are rolled, they are glued, they are curled round within the tin case, the disc is inserted and rammed down, the wedge is inserted, and the fashioned article is liberated from its cell—all this is done for the lid as well as for the cover, and the whole together requires the services of nearly a dozen persons.

But the veritable pill-boxes, the sight of which has caused so many rueful countenances, have pretty nearly got beyond the range of chip or scaleboard: they are now more frequently made of pasteboard; and it is difficult to say which is more to be admired; the neatness with which they are made, or the cheap price at which they are sold. Every one must employ his own standard or test in judging cheapness; but we cannot think there will be much difference of opinion on this present matter. A white pasteboard pill-box, with a nicely fitting cover and a pink lining, is pretty, symmetrical, and even strong; and that such boxes can be sold at sixpence or eightpence a gross—nay, the competition is bringing down the price to even less than this, for the smallest kinds—is a marvel. Pity that they should be quite so cheap: a few pence more per gross would not be felt by pill takers.

The manufacture of the pasteboard boxes is more curious and interesting than even that of the chip boxes. The primary elements are sheets of smooth white paper, scarcely so thick as writing paper; and—supposing the box to have an ordinary white exterior with a pink lining—we will trace the youthful bringing-up of the pink and white trifle. First, a damsel, provided with a vessel containing a hot solution of cochineal, lays the sheets of paper on a bench, and gives to one surface of each a coating of the crimson pigment, which is dried by hanging in a heated room: these sheets are for the circular discs. Meanwhile a man and a little girl are at work on the sheets intended to form the sides of the box and cover: or rather, we should say that these sheets have previously been coloured to the extent of about one-fourth of their surface. The girl pastes all the uncoloured portion; the man takes a wooden roller, equal in diameter to the intended box, and rolls it on the paper in such a way that the latter forms a tube round the roller; the tube has the pink portion on the inside, while the paper, rolling over itself into a fourfold thickness, has sufficient substance to form a good firm pasteboard. The man, by a few dexterous movements, solidifies and smooths the tube, and then removes the roller from within preparatory to rolling another sheet of paper in the same way. How rapidly the man and his little assistant makes these tubes, we fear to say; but as the operation is one only among many required for a box valued at a sixth part of a farthing, the time bestowed is necessarily wondrous short. The tube, about ten inches in length, is placed in the hot room to dry.

Next we trace the cutting up of the tube into boxes or box-lids. We live in an age when polish is required for everything, even if the substance polished be of the smallest possible dignity. Our fathers took pills out of boxes which had a smooth white surface, but not a glossy one; but our boxes must be polished, and the maker has therefore to devise a mode of doing this, by thrusting a mandril or core into the tube, and then subjecting it to pressure and friction between two wooden surfaces. A woman then cuts up each tube into box rings or lid rings; she inserts a wooden mandril, and adjusts it to a lathe: she has a small but very sharp cutting instrument, and while the tube is rotating, she cuts it up in bits of the proper length, aided by a notched guide to regulate the distances. The rapidity with which this is done is very striking; and it is a curious fact that no Sheffield knife renders such good services for the cutting process as a broken bit of watch spring, fixed at a proper angle between two pieces of wood, and sharpened.

Each bit of tube, to form a box, is provided with a bottom by a disc of circular pasteboard, previously stamped out, and each lid to form a cover is similarly provided: the mode of adjusting these discs being nearly the same as that adopted for the chip boxes.

Some pill-boxes, occupying a more dignified position in the druggist's window, are more elaborately wrought; the box and its lid are "flush," as the carpenters would term it; that is, they are of equal diameter. This is

done by making the box of double thickness, one box within another; so adjusted as to size that there may be left a shoulder or ledge upon which the lid may fit; these, of course, go far beyond our sixpence a gross boxes. These, too, have an additional adornment; for there are strips of dark purple paper pasted so neatly around them as to leave clean white edges. The sheets of purple paper are cut into narrow strips; the strips are laid down, perhaps twenty in parallel rows, on a bench, they are all pasted at once, of course on the white side; a girl takes a box or a lid in hand, applies a pasted strip around it, and employs a pair of scissors to cut off the strip at the right place and the right time. How she manages to hold the box and the scissors and the strips, and to do the work in a fraction of the tenth of a minute is one among many wonders in this very curious art.

There are a few pill boxes of greater pretensions—pill-boxes made of turned wood—pill-boxes made with glass tops; but we deem our old familiar chip and paper boxes much more interesting, at least in connexion with the details of their manufacture.

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

On October the 2nd, 1852, the packet Sierra Nevada arrived from New York at Aspinwall, the newly-erected American city of the Isthmus, with about two hundred passengers bound for St. Francisco. Aspinwall, a name given to this infant settlement in honour of one of the principal directors of this line of steamers, consists of forty or fifty wooden houses run up at a trifling expense in the midst of dense tropical vegetation, springing out of a low marshy swamp. It is situated about six miles east of the old city of Chagres and west of Portobello, in about the most unhealthy spot on the coast; and here the Atlantic terminus of the railway is established.

The republic of New Granada, to which this country belongs, disputes the right of these Americans—and perhaps justly so—to name any place in their territory without the consent of their President and Congress; consequently, they have given this town the name of "Colon" after the great discoverer of their country, and refuse to acknowledge any document in which the new town is called by any other name.

A motley crowd of passengers landed from the Sierra Nevada, and crowded to the railway cars, on the morning of the 2nd of October. Here was the owner of a Californian saw mill with his wife, sister, and six children—there a learned judge; in other spots might be seen a crowd of rough lumber men from the pine forests of Maine, going to seek their fortunes in the far west; New York tradesmen and merchants going to see friends, or to attend to some business in San Francisco; broken down soldiers from the Mexican war going on no business at all; an engineer with his old father, a septuagenarian, and large family; a party of Englishmen engaged to work a silver mine in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada; a young German with a daguerreotype of his lady-love, bound to the "diggings" to make a fortune previous to his marriage; with many others, all bustling to and fro on the platform under a burning sun, and jostling each other most unceremoniously.

At length all was ready, the whistle sounded, the cars started, and away we went, plunging each minute deeper and deeper into the thick pestilential forest; whose rank vegetation rises from a black unwholesome morass. Lofty trees, whose age may be counted by centuries, creepers of every description flowers of all hues, palms, plantains, and every kind of tropical plant, crowd here one upon another in the thickest confusion, and as they wither and die away, others spring up; while the decaying matter sends up a fever, which cleared off, by scores and scores, the unhappy workmen of that fatal railroad. At high noon our destination was reached, at the spot where the railway at present ends, on the banks of the Chagres river, where a little village has risen up of five or six huts, called Barbacoas. The railroad from Aspinwall to Barbacoas is twenty five miles in length, consisting of only a single line, and reached this point about two months ago; in about nine months more, it will have worked its way along the banks of the Rio Chagres, Obispo, and Grande, to Panama.

At Barbacoas we were surrounded by a host of most truculent looking Indians, the owners of boats; and afer struggling for luggage, amidst the shrieks and execrations of unprotected females, long bearded adventurers, bowie-knived Americans, and "one English gentleman," under a blazing sun, and in a swamp of rotten mud, which presents itself in the place of a platform to the Barbacoas station, we at length assembled—a party of nine men, three women, and seven children—in a long flat bottomed boat covered over with a wooden awning, and committed our lives and fortunes to the care of Chagres boatmen. The current runs with great rapidity, and the men punt the boats against the stream with long poles, by thrusting as they walk along a ledge round the sides of the boat, like bargemen in our own narrow rivers. Six of these conveyances left Barbacoas and began to work their slow and weary way up the river, which is bounded on either side by densely tangled tropical forests, among which thousands of butterflies and humming-birds, of the most brilliant colours, disport themselves in the rays of the sun, while flocks of noisy paroquets fly about in every direction among the higher branches of the trees. We had a Texan in the boat, who had been in many "horrid and dismal places," but anything to equal this "tar-nation Isthmus" he

had never seen. "It was pretty tolerable cool," he told us. "in the march of the American army through the 'tierra caliente' in Mexico, when leaving his banner floating over the walls of Vera Cruz, he proudly marched under General Twiggs; but nothing there, could show a candle to this here river." Twice this gentleman took out his revolver, and threatened to shoot the boatmen: "There are three of you, and I 've got a six-shooter, so by ——, if you don't move faster I 'll fix you." He had, in short, drunk a great deal too much *aguardiente*, and previous to resigning himself into the arms of Morpheus, he informed us, that the proudest trophy hanging in the capitol of Washington was taken by him in the battle of Cerro Gordo. "I was entrusted, sir," said he, "by Colonel Irvine, of our U. S. army, with taking prisoner Santa Anna—and, by the everlasten thunder, if he hadn't been made of cast iron, and worked by a high pressure en-gine, I would have taken him! First of all, strarngers, you oughter know that having five four-pounder field pieces, and no carriages, I loaded 'em, and lashed 'em on to five old mules. Then, turning the tails of them five critters toe the enemy, I fired at old Santa Anna's carriage, and the re-coil sent the mules fourteen feet in horizontal distance, and lodged 'em on their heads. May I fall dead down, and never be recuberated, if I lie! Then charging up the hill, I walked into old Santa Anna's carriage, just as he mounted a horse and escaped, while I sat and had six shots at him, all of which rebounded off his back. 'Well,' says the colonel, coming up, 'where's your prisoner?' Says I! 'he's more than mortal, colonel, he's nowhere in partickler; but here is a part of him,' says I—holding up his wooden leg; and by the Tarnal, gentlemen, that same leg of lumber hangs as a trophy in the Capitol of Washington, and is overshadowed by that banner which waves on every sea, and can whip the banded world in arms." Our friend shortly afterwards fell asleep; and after having stemmed the current for six miles, we at length arrived at Gorgona, a miserable village, where it is necessary to pass the night, as it is dangerous to face the rapids after dark.

In the dry season there is a road of twenty-three miles from hence to Panama, but at this time of year it is impassible, and we were obliged to go eight miles further up to Cruces, and from thence over the hills, a distance of twenty-eight miles, to our destination. Gorgona consists of a collection of huts with high conical palm leaf roofs, on a turn of the river; and boasts of two hotels, the American and the St. Louis, where travellers are supplied with brandy, pork, and molasses, mosquitoes, and hammocks at exorbitant prices.

The night passed off slowly and wearily—the steerers and nealy all the boatmen got drunk, the Californians curved and prowled about the huts trying to pick quarrels, the dogs yelled, the blacks fought each other with long knives, and nobody slept. At length the early dawn appeared, and with it a dense, yellow, fever-looking mist arose from the teeming forest. Again the seedy boatmen handled their poles, and again we began to move at snails' pace up the river, with the current increasing in rapidity at every mile, and the heavy dews falling around us and soaking us through and through. This was a long eight miles; nearly all in the boat had been carousing at Gorgona and felt heavy in the morning; and it was with no inconsiderable joy that we arrived at our destination in seven hours after leaving Gorgona.

Cruces consists of about one hundred huts, arranged along a dirty street, crowded with mules, and steaming with liquid *filth*. Of the hotels in this town, the best *is* the American; but the best is bad indeed, being merely a long hut, with a mud floor, and narrow deal table. However, when for twenty-hours, the wooden awning of a wretched boat has been one's only protection from the fierce noonday sun, and morning and evening dews, in the tropics, such a shelter appears a perfect haven of rest in comparison.

Between Cruces and Panama, a distance of twenty-eight miles, there are several American transportation companies, who give the traveller a receipt and profess to carry his luggage safely into the latter city. The road is so unutterably bad, that it becomes quite as much as any one can do to carry himself, so that the luggage must necessarily be left to the tender mercies of these sharks, who frequently detain it a week on the road. Tabor and Perkins, Hurtado y Hermanos, Augustin Perez, Henrique and Woolsey, and Jose Secundo, are the most notorious, but which to select among those for faithfulness and honesty would surpass the keenest penetration. The road, so called, from Cruces to what is termed the half-way house, a distance of fifteen miles, is perhaps the most execrable in the world. Sometimes double distilled Sloughs of Despond, composed of black mud five feet deep; at others, great stones, eight inches apart, sharpened and stuck upon *end*, *all* over the road; then long rows of wooden sleepers, placed in every conceivable *position*, except the right one; now the road would wind up steep acclivities; then follow the bed of a mountain torrent, about two feet broad, with the rocks rising perpendicularly on either side; and the whole passing through a matted and impenetrable tropical forest.

After numberless disasters and difficulties had been surmounted, our party at length arrived at the sign of The Elephant, a long hut situated on the edge of a mass of black mud five feet and a half deep, still retaining the name of a road, and surrounded by thickly tangled forest. From hence, having been charged two dollars for a cup of tea, we again

proceeded through the same unmitigated swamps, until in about two hours, we were overtaken by one of the heavy tropical showers of rain, steady, incessant, and perpendicular. We worked slowly and dispiritedly on. The path had, by this time, been converted into a foaming roaring torrent; frequently, where the rocks were steep, ascending into the dignity of a waterfall; and against this the stubborn mules had to force their way. At length, when the night had become thoroughly dark, we passed down a rocky pathway, and reached the welcome half-way house; like the other houses of entertainment for man and beast, this was a long hut divided into three parts,—the bar, the eating room, and the sleeping room, unceiled of course, and the roof inhabited by spiders with massive cobwebs, scorpions, centipedes, and lizards.

In this delectable abode, situated in the midst of a dismal forest, rising from a reeking morass, about forty drenched mortals congregated. After a scanty but very expensive supper, and after my hiring a blanket and towel as temporary evening costume, we assembled in the long sleeping room. This was indeed a curiosity! Three tiers of bunks, as in a steam packet, lined the walls, while the body of the room was filled up with a row of hammocks; and in this closely crowded lodging a motley crew of colonels and Californians, loafers and lumberers, swindlers and sailors, merchants and murderers, with other travellers of all ages and sexes, were to be accommodated. The singing of mosquitoes, lizards, and bull-frogs, kept up far too lively a concert to allow of sleep to any of us. One gentleman diverted himself by playing at "blind hookey" with the landlord, and lost five hundred dollars; others roared sentimental songs and the like most murderously.

It was the peculiar characteristic of some of these gentry, that, without having a cent in their pockets, they were enabled to hire mules, eat suppers, and drink liquor with the best. One individual informed us that in the neighbourhood of the city of Persepolis—state of Iowa—he realised eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars by exhibiting "the great Iroquois Hopuponthomaterium" at two dimes admittance. This wonderful animal he described as being formed by procuring a dray horse, cutting off his ears close, shaving his forehead and hind quarters, and curling up the rest of his hair backwards. On another occasion he got his passage cheap by agreeing to allow the captain to sell him for a term of five years, on arrival at San Francisco; the transaction was accordingly completed, and the captain made a "handsome realisation." When, however, the worthy was delivered over to his new master, he said, "Now, sir! I guess you'll find me the hardest piece of mortality you ever set your eyes on;" and summarily released himself from bondage by shooting his master through the head. Such Californians as these, many of whom shared our bedchamber, were easy to recognise; long tangled hair, beard and moustache; sunken haggard cheeks, blear eyes, and hatchet faces; a red shirt, broad brimmed hat, revolver in the breast, long bowie knife in the belt, grey trowsers, and high boots.

In such company our second night on the Isthmus passed away slowly enough. I was unable to sleep, because on one side of my hammock were a noisy Kentuckian and a talkative sea-captain, and on the other a gentleman from New York; who, every five minutes informed the public generally in a loud twanging voice, that "his revolver was at full cock, and that the first 'coon as touched his hammock would die right away without kicking." Nevertheless he was lowered down in the middle of the night, and consequently bang went his revolver three times, to the imminent danger of my life; but the bullets luckily lodged in the opposite wall.

Day at length broke, and putting on our half-dried clothes, we again mounted the jaded mules, and continued our course along the same narrow torrent beds, and fearful muddy man-traps for several miles and several hours.

Gradually, however, this dismal slough assumed the appearance of a bridle-path; fields of Indian corn and pasture land arose in place of the dense forest; the bridle-path became a road, and at length the clear blue Pacific burst upon our view, with many verdant islets embosomed on its azure depths. We trotted through a suburb, passed under the old gate, and entered the city of Panama.

The old city of Panama is bounded on three sides by the sea, and surrounded by a wall preserved with great care, with a ditch and two bastions on the land side. In the centre of the town is the Plaza, with an old cathedral on one side, and the State House on the other; and through the town runs the "Calle de las Monjas," or what is now called by the Americans, Main street. It consists of old-fashioned Spanish houses, with broad verandahs, and folding doors instead of windows; which a few years ago looked sedate and sleepy enough, no doubt; but a strange metamorphosis has come over the old town. Now glaring red and gilt sign-boards hang across the street in every direction. One large house, formerly inhabited by a haughty Spanish Don, is now covered with every fanciful description of parti-coloured notice of entertainment. A blue sign-post inscribed American Hotel in bright red hangs from one story; American Hotel in white is painted over another; and ICE, EGG NOGG, GOOD LODGING, BRANDY SMASHES, CHEAP BOARD, are painted in every conceivable vacant spot all over the house. This splendid establishment is warranted to hold two hundred and forty travellers, principally in a long room, lined on both sides with three tiers of benches, and a table down the middle, on which

six-and-thirty people usually sleep, three in a row. There are seven other hotels in this street for the accommodation of Californian emigrants, besides three restaurants, and as many newspaper offices, all of which cover their houses with sign-boards of all colours and dimensions. The town is enlightened by three American newspapers—the Daily Echo, the Star, and the Herald, containing information from California, South America, the States, and Europe. The Editors seem to quarrel among themselves much less than is usually the case in so small a community—the weather perhaps is too hot, and the climate too enervating, for so heating an occupation.

The present Panama, however, is not the same city which sent forth the savage swineherd with his bloodthirsty crew to uproot and destroy the glorious and happy empire of the Incas. Pizarro did not equip his expedition, nor did he, Almagro, and Luque pollute the blessed sacrament by their wicked compact in this city. Old Panama, now a miserable ruin about six miles down the coast, was deserted after Morgan and his buccaneers had crossed the Isthmus, sacked the town, and murdered every man, woman, and child within its precints. A mouldering heap of stones, overgrown with creepers in a pestilential swamp, is all that remains of that proud city, the key of the Pacific, and one of the brightest jewels in the Castilian crown; from whose port those vessels sailed, whose commander overthrew the most civilized empire in the New World, added the vice-regal province of Peru to the overgrown dominions of Spain, and loaded a happy and industrious people with the chains of slavery. After the destruction of old Panama by Morgan, the former site was deserted, and the new town built, where it now stands; about six miles west of the ancient position. The anchorage is bad and inconvenient for shipping, so that vessels usually lay off an island called Toboga, about ten miles from Panama, where on our arrival were two steamers lying, bound for California—the Golden Gate and the Winfield Scott—belonging to rival companies. In Panama there were still many of the passengers belonging to the Illinois, the steamer which had preceded ours, whose luggage had not yet overcome the difficulties of the Cruces road.

Our own fellow-travellers continued to arrive during the remainder of the day on which we had reached the end of our toilsome journey. Covered with mud, worn out with fatigue, men, women, and children hourly entered the gate of the city. Many had met with pitiable misfortunes; one had fallen off his mule nine times; another had been obliged to leave his, over his ears in black mud, and foot it for the rest of the way; a lady had had her gold watch stolen in one of the villanous huts on the road; one poor woman died from exhaustion, caused by fatigue, the day after her arrival in Panama; and another lost her baby.

At length, however, they all arrived; on the following day the luggage began to come in; and on October the 6th the Golden Gate sailed for San Francisco with the majority of the passengers of the Sierra Nevada. Many however were left behind, not having received their luggage, or not possessing the needful to pay for their passage. They seemed to be at no loss, and soon set to work according to their various devices, to replenish their exhausted exchequer. One old fellow from Philadelphia hired a room, and commenced the sale of his infallible cure for dysentery; a Californian got a mule and cart, either by fair means or foul (the latter, probably), and supplied the restaurants with spring water; another got employment as a compositor in the Herald office; a fourth undertook to whitewash the French Hotel.

Such is the present route across the Isthmus of Panama. Its existence will be very brief, for those inconveniences will soon give way to the comfort and rapidity of a railroad; travellers will make the transit at a quarter of the present cost, immensely increased numbers of passengers will move towards the West, and greater quantities of gold will be poured into the Exchequer of the republic of New Grenada, which charges two dollars and a half, as head tax, on every individual who passes through Panama.

Already do the Californians call the States bordering on the Atlantic the "old country;" already may we perceive sure signs of the future strength and power of this young giant. A net work of railways will soon spread itself over the splendid country between the Sierra Nevada and the sea; cities will rise up in the now wooded solitudes; and steamers will connect California with every part of the world.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Pope was thrown into a very angry state of mind when he heard of the King's marriage, and fumed exceedingly. Many of the English monks and friars, seeing that their order was in danger, did the same; some even declaimed against the King in church before his face, and were not to be stopped until he himself roared out "Silence!" The King, not much the worse for this, took it pretty quietly, and was very glad when his Queen gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Elizabeth, and declared Princess of Wales as her sister Mary had already been.

One of the most atrocious features of this reign was that Henry the Eighth was always trimming between the reformed religion and the unreformed one; so that the more he quarrelled with the Pope, the more of his

own subjects he roasted alive for not holding the Pope's opinions. Thus an unfortunate student named John Frith, and a poor simple tailor named Andrew Hewet who loved him very much and said that whatever John Frith believed *he* believed, were burnt in Smithfield —to show what a capital Christian the King was.

But, these were speedily followed by two much greater victims, Sir Thomas More, and John Fisher the Bishop of Rochester. The latter, who was a good and amiable old man, had committed no greater offence than believing in Elizabeth Barton, called the Maid of Kent—another of those ridiculous women who pretended to be inspired, and to make all sorts of heavenly revelations, though they indeed uttered nothing but vile nonsense. For this offence, as it was pretended, but really for denying the King to be the supreme Head of the Church, he got into trouble, and was put in prison; but, even then, he might have been suffered to die naturally (short work having been made of executing the Kentish Maid and her principal followers), but that the Pope, to spite the King, resolved to make him a cardinal. Upon that, the King made a ferocious joke to the effect that the Pope might send Fisher a red hat—which is the way they make a cardinal—but he should have no head on which to wear it; and he was tried with all unfairness and injustice, and sentenced to death. He died like a noble and virtuous old man, and left a worthy name behind him. The King supposed, I dare say, that Sir Thomas More would be frightened by this example; but, as he was not to be easily terrified, and, thoroughly believing in the Pope, had made up his mind that the King was not the rightful Head of the Church; he positively refused to say that he was. For this crime he too was tried and sentenced, after having been in prison a whole year. When he was doomed to death, and came away from his trial with the edge of the executioner's axe turned towards him—as was always done in those times when a state prisoner came to that hopeless pass—he bore it quite serenely, and gave his blessing to his son, who pressed through the crowd in Westminster Hall and kneeled down to receive it. But when he got to the Tower Wharf, on his way back to his prison, and his favourite daughter MARGARET ROPER, a very good woman, rushed through the guards again and again, to kiss him and to weep upon his neck, he was overcome at last. He soon recovered, and never more showed any feeling but cheerfulness and courage. When he was going up the steps of the scaffold to his death, he said jokingly to the Lieutenant of the Tower, observing that they were weak and shook beneath his tread, "I pray you, master lieutenant, see me safe up; and for my coming down I can shift for myself." Also he said to the executioner, after he had laid his head upon the block, "Let me put my beard out of the way; for that, at least, has never committed any treason." Then his head was struck off at a blow. These two executions were worthy of King Henry the Eighth. Sir Thomas More was one of the most virtuous men in his dominions, and the Bishop was one of his oldest and truest friends. But to be a friend of that fellow was almost as dangerous as to be his wife.

When the news of these two murders got to Rome, the Pope raged against the murderer more than ever Pope raged since the world began, and prepared a Bull, ordering his subjects to take arms against him and dethrone him. The King took all possible precautions to keep that document out of his dominions, and set to work in return to suppress a great number of the English monasteries and abbeys.

This destruction was begun by a body of commissioners, of whom Cromwell (whom the King had taken into great favor) was the head; it was carried on through some few years to its entire completion. There is no doubt that many of these religious establishments were religious in nothing but in name, and were crammed with lazy, indolent, and sensual monks. There is no doubt that they imposed upon the people in every possible way; that they had images moved by wires, which they pretended were miraculously moved by Heaven; that they had among them a whole tun measure full of teeth, all purporting to have come out of the head of one saint, who must indeed have been a very extraordinary person with that enormous allowance of grinders; that they had bits of coal, which they said had fried Saint Lawrence, bits of toe-nails which they said belonged to other famous saints; penknives, and boots, and girdles, which they said belonged to others; and that all these bits of rubbish were called Relics, and adored by the ignorant people. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt either, that the King's officers and men punished the good monks with the bad, did great injustice, demolished many beautiful things and many valuable libraries, destroyed numbers of paintings, stained glass windows, fine pavements, and carvings; and that the whole court were ravenously greedy and rapicious for the division of this great spoil among them. The King seems to have grown almost mad in the ardor of this pursuit, for he declared Thomas à Becket a traitor, though he had been dead so many years, and had his body dug up out of his grave. He must have been as miraculous as the monks pretended, if they had told the truth, for he was found with one head on his shoulders, and they had shown another as his undoubted and genuine head ever since his death; it had brought them vast sums of money, too. The gold and jewels on his shrine filled two great chests, and eight men tottered as they carried them away. How rich the monasteries were, you may infer from the fact

that, when they were all suppressed, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a-year—in those days an immense sum—came to the Crown.

These things were not done without causing great discontent among the people. The monks had been good landlords and hospitable entertainers of all travellers, and had been accustomed to give away a great deal of corn, and fruit, and meat, and other things. In those days it was difficult to change goods into money, in consequence of the roads being very few and very bad, and the carts and waggons of the worst description; and they must either have given away some of the good things they possessed in enormous quantities, or have suffered them to spoil and moulder. So, many of the people missed what it was more agreeable to get idly than to work for; and the monks who were driven out of their homes and wandered about, encouraged their discontent and there were consequently great risings in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. These were put down by terrific executions, from which the monks themselves did not escape, and the King went on grunting and growling in his own fat way, like a Royal pig.

I have told all this story of the religious houses at one time to make it plainer, and to get back to the King's domestic affairs.

The unfortunate Queen Catherine was by this time dead; and the King was by this time as tired of his second Queen as he had been of his first. As he had fallen in love with Anne when she was in the service of Catherine, so he now fell in love with another lady in the service of Anne. See how wicked deeds are punished, and how bitterly and self-reproachfully the Queen must now have thought of her own rise to the throne! The new fancy was a LADY JANE SEYMOUR; and the King no sooner set his mind on her than he resolved to have Anne Boleyn's head. So, he brought a number of accusations against Anne, accusing her of dreadful crimes which she had never committed, and implicating in them her own brother and certain gentlemen in her service, among whom one Norris, and Mark Smeaton, a musician, are best remembered. As the lords and councillors were as afraid of the King and as subservient to him as the meanest peasant in England, they brought in Anne Boleyn guilty, and the other unfortunate persons accused with her, guilty too. Those gentlemen died like men, with the exception of Smeaton, who had been tempted by the King into telling lies, which he called confessions, and who had expected to be pardoned; but who, I am very glad to say, was not. There was then only the Queen to dispose of. She had been surrounded in the Tower with women spies, had been monstrously persecuted and foully slandered, and had received no justice. But her spirit rose with her afflictions, and, after having in vain tried to soften the King by writing an affecting letter to him which *still* exists, "from her doleful prison in the Tower," she resigned herself to death. She said to those about her, very cheerfully, that she had heard say the executioner was a good one, and that she had a little neck (she laughed and clasped it with her hands as she said that), and would soon be out of her pain. And she was soon out of her pain, poor creature, on the Green inside the Tower, and her body was flung into an old box and put away *in* the ground under the chapel.

There is a story that the King sat in his palace listening very anxiously *for* the sound of the cannon which was to announce this new murder; and that when he heard it come booming on the air, he rose up in great spirits and ordered out his dogs to go a-*hunting*. He was bad enough to do it; but whether he did it or not, it is certain that he married Jane Seymour the very next day.

I have not much pleasure in recording that she lived just long enough to give birth to a son who was christened EDWARD, and then to die of a fever; for, I cannot but think that any woman who married such a ruffian, and knew what innocent blood was on his hands, deserved the axe that would assuredly have fallen on the neck of Jane Seymour, if she had lived much longer.

Cranmer had done what he could to save some of the Church property for purposes of religion and education; but, the great families had been so hungry to get hold of it, that very little could be rescued for such objects. Even MILES COVERDALE, who did the people the inestimable service of translating the Bible into English (which the unreformed religion never permitted to be done), was *left* in poverty while the great families clutched the Church lands and money. The people had been told that when the Crown came into possession of these funds it would not be necessary to tax them; but they were taxed afresh directly afterwards. It was fortunate for them, indeed, that so many nobles were so greedy for this wealth; since, if it had remained with the Crown, there might have been no end to tyranny *for* hundreds of years. One of the *most active* writers on the Church's side *against the* King was a member of his own *family*—a sort of distant cousin, REGINALD POLE by name—who attacked him in the most violent manner (though he received a pension from him all th time), and fought for the Church with his pen, day and night. As he was beyond the King's reach—being in Italy—the King politely invited him over to discuss the subject; but he, knowing better than to come, and wisely staying where he was, the King's rage fell upon his brother Lord Montague, the Marquis of Exeter, and some other gentlemen; who were tried for high treason in corresponding with him, and aiding him—which they probably did—and were all executed. The Pope made Reginald Pole a

cardinal; but, so much against his will, that it is thought he even aspired in his own mind to the vacant throne of England, and had hopes of marrying the Princess Mary. His being made a high priest, however, put an end to all that. His mother, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, who was, unfortunately for herself, within the tyrant's reach, was the last of his relatives on whom his wrath fell. When she was told to lay her grey head upon the block, she answered the executioner, "No! My head never committed treason, and if you want it, you shall seize it." So, she ran round and round the scaffold with the executioner striking at her, and her grey hair bedabbled with blood; and even when they held her down upon the block she moved her head about to the last, resolved to be no party to her own barbarous murder. All this the people bore, as they had borne everything else.

Indeed they bore much more; for the slow fires of Smithfield were continually burning, and people were constantly being roasted to death—still to show what a good Christian the King was. He defied the Pope and his Bull, which was now issued, and had come into England; but he burned innumerable people whose only offence was that they differed from the Pope's religious opinions. There was a wretched man named LAMBERT among others, who was tried for this before the King, and with whom six bishops argued one after another. When he was quite exhausted (as well he might be, after six bishops) he threw himself on the King's mercy; but the King blustered out that he had no mercy for heretics. So, *he* too fed the fire.

All this the people bore, and more than all this yet. The national spirit seems to have been banished from the kingdom at this time. The very people who were executed for treason, the very wives and friends of the "bluff" King, spoke of him on the scaffold as a good prince, and a gentle prince—just as serfs in similar circumstances have been known to do, under the Sultan and Bashaws of the East, or under the fierce old tyrants of Russia, who poured boiling and freezing water on them alternately, until they died. The Parliament were as bad as the rest, and gave the King whatever he wanted; among other vile accommodations, they gave him new powers of murdering at his will and pleasure, any one whom he might choose to call a traitor. But the worst measure they passed was an Act of Six Articles, commonly called at the time "the whip with six strings;" which punished offences against the Pope's opinions without mercy, and enforced the very worst parts of the monkish religion. Cranmer would have modified it, if he could; but, being overborne by the Romish party, had not the power. As one of the articles declared that priests should not marry, and as he was married himself, he sent his wife and children into Germany, and began to tremble at his danger; none the less because he was, and had long been, the King's friend. This whip of six strings was made under the King's own eye. It should never be forgotten of him how cruelly he supported the worst of the Popish doctrines when there was nothing to be got by opposing them.

This amiable monarch now thought of taking another wife. He proposed to the French King to have some of the ladies of the French Court exhibited before him, that he might make his Royal choice; but the French King answered that he would rather not have his ladies trotted out to be shown like horses at a fair. He proposed to the Dowager Duchess of Milan, who replied that she might have thought of such a match if she had had two heads; but, that only owning one, she must beg to keep it safe. At last Cromwell represented that there was a Protestant princess in Germany—those who held the reformed religion were called Protestants, because their leaders had Protested against the abuses and impositions of the unreformed Church—named ANNE OF CLEVES, who was beautiful, and would answer the purpose admirably. The King said was she a large woman, because he must have a fat wife? "O yes," said Cromwell; "she was very large—just the thing." On hearing this the King sent over his famous painter, Hans Holbein, to take her portrait. Hans made her out to be so good-looking that the King was satisfied and the marriage arranged. But, whether anybody had paid Hans to touch up the picture; or whether Hans, like one or two other painters, flattered a princess in the ordinary way of business, I cannot say; all I know is, that when Anne came over and the King went to Rochester to meet her, and first saw her without her seeing him, he swore she was a great Flanders mare, and said he would never marry her. Being obliged to do it, now matters had gone so far, he would not give her the presents he had prepared, and would never notice her; and he never forgave Cromwell his part in the affair. His downfall dates from that time.

It was quickened by his enemies in the interests of the unreformed religion, putting in the King's way, at a state dinner, a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, CATHERINE HOWARD, a young lady of fascinating manners, though small in stature and not particularly beautiful. Falling in love with her on the spot, the King soon divorced Anne of Cleves after making her the subject of much brutal talk, on pretence that she had been previously betrothed to some one else—which would never do for one of his dignity—and married Catherine. It is probable that on his wedding-day, of all days in the year, he sent his faithful Cromwell to the scaffold, and had his head struck off. He further celebrated the occasion by burning at one time, and causing to be drawn to the fire on the same hurdles,

some Protestant prisoners for denying the Pope's doctrines, and some Roman Catholic prisoners for denying his own supremacy. Still the people bore it, and not a gentleman in England raised his hand.

But, by a just retribution, it soon came out that Catherine Howard, before her marriage, had been really guilty of such crimes as the King had falsely attributed to his second wife Anne Boleyn; so, again the dreadful axe made the King a widower, and this Queen passed away as so many in that reign had passed away before her. As an appropriate pursuit under the circumstances, Henry then applied himself to superintending the composition of a religious book called "A necessary doctrine for any Christian Man." He must have been a little confused in his mind I think, at about this period; for he was so false to himself as to be true to some one: that some one being Cranmer, whom the Duke of Norfolk and others of his enemies tried to ruin, but to whom the King was stedfast, and to whom he one night gave his ring, charging him when he should find himself, next day, accused of treason, to show it to the council board. This, Cranmer did to the confusion of his enemies. I suppose the King thought he might want him a little longer.

He married yet once more. Yes. Strange to say, he found in England another woman who would become his wife, and she was Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. She leaned towards the reformed religion; and, it is some comfort to know, that she tormented the King considerably by arguing a variety of doctrinal points with him on all possible occasions. She had very nearly done this to her own destruction. After one of these conversations, the King in a very black mood actually instructed Gardiner, one of his bishops who favoured the Popish opinions, to draw a bill of accusation against her, which would have inevitably have brought her to the scaffold where her predecessors had died, but that one of her friends picked up the paper of instructions, which had been dropped in the palace. and gave her timely notice. She fell ill with terror, but managed the King so well when he came to entrap her into further statements, by saying that she had only spoken on such points to divert his mind and to get some information from his extraordinary wisdom, that he gave her a kiss and called her his sweetheart. And when the Chancellor came next day, actually to take her to the Tower, the King sent him about his business, and honored him with the epithets of a beast, a knave, and a fool. So near was Catherine Parr to the block, and so narrow was her escape!

There was war with Scotland in this reign, and a short clumsy war with France for favoring Scotland; but, the events at home were so dreadful, and leave such an enduring stain on the country, that I need say no more of what happened abroad.

A few more horrors, and this reign is over. There was a lady, Anne Askew, in Lincolnshire, who inclined to the Protestant opinions, and whose husband, being a fierce Catholic, turned her out of his house. She came to London, and was considered as offending against the six articles, and was taken to the Tower, and put upon the rack—probably because it was hoped that she might in her agony criminate some obnoxious persons; if falsely, so much the better. She was tortured without uttering a cry, until the Lieutenant of the Tower would suffer his men to torture her no more; and then two priests who were present actually pulled off their robes and turned the wheels of the rack with their own hands, so rending and twisting and breaking her that she was afterwards carried to the fire in a chair. She was burned with three others, a gentleman, a clergyman, and a tailor; and so the world went on.

Either the King became afraid of the power of the Duke of Norfolk, and his son the Earl of Surrey, or they gave him some offence, but he resolved to pull *them* down, to follow all the rest who were gone. The son was tried first—of course for nothing—and defended himself bravely; but of course he was found guilty, and of course he was executed. Then his father was laid hold of, and left for death too.

But the King himself was left for death too, by a Greater King, and the earth was to be rid of him at last. He was now a swollen, beastly, hideous spectacle, with a great hole in his leg, and so odious to every sense that it was dreadful to approach him. When he was found to be dying, Cranmer was sent for from his palace at Croydon, and came with all speed, but found him speechless. Happily, in that hour he perished. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign.

Henry the Eighth has been favored by some Protestant writers, because the Reformation was achieved in his time. But the mighty merit of it lies with other men and not with him, and it can be rendered none the worse by this monster's crimes, and none the better by any defence of them. The plain truth is, that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the History of England.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SAILORS' HOMES AFLOAT.

DOROTHY my niece, who is a scholar, writes this for me, and puts it into her fine English as I tell it to her in my own salt-water way. I am a fore-mast hand, an able seaman, I can hand, reef, and steer, I can strop a block or turn in a dead-eye; but my fingers are more handy with the tar-pot than the ink-bottle. Many a landsman who would rather ink his hands than tar them, does not know what it is to haul out a weather earing in a gale; I do, so don't let anybody call me ignorant. I'm afraid, too, that I know some other things that are not known on land; for I do think that if what you call the public had properly known before this what I want to tell them now, things wouldn't be exactly what they are as this leaves me at present.

I fancy I catch somebody saying, what don't the public know about them? Sailors, certainly, have had a great deal of attention lately. Perhaps we don't understand it, and so don't like it as we ought to do. I can't say, I am sure. Members of Parliament have gathered all sorts of statistics about us, and we've been obliged to carry bits of paper with our eyes, noses, and mouths, and our blue anchors and ladies on our arms and chests put down in them, and we are forced to keep them, or to lose them at our peril, and otherwise, also, we are legislated for more than enough. We have our own notion of things, and we talk them over in the forecastle. So it comes to pass that I and my shipmates have agreed that we would try and get some of our opinions outspoken somewhere in print, especially about the forecastle itself. For when we see the comfortable Sailor's Homes built up for us ashore, where we spend on an average only about two months in the year, we think there must be many people who don't know how we spend the other ten months of the twelve, and what a need there is of something more comfortable and decent than is now provided for the Sailors' Homes at sea.

I said two months, but I believe it to be mostly not more than six weeks of the twelvemonth that a sailor spends ashore, and nearly all the acts of Parliament that go to make us comfortable are intended for the good of us during those six weeks; as for the other forty-six, we are left in those pretty much at the mercy of cargo-loving owners and blue water skippers. A skipper in deep water is commonly less polite and considerate than a skipper in soundings or ashore. It is quite true that the law has ordained how many ounces of biscuit, beef, peas and lime juice we shall get at sea, and has laid heavy penalties on masters who neglect to furnish the due supply of lime juice. For that much we thank the honourable House of Commons that it has attended a little to the commons of the sailor, but it is our opinion in the forecastle, as I may some day show if I can find a way to talk these matters through and overhaul the Merchant Seaman's Act, that the advantages got out of new laws are ten to the owners and the captain against one to the man before the mast.

Let a man go aboard what merchant ship he will, and after he has seen the cabins for the officers and passengers, ask for a peep at the accommodations that has been provided for the sailors in it. My last voyage was in the Hope, of Plymouth, a barque that carried emigrants to Melbourne. They are all pretty much alike, I was not worse lodged there than aboard other vessels, but now do just look at what our lodging was. Of course there was the officer's home under the poop, with a painted and carved front, and brass rods like the outside of a caravan, all snug inside, well lighted, with table, chairs, sofas, ingenious lockers and books. The mizen mast that rose through the farther end was disguised with fine carving and painting. Doors led from the cabin to the officers' berths in little state-rooms well lighted, carpeted, and comfortable. We don't grudge our officers any comfort, and we don't want any carving, painting, or carpeting for ourselves. Let gentlemen be gentlemen, and men be men, but don't kennel the men like dogs. Well, then, if we left the cabin and went down the after-hatchway to the 'tween decks; there we found the emigrants. They are badly enough lodged in some vessels, but aboard the Hope their passage money had been paid by Government, and they were well looked after. They occupied the whole length of the ship, that was divided for them into three separate homes; that to the fore for single men, the after one for single women and the hospital,

with the seagoing home for married folk between the two. They had tables, benches, shelves, lamps, and such things. They had sleeping berths in two tiers with room for a man to settle comfortably down or sit upright in any one of them. They got light through strong panes of glass in the ship's sides, and bull's eyes in the deck overhead. Their place was ventilated at some cost, and as the Emigration Commissioners insisted on seven feet of clear space between the decks, they could let their tables down by the hinges, and have exercise during wet weather. Acts of Parliament regulate the amount of space each emigrant shall have, the quality as well as quantity of food to be provided, even when he shall get up and go to bed. That is all very good and very wise.

I mind me that I sailed in 1837 from Liverpool to New York with Irish emigrants when there was no such care taken, and the people, having merely paid the passage money, found their own provisions. The poor creatures took chiefly potatoes, eggs, and oatmeal, and few took more than enough to last them through an average passage. The ship got into heavy weather and the voyage lasted eight weeks: no extraordinary time, but long enough to cause a famine. We got into New York with more than two-thirds of our emigrants depending for life upon a biscuit and two or three dried sprats daily. The ship's stores could not furnish more, and as it was it was found necessary to arm the crew and garrison the cabin, that we might prevent the poor hungry souls from breaking the store rooms open. I remember, too, what we all suffered on a voyage to Port Phillip with emigrants, in 1840. The vessel touched at the Cape for water, and the skinflint of an agent who was a passenger in her, prevented the captain from laying in a full supply. The consequence was that long before we made the coast of New Holland, each man's daily allowance was reduced from six pints to two, and then to one pint. At length we were obliged to alter our course and bear up for King George's Sound, near Swan River, for water. Off the entrance of the harbour the ship lay for three days becalmed under a roasting sun. The men went out in boats prospecting in vain for springs upon the sandy shore. There was not a drop of water on board ship during those three days. Two children died of thirst. Men lay moaning about the decks. The cause of our distress shut himself up in the cabin, where he had no lack of bottled ale and soda water. A breeze that sprang up on the fourth day carried us through the long sound, and as we got into the narrow channel leading to the inner harbour, a boat from Albany—where the report of our signal guns had at length been heard—boarded us, and the crew, finding our condition, pulled off to the nearest spring, laden with kegs and buckets.

The strict regulations now enforced prevent such scenes from occurring any more in emigrant ships, but in vessels carrying merely their crews—merely as sailors, for whose home afloat nobody has yet begun to care—they are common enough. In the very last vessel of the kind to which I belonged, the Abbots Reading of Liverpool, after a very quick passage from South America, we came in sight of the Azores, with no other provisions on board than biscuits, beans, and water. Very good provender for horses, but not quite the right fare for hard-working men.

Well, then, to go back to the Hope, there is all that care taken on board an emigrant vessel—and very properly taken too—of men whose whole experience of sea-going does not come to more than a few months in all their knowledge. What sort of care is taken of the men who live aboard ship, sometimes by the year together, and during all the chief part of their lives?

In old-fashioned ships the forecastle is beneath the main-deck, but as it there occupies space which may be profitably given up to cargo, it is now, in almost all large vessels, superseded by the top-gallant forecastle. The top-gallant forecastle of the Hope, which is a fair sample of the Sailors' Home at sea, was made, as usual, in manner following. In the fore part of the ship a second deck was laid, about five feet above the main deck, reaching as far aft as the windlass, and thus covering that part of the ship included in the round sweep of the bows. Under this roofing a low cavern was formed, about eighteen feet wide at the entrance, and gradually narrowing to a point at the other end. The extreme length of it was eighteen or twenty feet, and it was barely five feet high between the beams. A landsman might compare this kind of sailors' home to the inside of a large baker's oven. In this top-gallant forecastle, containing less space and less air than is the Government allowance for two solitary cells in Pentonville Prison, sixteen people were to eat, drink, and sleep, and keep their clothes, and make themselves at home with one another. It was the whole lodging provided for the carpenter, nine seamen, five boys, and the cook, that being the complement of hands on board the Hope, or any other vessel of four hundred and sixty tons register.

The front of this home of ours was boarded off across its whole breadth, and was to be entered on each side by a sliding door. The anchor chains having passed through doors of their own—two large square holes, left in the front for that purpose—ran along the whole length of the fore-castle, to be carried through the hawse-holes and shackled to the anchors. As this ground tackle must be always ready for instant use when the ship is near land, these four holes were at such times left open: one pair of them let in the wind, the other pair the water. We had no windows, and could get light only when the doors were open. In rough weather, however, if we did not keep

the doors carefully shut, a large part of every sea that washed the decks would give our forecastle a rinsing. The two doorways, when fully open, were each of them about four feet high, and just wide enough to allow a man to squeeze in and out sideways.

Of course, by habit, we could all learn to squeeze into our dark hole without knocking our heads over much against the upper deck. A wife from shore if she came in to see one of us, supposing she was clever enough at stooping,—for in our homes at sea no full-grown person can stand upright—would soon bruise her shins in the dark, over our chests strewn about the floor. If she was a tidy woman, she would pine a bit to see the sort of home her Bill had got into. Down the middle of the hole that is allotted, let me say again, to sixteen people, she would see, as soon as her eyes could cut a way into the gloom, a great spar four or five feet round, the heel of the bowsprit, with a pair of bunks fixed on each side of it, dividing the place into two equal parts. Here are bunks, of course, or berths as you call them, fixed against the walls, and anybody standing in one of the halves of the forecastle might rest an elbow on each wall of berths. But there is not clear deck even in that little compass, for there are two rows of chests further blocking up the space, and the clear deck on either side of the bowsprit is a lane only about twelve inches wide. So merchant sailors lodge,—so we were accommodated in the Hope; two of us could not pass unless one mounted a chest and crouched upon it. When the cables were bent, we had not even our twelve inches of floor: the muddy chains then rested on the only vacant planks, and there was no rest for the sole of the sailor's foot upon the floor of his own home.

The bunks in which we slept were no worse than I have found sailor's beds to be on board most vessels in the merchant service. There were two tiers of them on each side, three in each tier; those twelve, with the four fixed on the heel of the bowsprit, made up our number. Each bunk was barely six feet long, and twenty inches wide. The height of the whole forecastle being only about five feet, we had less than two feet space between one bunk, and the vent above it. I slept in an upper bunk, using the heel of a studding-sail boom for a pillow. My nose, when I had got between the blankets, was within three inches of the beam that crossed above me, and if ever I forgot myself and tried to raise my head at all, without first pushing it out beyond the side board, I was punished for my want of thought. Then when I went to bed, of course a little skill was necessary to get into it at all. I had to put my elbow into one end of the bunk, and my heel over the other end, raise my body into a horizontal position, and then slide myself in sideways, by a wriggling motion that it's not in my power verbally to explain. Once in, stretched on his back, with his broad shoulders firmly wedged between the ship's timbers on one side and the outer board on the other; his head threatened with bruise or breakage if he raises it incautiously;—the seaman a-bed in his sea-going home must lie as though he were fixed snugly in his coffin. The luxury of drawing his knees up to his chin, and coiling himself snugly in the blankets, is of course quite out of the question.

So we were lodged aboard the Hope. The-hawse holes through which the chain passes, being only plugged up in a temporary way with old tarpaulin, let in water every time the ship dipped her nose into the sea. The water reached the main deck through a small scupper hole beneath the bunks, and as the vessel pitched, came back into the forecastle none the cleaner for its travels. In this way there was kept up a continual wash on the lee-side of the room, not well relished by those of the crew whose beds and blankets now and then were wetted by it. Then again, through each of the two lower foremost bunks there passed a mass of timber and copper bolts, forming part of the cat-heads. The seams surrounding the cat-heads being at most times leaky from the working of the ship, a cool salt stream was generally trickling through them, so that the tenants of those two bunks had both jam and pickle. From the crevices around the iron spindle of the capstan and the timber bits, two other rivulets flowed slowly down the bowsprit and across the narrow floor, spreading beneath the chests, rotting their bottoms, and quietly destroying our chief articles of property, namely, our shore-going suits of clothes.

I have sailed in some vessels, and I know that there are many, in which the forecastle does not contain so many bunks as bodies. Some of the crew agree then to "turn in and out," two men in different watches keeping the same berth warm. In harbor, when all hands are below together, some of the crew are, in such a case, compelled to sleep on chests.

Never did anybody, poet or romancing man, describe a den that could be worse than a top-gallant forecastle during a gale of wind or a long spell of dirty weather. The men get wet through in every watch, and hang up their wet clothes, as they come in, on nails driven into the beams. They steam like soup and flavor our darkness with a moist and nasty taste. The doors are kept well closed to bar out the heavy sprays that dash against them, and the forecastle is pitch dark day and night, except when a man slips in with the water at his heels, and shuts the slide up suddenly.

Well, that's the forecastle. That is the sailor's home at sea. When your landsmen sing, as I hear butcher boys do, how they're afloat, they're afloat on the fierce rolling tide, the ocean's their home, and the bark is their

bride, I hope they'll take these words of an old sailor to heart, and think what sort of a home they would get upon the ocean in a merchant's barque, more especially if there was a particularly rolling sea. That's the sort of place we merchant sailors live in when we are at home; as for your sailors' homes ashore, they're very good; but we don't live in them long enough; we can't carry them aboard. If the honorable House that has looked a little to our commons, would just legislate a little humanely for the lodging of the common seaman on board ship, just as it has legislated for the lodging of the emigrants—if an Inspector were required to step down into every forecastle before a trader left port—I don't think there would be a very wrong thing done. But then I'm a forecastle man myself, and dare say I'm ignorant and don't properly consider owners' interests, and then don't rightly feel that the size of the cargo is of more worth than the health and comfort of the crew.

Now I have something to say about the common seaman's victuals. Parliament regulates the quantity, but quality depends upon the pocket of the shipowner. In some London ships I know, and I dare say in a few ships from other ports, the provisions supplied are excellent; but in most English vessels, and especially in those from other ports than London, they are either second-rate or bad. My teeth are most used to such biscuit as would never be put on board an American trader, nor on board many Scotch ships. Salt-beef is known justly in the merchant service as salt-horse or mahogany. Every cask of mahogany is opened in the presence of the steward, who picks out the good bits for the cabin, and leaves the worst for us forecastle men. Our tea—our greatest luxury—is of the cheapest and coarsest kind. Masters, mates, men-of-war's men, emigrants, and convicts, are all supplied with preserved meats, soups, vegetables, &c.; but anything of that kind is as rare a sight upon the English merchant seaman's chest, as turtle soup upon a tradesman's dinner-table. In spite of all improvements, and all new preparations, there has been little change made in the kind of provisions supplied to us during the last half century, except that we have had our grog stopped, and got nothing in its place.

Of course we may get hardened by usage to this kind of treatment, but we are not too stupid to make comparisons, and as some of us have seen a little of the Yankee vessels—I for one—we grumble; we grumble, even, dissatisfied wretches, at the savage way in which we are obliged to eat our food. We want to sit before it like Christians, but can't. Tables are impossible in our small den, and we know no more than the wolves do about table knives and forks. The pork and pea-soup, or beef and rice are served up in small tubs, which pass round from hand to hand. Each pours his allowance of soup or rice into a tin pot, and eats his bit of meat out of the lump with the clasp-knife that hangs about his neck. Breakfast and supper are alike with us; we get a quart of black mess mixed with small twigs and "cabbage," and in that we soak our brown and flinty (if not always chalky) biscuit, fishing up the pieces with the points of our knives.

Just now I said that I had seen a little of the way the Yankees treat their sailors. I will tell in a few words what the sailor's home is aboard the best American ships. Some few English owners, I am told, have followed the example. From the break of the poop to the hawse-holes the deck is flush, unbroken, on both sides. The forecastle is on the same level as the waist, and guarded by high bulwarks that shelter the men well. In the middle of the deck there is a round wooden building called the Round-house, where the crew are lodged. The roof is dome-shaped, and so gives height to the room within, which is six feet high round the sides, and eight feet in the middle. The tallest of the seamen walks erect in it. This place is fitted up with berths, much like those in our forecastles, only more roomy and comfortable. Every berth is lighted by a little window, beneath which there is a long shelf, or rather a narrow cupboard, divided into several compartments and closed by a door with hinges to it. Along the front of each berth hangs a curtain, making it completely private.

In the middle of the round-house is a table with ledges round it, to prevent dishes from slipping off, and about the table there is fixed a broad bench, upon which the seamen sit down properly to dinner. There is another bench, too, running along the edge of the lower bunks. Beneath the bench that goes about the table there are lockers that contain a good supply of knives and forks and spoons, and things that civilised men who live ashore use at their dinner. Their solid food is brought to the men on board these Yankee vessels in bright metal dishes, and their soup—in a tureen! The men, instead of tearing the tough beef to pieces with their fingers, as we do in English forecastles—where we must sit as we can, with little piles of broken biscuit on the ground beside us—the men in the round-house sit down ship-shape at table, handling their knives and forks over a piece of "prime mess" that has come after a course of fresh "soup and bouilli," and that is made sweet and wholesome by the help of a dish of dried potatoes, and by a good supply of pepper, mustard, and pickles. Those are articles of which every sea-going man knows the value, but which are rarely given to us English seamen. The house itself of the American sailors has a clean, wholesome, homely look. It is large enough to lodge properly the whole ship's company; and it is well lighted and warmed. A lamp hangs from a small skylight, protected by strong

wire and a good stove is part of the home furniture.

It is very well to tell us, as some English owners do, that these round-houses interfere with the working of the ship, are liable to be washed overboard, and so on. We know what that means. And we ask any landsmen who will take my word, as he may safely, for the condition of an English top-gallant forecastle, if it is wonderful that we desert our vessels, and prefer good pay, and good lodging, in the American merchant service? A power of laws are made to stop desertion, and to keep us to the English ships by penalties and threats. But give us a law or two designed to make the English ships better worth stopping in, and you will give us something worth having—and give England something worth having too.

MUNCHAUSEN MODERNISED.

One Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, wrote "A Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1558. He is evidently a faithful describer of what he sees; and, as to his comments, is not more hard upon our country than many of his compatriots living in the present day, with the difference that in those times there was every excuse for stern indignation.

One of his chief reproaches against England had, at that time, terrible truth on its side. "In England," he says, "there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, they would condemn him to die." Elsewhere he remarks, "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes, I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd, and preserve my head. In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."

During the earlier period of his residence in London, Perlin saw the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey. The English in which he records the dying prayer of that nobleman, reminds us of similar exhibitions on the part of distinguished French men of letters in the present day. The Duke is reported to have said, "*Lorde God mi fatre prie fort ous poore sinners nond vand in the hoore of our theath*"—of which mystic sentence Perlin has fortunately given us a French translation—"*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pêcheurs, et principalment á l'heure de nostre mort.*"

Perlin did not fall in love with the character of the people. Even at that early date, Albion it seems, was *perfide*. The character of the natives he sums up by saying that "neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful." He alludes particularly to the antipathy of the English of that day to foreigners. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French as their old enemies, and call us *France Chenesve, France Dogue*, &c. *Chenesve*, be it understood, was the French orthography of *knave*.

But our country had charms for him in some aspects. He liked our hospitality. "The people of this place," he says "make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany and Spain in a month. For you will see hatters and joiners and artisans generally playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day. And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day, with rabbits and hares, and every sort of food."

Perlin gives us a glimpse of "Merrie" England: "The English one with another are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church where music is not sung. And they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis dring a quarta rim oim gasquim oim oim hespaignol, oim malvoysi*, which means, *veulx tu venir boire une quarte de vin du Gascoigne un autre d'Espaigne, et une autre de Malvoise*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou;* and you will reply to them in their language *iplaigiu* If you thank them, you will say to them in their language, *God tanque artelay*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death, that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agoud oin*. Now remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. . . . The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English *amphores* [stiles], and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds. . . . The people are all armed, and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

Compare this not altogether unfair or very prejudiced view of the English, with the letters written by some of the most conspicuous

of the Paris journalists, during the fraternization of "All Nations," in 1851. Since the dark days of Master Perlin, we have enjoyed years of peace and friendly intercourse, but it is clear that this class of the French do not yet understand us, and what is worse, show no signs of wishing to do so.

Of the letters alluded to, those of M. Edmond Texier, a not undistinguished writer in the Siècle, are among the most remarkable for wildness of invention and misapprehension of everything he sees and hears. Angels' visits are frequent, and in rapid succession, compared with his deviations into fact. Though the most random of writers, he is scarcely ever, even accidentally, in the right. And so illogical is he, withal—so self-contradictory are his very mistakes—that it is difficult to assign to him any other claim to literary distinction, than a happy and unfailing felicity in hitting the wrong nail in the very centre of the head.

The first English phenomenon which did not find favour in M. Texier's eyes was, of course, the climate. Of the sun he saw very little; and when he did see it—in the height of summer—it was like "a red wafer fixed upon a sheet of grey paper." It is unnecessary to follow him through the fog, rain, and foul weather of every description, which he describes, but could not have seen during his visit to London. The heavy atmosphere has its influence upon the people. Looking on the crowds passing in the streets, he is "struck with the sadness imprinted on their countenances. The continental Englishman—the Englishman one sees in Paris—is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home. Look at them in France—they are careless, joyous, and sometimes amiable; they talk, they laugh, they sing, even, at table, without much solicitation; and I have seen them bold enough to conquer a *contre-danse*, or figure in a quadrille. In London they are grave as lawyers, and sadder than mutes. Not only do they stop their dancing and singing, but they are most careful not to laugh for fear of losing their consideration or credit. At the theatre, or at a *soirée*, if a woman allows herself to laugh, it is because a woman is a woman everywhere, and must occasionally show the pearls of her mouth. As to the men, the *ennui* which consumes them is so profound, that it has imprinted its stigma upon their countenances. Their expression is always drooping, and morning and night we meet them with the same air of depression which explains the strange malady of the spleen. . . Nothing is more lugubrious than the physiognomy of London, on a day of fog, of rain, or of cold. It is then that the spleen seizes you. On such days the immense city has a fearful aspect. One believes oneself walking in a necropolis—one breathes sepulchral air. Those long files of uniform houses, with little windows like guillotines, of a sober colour, enclosed by black railings, seem two ranges of tombs, between which phantoms are walking."

The sadness of the people is, perhaps, partly induced by the habit of wearing black coats, which M. Texier says is universal in England. "The gentlemen and trading classes both wear black coats; the coat when it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few shillings, the property of the working man, who wears it on Sundays; when this second-hand *(seconde main)* fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor. It is not until after this last process that the black coat, made in a Piccadilly or Strand establishment, absolutely ceases to exist."

But the Englishmen whom M. Texier sees in London are not only melancholy wretches and wearers of black coats: they are even worse: "The dandies yawn on their thoroughbreds, the ladies yawn in their carriages. Not one among these representatives of the richest aristocracy of the globe, seems to suspect that a famished population is crawling at their feet. Absorbed each in his own *ennui*, they have no time to occupy themselves with the misery of others. On these ill-omened days—and they are numerous—the Englishman, under the influence of his climate, is brutal to all who approach him. He insults and is insulted without giving or receiving excuses. A poor man falls down from inanition in the middle of the street; the passer-by strides over him, and proceeds on his business: his task finished, he enters his club, where he dines copiously, where he intoxicates himself, and where he forgets, in the sleep of drunkenness, the overbearing *ennui* of the day. In London, happiness consists not in the sensation of living, but in the forgetfulness of existence. Hence these pitchers of beer, these bottles of ale, this gin, this porter, and these monstrous grogs *(ces grogs monstrueux!)* absorbed by a single man in one evening."

However, the indulgence in "*these* monstrous grogs"—and also, it may be presumed, in such things as astounding ales, alarming gins, and unnatural porters—is caused and excused, M. Texier tell us, by his old enemy the climate; and he hopes that, in speaking thus, he will not be accused of entertaining any national prejudice or resentment: "I am not, thank God, one of those who cannot speak of Shakspeare without thinking of the battle of Waterloo; I relate what I have seen and see every day, and do not at all ask that France should take her revenge for Trafalgar."

The next infamous institution in England, after the appalling climate and the monstrous

grogs, is the Church Establishment. "The Anglican religion seems to have been invented expressly for the English aristocracy. Among its professors the fate of the Jew, the Irishman, and the beggar, inspires no pity. The Romans were not more insensible to the tortures of the gladiators in the circus. The priest will pronounce from his pulpit an emphatic discourse on charity; but for the thousands of unfortunates who die every day in the horrors of misery and abandonment, they have not one tear, not an emotion of the heart. The Anglican minister is essentially the priest of the rich and the lettered. He is a rhetorician of sufficient attainments, who occupies himself in polishing his phrases, and rounding his periods, and cares for little beyond. His duty is to deliver in the temple a discourse, prepared with a certain amount of talent, on a fixed day and hour. After that he returns home, dines in the midst of his family, and discovers that everything happens for the best in a country where the taxes upon the poor amount to more than a hundred millions."

In contrast with the luxury and extravagance of the Church, M. Texier gives full licence to his fancy in describing the condition of those miserable people who earn enough money to pay a hundred millions a year to the State. "But we are tired of foreigners' descriptions of what may *not* be seen in Field Lane and Seven Dials; where the starving population, it seems, are driven by tyranny to get their living—not only as beggars and robbers, but assassins. One amiable unfortunate told M. Texier that he was a native of "poor and Catholic Ireland;" upon which we are treated to the important fact, that if M. Texier were to live for a thousand years (a consummation which would evidently be of great advantage to French literature), he would never forget the impression produced by those words!

As to the upper classes in general—a bloated and rapacious aristocracy—"not less *blasé* than the Roman society under the Cæsars," they think of nothing but enjoying themselves. "It is necessary for the English, in order to feel a certain emotion, to behold persons in peril. Tigers, hyænas, and lions at one time were the rage, but when it was perceived that Carter and Van Amburgh did not run any danger, they were forsaken. The young girl who was devoured three years ago, in the presence of the public at Astley's, by a tiger, had an immense success. For fifteen days nothing else was talked about in society and the clubs. Everybody envied those who had been so favoured as to assist at this extraordinary representation. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched between the teeth of a wild beast—what a fine opportunity to be envied! I am certain that the time is not very distant when the spectacle of a combat between men and animals will be necessary for this enervated aristocracy. I hear even now, of a society of capitalists being formed for the purpose of building a vast circus at which men will contend against bears."

Let us follow M. Texier through a more favourable phase of aristocratic life. He goes to the opera, and states with some magnanimity that the interiors, neither of the Italiens or the Grand Opéra at Paris, can give an idea of that of Her Majesty's Theatre. "The English aristocracy is represented on six ranges of boxes. Diamonds and all the precious stones of the Indies sparkle on the necks, in the hair, and on the fingers of these noble ladies. These beautiful swans of Great Britain display, with a complaisance altogether peculiar to London, their superb forms; and the lace, of a brownish tone, serves to heighten still more the splendour of their white shoulders, which proceed vaporously from a cloud of *points d'Angleterre*. O daughters of Albion! the most illustrious of your modern poets—Lord Byron—has calumniated you! The English ladies, in ball dress (and they are nearly always in ball dress), are the women whose beauty we can most surely appreciate at the first view. In spite of the rules laid down by cant, they are so incompletely clad, that if they were to disembarrass themselves of their bracelets of gold and their necklaces of pearls and diamonds, nothing would remain to hide them from the public gaze, but the veil of their long ash-coloured hair."

In matters of fact the most easily ascertainable, this gentleman arrives at similar wonderful results. He informs his readers that, during the Exhibition, in London, "the smallest of single apartments could not be obtained for less than ten shillings a day; and for two rooms a sovereign!"

M. Texier is very happy to be able to assure his countrymen that "the devil does not lose his rights in English society, and that what they call British reserve can be carried to a certain point of hypocrisy." He adds, "In London, the people never see the day, and are so occupied, that they have no time to be aware that they exist. After dinner, the tradesmen, the gentlemen, and those who belong to the nobility, go to the theatre. The representation terminated, they rush off to their clubs, where they drink and smoke. After this there is the *Finish*, an ignoble public-house, or sumptuous tavern, so called, because it is to these that they go to finish the night.

"The *Finishes* hold the same relation to English habits as the *estaminet* to those of the Germans, or the *café* to those of the French. . . . It is not until nearly one o'clock in the morning that the *habitués* begin to arrive. Several of these gin-palaces (the author favours us with the English name) are the daily rendezvous of the *élite* of the aristocracy. These young lords, who at an earlier hour are always stiff and solemn, replying by a

yes or no to the questions addressed to them; these honourables of the Parliament, who would not have dared a few minutes before to venture an opinion on the last novel other than is contained in one of the two words—*shocking* or *beautiful;* all these disciples of *cant* (a favourite English phrase of the author); all these slaves of conventionality—the vapours of champagne, of alcohol, and of Madeira, elevating their brains—take off their coats, loosen their cravats, disembarrass themselves of their waistcoats; and, in short, establish their boudoirs in public. The amusements of the *Finishes* are sufficiently varied; but there is one, continually repeated, that has always an immense success. It consists in making a young female intoxicated, until she falls down dead drunk; then they pour down her throat vinegar, in which mustard and pepper have been mixed. This horrible beverage gives her nearly always horrible convulsions. This is very gay. A diversion also very much appreciated in these fashionable *reunions*, is to throw on the drunken persons glasses of punch or any other kind of liquor. . . . When a stranger assists at such a spectacle, he perceives that in this puissant and proud British empire, there is one man better understood than Shakespeare; it is Falstaff. It is generally towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning that the company retires from the *Finish*. The domestics then call the cabs; the gentlemen who can still stand on their feet then search for their coats in a pell-mell of over and under-coats of all kinds. As to the others, the waiters dress them as they can, with the first garments that come to hand—carrying the wearers into the vehicles, and indicating to the drivers the addresses of the packets which they confide to them. If, by chance, the waiters are ignorant of the residences of these gentlemen, they deposit the latter in a room down stairs, where they remain until they have recovered sufficient reason to be able to give their directions."

Here is a terrible revelation of the daily habits of the young nobility of this country—a revelation which we should find it difficult to accept, but for M. Texier's established veracity and accuracy of observation. He tells us, too, *apropos* of English hypocrisy, that "These same men who have been drunk together, meeting again at the club, will ask one another the news, but make no allusion to the orgies of the night before." It is a matter of mutual arrangement by which they hold one another in check; and, adds our author, "If this be not the solidarity of hypocrisy, it is something very near it."

Illustrating the height of hypocrisy in this country, M. Texier says very gravely, "Here all the feet of the sofas and chairs have pantaloons on. It is the same also with the pianos. I asked of my hostess why all these articles of furniture wore more clothing than the ladies I saw three times a week at Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden? 'Would you not be shocked, Monsieur,' she replied, 'if you were to perceive the legs of the furniture.'"

Some years ago something similar to this was thought a very good joke against the Americans. That it should be now turned seriously against ourselves, is truly a comic piece of retribution.

But M. Texier's grandest discovery is, perhaps, the light which he throws upon the political character of the English people. The tractability and obedience of the lower classes (whom we are accustomed to consider rather alarmingly addicted to such bad habits as individual opinion, aspiring to legislation, and to be not the most manageable of mankind,) meets with the author's great admiration. "The English people," he informs us, "is an infant, to whom you give formulas in the guise of sugar-plums. If they suffer too much, and are tempted to throw off the yoke, you stop them in one word, 'Have you not the right of petiton?' and they say to themselves: 'It is true!' Then they return to work, or to the tavern. It is two years and a half ago since the Chartists assembled in the City (!), and wished to make an irruption into the West End. Behold how fifteen constables, placed at the head of Waterloo Bridge, stopped two hundred thousand of these malcontents:—'How many are you?' asked the chief of the constables.—'We are two hundred thousand.'—'What do you wish?'—'We wish to pass.'—'The Queen forbids it. Go, walk about in the suburb, if you please, but you shall not pass over Waterloo Bridge.'—'We have not then the right of circulation?'—'You have; but you are too numerous to-day for your presence not to cause alarm. If you have anything to complain of—Petition.' And after these words the constable raised his *bâton* and struck a few Chartists—in the name of the Queen. Ten minutes after, the assembly was dispersed."

Those who remember the events of the memorable tenth of April, will appreciate the accuracy of this description, not to mention the admirable knowledge of the locality exhibited by the historian.

M. Texier is a pleasant person to accompany—upon paper—to a ball. "The proper Englishman," he tells us, "dances gravely, his eyes fixed, and his arms stuck to his sides; but if he is excited by sherry or porto, he abandons himself to epileptic contortions; and nothing is more sad than the aspect of this lugubrious gaiety." This he observes at a public ball—"a temple of taciturn folly"—where a group of foreigners made an irruption, "and several, joining in the quadrilles, proceeded to embroider some continental arabesques; unfortunately the commissaires, incapable of comprehending this *lyrisme chorégraphique*, enjoined the dancers to relapse into the monotonous limitation of the British Terpsichore. But the impetus was given, and

towards the end of the evening, the islander himself, put in a good humour, abandoned himself to disorderly improvisations. Here, a word between ourselves: I very much fear that the *can-can* will not cross the Channel this year. I have, however, observed some vestiges of this highly fanciful dance at another establishment—the Vauxhall. At Vauxhall they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit of the management is in the sale of false noses. The bills do not tell the public that they will not be admitted unless masked; and it follows, that when a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself, he is allowed to buy his ticket, after which it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter the establishment with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose, at a cost of three shillings. For the rest—when once the false nose is paid for, he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. If an attendant asks why you are not masked, you draw your nose from the depths of your coat pocket, and are allowed to pass quietly: you are *en règle*. The false nose is the passport to the Vauxhall."

It is impossible, it appears, to obtain admittance into "any theatre," without submitting to "the tyrannical etiquette of the white cravat" and the eternal black coat, upon which M. Texier elsewhere remarks. Without, in fact, appearing in the most authentic evening costume, a man who has the misfortune to fail in these requirements finds himself—in the midst of the most populous portions of London—in a desert; and without even the Parisian consolation of a *café* to enable him to kill his valuable time.

If the English are absurd at home, abroad they are a little worse. M. Texier has heard of "an honourable baronet," who had, contrary to the habits of his class, never quitted his country seat, except for the orthodox three or four months in London once a year. His mania was ornithology; and he especially prided himself upon stuffing every possible specimen that could be procured. His addiction to this fascinating pursuit was fast depriving him of his social position, when he was reminded by a kind friend, that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Aroused to a sense of his situation, he saw, at the age of thirty, that no time was to be lost. "He ordered an immense travelling carriage, in which was placed a bed, a table, his instruments of dissection, his scientific books, and his dead birds. At the back of his carriage he established his cook and his *cuisine;* and, having ordered his valet to conduct him into the most picturesque countries of Europe, he gave himself up very quietly to his favourite occupation. At the end of a year the baronet, having accomplished his duties as a perfect gentleman, returned home, bringing with him some hundreds of stuffed birds. He had slept, drunk, eaten, and stuffed in his carriage, from which he had not dreamed of alighting; but his honour was safe, he had crossed the Channel, and his vehicle had visited Europe."

Returning again to the English ladies—which M. Texier seems very fond of doing—we are told that the "rosy and smiling Misses" whom one meets at balls, are educated to within an inch of their lives. "They know history and geography like an old professor; they have studied botany, physic, and chemistry. These ladies, whose blooming shoulders can scarcely be distinguished from the satin of their robes, will speak to you in the language of Cicero, and show you that you have lost your time at College; I have seen one very young lady, of great beauty, who knew Greek. In contemplating this bland apparition, which seemed to issue from a cloud of lace and flowers, there was not one among us who was not tempted to exclaim, with the person in the *Femmes Savantes*—

"Ah! pour l'amour de Grec, souffrez qu'on vous embrasse."

The author allows the English one redeeming point, in matters of taste. If they do not produce articles of art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them. The Duke of Northumberland, for instance, "possesses one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe, and he estimates these great works in proportion to the price which he has paid for them. He does not profess to have the most beautiful paintings, but the most costly ones. However, as the price of works of art, whatever their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in desperation at not being able to find in the universe a picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic course of placing in his saloon—magnificently framed, and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of the masters—a bank-note for a hundred thousand pounds. Oh, Molière!"

Oh, Munchausen!

The author goes to Epsom on the Derby Day—"the great festival of the year in England." On his way he sees miniature houses and gardens, and young ladies in white dresses—notwithstanding the severity of the English May—and carrying parasols, "wasted flattery addressed to an apocryphal sun." At the inn where he stops to refresh, the war-cry of the moment, "No Popery," is inscribed, according to custom, on the wall. He also reads the following mysterious inscription—"The pope and the French bayonets, for ever John Bull can't"—which he prudently translates into French, for the benefit of the English public, as meaning "*Le pape et les baïonettes françaises, John Bull ne les supportera jamais.*" It may be asked here, in passing, if M. Texier really copied the English inscription, by what process he contrived to put it into such very sensible French?

At Epsom he admires things in general—

especially the "gentlemen riders:" the six favourites, and the champagne—the consumption of which is imperative upon everybody on that day—when two hundred thousand bottles are regularly carried from London, and as regularly consumed! Under this influence the company becomes gay and even *spirituel*—a circumstance from which M. Texier makes the wise deduction that the *tristesse* of the English is caused by the ordinary liquids which they imbibe—the monstrous grogs, astounding gins, and extraordinary porters before alluded to. If this view of the case be the correct one, we have only to open our ports to French wines, and abolish those estimable persons, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Combe, Meux, Truman, &c., together with all the "Co.'s entire," in order to become as *spirituel*, as *vivant*, as *aimable*, and, perhaps, as politically prosperous as our neighbours!

The author here tells an anecdote which gives us great insight into the sporting world. A young gentleman whom he had met in one of the great libraries of St. James's Street ("*chez Sam*") a few minutes before the race, said that he wished to stake a few guineas in favour of "Teddington," but that he could not find "a *tenant*." At this moment "One of the great kings of the sport, Lord Spencer, happened to pass, to whom he communicated his embarrassment, and who replied: 'I have your man—wait a few minutes.' Five minutes had scarcely passed, when there presented himself on the part of Lord Spencer, an ill-dressed man, whose rude manner and coarse language proclaimed the English workman. He was a mason. The gentleman proposed a bet of forty pounds, but the mason replied with disdain, that it was not worth his while to trouble himself with so little; he made no bets under five hundred pounds; and he accordingly walked off." M. Texier learned afterwards that the mason was the representation of the masons in general, who had subscribed each a few shillings towards a sum amounting to three thousand pounds sterling, for the purpose of speculation. M. Texier learned also—what is not generally known—that this practice prevails among every other corporation of workmen, who have each their representative on the turf.

The author gives a glowing account of the return from the Derby; and here he may perhaps be pardoned for one mistake which he makes. He says that it is a common diversion on these occasions, especially among the aristocracy, to throw bags of flour at one another—a proceeding which he quietly describes as "very gay." The fact is, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the officers of a certain "crack regiment," and might well suppose that so brilliant a joke could not be of their invention.

But to note all M. Texier's eccentricities would be an endless task. How his moustache is voted "shocking" by a sagacious public: how a bible is forced upon him at a table d'hôte: how he sees the company go to a Drawing Room (where the English ladies had crowded all their feathers and diamonds upon their persons, in order to dazzle the foreigners): how he cannot succeed in getting a cutlet at a tavern, or a place at the theatre, or any comfort (upon which the English pride themselves so much) in the houses:—are all circumstances told with an appropriate amount of pathos. But M. Texier saw certainly more than we have seen in the playbills; for he tells us (in illustration of the rigid distinction between classes in this country) that these announcements invariably commence with the words—"The nobility, gentry, and common people, are respectfully informed."

Taking M. Texier all in all, we must congratulate him on having contrived to concentrate, within the space of a small volume, all the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for many ages tended to separate—far more effectually than fifty Channels—the two most civilized nations of the world. The progress of science has united them materially: mentally, gentlemen like M. Texier still continue to keep them apart.

Is it not, let us gravely ask in conclusion, an extraordinary fact that a writer associated with a respectable journal published in Paris, can produce such absurdities as these, and show such profound ignorance as this, undetected, among a great intelligent and polite people like the French; while if one hundredth part of this nonsense were written by an Englishman concerning the manners and customs of France, he would be exposed by his own countrymen through the *length* and breadth of his own country, within a *month* of his making such a fool of himself.

A PENNY A WEEK.

Our Penny Society has been in existence for a number of years: if I am not mistaken, it is fast entering its "teens." During the first stage of its existence it appeared to be but a sickly bantling, with no promise of the vigour of its after life. Some of *its best* friends shook their heads in grave *doubt*, and its own particular godfathers *professed* to have small faith in its ever *arriving* at years of discretion. However, if all *goes* on as it does this present New Year *of grace*, I trust to its reaching a green old age, though I may not live to witness it.

We do not pretend to address ourselves to the mechanic so much as to his wife and children. To them we say "You are too poor to subscribe to a Savings' Bank: you have no need of a Benefit Club; pay to our society one penny, or twice that amount if you can, every week, and when Christmas comes round with its short dark days, its cold frosty nights, its pelting storms, and its sharp biting winds, you will receive from us

an order entitling you to receive from a respectable dealer at wholesale prices, such articles of clothing as you may most need, equal in value to the amount of your deposits." This is what we have said, and that the poor families are alive to the full advantages of such a system of weekly economy is best proved by the fact of our list containing the names of eighteen hundred members, with applicants far beyond that number.

The weekly subscription to our society may be from one penny to threepence; by far the greater number being for the higher sum, only fifty-seven last year being for one penny, and one hundred and three for twopence. Small as these sums are, we are compelled to make it imperative that no arrears over two months be permitted, or it would soon be out of the power of very many to make up their deficiency before the close of the year, a stipulation upon which depends the obtaining of the yearly ticket. Defaulters have their money returned to them, and of those, there are sometimes so many as ten per cent. The amount of money lodged in my hands as treasurer during the year, in these small sums, is now about nine hundred pounds, in twenty-six thousand five hundred deposits.

When I first assumed the duties of treasurer, not very long since, I confess to having some few misgivings as to the smoothness of the water through which my office would lead me. I pictured to myself all sorts of irreconciliable errors in the totals of the weekly coppers; no end of difficulties with the five hundred and odd old women and children, (one of our last year's subscribers was a baby in arms!) and at the end of the year a frightful phalanx of discontented defaulters, and still more troublesome ticket-holders. But, somehow or other, all these terrors have proved as baseless as the Cock Lane Ghost. The alarmists, who, in 1851, prophesied ruinous results at the Great Exhibition from the admission of the shilling visitors, were not more at fault than was I in my estimation of the trouble arising from my Penny Depositors.

Our office arrangements are on the most economical scale: the establishment could scarcely cost less, for it stands us in precisely nothing per annum. My treasury is one end of the National School Room of St. John's Over-the-Water; somewhat larger than I require, but I place a range of desks so as to form a sort of counter, behind which I sit enthroned on the schoolmaster's high stool, with that functionary at my side to act as teller, cashier, bookkeeper, and clerk. In this way we manage to knock up a marvellously snug little sort of Bank Parlour behind those inky pieces of furniture, and with the aid of a pair of sixpenny moulds, we look quite splendid and imposing when you are close to us, provided the fog does not rush in too thickly on winter evenings, and extinguish us.

If our official staff is condensed and frugal, not less concise is our system of accounts. I am quite aware that I shall be laughed at by Mr. Coleman, the King of London accountants, and that your veteran book-keepers of Lombard Street will despise and pity me, when I make the admission—which I am bound to do—that I keep but one rather small, humble looking book, which I make answer the purposes of day-book, cash-book, register, and ledger, and that there is but one entry needed for each payment. What is more than all this, I have never yet been so much as one shilling in error at the end of the year, and have never had a difference with any one of our eighteen hundred women and children, which latter fact says as much in their favour as my own.

It will be but right that I proceed to show, as well as I can, in what way our Penny Society has thriven so long and so completely; how we avoid the shoals and rocks, and how we manage to navigate in tolerably smooth water. The main secret of our success has been in having a few good simple rules and closely adhering to them.

I have said that we admit subscribers of one penny, twopence or threepence a week; for then at the commencement of each of our years, we issue penny or twopenny cards as the case may be, and a member having once elected to what amount he will subscribe is bound to adhere to it. Hence we save any confusion or risk of error, which might arise if they were allowed to pay in unfixed sums. At the end, therefore, of the year, it is quite clear, without any abstruse calculation, that the holder of a penny card will be entitled to the sum of four shillings and fourpence, and so on. These cards are ruled in squares for the fifty-two weeks; each card bears a number and name corresponding to their duplicates in my model ledger and cash-book.

This book is ruled quite across the wide pages, in fifty-two columns, representing the weeks; the continued addition of the payments entered against all the eighteen hundred names on any one of the Mondays gives the amount of cash received, and to be paid into our banker's, whilst the receipts against any one name across the page represent the amount at the credit of the member.

Our Monday evenings are pleasant interesting times. I would earnestly recommend any gentlemen who know not how to amuse themselves or how to busy their minds and bodies for the benefit of their poorer fellow-citizens, to pay a visit to the National School Rooms of St. John's Over-the-Water upon any Monday evening that may suit them, and they will witness what I think must instruct and interest them.

As the clock strikes the hour of five, I take my station in our little "Bank Parlour," upon the tall stool, wipe my spectacles—I have

worn them for some years—and dip my pen in the ink ready for instant service. My deputy follows my example in every particular; and, although he doesn't wear spectacles I often catch him wiping an imaginary pair with all the industry in the world. Well before the parish clock has finished echoing the sound of our little Dutchman against the wall, a little weazen-faced, sharp-eyed, brisk sort of woman almost rushes in, as though afraid of being too late. She is always first in this number two hundred and forty, and has been for the last five years; never coming in as other people do, but making a sort of rush at us as though she hoped to find us off our guard, which she never has done. She used to make me rather nervous at first, and one year I altered her number to nine hundred and ninety-nine, which I fancied might quiet her down a little; but it did not—I think it made her rather worse; and I put her back again to her old number. Since then I've grown quite easy about her. She has a threepenny card, and has two penny tickets for her children. These she flings down on our counter; my deputy calls the number, though he need not, for I always keep my book open at two hundred and forty: he calls out threepence, and as I score that amount against her name in my ledger, he does the same in one of the squares on her card, flings her money into our humble cash-box, and returns her the card, and she makes way for the next depositor. This operation is repeated for generally about five hundred entries each Monday Evening, all of which we usually contrive to get through by seven o'clock.

Nearly all the names on my list are those of women and children, and I generally find that the sums thus paid in are the little savings of the wife out of their humble house-keeping account, with frequently allowances from the father to one or two of his children. By this means, whether the amounts be rescued from the beer-shop, or from more legitimate outlay, the totals at the end of the year prove most acceptable to the poor women and their children; and there is very little doubt but that most of them, without this timely precaution, would fail to secure many little comforts which are very desirable in the winter months.

At the conclusion of our year—that is, one week previous to Christmas—our book is closed, the cards are called in, and orders are then issued to their respective holders, for goods to the amounts they appear entitled to, which are procurable from tradesmen at prices below what they could be purchased for elsewhere.

This day is a busy one for us, and we generally receive the aid of our respected curate and his sister in the distribution of our tickets and the donation of a small loaf of bread to each member. On more than one occasion, I have had the curiosity to visit the shops on this day at which the goods are purchased, to satisfy myself as to the nature of the articles taken. The result of my inquiries has been most satisfactory, for in no case have I ever found that anything but the most absolute necessaries are sought for. Not an article of finery, nor one superfluity has been inquired for by those humble economists, who are only too glad to obtain warm and comfortable apparel or bed furniture.

Some families contain as many as half a score of subscribers, and those will not unfrequently be entitled to several pounds at the end of the year. One very cheering circumstance in the history of this establishment, is the fact that most of our members have continued with us for years; the numbers of those who leave are very few. And again, I find that the longer our members are with us, the more they desire to place their children on the list; very many who began as penny members, have long since become subscribers of threepence each, and would doubtless go still higher did our rules admit of it.

On the whole, then, I think I have fair grounds for being perfectly satisfied with the working of this our Penny Society. My hope and desire is now to hear of scores of similar institutions springing up wherever there are neighbourhoods of poor, hard-working people—in other words, everywhere. I believe there are some few others scattered about the metropolis, though not conducted on precisely similar principles. Let Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield, each have one or two of these societies. No large effort is needed, no heavy subscription list is required to set them going. One right-minded man, having the confidence of the poor in his vicinity, may, single-handed, if he will it, do all that is necessary in the good cause. Happy shall I be, indeed, if these few passages prove all-powerful in distant places, to rouse some of my fellows to action, and call forth much of that usefulness and neighbourly aid, which all have it in their power to render to those less favored than themselves.

THE TWO STATUES.

In an old city's market-place of yore,
 Fronting the mansion of a feudal lord,
Stood Justice blindfolded, and aloft she bore
 The well-poised balance, and uplifted sword,
In all men's sight; yet vain her warning gesture,
 There, wrong and violence held rule severe;
And, 'mid the foldings of her ample vesture,
 Birds built, and reared their broods from year to year.

The mansion grim one inmate passing sweet,
 One Blanche, an orphan handmaid did retain,
Content the bread of servitude to eat,
 In daily tendance on the chatelaine.
Back came the lady's son from warfare knightly,
 From struggles of the Ghibeline and Guelph—
Trained in all courtly lore, and tutored rightly
 To guide and govern all men—save himself.

Oft does he urge his plea, and speak her fair,
Blanche meets his ardour with her quiet scorn;
And this rejection calmly can he bear—
He, son of nobles, from her peasant born?
Time passes, and she shows no signs of yielding,
When a brave chain of pearls she held in trust
Is missed. 'Tis spring-tide, and the birds are building
In the old statue's sword-hilt, red with rust.

There, in the city's ancient market-place
Where Justice stands, they raise the scaffold high,
And to the last the crowd expect that grace
Must interfere to save her, doomed to die;
Can she be guilty? Whispered doubts betoken
The hearers question the unlikely tale,
And shudder at the doom their lord hath spoken;
He, with clenched teeth, and lips so ghastly pale.

'Tis noontide—yet a darkness mirk as night
Falls on the city—hushed, expectant, still,
Save the crowd murmuring curses on the right
That gives the serf's life to the noble's will.
Forth treads she, pinioned, clad in white, her tresses
Soft rippling downward o'er her shoulders fair;
If guilty, it is strange that guilt possesses
Such gentle mien, such calm, undaunted air.

Lo! from the bosom of a lurid cloud
Bursts forth the storm, with fury unrepressed;
Strikes down the balance 'mid the pallid crowd,
And scatters wide the fragments of a nest.
There shine the pearls!—Go! loose the rescued maiden;
Go, bear her vindicated, joyful hence!
True fell that bolt with heav'n's own vengeance laden,
Remorse to guilt—release to innocence.

Harmless the lightning's flash, the thunder peals:
Still, with clasped hands, she kneeleth as in prayer;
And to the crowd her attitude reveals,
Calm as it is, that life is wanting there!
They in her honour, therefore, gave directions
And raised a statue rare (so tongues relate),
To keep for ages in men's recollections
Those old iniquities—that victim's fate.

WOOD, AND HOW TO CUT IT.

Seven thousand two hundred Congreve splints for four-pence three-farthings. This shows how we cut wood in the nineteenth century. Three hundred and eighty splints for a farthing, each such a nicely-squared rod, such a true parallelopiped (as mathematicians would call it), that nothing less than the most finished and elaborate machinery could shape it. In one of our earlier pages,* a Congreve match is traced onward from that period in its history when it begins to undergo the brimstone ordeal in Bethnal Green. Be it for us in this place, however, to say something more of its wooden history, as one among the many kinds of wood-cutting which largely employs machinery in the metropolis. The City Saw Mills is a laboratory where an immense amount of this kind of cutting proceeds.

All the world knows that our own home-grown timber furnishes but a small portion of that which is required for building and other purposes. Ship-building is better served by home-growths than house-building; for our British oak has good qualities beyond those which are metaphorically proclaimed by song-writers and dramatists; and there is still a brave quantity of it too, notwithstanding that the sylvan days of England are nearly over. But the deal and pine for our houses and common furniture, the mahogany and other fancy wood for the better furniture, are almost wholly from abroad. Pine for our dwellings, oak for our ships, mahogany and rosewood and maple for our ornamental furniture, beech for our chairs and bedsteads, elm for our wheels and our keels, larch for our sleepers and palings, willow for our sieves, holly for our Tunbridge ware, lance-wood for our gig shafts, cedar for our pencils, lignum vitæ for our playing-bowls and our chessmen, sycamore and lime-tree for our carvings, pear-tree for our broadside printing, box-wood for our wood-engraving, walnut for our gun-stocks, and (last scene of all), elm for our coffins—all come to London, from the various corners of the world, and afford employment to some hundreds, or perhaps thousands of men before our London wood-cutters have anything to do with them. A rough guess was made a few years ago, that we "use up" a million average sized pine-trees every year, in building the new houses in England and Wales; that it would clear a forest one quarter as large as the entire metropolis, to furnish this supply for one year only; and that a hundred and fifty thousand more trees are consumed for the furniture of these new houses. There is indeed good evidence that we build in the metropolis alone, every year, houses enough to extend in a straight row, from London to Windsor; nothing more is required to indicate how large must be the quantity of building timber needed.

Some of the foreign woods, such as pine, elm, ash, oak, and a few other kinds, reach our Docks in the technical forms of "timber," that is, in roughly squared logs; whereas the pine-wood which is cut in Canada and on the shores of the Baltic, into planks of various thicknesses, obtains technically the name of "deals." Deal is not so much a particular kind of wood, as a particular form into which pine-wood is cut before it reaches this country. A deal table is, in strictness, not a deal table (the materials for a conundrum are here given gratis), but a pine table. If deals have a narrowness of disposition about them they become "battens;" if in thickness they are inferior to their brother deals, they are "planks;" and if too thin to deserve even the name of planks, they descend to the humble position of "boards."

It is supposed that there are not much fewer than five thousand ships employed to bring us our annual supply of these logs, timbers, deals, battens, planks, and boards, from foreign parts; and that fifty thousand seamen are

* Vol. I., p. 54.

employed in navigating these ships. To cut our wood, therefore, is no trifle: a maritime trade of great importance has to be organised before we can get the wood to cut. Something like eight or nine hundred wood-laden ships enter the Thames every year. These ships creep out of the way into canals; the Commercial, or the East country, or the Grand Surrey, or the West India Docks, or into the small basin at the mouth of the Regent's Canal; they are not allowed to block up the Thames. The Commercial Dock is the giant home of the timber trade in London: nearly half the ships go thither. In foreign timber-ships, the wood is landed from the ships by their own crews; but in British ships men called "lumpers" and "deal porters" are employed to transfer the wood from the ships to barges or lighters, and another transfer takes place from these to the quay or wharf in the Docks. Sometimes hewn logs are thrust through holes in the ship into the water, and thence landed in rafts. It is giddy work to build up the piles of deals and planks on shore, each being carried up singly by a man who runs along a frail narrow inclined board as his only support; but it is only one among many kinds of giddy and dangerous labour which porters and labourers have to undertake for a small pittance.

Thus we get the wood. And now—how to cut it? Our old acquaintances the sawyers have been somewhat interfered with by the steam-engine; but they still constitute a numerous and somewhat peculiar class of men. The "top-sawyer" is not solely an English phenomenon; he is to be found in Egypt at the present day, with his turbaned head and his bare legs: and, if we mistake not, Wilkinson shows that there were top-sawyers in the days of the Pharaohs. As respects our metropolis, there are timber sawyers, shipwright sawyers, hard-wood sawyers, and cooper sawyers. The first of these cut the timbers for builders and carpenters; while the other three groups are sufficiently designated by their names. The timber sawyers alone are those whom we need care about in this place. Some of them work in "scaffold" pits, some in "sunk" pits, according as the bottom-sawyer is at the level or below the level of the ground. And see-saw work it assuredly is; the topman's work is principally to draw up the ponderous saw; the pitman's to draw it down—but both aid in both processes. The topman is the captain of the saw, guiding its cut along the chalk-mark; but he and his "pitman" share between them the pay, which is about threepence or so per cut along a twelve foot deal. The saws are five, six, or even seven feet in length, the largest weighing very little less than sixty pounds. Now, at ten strokes in a minute, and in a day of ten hours' work, this labour has been calculated to equal the raising of half a hundredweight to a height of eight miles—a formidable result, which for the sake of the poor fellows themselves, we should hope is slightly exaggerated.

About the year 1815 steam saw-mills were first established in the metropolis. But even before this—before the close of the last century—horse-mills were used; six or eight or ten saws were fixed vertically in a frame, and these were drawn up and down by horse power, cutting a log into as many planks as there were saws in the frame. But coals for a steam-engine are less costly than oats for a horse; and thus steam-power superseded horse-power. The steam-engine beats the sawyer hollow, whether horse or man. It ordinarily makes a hundred and fifty strokes per minute. The machine-saws are not so long as those used by the hand sawyers. The log travels on to meet the saw, and does not require the saw to travel to it. "Biddy, Biddy," is asked to come and be killed, and it comes.

The circular saws for cutting veneers are far more remarkable. For cutting deals, and planks, and boards, saws varying in diameter from eighteen to thirty-six inches in diameter suffice; but for cutting veneers, perhaps sixteen to the inch out of a log two feet wide, the saws rise to the great diameter of eighteen feet. It is really a most delicate process, as conducted at Messrs. Esdaile's saw-mills in the City Road, to see this eighteen foot monster slicing away at a huge log of mahogany. The saw is not made wholly of steel, like most other saws; it is built up mainly of wood, in circular form, with segments of the best and toughest steel fixed to the periphery, and notched with teeth in the customary form for a saw. The accuracy must be wonderful to bring all these pieces rigorously into one plane eighteen feet in diameter; the least distortion would shiver either the log or the saw or both to fragments.

Formerly veneers were cut by a process of development, properly so called, for it was by a kind of unwrapping; and maple veneers are still so cut in America. It is a beautiful process. The log is brought to a cylindrical form in a lathe; and a fine saw lying along the surface of the cylinder in a greatly inclined position, and working rapidly to and fro while the log rotates, cuts off a continuous shaving or veneer, never ending until it arrives near the centre of the log. Almost the whole log is thus cut into one unbroken sheet of veneer. To illustrate the power of this process, a veneer of ivory was shown in the American department of the Great Exhibition, shortly before its close: it was forty feet long by about one foot in width, and had been developed from one elephant tusk. There is one disadvantage, however, in this mode of cutting veneers: wood is generally less beautiful in the grain near the centre than near the circumference of the tree; and this gives rise to a decided difference of quality in the ends of a piece of

veneer cut by the circular method, a difference which cabinet-makers and pianoforte-makers are not disposed to put up with.

If we cut our wood for unadorned furniture or for carpentry purposes, instead of for veneered elegancies, the smaller circular saws are employed, and these move with prodigious velocity. Eighteen hundred revolutions in a minute is not an unusual speed for these saws; and it requires no very recondite arithmetic to show, that if a saw eighteen inches in diameter rotates at this rate, every point in its circumference travels more than a mile and a half in a minute—a speed that gives the go-by to any of our double-first, long-bodied, many-tubed, eight-wheeled locomotives. We could get to the Diggings in a fortnight at this rate, were it not for the provoking circumstance that the saw-teeth "return to the place from whence they came," and end each day's journey within half a yard of the point of its commencement.

But it is not only in respect to sawing that the steam-engine now assists us in our wood-cutting operations; it planes our timber, and makes mouldings and mortices and grooves, and rebates and tenons, and other cuts and quirks, necessary for fitting up structures in timber. The planing machines are not of such long standing as the saw-mills: they are only of boys' age yet. The cutting-tools with which the wood is planed do not move along its surface; but the wood travels up to the tools. It is generally for flooring-boards that timbers are thus placed; and—on the well-known principle of making the best show we can in the world at the least possible expense—one side is better planed than the other, of course to occupy the uppermost place. In making mouldings on the surface of a board or other piece of timber—whether the moulding be called an "ogee" or an "ovolo," a "bead" or a "fillet," a "hollow" or a "bevel"—the process differs from planing rather in the forms of the cutting-tools, than in anything else. Some of these tools are fixed, and oppose a steady but sharp front to the wood as it approaches; but others rotate on their axes with enormous rapidity, and cut away the wood in a shower of little fragments. Some of the machines are so constructed as to cut into the wood to a depth of twelve or even eighteen inches, sufficient to form gutters and troughs, and such like. A whole plank may be thus "moulded" in a time very little exceeding one minute.

How we cut our wood was well illustrated in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. There were no less than six hundred thousand *cubic* feet of timber in that wonderful structure; and if the sawyers and carpenters and joiners had been allowed to fashion this wood according to their old-school manner, the First of May would have found the building scarcely above the ground. The flooring of the main area and galleries was to be measured by acres rather than by square feet; to talk of a million square feet of flooring somewhat bewilders one; but if we remember that this equals twenty-three acres, the bewilderment of confusion gives way to the bewilderment of vastness. All these acres of boards were of course prepared by steam power. A very ingenious machine was employed for adzing and planing the wood at the same time; the plank (about an inch and a half thick) was moved slowly along a kind of table, and was tortured by two corps of enemies at once—the one above, and the other below; the upper cutters were adzes, which roughly levelled one side; while the lower cutters were plane-irons, which properly smoothed the other side. How the sash-bars and Paxton gutters were cut, we described in our Private History of the Palace of Glass (Vol. ii. page 385).

But what of the lucifers? Germany is a formidable competitor with us in this curious manufacture. There are shops in the metropolis at which foreign toys and carvings and trinkets are sold in great variety; and it is impossible to look at the light-matches in these shops without acknowledging that our German neighbours turn out their work in a neat-handed way. Our English lucifers or Congreves are square-shafted; those of Germany are cylindrical; being nice little wooden rods. We have invested one halfpenny in the purchase of a box of these productions for the sake of analysis, and we find that it contains ninety three matches, all nicely rounded and fully tipped with the ignifying composition. The box which contains them is a regularly turned cylindrical box, all for one halfpenny, after paying the expenses of transit from the centre of Germany to London! In Saxony undipped matches, two inches in length, can be bought for five thalers per million—about fourteen hundred for a farthing—while the very cheapest empty boxes for these matches are sold for twopence per hundred. At Schüttenhofen in Bohemia, tipped matches, boxes and all, containing eighty matches in each box, are sold at one penny for a dozen boxes. At Neudorf in Bohemia, the match splints are sold at one-third of a kreutzer per bundle of one thousand, or at the rate of two thousand two hundred and fifty for an English farthing. Another maker, Furth of Neudeck, sells bundles of untipped splints, with twenty-five thousand in a bundle, for five kreutzers, equal to three thousand eight hundred and fifty for a farthing. We take these particulars from the Official Priced Catalogue of the German department of the late Exhibition. The astounding cheapness might lead us to suspect either typographical error or trading exaggeration, or both; but there are many corroborative circumstances which lead us to rely on the fidelity of these entries, and our only resource is to marvel at the cheapness of the wood, and of the labour by which such results could alone be produced.

This match-splint making is not a peddling, low-caste, garret-shop kind of employment. At the City Saw Mills piles of yellow pine are built up, each as high, and as broad, and as deep as an ordinary six-roomed house, all intended exclusively for lucifer match splints. We believe that a lucifer differs from a Congreve in the nature of the chemical composition with which it is tipped, but lucifer is such a dashing light-giving name, that we shall take the liberty to use it for all our splints. Lucifers, then, use up all the stacks or heaps of pine wood to which we have just adverted; and so far from true is it that this wood (as many would surmise) consists of scraps and odds and ends, that the very reverse of this is the case. The wood is the very best and dearest which the pine forests can supply; and not only the best, but the best of this best, for only the choicest deals out of the choicest cargoes are selected. This fastidiousness does not arise from any necessity in respect to the quality of the lucifers themselves, but because the machinery will not work well unless the material worked upon be sound, clear-grained, and free from knots. The manufacturers would lose more in waste of wood, waste of time, and injury to the machinery by the use of cheap timber, than they would gain by cheapness of price: therefore is the lucifer timber the best of the good.

The deals employed are about three inches in thickness; but the length, breadth, and thickness might all vary considerably without affecting the correctness of the manufacture. Two men, aided by a small circular saw rotating with great velocity, cut the planks into pieces varying from three to four inches long, each piece to be long enough for a splint for two matches, and the matches to be a little under or a little over two inches long, according to the kind. The pieces or blocks are carried into a room where a machine of most singular and admirable construction is at work: a machine which must have cost much thought and labour to bring it to perfection. It is the cutting machine whereby the blocks are reduced to splints. Let us endeavour to describe it: There are about fifty lancet-pointed knives arranged horizontally, one above another and all strictly parallel; their distance apart is equal to the thickness of an ordinary lucifer match, which we may take probably at about one-fifteenth part of an inch; the points, and the edges near the points are exceedingly sharp. These knives are fixed in a frame, from the vertical face of which they project to a distance little more than equal to the thickness of a lucifer match. Projecting also from this frame is one long keen blade, placed diagonally from top to bottom, and standing out from the surface of the frame to a distance also equal to the thickness of the splint to be made; this long blade acts and cuts in the manner of the plane-iron used by a carpenter, or the spoke-shave used by a cooper. The frame is connected with a steam-engine, which gives it a hundred and twenty horizontal reciprocating movements in a minute: carrying with it, of course, the long blade and the fifty lancet-knives. Now for the cutting. A workman arranges five blocks close together in a row, exactly opposite to the knives, and with the grain of the wood horizontal; these blocks are placed upon a stage, which he can advance to and from the knives by means of a handle under his command. He advances the blocks within reach of the knife-points; a forward movement of the frame enables the knives to take off a slice from all the blocks; he quickly draws back the blocks, to free them from the backward action of the frame; he as quickly advances them again, to encounter the second forward movement of the knives; a second slice is taken off; a second recession occurs; a third advance; a third slicing—and so forth, until all the blocks have been cut away in splints.

Now what extent of wood-cutting occurs in one minute of these operations? In the first place, the fifty knives make fifty horizontal incisions in each block; and, in the next place, the diagonal blade, which follows immediately after the lancet-knives, cuts off a slice of the little splints which have been thus loosened—and this in the one hundred and twentieth part of a minute, or half a second. There are, we will say, fifty splints in the thickness of each block; and, as there are five blocks, this will give two hundred and fifty splints at each slice; and as there are a hundred and twenty slicings in a minute, this gives thirty thousand splints in a minute. Moreover, as each splint is long enough for two lucifers, the number is thus multiplied to sixty thousand in a minute, or three millions six hundred thousand in an hour. There are three such machines in the establishment; and if we suppose (which we may, in illustration of the actual power available) that all three machines work ten hours a day for three hundred days in a year, they would produce from nine to twelve thousand million lucifers in a year.

The splints fall, as they are cut, *into a trough* or chest, which speedily becomes *filled*: and from this trough they are *shovelled* down through a hole in the floor into a drying room beneath, where the dampness evaporates from them to the extent of something like a tun of water in a day. They are then packed into bundles, and sold to the lucifer match-makers. Four hundred three-inch planks are generally cut up into splints in a week; and there is one match-maker who purchases to the value of four thousand pounds a year—notwithstanding that the splints are sold so marvellously cheap.

Thus, then, have we seen a few among the many curious things done by wood-cutters: cutters, too, limited almost wholly to those

who work in pine wood. Of the many branches of manufacture in which men cut up other wood than pine, we speak not here.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

Monday, May 24th.—Started for the East India Docks. In the course of half an hour I found myself standing beneath the lofty black bowsprit of a great dirty ship, having a projecting wooden figure overhead of the upper half of a man in a blue naval coat and black cocked hat, underneath which, on each side, was written, on a scroll like a coil of cable, RODNEYRIG. In order to be quite sure, I walked to the tail of the vessel; and there, also, in gold letters on a black ground, I read The Rodneyrig.

She was a large, and what would be called, I suppose a finely-shaped ship, but looking very dirty. Her sides were being scraped, and patched, and painted, and pitched. She lay close along the sides of the quay. Opposite to her was a long wooden warehouse, with bales, packages, deal cases of all sizes, barrels, stone bottles, casks, and goods of various kinds distributed all over the flooring to the height of five or six feet, right down to the end of its great depth. Looking in more closely, I read on different cases and bales the words—Kangaroo, John Thomas, Sangaree; and close in front, yet more numerously, The Rodneyrig, with "wanted during the voyage" on some, and "not wanted during the voyage" on the majority. I began to be dreadfully afraid they would not find room in the ship for my goods and articles of speculation, if all these were already before me.

I struggled up the ladders of the ship through a crowd of the same kind as before, and along the deck until—after being hustled and jammed a few minutes in the door-way—I found myself in the cuddy, beneath the raised section of the hindermost part of the deck, called the "Poop." It was a small narrow, low-roofed place, with a table extending the whole length, having ridges of an inch and a half high at its edges, and the same, like a little tram-road, down the middle. Three little round tables, a barometer, a compass-box, a lamp, and a brass bird-cage swung from the low ceiling. This, with a lattice-work of blue and pink calico and brass wire in the upper part of the doors of each of the cabins on both sides, gave the place very much the appearance of the inside of a caravan at a fair, where clock-work figures move along tables and curiosities hang around; to which impression the crowd without and within and the buzz of voices greatly contributed. I passed around with the rest of the visitors. Every private cabin had the word "engaged" on a printed card nailed over the door. I struggled out of the cuddy, and forced my way down broad steps, like the ladder of a show, into the lower deck of the "intermediate" passengers. It was very dusky and full of people, all squeezing backwards and forwards along the narrow way between rows of little red benches and the open doors of the cabins. Over nearly every one of them was nailed a card with the old word "engaged" in red letters, and underneath were written the names of those fortunate individuals who were to occupy them. The little narrow red benches were set cross-wise along the full length of the ship, and very much closer than the tables in the smallest suburban tea-garden. By the side of each of them was fixed a sitting bench, or form, covered with red baize, of the width of a single plank of eight inches, as the table was the width of two such planks: and all their legs were nailed to the floor. Over the top of each table was a shelf of the same length, with ridges round the edge, the same as with the tables, to prevent things from sliding off. Between the forms, and the entrance or front of the rows of cabins, there was on each side a passage way, or lane for everybody from one end of the ship's length to the other, the width of which thoroughfare was just two feet, and no more, for I measured it. The cabin fronts and partitions were made of thin deal boards, hastily knocked up, and not reaching the ceiling above by several inches—not by nine or ten inches in some places—which I was informed was for the sake of ventilation and thorough draught above. The cabins were nearly all of the same depth—eight feet, five inches—but their width varied from two feet ten to five feet, some of them thus presenting rather an oblong appearance, while others were a sort of narrow strip of enclosure, and looked like unfinished packing-cases. As usual, the alarming word "engaged" appeared in red letters on a printed card nailed over each door. One cabin I went into was headed with no less than six names of men. It was five feet ten inches wide, by eight feet and a half deep—in fact, just wide enough to admit of two berths being built up on each side of the partition facing each other, and two more cross-ways at the end, with a passage of about eighteen inches between, for the "convenience" of entrance and exit. It had no scuttle, or other aperture besides the door, for light and air, and was as murky and uninviting as a closet with six deal coffin shells in an undertaker's shop. Yet all "engaged."

Returning hastily, or as hastily as I could down the other side of the ship, and not finding the name of Waits anywhere, I was beginning to feel rather confused, undetermined, and dissatisfied, when arriving just abreast of the main-mast, where it goes down through the body of the vessel, I came upon a cabin over which was a card with one name only upon it—Mr. John Arrowsmith. The door was closed, and there was a padlock upon it. I looked through the wooden blinds,

and saw luggage, wrappers, waterproof clothing, fisherman's long boots, bedding, rolls of canvass, carpenter's tools, coils of rope, and balls of twine, a sea-chest, a little chest of drawers, with other cabin furniture, all heaped together as if they had been shot out of the tail of a cart, and left as they fell. Deuced glad, however, to find he was there, and took it for granted Waits was somewhere in the ship.

May 25th. Messrs. Saltash and Pincher, of Gracechurch Street, the ship-brokers who had hired the Rodneyrig for the voyage to Australia, were persons of considerable repute in fitting out vessels for emigrants, and other adventurous persons of respectability. Arrived at the office in Gracechurch Street. Man taking down shutters. Called again in ten minutes; and waited in passage while dusty tea-leaves were swept out of office, and then went in and sat on a stool till clerk after clerk arrived; each one knowing less and less of the business I came upon, but laughing and chattering about all sorts of other things in rather an insolent way. At ten o'clock Mr. Saltash arrived. Said to Saltash that I wished to go in the Rodneyrig, as I had two friends who had already engaged passages in her. At this another gentleman with very small dark eyes, placed so close together as to look like a lobster's, turned a long snuffy nose towards me, and said, "If you are so desirous to be with your friends, and do not mind paying a trifle extra, we may perhaps manage to slide you in somewhere." This was Mr. Pincher, whom I had not observed before, as I had never seen him enter, and his desk was up in a corner. I consented to this, and, taking him at his word, exclaimed with promptitude, "By all means, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Pincher; "our fare for the chief cabins is fifty pounds, and twenty pounds for the intermediate—free of wines, spirits, &c."

"I was informed," said I, "that the intermediate fare was seventeen pounds, and I saw it myself upon some printed boards of the Rodneyrig."

"Likely," said he, "likely enough—that was an old board. There has been such a run upon us this last week that we have been actually compelled, in self-defence, to raise the fares to prevent being suffocated in the office, and the ship half sunk by the crowds going on board—compelled to do it."

"I agree, then, to give twenty pounds for my passage," said I, "and to be free of wines and spirits. I wish particularly to be placed in the same cabin with one of my friends."

"Scarcely possible, with so late an application," said Mr. Pincher; "you can't expect it. What are their names?"

"Mr. John Arrowsmith and Mr. Isaac Waits."

"Mr. John Arrowsmith," said Mr. Pincher, turning to the plan of the ship; "I recollect him very well; yes, here he is, in the intermediate deck, just abreast of the mainmast. He was one of the very first who took a cabin in the ship, and he expressly stipulated that he should have it all to himself—paying extra for it of course."

"Mr. Isaac Waits, then," said I.

"Isaac Waits—Isaac Waits—Isaac—oh, here he is—in a cabin with three others. I can't turn any one of them out, you know—eh? Still," said Mr. Pincher, looking again at the plan, "If you *very* much wish to be placed with this gentleman, and have no objection to pay a trifle additional, for the trouble, I'll see if I can give you both another cabin, a smaller one, where there would be no one else."

"The very thing!" said I "to be sure! I suppose it will not be much extra, and Mr. Waits will, no doubt, be as glad of this as myself. I'll see him to-day on the subject.

"Do so," said Mr. Pincher, "good morning."

"Good morning, sir." I made my bow, and away I went; no time for shilly-shallying—congratulated myself on my decisive promptitude.

May 26th.—Punctually at Saltash and Pincher's by twelve o'clock. Office crowded with applicants, and others paying money hastily. Never saw money so easily parted with—like nothing—people scarcely counting it—hardly looking at it—minds far absent. Not so with those receiving it. Serious looks, rigid counting, careful fingers of Mr. Saltash. Nobody able to speak to me, and none of the clerks would even so much as look at me. At length I got a chance with Mr. Pincher. "Found a cabin for you and Mr. Waits. Twenty pounds, if you had applied when others did, but twenty-five, being late: as we had to work you in by re-arrangement of the plan. Supposing you had taken a berth in a cabin with three others. But you will now have a cabin with only two—yourself and friend—fifteen pounds additional, and cheap at that."

May 27th.—Sat at breakfast with a triumphant air. Had secured a berth in the Rodneyrig. Now for outfit. Issued forth at ten o'clock, to visit outfitting houses of different kinds. Went to Pickland's, wholesale ironmonger and Colonial outfitter. Warehouse crowded with purchasers and inquirers. Looked at iron camp-bedsteads, spades, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, ploughs, brass sieves, gold washing cradles, zinc basons, and carpenter's tools. Ordered a screw wrench. Directed it to be sent home to my lodging—evidently a first rate instrument. Took printed list of articles for gold-diggers, agriculturists, explorers, and other enterprising persons. Visited Pettilane's, Bolt and Sons, and finally Spankerly's, outfitting drapers, hosiers, &c., and examined shirts, socks, duck trousers, and flannel waistcoats, casting hasty glance at the cabin furniture department. Thence, hastened off to the City Road and King's Cross, to see tents, and cots, and

tarpaulins, and inquire dimensions and prices. Felt quite surprised at myself and my aptitude for all these novel inquiries.

From King's Cross to the Strand and Fleet Street, to look again at a number of things I had previously examined—such as waterproof clothing, revolvers, double-barrelled guns, Minié rifles, and the mariner's land compass. Waits told me that Arrowsmith intended to "explore" during the season when you cannot dig, and the information was not lost upon me. Did not wish to personate the Babes in the Bush. Returned home to lodgings, dirty and fagged. Went to see aunt in the evening.

May 31st.—Mind made up as to the best house for shirts. Thought seriously about that all yesterday. Fixed on Spankerly's noted warehouse, and ordered six dozen of white calico (two shillings and sixpence per shirt, pretty well sown, except that the buttons all hung by a couple of threads); three dozen blue-checked shirts, and one dozen fancy ditto, fine material and better workmanship, at three shillings and sixpence each—not dear. Likewise two London rowing-shirts, for the Yarra Yarra river, or elsewhere. Sent them all to aunt to get worked and marked with name. Reminded of fishing by the rowing shirts. Went to a capital shop close at hand, and bought a quantity of tackle—hooks, lines, floats, and artificial flies for all rivers and all sorts of Australian fresh-water fish, so far as I could learn about them from the shopman, an extremely intelligent young man. Could not agree with him as to necessity for taking fishing-rods: the "Bush" where I was going certainly furnishing abundance of fine, graceful shoots for the purpose, or it was not the place I took it for. Paid for fishing-tackle, as the young man said it was the constant rule of that particular trade. Went to Tower Hill. Bought waterproof coat, hat, and trowsers—all of cheap sailor's material, but good and durable—also pair of long fisherman's boots, and red night-cap, at Moses and Aaron's shop; where I had seen several sea-chests standing out before the front door, when I first met Waits. Selected one of the chests—very good and strong, too strong, indeed, and having an oppressive smell of fresh paint inside; but this latter defect, I was assured, would evaporate in a day or so, and I shouldn't know it. Went into bedding-department upstairs, and chose a pair of cabin blankets, a coverlid,—in fact, all that was proper to rendering a berth comfortable without effeminate luxury. Turned aside into another smaller room, which certainly had a very close smell of a very peculiar kind, and there made choice of worsted stockings and two blue flannel shirts, for cold weather, and a pair of thick extra long stockings, to wear with the fisherman's boots. Had all these articles put in the chest and addressed to me, to go by Parcel's Delivery, if they would take it.

June 1st. Went to haberdasher's for needles, thread, shirt-buttons, bodkins, tape, &c., and then to stationer's for foreign letter-paper, pens and ink, and sealing wax—of which last considerable stock, being sure there was none in Australia, or none so good. Also bought a pocket-book, memorandum book, ruled book for diary, two large patent clasp purses, and an ornamental glass globe paper-weight with the "Great Exhibition" inside, as a present to Miss Hopworth, the daughter of a mercantile gentleman in Melbourne, to whom I expected to have letter of introduction. Went again to Pickland's the colonial ironmonger. Warehouse full as before. Mr. Pickland looking hot and confused amidst a crowd of customers, and his foreman leaning against a newly painted red cart-wheel, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. Examined gold-washing cradle very carefully, as also new patent zinc turnabout machine, which somewhat resembled great tin milk-pail with handle at top on the plan of a coffee-mill. Ordered one of each, together with iron sieves and fine brass wire sieve, for gold dust (as explained by Mr. Pickland's clerk), and extra wire for both, when the larger lumps of gold quartz have worn out the first as strongly recommended by Mr. Pickland himself. Went down to ware-room in cellarage, and saw tents of three or four sizes and qualities, all erected and fitted up just as they would be in Australia. One of them had cot slung inside, with curtains to it; also little table and lamp, looking very complete and cozey. Longed to be there. Chose an iron bedstead (to fold up flat, and only fourteen shillings) and almost decided on folding wheelbarrow, but deterred. Returned home, dirty and fagged.

June 2nd.—Met Waits in Fleet Street. Congratulated me on my adroitness as to the cabin, but exclaimed against the sum I had paid, and the extortion of Saltash and Pincher. Went home, and passed the rest of day in sorting books, and looking over old letters, burning some, and giving away old clothes, pausing now and then to wonder how I could be so foolish as I was reminded had occasionally been, by many of these old things I rummaged out. Before going to bed wrote to Arrowsmith.

June 3rd.—Received reply from Arrowsmith, as follows: "Dear Dixon, if you wish to be at the head of a party, as leader and manager, let me know, and I will give you my idea of the amount of money you should take, and furnish you with my own list of articles; but if you go as one of a party, with me or anybody else, and as an intermediate passenger, then this list will be useful to you. Clothing, according to private fancy: only take care to have some for cold as well as warm weather, both under and over clothing, and also some waterproof. For tools, take two light picks, one hammer-pick, one shovel, one clay shovel, one spade, one large iron plate full of holes (for cradle), one large shallow

metal basin, a fine file, and a strong clasp knife with a point. For private store of extra provisions on voyage (as intermediate passenger) you can, if you like, take some pickles and preserves, and curry powder, a bag of fine sea biscuits, a bottle of Sainsbury's raspberry syrup, a small filter, and a pestle and mortar. For cabin furniture as few things as possible; but be sure that all utensils are of iron, or other unbreakable metal; that your lamp is a candle swinging-lamp, or a small plate-glass lanthorn; and don't forget a good mop and a stable sponge. I don't recollect anything else very material, except a pair of sailor's boots, two pair of sailor's shoes, a pair of country bumpkin's hobnailed ankle-jacks, and a cobbler's long leathern apron. Take care, I charge you, to stipulate with Saltash and Pincher for the right of walking on the poop-deck, at all events before breakfast. You would do well to have twenty or thirty sovereigns in your pocket on reaching Melbourne. Yours, J. A."

June 4th.—Met Waits under cloak in Cannon Street, as per agreement, and rattled down between roofs and chimneys—arrived at Blackwall—Docks—round to the quay where the Rodneyrig lay. She had a much cleaner appearance, all pitched and painted; but the ladders up the side crowded as usual. Wondered if this was ever to cease.

"Pray," said I to one of the head warehouse-keepers—for there were three, besides clerks and porters—"can you inform me when the Rodneyrig will be ready to receive goods in her hold? At present I see they are hoisting up gravel and stones which have been shot alongside, and canting all this into her. which seems to me a sad waste of space, besides time and labour—not that I wish to hurry them by any means."

"They are getting in the ballast," replied he, "and will be done by to-morrow—a few cart-loads more."

"And then I can ship my goods?" said I.

"No; you can warehouse them here, while they take in the water-casks."

"And after that my goods?"

"After that, the ship's stores and the passengers' stores, and Saltash and Pincher's freight, and the owner's freight, and the captain's freight—if he has any—and then the general freight allowed to passengers—a ton each."

"Thank you," said I. Down the ladder to the intermediate deck, Waits and I, and began to elbow our way along the narrow passage between the little table-benches and the cabin doors, looking for Number Fourteen. Suddenly Isaac, who went first, stopped and said—"The rascals!"

Looked up, and saw the number, with the names of William Waits and Isaac Dawson (obviously, or rather inferentially meaning me, written on the card. "This miserable narrow strip!" exclaimed I, putting my head in.

Cabin three feet eight inches wide, which was pretty equally divided between the sleeping-places or berths, and the slip of space between these and the partition which separated it from the next cabin. Berths placed one above the other; space between the lower one and the deck little more than a foot; so that this and such fraction of the ship just mentioned as could be spared, was all the room we both had for our domestic arrangements—cabin *furniture* (!) luggage, under-clothing, sea-clothing, extra provisions, working apparatus, &c., for a *four* months' voyage! Dreadful. Out of all reason. At the other end of strip there was a scuttle in side of ship, through the dingy glass of which (about three inches and a-half *high by* two inches wide) we were enabled to discern dismal impracticabilities of narrow abode.

June 5th.—Found a note from Arrowsmith lying on breakfast-table. Opened it hastily. Had a presentiment of evil. It was just this: "Dear Dix! don't fail to have all on board the Rodneyrig by the sixteenth, on which day she will sail. Yours, J. A."

What did this mean! Short and sweet, and equally confounding! The Rodneyrig had been advertised regularly in the morning papers for the last fortnight, and the day for sailing was always named on the twentieth. Never dreamed of being ready a day sooner—the sixteenth, and this was the fifth. Jumped into cab, and drove off straight to aunt. Aunt gone out. Waited, walking up and down and about the room, as fast as possible. Servant girl came up several times, and stood listening outside the door. Thought I had gone mad. Didn't care a pin what she thought.

Aunt returned, looking calm, and listening to all I said with mild expression, and composed smile. All settled instanter. Could have forty pounds to-morrow, and the remainder on the twelfth. Immensely relieved—embraced aunt—begged pardon for wild impatience—felt great access of elasticity.

Cab again, and in the field with clear head—or as clear as could be expected. Dashed off to Pickland's warehouse; crowded as ever, or worse. Throng assembled *round* the body of a "colonial cart," *the wheels* of which were resting against *wall to* go separately, body being used as a packing-case. Brilliant idea, whoever *it* belonged to. Two warehousemen carrying picks, and spades, and shovels of different shapes, and crowbar, large metal bason (for gold-washing), broad iron plate full of holes, an iron triangle (to hang cooking utensils over fire), great iron kettle, an iron pot or cauldron with cover, round iron box (they said was camp-oven), all received by the foreman, and packed in hay at the bottom of the cart while the clerk took notes of all that was brought. Then came harness for a cart-horse, long iron chain and two padlocks, a wheelbarrow (made to fold up flat with its

head in its stomach), nest of crucibles, a nest of frying-pans fitting into one another, several tin pots and mugs, a water-can, two iron buckets, a milk-yoke, a carpenter's basket full of tools (emptied out and packed separately, but only with a slight wisp of hay here and there), a box of gold scales and weights, a tent lanthorn, a watchman's rattle, a light folding-chair, three small paint-pots, (and paint, in powder, inside them), paint-brushes, a dog-chain, a cutlass, and several lighter articles laid on the top. Scarcely any straw or hay, since the heavy articles were at the bottom; but over all was now strewn dried oats, poured out of a sack, which ran down, and filled up all interstices; and a second sack was emptied before the oats rose to a level surface, so as to give the appearance of a cart full of oats. Was informed by one of the by-standers that dried oats were only four shillings a bushel in England, but five-and-twenty shillings a bushel in Melbourne; the advantage of using them for packing things close and steady, instead of hay and straw, was pretty obvious. The foreman then proceeded to lay thick deal boards over top of cart, and screw them strongly down to sides. When he came to lay down the third board, what was my surprise to see painted in large black letters—"Mr. John Arrowsmith, Ship Rodneyrig, Port Phillip."

Returned home to dinner, more than ever dirty and fagged. Capital day's work: high spirits, drank best part of a bottle of sherry, and fell asleep in arm-chair. Awoke after dreaming of sacks of charcoal, and being very busy in polishing great silver saucepan in pantomime, but knowing all the time it was only tin. Had tea—went to the Haymarket at half-price with Garner and Stikenam—oyster-rooms—home very late. This will never do at Diggings.

June 8th. Wrote to Arrowsmith, thanking him, and saying I believed I should be ready by the 11th, and was very anxious to have everything on board at the Docks, to save expense.

About to go out, stopped by the entrance of Mr. Ironsides, my tailor, who said, in his small tremulous voice, that he had heard I was going out of the country a long way off, and his bill had been owing six months nearly, and hoped I would settle it before I left. Hesitated a minute, and then said, with a cold air, "Certainly." It was not much—but confound him! I went on brushing hat. As he waited, and waited, and rubbed his fingers slowly together, with a very grave unpleasant expression, not going when I wished him good morning, was obliged to retire into my bed-room, and get the money at once to be rid of him.

Went by rail to Blackwall to visit Rodneyrig. Wharf crowded with all sorts of people and packages. Numbers of boxes and cases and bales all got out alongside ready to be taken in first. Waggon-loads of old wood-staves, sticks, hoops, stumps, and bamboo poles, and fragments heaped up, and being hoisted in bundles and thrown into the ship's hold. Heard this called "dunnage"—litter to lay the cargo upon, and keep it dry, by raising it above the bilge water floating about in the hold. Most proper arrangement.

June 10th.—Arrived at Dock gate, coming through Poplar. How shall I speak of the scene there—in the warehouse—outside the warehouse—and alongside of the ship. First of all, to get through the gate with my cab. Five cabs and taxed carts before me, four loaded vans, six carts, two trucks, a very large gardener's wheelbarrow full of things, and a hackney coach with things sticking out of each of the windows. Who should I see loitering about but Isaac Waits, who shouted out "Can I be of any help?" I assured him he could be of the greatest, if he would assist me in persuading or compelling some one or other of the porters to carry my things from the cab to the cabin. We were stopped at the top of the ladder down to the intermediate deck, by one of the clerks of Saltash and Pincher, who carefully measured the mattress bundle with a foot rule. When I advanced he applied his rule to my brown-paper parcel, and looked hard at the swimming belt. We deposited the things in the cabin. A carpenter then stepped forward, and presented a bill for three pounds five shillings for the two berths and a shelf, saying that a padlock and staple would be half-a-crown extra. I looked a Waits, and Waits looked at me. "Is this right?" said I.—"No," said Isaac; "they ought to have found us the wood-work of the berths, especially after what you have paid extra."—"You'll pay me, gentlemen, if you please," said the carpenter; "and then you can get it back from Mr. Saltash or Mr. Pincher, you know, if it's not correct."—"Of course," said Isaac, "but I shan't pay it."—"Very good, sir," said the carpenter, "then I shall pull it all down;"—and he gave my berth a blow underneath with his hammer, which instantly made one of the planks start up on end. "Stop, you fellow!" said I. "It's too late now to have any of these disputes. Let us pay him, Waits; you see all my things are coming down." Isaac shrugged his shoulders, and said "Very well." While we were getting out the money, the carpenter hammered down the plank in my berth with one or two taps. "Have a padlock and staple?" said he, as he chucked our money into a tin pot in his tool-basket. "Yes," said I.—"Half-a-crown," said he; "padlocks are always paid for before-hand—and so should berths be, by good rights. It 'ud perwent a deal o' bother." Every small article we had was measured by the clerk, though they were evidently for use in the cabin. I repeat the fact;—a parcel of books was measured—three pounds of candles were measured—a bottle of

cherry-brandy given me by my aunt, and packed up with two pounds of mixed tea, was measured—a pound of brown Windsor, and two pounds of marine soap were measured—and several washing utensils, packed up in brown paper: all these were actually subjected to the same ordeal. "Intolerable!" cried I, as the clerk stooped over the last of the utensils. "Humiliating, ridiculous, shameful!" The clerk did look ashamed, and coloured very much; but he said he was ordered by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher to measure every article that was taken into the cabins as well as those that were lowered into the hold, and he had no discretion. "Go on," said I, mentally—"go on—take every sixpence from me—send me forth an emigrant beggar—measure my skin, and make me pay for the miles of air that surround it." I drew out my handkerchief, and wiped my forehead. It was of no use to go on in this way. Went ashore to look for my cart. It was gone!

June 11*th*.—Up at day-break. Made several hasty calls, just to say "good-bye." Drove to Fenchurch Street. Down by railway to Blackwall. Got two boys to carry portmanteau, and a third boy for one carpet-bag, while I carried the other. Saw a large ship just passing through the Dock gates. Mind misgave me that I was rather late, and that this was the Rodneyrig. Inquired of a bystander what ship this was. He told me it was the Kangaroo. I thought there must be some mistake, as we were to sail first, when just at that moment I heard a voice cry out, "Your cart's safe aboard!" and looking up I caught sight of Isaac's face, as he leaned over the side of the ship as if upon a battlement above me, with his great bony chin resting upon his fists set one upon the other. Our eyes met, and he disappeared. Directly afterwards he came clambering over the side, holding by some black rope-work and standing upon a black ledge, from which he stooped down, lowering one hand till he managed to get hold of the portmanteau, though we had no small difficulty in hoisting it up within his reach. The bags were got up in the same way, I followed just before the ship passed out of the Dock gates.

What fresh confusion was here! Men and women and children of all ages hustling about with sailors amidst casks and coils of rope, a long trailing rope with pullies and nooses entangling the feet. But the intermediate deck! The whole place was choked up with men, women, and children, and luggage and cooking utensils. Reached Gravesend safely. Remained at a considerable distance however, our ship requiring deep water, Some of the passengers went ashore in boats, and a great many more came on board with their friends. Cleared out enough room to lie down in my cabin and went to bed.

June 12*th to* 20*th*.—Partially insane—gone distracted—splitting head-ache—nothing retained on stomach—know no more—except that spectral voices observed that we had touched at Plymouth—and gone again.

June 21*st*.—Ate breakfast with considerable appetite, being first meal on board since leaving Plymouth—indeed, since leaving Gravesend. Fried ham, biscuits, coffee, and piece of dried salmon. All went well with me during the morning, and I even felt an appetite when we sat down to dinner.

June 22*nd*.—Sometimes it was said there were three hundred passengers on board the Rodneyrig—sometimes it was added, that this number was composed of the intermediates only, and did not include the cuddy passengers who amounted to fifty more; and sometimes it was said that these numbers did not include children, except in the sense of two being reckoned only as one. By these means, everybody was mystified as to the real number on board. All I can say is, that with regard to the children in arms, who were taken free of charge on this account, the surprising rapidity with which a great many of them acquired the art of going alone, left it open to conjecture that far more were taken up in arms than necessary at the time of taking berths in the ship, and the consequence of all these circumstances—added to the palpable cramming of the vessel with adult passengers, if there had been no others—was the utter want of all reasonable space and accommodation for anybody. There was really no room at any of the mess-tables to eat with ordinary comfort, and scarcely with safety. Once or twice my fork was nearly jerked through my cheek, and my spoon rammed down my throat. Agreed with Isaac to take our dinner up on deck with us whenever the weather was fine, or not very bad. Found that many did this for the same reason, and also for the sake of a better air.

June 23*rd*.—In Bay of Biscay. Saw Cape Finisterre. Weather bright and fine. Wind brisk, but not so very strong, nor the sea so very rough. Rumour that there were several aboard who had not paid passage, but had secretly got into the ship at Gravesend or Plymouth.

June 24*th*.—Still in Bay of Biscay. Sea rather rough, and at cross purposes, but wind moderate, and sky bright and warm. Began to consider Bay as kind of humbug.

Rumour of secret passengers who had not paid fare much stronger. Captain Pennysage reported to be very busy over a "plan of the ship," furnished him by Saltash and Pincher, with every man's, woman's, and child's name inserted in the space marked off as their cabin, on paper. Everybody soon after ordered to muster in rows on the poop deck for examination. About a score prepared to obey; some flatly refused to go up; some laughed and treated it jocularly; and the majority took very little notice of it, or retired into cabins and shut doors.

June 25*th*.—Had been awoke several times in the night by the rolling and pitching of the

ship, and the noise of the wind, sailor's voices, and pulling ropes. Called out to Isaac to inquire if it was a storm, but could not awake him. Very unwell. Slept till near tea-time. Heard that Cape Finisterre was again in sight. We were just where we had been three days ago! Rolled about all this time to no purpose —still we lay, *in* the Bay, and unable to get out of the wretched place.

WEDDING BELLS.

Heera Lall, a shroff (native banker) of Allyghur, in the upper provinces of India, had contracted his only daughter, Luchmuneea, when she was five years old, in marriage with Naneckchund, the eldest son of Narein Bysack, a shroff of Muttra. Both families were of the Brahmin caste, and were very wealthy.

According to the Hindoo custom, the bride when she becomes twelve or thirteen years of age is consigned to the guardianship of her husband's parents; but Luchmuneea did not leave her paternal roof till she had nearly completed her fourteenth year. During the preparations for her journey—a distance of about fifty miles—there was great grief in her family, with whom she was about to part, most probably for ever; for, after the completion of their marriage, Hindoo women of good estate rarely or never leave their homes, even on a visit to their nearest relatives.

The equipage in which Luchmuneea was to travel was such as most native ladies use on these occasions,—a long cart, with a canopy of dark red cloth, thickly wadded with cotton, as protection from the heat of the sun during the day, and from cold during the night. The interior is lined and tastefully decorated. This cart is usually drawn by huge snow-white bullocks, their horns and hoofs fantastically painted, or dyed red, blue, and yellow; and their bodies adorned with showy trappings of scarlet and gold. Several other vehicles, containing Luchmuncea's retinue, were to precede her by a short distance, she having the carriage which she occupied all to herself.

The Brahmin priests, who are always consulted on such occasions, had fixed upon the hour of five in the afternoon as the most propitious for Luchmuneea's departure; and at that hour the marriage procession moved from the house of Heera Lall. Little children threw garlands of jasmine flowers in the way, and alms were distributed amongst the numerous poor people who were present to offer up their prayers for the bride's happiness.

The procession travelled all night, and halted next morning at about eight o'clock, beneath a shady grove of large mango trees, not far from the high road. It was here that I happened to see the bride. I was attracted by the unusually picturesque character of the scene. The number of servants, in their gay and many-coloured dresses and turbans—the size and wonderful docility of the oxen—the variegated gaiety of the carriages—formed a group which excited my curiosity. On inquiring minute particulars, I was informed by one of the native attendants that the traveller was Heera Lall's daughter going to Muttra to complete her marriage with Naneckchund, eldest son of Narein Bysack. While questioning my informant, I looked towards Luchmuneea's covered carriage, and beheld her peeping at me from behind a curtain. I could only see her face and bust. She was an extremely pretty girl, and fairer than any native I had ever seen. Her eyes fringed with lashes of extraordinary length, were truly captivating; her nose was prettily curved, her mouth very small, with pretty pouting lips; her chin and throat were more like what we see in a statue than a living creature; her arms, which were perfectly bare, were beautifully rounded, and had the appearance of being very firm, without being stout; her hands, like those of most natives, were diminutive and pretty. She had a melancholy cast of countenance, but that was no doubt owing to the sorrow she experienced in leaving her home. She was decked in pure gold ornaments of every description; but her dress was a simple Dacca muslin, which she wore in the graceful manner peculiar to women in the East. I looked stealthily at the little Hindoo beauty until her eyes met mine when she suddenly drew the curtain and concealed herself. As she did this, I saw her blush and laugh at the thought of being seen. I am not quite sure that I did not wish myself the eldest son of Narein Bysack. With the view of allowing the Hindoo party to prepare their food, I left Luchmuneea's encampment ground and returned to my tent.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun had begun to lose his power, Luchmuneea and her attendants resumed their journey. I watched them turn into the road, and heard the little bells, which were strapped round the necks of the bullocks, jingling merrily, long after the carriages had disappeared. The wedding bells, thought I, of pretty Luchmuneea!

These bells had not rung more than a couple of miles further, when the procession overtook a very old woman, apparently overcome by illness and fatigue, crying bitterly, and invoking the Almighty's aid. Her hair was of a yellowish grey; she had scarcely a tooth in her head, and even the few that were left to her were loose, and in the last stage of decay; her skin was shrivelled, and hung in bags about her neck and breast; on her arms and legs there was barely an atom of flesh. She was nothing but skin, bone, and nerve. But, miserable as was her appearance, she had quick bright eyes, and an intelligent and prepossessing expression of countenance, which served to heighten the sympathy of those who beheld her lean and poverty-stricken

condition. She had moreover a sweet musical voice, and for a person of her time of life, her enunciation was peculiarly distinct, while the words she uttered were remarkably well-chosen.

The servants, who were in advance of Luchmuneea's carriage, passed the old woman without taking notice of her. The lower classes of the people in India have little or no feeling for the distresses of their fellow-creatures. But the young bride, who had a tender heart, and who had also, like all native children in India, a reverence and respect for all very aged people, took pity on the old woman, and called to the driver to stop the carriage. He instantly checked the bullocks, and from behind the curtains Luchmuneea inquired of the old woman the cause of her sorrows and lamentations.

"Child," she cried: "may God preserve you in safety! I have a granddaughter in Muttra whom I wish to see before my death. I was walking there, but my strength has failed me, and it is my fate to remain here, and eat the dust of this desert. May you be happy, child! And may your fortune never lie hid beneath a stone!"

"Mother," said Luchmuneea, "do not cry. Compose yourself and take heart, and you shall see your granddaughter. I am going to Muttra, and you shall go with me. Get into the *bylee* (carriage)."

The old woman who was eloquent in blessings, showered them down plentifully on Luchmuneea's head. "May your throne be perpetual! May your children give you joy! May you be the mother of a line of kings! May all the riches of the world be thrown into your basket!" And here she kissed Luchmuneea's feet and pressed her little ancles, around which were heavy golden ornaments.

After a brief while, the old woman began to recount her history, which was an unbroken chain of calamities. The young bride listened with interest and compassion. The old woman then began—for it was becoming dark—to beguile the time by repeating several lively stories, relating to Rajahs and Ranees, who had lived some thousands of years ago.

The driver of the vehicle, to keep himself awake, began to sing at the top of his voice, while the jingling of the bells on the necks of the bullocks formed an accompaniment to his monotonous song. The old woman then recommended the bride to take some rest; and *shampooed* her, with all the tenderness and skill of an experienced nurse, until Luchmuneea fell into a sound sleep.

The procession moved on, and about three o'clock in the morning arrived at the *Havâlee* (dwelling place) of Narein Byack, which was within the ancient city of Muttra. The huge iron-bound doors were thrown open, and, the train admitted in the court-yard, were again closed and bolted. All the relatives and dependants of Narein (except the bridegroom, who was not yet privileged to see her) were there assembled to welcome Luchmuneea to her future home.

The bride's servants, fancying she was asleep, called to her, "*Baba, Baba!* awake! awake! You have arrived!" They also called out, "*Boorheea! Boorheea!* (old woman, old woman) get up, get up!" But there was no answer.

The mother of the bridegroom withdrew the curtains of the vehicle. She *looked* in, and seeing Luchmuneea lying at *full length* on the flooring of the carriage, she *said* to her, "My life, arouse yourself and let me take you to my breast." Luchmuneea did not move; and her mother-in-law placed her hand upon the child's shoulder: she found it cold. A torch was lifted up, and by its strong light, the young bride was discovered a corpse. She had been strangled during the night, and the thin cord with which her life had been taken was still about her neck. She had fallen a victim to a woman Thug—the old hag upon whom she had taken pity on the road! Her jewels and golden ornaments, for which she had been murdered, had been taken from her person, and violence had been resorted to, in pulling her bracelets over her hands, and her anklets over her feet. The old hag had laid in wait for Luchmuneea, of whose departure for Muttra on a certain day she had acquired information.

After a few months, she, with the whole gang to which she belonged, was apprehended in the district of Bolundshuhur. Amongst other diabolical crimes to which she confessed was this most cold-blooded murder. At about midnight, she said, when the child was sleeping, she fastened around her neck the fatal noose, which she carried concealed about her person. The child struggled and made a faint noise, but it was drowned by the jingling of the bells on the bullock's necks, and the song the driver was singing. When the deed was done, she *slipt* quietly from the back part of the *carriage*, and it proceeded on its way to *Muttra*, bearing the lifeless body of the *young* bride, whose coming was so anxiously *looked* for by the family of her husband.

Thuggee has of late very much decreased in India—at least in those provinces under British rule. The case here narrated occurred in the cold weather of eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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WE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

I AND my shipmates have more things to growl about than our bad lodging in the forecastle. Ashore I'm not much given to grumbling; Dorothy knows and can bear witness (Dorothy does know and bears witness) that I'm not a grampus. But I bear my part afloat when we talk ship matters over, and if owners and Members of Parliament really want to know why sailors run the English merchant service, the forecastle is the place they ought to come to for their information. Maybe we're wrong in some of our notions, not being learned men: and when I plot with Dorothy to get somebody to print a little of the common seaman's mind for us, I don't want my words to be taken as a statement of what is wrong about us; what I'm going to say only concerns what we think wrong, when, in our unlearned way, we talk the matter through between ourselves.

There's an act, I believe, called the New Navigation Act, to regulate the manning of merchant ships; we get told about it sometimes, but it don't answer its purpose. When a ship is undermanned or manned with half tailors and shoemakers, and most of *them* skulkers, the seaman is worked harder, I can tell you, than he ought to be. It is not very long since the first and second officers of the Indiaman Alfred were charged at the Thames Police Office with deserting their ship at Portsmouth. They ran the ship because they found out, after sailing, that the crew was made up of old men, boys, and lubbers who had been picked up great bargains. They took three hours to reef the ship's top-sails off Hastings.

The American owners know the value of an able sailor, and they pay the price for him, and make him lie contented in his berth, because it *is* a berth and not a dog-hole. Whenever an American clipper runs over to England with a freight from India or China, she comes partly manned with Malays, Lascars, and South Sea Islanders. Such seamen she discharges in London or Liverpool, and fills their places up with English ablebodied salts. Our men are so eager to get aboard American vessels, that they pay premiums of a pound and thirty shillings to the men who get them berths. The coloured men sent adrift from the American ships are, many of them, hired at small pay by the English owners, and the rest are thrown upon the streets as vagrants or crossing-sweepers.

I don't know whether a bill has not been passed lately—by honourable gentlemen who know more of the grievances talked of in the cabin than of the grievances we grumble over in the forecastle—for the apprehension of deserters. Reciprocal treaties, I think they call them, were to be made with Russia, Sweden, Peru and any other states that would consent, for the giving up seamen like so many thieves and blackguards if they left their vessels. To be sure, under some Act good for owners, there is a contract signed, the effect of which is in most cases that we may be dismissed at any port; but never may dismiss ourselves within the term for which we sell our bodies to the owner. Ships' articles and shipping-masters seem to us to be made always taut one way and loose another. Articles often are set down off-hand in this way, for "A voyage from the port of (say) Plymouth, to such place as the masters may direct, for a period *not exceeding* two years." We may be discharged at any time within two years and always at any place. We may be turned loose on the coast of Guinea; but we must never go loose of our own will. Emigrant ships are looked after, and must be seaworthy; but merchant vessels may be sent out, if the owner likes, without a bottom. Sink or swim, we must go with the hull: we are a part of it. It is not long ago that, at Liverpool, the seamen of the Seringapatam, knowing her to be unseaworthy, refused to go out in her, and went to jail instead. The ship sailed and on the second day put back, too leaky to go any further. But the seamen had, meanwhile, been sent to jail, because, though they were right, it wasn't their opinion the law cared about. The law was made for owners, not for such as them. That's our notion on the subject.

It makes us laugh, as we eat chalky biscuit in our dark hole of a forecastle, to hear about all this pious horror of desertion, and about sending ships of war to Australia and Quebec to prevent it; as if it was ships of war that the men wanted. The Americans pay seamen ten pounds a month for the voyage to California;

while owners in London are allowing landsmen to work out their passage to Australia at five pounds a head, and enter such men as a portion of the crew. As if this didn't pinch us sailors, that do know something about seamanship, sharply enough, we are sent out with two pound ten a month, and sometimes no advance and never an allowance made to wives or parents. Those wages are given although freights have advanced thirty per cent., and men hired in Australia for England would not work a ship for twice the money. Of course, when we have got out to Australia, we very often don't choose to come home upon such terms.

A Queen's ship is to be sent, I've heard, to the St. Lawrence to try and stop desertion at Quebec. Labour lost, I'll wager! Why, the worst craft that sail upon water are the hulks that go out to Quebec for timber. The men are knocked up with extra labour, working at the pumps. The vessels are neither coppered nor sheathed; and, on the return voyage, all sorts of plans are contrived to keep some of them from tumbling asunder in the sea. The Venus brig came home with as many as seven chains passed under her, to bind her frame together. Then they sail badly —as may be supposed—make long voyages, and run short of provisions. The logs of timber, on the return voyage, are piled high above the long-boat, and washed about the deck by the sea. It is no wonder that the crews of such craft will desert, when seamen can earn a dollar a day in the country dragging timber: and when crimps are offering them all kinds of inducements from the builders of new ships, and the masters of vessels bound to port for want of hands. As for stopping the crimps from taking us in tow by orders from the holystoned deck of a man-of-war, I should like to see anybody stopping them. There is nowhere a stricter river police than at Quebec. The men row round about the ships armed to the teeth; they are up to every move; and, what is more, know all the crimps, but still the work goes on at a rare rate in spite of them.

It is all very well to have shipping-masters appointed by the owners to act between us, give us contracts to sign, to pay us and to take our receipts. We do not like the shipping-masters, for we see that they take more pains to secure us to the owners than to see that we have been considered fairly. 'Tis a pity that we are not better at our learning. I knew a man, James Glandford is his true name, seaman of the Rodney, who found out when he took the balance of his wages at the shipping-master's office, after a voyage to Hobart Town and Ceylon, that he had made a blunder, and had been underpaid three pounds. But he had given a release, and could not get the mistake set right again, either by force or favour. If the shipping-master would have helped him to make out his small bit of adding and subtracting, he would have had his dues. But that wasn't the shipping-master's business. He did not represent the forecastle interest.

But of all schemes put in force against us that we are told to consider for our good, there is none discussed more than what is called the Registration Act. There is one owners' clause in it that we think rather insulting. It is that in case of wreck or loss of ship, every surviving seaman shall be entitled to his wages only on the production of a certificate from the master or chief surviving officer, to say that he "exerted himself to the utmost to save ship, cargo and stores." It is to be assumed that he didn't do his duty, unless somebody will step forward and vouch for him that he did. If the clause had said that seamen having been proved guilty of neglect of duty in the hour of shipwreck should forfeit their wages, that would have been another thing, and not offensive to us. As it is, though, it is better for those by whom such clauses are suggested, no doubt. It leaves owners a better chance of saving something from the wreck, though it be saved out of a survivor's wages. I don't say that I think—because I do *not* think—that there are many owners who would use any ungenerous construction of this clause; but there the clause is, and we think it shows the spirit of the law, hauling taut against the forecastle, but all a-slack in favour of the owners and the after-cabin.

But the great fact about the Registration Act is that, according to it, we are all ticketed and numbered; and without producing his ticket a man cannot be admitted to employment under the English flag. That is no grievance, to be sure; we go and sail under the stripes and stars. To us sailors these documents are so much lumber; they are of no use to us in the world. We must produce them here, produce them there, and Jack has to go before a magistrate if he should lose his ticket. Then he gets another and pays a fine of from two to ten shillings and costs. The consequence of all this registering and passporting is, that when a man has once deserted, he deserts for good and all. If he's to be identified and put in prison or fined wages when he gets to England, he takes good care to remain with brother Jonathan. The system costs, I think, somewhere about ten thousand a year, but the big register of all our names and ages can take no account of those who work their passage to America, nor of those that ship aboard Yankee vessels in England; and loses sight of those that quit seafaring life and settle down ashore, and of those that die in the colonies, or emigrate; and can't take note of any of the odd drains that have carried men away for seventeen years—to say nothing of our being scattered and living and dying unheard of by the Registrar in all parts of the world. So I hope the list will be found important to the nation on the breaking out of war. However the Register, such as it is, mayhap is better than no register at all, and I take it for

granted that there are reasons for all these things that a gentleman from Parliament could show to us, just as we could show to him, what manner of life we lead; and not to be too bold in finding fault with legislation, I will just make an end of what I want to say by giving a short account of how we work on board a merchant vessel, having shown already how we eat and sleep and lodge.

From daylight to dark we are all busily employed. The sails, spars, and rigging are always being overhauled and made right, as we sail from port to port; in fine weather not an idle minute is permitted. We count our time, as landsmen know, by bells, one bell being half-an-hour. Each twenty-four hours contains seven watches; five watches of four hours, or eight bells each, and two dog-watches, of two hours or four bells. These last come between four and eight o'clock of afternoons. The crew is then divided into two equal sets, called the starboard and the larboard watch. The starboard watch is under the orders of the captain and second mate, the larboard watch under the first mate and perhaps a third mate or a boatswain. Those are the men, and those are the hours, and the supposition is that the two sets of men relieve each other every four hours, except during the dog-watches, when they shift their order, to the end that the same men may not always have the same watches to keep. That is the supposition, which allows for every man on board the vessel twelve hours of work on deck, and twelve hours for rest, food, and sleep below. In practice we have nothing of the sort; ships must be well manned that can afford to be content with twelve hours a day of work out of the sailor. The afternoon watch, from noon until four o'clock, and the first dog-watch, from four to six, are kept by all hands, except in very rough weather. The consequence of this is, that the men who have stood the middle night-watch from midnight until four in the morning, turn in for four hours, and at eight o'clock must be on deck again to take their turn from eight to twelve; but after twelve all hands are kept on deck till six, so that the men who have kept the middle night-watch work all day from eight to six, except only by an hour allowed them for their dinner. At six o'clock they get short rest, because the rotation being changed, they turn in only for the dog-watch until eight, and then must come on deck to go on keeping watch till midnight. Thus each half of the crew takes turn with a day of extra labour, in which there are eighteen hours of duty and six hours of rest, those hours of rest not being in one heap but in two separate portions, one of four and one of two hours only. Even these snatches of sleep are liable to be interrupted by a sudden rise of wind, and that unwelcome cry that it blows to us: "All ha-a-ands reef topsails! Tumble up, there! tumble up!"

In the succeeding twenty-four hours, the men that have been overworked get twelve hours on deck and twelve below. The average rest allowed to the sailor is therefore about nine hours a day, in which he must get through his sleep, meals, washing, clothes-mending, and other necessary occupations. This allowance would be little enough if it were given in a lump; but it is made more insufficient of course when it is cut up into slices, which, of necessity, are again subject to so many interruptions and deductions. In nearly all ships, American as well as English, this division of time and labour is adopted. It wears us out; it uses us up too fast; and many an accident that has resulted from a drowsy look-out, or a discontented crew, may make it doubtful whether the plan is always, so much as it appears to be, a source of gain to the owner on each voyage. Some masters refuse to their hands even the forenoon watch below, and keep the men on deck twenty hours one day, and fourteen hours the next. If any forecastle man could get into Parliament from one of these All Hands Crafts, I reckon he would bring them in a sweeping Ten Hours Bill. Sea air has need to be wholesome. There is little else good for the health of a sailor in an English trading ship.

I never saw any other system of work followed on board ship, except once when I was in a Sydney whaler, and we formed a plan of our own in the forecastle, and got leave to have it tried. We divided the twenty-four hours into three watches of eight hours each, and the plan, while it allowed us our full share of rest and sleep, gave perfect satisfaction to the master; we returned to port after a very hard season in sound health and in good spirits, without having had one case of sickness among us all the while we were away. And all the voyage we reckoned ourselves rather a jolly crew, and pulled together with a will, when there was extra work to do.

A ship is often in the best possible trim after she has been two or three months at sea. Every chafe has been perfectly served with spun-yarn, or protected by rope mats or "Scotchmen" (slips of wood or bamboo). The old sails are all mended, the rigging has been completely overhauled, and shrouds and stays set up taut. The yards are painted, the masts scraped and varnished, and the decks have been holystoned until the heads of the copper bolts glisten like overgrown sovereigns that might have been dropped upon the clean white planks. Every inch of standing rigging shines with "Stockholm;" the bends and anchors are blacked, the sides painted in grinning Quaker port-holes, and the boatswain's locker is full over the brim with the work of the men's hands in the shape of gaskets, man-ropes, chafing gear, grafted strops, fancy yoke-lines, huge balls of marlin, house-line, spun-yarn, and other blue water manufactures. Then comes the season of

what we call humbugging. The master puzzles his head to make work for the crew, rather than ease the watches. To annoyances of this kind sailors are more especially subject in ships carrying no passengers. Passengers are a check upon the master; but I have sailed more than once under masters who have needed no check of that kind, and who have been kind and fatherly towards their crews. Then, mind you, nothing to do is as bad for most crews as overwork. Skylarking and lop-lollying don't improve a man's seamanship; and it is well for him to be kept in regular employ upon some reasonable duty; but that mustn't be overdone. We soon get cantankerous and discontented if we are worried with unnecessary orders, and set to undo to-day what we did yesterday, and persecuted with petty acts of tyranny, which too many skippers are able and glad to exercise.

There is no help, perhaps, against that last trouble; but there should be help against it when either tyranny or want of reasonable care ends in loss of limb or life. If I could catch the ear of any honourable member, I would tell him here is a case in which we forecastle-men think a little interference of the law much wanted. I have seen many a man killed, and I know, and every seaman knows, that a merchantman rarely makes two long voyages together without losing by a casualty at least one of her hands, or having one or more men maimed for life. Many of these accidents are beyond human prevention; but a terrible number of them are produced by culpable deficiencies in spars or rigging, or by careless inattention of the officers in foolishly exposing men to danger. The country knows we are no cowards, and we know that there are plenty of fine noble fellows in command of trading vessels; and though I say it, the country should take better care of us.

But there are some in command who are not fine or noble, and there are some good fellows who are careless, and who would be more careful if they were made responsible by the certainty of an inquiry into every case of accidental death on board the ship. If a man is killed ashore, the beadle takes it up, the coroner is informed of it, and goes and sits; the newspapers are told of it, and all the editors are down like boatswains' cats upon anything they see foul in the matter; faulty machinery gets fined, juries storm; and every one ashore takes the very utmost care, if only for his own sake, to keep himself from maiming any fellow-creature. On board ship, how is it? A sailor is killed. Down goes some such entry as this into the log book:—"Remarks. At six bells in the middle watch, during a heavy squall, John Treenail went out to stow the flying jib. The weather-guy parted; the flapping of the sail sprung the boom, which broke short off, and the man fell overboard. Hove the ship to, but, the boats being stowed on deck, were unable to lower one in time to save him. At seven bells made sail; ship laying her course." On the arrival of the ship at the next port the lost man's register ticket is given up at the custom-house, and his death reported there. "The Merchant Seaman's Fund" claims his clothes and wages, if no near relatives appear. Beyond those points no attention is likely to be paid to the matter by the authorities. The man's life in such a case—a sample of a large number of others—was, most likely, lost for want of a few fathom of new rope to replace the worn-out guy. In men-of-war, where the immediate authorities are more responsible, such accidents don't happen nearly so often, although there the men are required to be much more smart, to show much more agility, and to perform, in fact, more dangerous climbing and skipping up aloft. Many merchant seamen's lives would be saved every year, if there were strict inquiry made at home into the cause of every fatal accident, or serious bodily maiming; and if, in case of proved neglect, a money compensation were made payable by the party in fault to the wounded man, or to the dead man's parents, wife, children, or friends.

As for the more delicate care of the sailor's life, in the way of attending to him when in sickness, I suppose that to be, in a trading vessel without passengers or a surgeon, quite out of the question. A sick sailor at sea is the lame horse of the team. He is in everybody's mess and nobody's watch, and his existence is completely miserable. No lighter diet replaces the customary rough food, and the captain physics him according to a book he carries inside the medicine-chest. Some masters have a taste for surgery and carve their patients most unmercifully; but a blister and a strong dose of salts are the remedies most commonly in use for all complaints, and when they fail, the sick man is happiest who is left to his fate.

I have said nothing about the Twenty-two Fines and other sailors' grievances, because Dorothy has hinted to me that if I go through my list I shall be set down for a regular grumbler, and get nobody to mind what I am saying. So I shall say no more, but just put it to any landsman how *he would* like to board and lodge in a forecastle and keep the watches as we sailors keep them; and whether he would not growl if, on the top of all this aggravation, there were piled coils of laws tier upon tier to keep him down and squeeze the juice out of him for owners to get at it more easily.

Had we been learned and had Brutuses among us, there would long ago have been some oratory and some agitation on these matters; but we are mostly too ignorant to state our case, and there is nobody except ourselves who fairly knows it. I shall write no more; but I wish that somebody who looks out for occasions to do good, would see into

these matters for us and tell them in a fresh-water way, so as to get attention. Dorothy, by what I read, seems to have put down my statement very well: I thank her for it; but it was not to be expected she could altogether take the brine out of my language. So no more at present.

Only, ladies and gentlemen, when you are thinking—and not without need—about your national defences, I ask you whether these things, though of a common sort, aren't worth considering? You live in an island, you know. You must have sailors. How *can* you keep 'em off so!

THE LITTLE OAK WARDROBE.

THE quiet old town of Abbeylands was on the eve of going to sleep; several of the oil-lamps had retired from public life after winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the High Street had already put up their shutters; the rain was falling in torrents: the chimney tops were veering in all directions, as if performing a demoniac polka with the inconstant wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone home; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the surgeon had just returned from a country visit and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; waiters at the Pigeon's Arms were flying about in all directions with suppers, and slippers, and cigars, and brandies and waters; and far away from the coffee-room—not in a private apartment, seven shillings and sixpence a day—but in a low, dingy, little bed-room, which served him for parlour and all, a young man was standing with his arms folded across his breast and looking into a trunk which he had recently opened. "A stock in trade," he said, "from which something may be made after all!

"Yes, from that small box may be evoked powers as tremendous as the genie's in the Arabian Nights — wealth — happiness — revenge—and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of the ordinary kind—clothes—not many, nor very splendid in material; only among them were mixed up pieces of apparel belonging properly to the softer sex; crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded cotton gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They couldn't be very expensive ones, but the kindness of the remembrance would make up for want of value. "Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the Abbey clock struck the hour. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop." He buttoned his coat, threw a sporting looking horse-cloth over his shoulders, and emerged into the dusky street. "I saw it," he said, "at the corner of the staircase. If the villain hasn't moved it, all will go well. If he has, how can I describe it without exciting suspicion?"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window; under it, and sheltered by a sort of verandah that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table with two chairs on the top of it: on them were various articles of crockery-ware, useful and ornamental; a small swing glass marked in chalk two shillings and sixpence: and, between the chairs, a little pile of books, the lowest being The Whole Duty of Man and the highest The Wandering Jew. Inside of the dark recess, where innumerable goods were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty farthing candle, which was stuck into an ink bottle; but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought. "After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great sum when all's told. Two hundred and thirty pounds wouldn't ruin the Bank of England. It ruined George Evans, though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgment, wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides the Statute of Limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate, and gone on the stage. This is a wicked world, and theatres are the schools of Satan. Amen!"

This ejaculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it—the worthy Mr. Benson, pawnbroker and second-hand furniture merchant—the bond and seal of all religious observations. It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper.

"I'm glad you're not shut up, sir," he said, going through the narrow gangway to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer, in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No; I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day, I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case, with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the staircase."

"Of oak indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew in clay. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Farmer Merriwood's

sale, when the old gentleman died ten days since; it had been in his family, they said, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at one pound ten."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man: but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition, that if she doesn't like it, you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair—but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it?—the wardrobe, with all it contains; for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair bottoms being stuffed with five pound notes."

"I run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, number two, Abbeyfield Lane," replied the youth, "not a very elegant part of the town; but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark ill-charactered place," said the pawnbroker. "Couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago."

"Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides, an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property, in spite of the goodness of the oak, and the time it was in Farmer Merriwood's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at his visitor with doubt at first, but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant a thought even came into his head to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin and water—but it died away, like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "say I sent her the wardrobe: but I hope to be there in time to receive you." So saying he wrapt his horse-cloth closer round him, and departed.

Mr. Benson looked round well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, and if she's no better judge of furniture than he is, I wish she would come and deal at my shop." He cast a look round—to see that there was no risk from candle or lamp—hoisted the wardrobe on his shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly towards Abbeyfield Lane. On arriving at number two, he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time. "Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?" Another knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit. "I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the meantime has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—all, except the porterage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson; "and may I ask you where the furniture came from?"

"My nephew took the house for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by the canal—and the rest we hope will arrive to-morrow."

"If you require any additional articles, you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he splashed up the High Street. "There's something curious about that old woman. Why did she give me a whole sixpence?—looking so wretchedly poor too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let it go at thirty shillings. The young fool would have given double the money—but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich—but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises: removed the table and all that it contained within the door, turned the key on the inside, and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and, lifting a kettle from the fire which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the model of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment, after the labours of a well-spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume to the happiness of the position, and Mr. Benson sat like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gay wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different

brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve—for they were not by any means particular in their notions either of time or tune; but, as a majority of them seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured fourth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half empty bottle in the sanctum devoted to its custody.

He watched once more the curls of the smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into excellent chests of drawers, or handsome mahogany side-boards, on which he expected enormous profits; into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could buy for very little money; then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and through the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words from the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George—two hundred and thirty pounds. I have lost the note of hand: but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it, with nothing to shew for it but a white-faced dying old —— Ha!—a carriage at my door at this hour!—a knocking!—who can it be? Some one in distress—come to arrange about pawning the family plate; a countess, perhaps, to pledge the family jewels—coming. coming!" He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the kerb-stone. The driver let down the steps and a lady tript lightly across the sloppy pavement and entered the shop. "The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double lock—for I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light, and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson, the pawnbroker?" she said.

"I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel-guns."

"You attended the sale at Farmer Merriwood's last Wednesday?

"I did."

"Did you buy it?"

"What?"

"I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought at Cecil Green, at Farmer Merriwood's?"

"I got tolerable bargains, ma'am; I don't deny that—the family all dispersed—no near relations. I paid for all I had there a matter of fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty pounds."

"Will you make me out a list of them?—transfer them at once to me?—and I will give you two hundred across the table."

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke.

"No, madam," he said, "two hundred's too little. If it's worth two hundred to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy?—beds? sofas? drawers?—let me see the list."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account.

The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started. "Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it, and I will give you what you demand. Come!"

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost."

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself. That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did the villains not advertise the sale? I would have come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell me the name of the purchaser, and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person. I think it was a clergyman's wife from Ipswich—or, no. I think it was a Liverpool gentleman who was going out to America; but if he's not sailed it might be possible—I don't say it would—to recover the furniture still."

"Give me his address. I will go to Liverpool myself—to America—anywhere."

"It may, perhaps, be got back without so much trouble," said Mr. Benson, after a pause. "But why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak—no secret recesses—no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy,

—that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspicious, innocent man—grossly imposed on—ruined. Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted. "Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together, we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever that drawer contains!"

"What *does* it contain?" inquired Benson in a whisper. "Does it contain anything?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman; "but I will tell you all. Did you know Farmer Merriwood?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him—harsh, cold, selfish—so I was told, in his latter years. He was different long ago—very different."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson.

"I did," continued the woman; "but no wonder he changed; for misery was in his heart, and disgrace fell on his family. These things change a man's temper."

"He was well to do in the world," said the pawnbroker; "churchwarden and highway commissioner. I never heard of any disgrace."

"Some people didn't think it so. He had a daughter; twenty years ago people called her beautiful. She was his only child. She was beautiful, at all events, to him. Her name was Caroline. How she loved him! how she attended to all his wishes, and read to him, and played on the piano to him, and was everything to him, and so playful, and so kind! We all loved her."

"Did you know her?"

"Did I know her? I knew her from the time of her birth. I was a distant relation. Cousin Janet they called me, though I was their paid servant; but the word cousin was better than all their wages. So we went on for years and years, I taking care of the house; Philip Merriwood attending to the farm, and Caroline, the delight of us both. Don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as this wretched room you live in, if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying, I can't. Amen!"

"Not when I tell you that the Marquis of ——, but never mind his name, it is best, perhaps, omitted; but he had a son—his eldest son, Lord Rostock—dashing, gay, but kind—oh, kind and generous, like a knight of old; he saw her, saw Caroline; was struck with her beauty—who wasn't?—got to speech of her, spoke her fair, won her heart; the old story—the old story! Love rules all. Hearts break; but fools fill up the places of those who perish. Ah! once—'twas in September, twelve years ago—she came to me, and said 'Cousin Janet, do you think my father a forgiving man?'—'Of course, my darling,' I said. 'He is a Christian.'—'But will he forgive a person for getting above him in the world, for leaving the rank he moves in? Ha, ha!' she added, with a beautiful, wild laugh. 'What would he think if he had to stand with his hat off as he saw me going up the church path, and asked how my ladyship was? Wouldn't it be charming to be a lady?' I told her no, or turned the talk, or gave her wise advice. I forget what I did; it was so pretty to see her walking up and down the floor of her bedroom, flirting one of her slippers as if it were a fan, and swaying about from side to side as if she had a court train to her robe. And all the time she was only in her night-gown, and showed her pretty naked feet."

"And what happened? Cold, eh? consumption?"

"No—elopement—ruin—death'. She was missing one morning that same month, and Philip Merriwood never held up his head. He seemed to know what had happened without being told. He never asked for her, and when a letter was put in his hands a few days after, signed by Caroline, and telling him that she was about to be married—to be a lady—rich and grand—but kind still, and loving to him, he tore the paper into twenty pieces and said 'fool! fool!'"

"And so she was," said Mr. Benson. "He didn't marry her?"

"No, and she never wrote again. So the house was dark and dismal; Philip Merriwood went into the bedroom that had been hers, and seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings, and the blue silk jacket and the pink satin slip, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to his people for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he kept his secret papers; his leases and bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer, but in the top one there was a false bottom; there, in the thickness of the wood—he kept the things he cherished most:—the letters that had past between him and Sophia Felton, his wife, before they were married; the last letter she wrote to him when she was dying; the first copy-book of Caroline when she was learning to write; the little notes she sent him when she was at school. So when he had turned all Caroline's clothes out of the drawers he opened the secret ledge; and how he read, and cried, and read again! We couldn't get him down to dinner, and when he came he ate nothing. A month passed, and a long time passed, and when half a year was come and gone, there came a letter one day with a great crest upon the seal—a marquis's crest.

they call it—and when it was opened Farmer Merriwood saw it was from young Lord Rostock, whose father had just died and left him all the estates. Caroline, he said, was provided for, and happy: but as he felt that he owed some reparation to the father he enclosed him a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Bless me; what a generous noble gentleman," exclaimed the pawnbroker. "She must have been a cunning gipsey—what a fortunate man Farmer Merriwood was!"

"How he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, his lips moving evidently with curses on them, but no sound being neard! 'Cousin Janet,' he said at last, 'come with me upstairs; you shall witness what I do? We went up and to my surprise he went into what had been Caroline's bed-room. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, 'which that ruffian thinks will reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back—to employ it perhaps in tempting some one else. If the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall lie beside all the other things that remind me of her behaviour. No one shall touch it till I die.' And so saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it, and there it lies, with the printed face upwards, a bank-note for a thousand pounds."

"And I sold it for thirty shillings?" shricked Mr. Benson, "to a miserable old woman—a ruined man! I've lost a thousand pounds. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first—but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity. Amen?"

"And why was the sale so hurried?" continued Cousin Janet. "I left Cecil Green six years since, but I have kept the spring-opener carefully—carefully. I heard he was ill—he wrote to me that he did not expect to live long, and that all was as he had left it in the drawer. I couldn't get up from Yorkshire for some days. In the meantime he died, and was buried, and the furniture sold, and the money lost. Go, give what sum you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money."

"Equally?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is that silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh yes, it is, though," said the woman. *I'll* keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address——"

"No, no—I'll keep that to myself," replied the pawnbroker with a cunning look. "We'll open it in presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine to-morrow morning," said Cousin Janet. "We understand the arrangements—it's getting on for one o'clock—good night." So saying she slipt along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson. "Amen! Good night."

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number two, Abbeyfield Lane, and standing before the door felt his pockets that the rouleaux of golden sovereigns were safe—for he fancied the sight of the yellow metalwould have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right—three, of a hundred pounds each. He knocked. "Is Mr. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked through the key-hole. There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder—and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew, "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson: "would you do me the favour to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause; Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power; and, finally, was again seen proceeding through the falling rain with a richly-endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street he dashed into his shop. set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked closer—and he read the three following words:—"Quits. George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, Aunt Truman and cousin Janet all at once, as *he* (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of

female apparel in his trunk in the little bed-room of the Pigeon's Arms. "There goes in my aunt's little black mantle. There goes in Cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbeyfield Lane, and the carriage and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will exactly have paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father, with interest for nine years."

THE FLOWING OF THE WATERS.

"To conclude in a moist relentment."
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

As I lay in peace profound,
In the dawn, I heard a sound
 Like the noise of many fountains,
Which, self-freed from icy chains,
Aided by the conquering rains,
 Leap and triumph down the mountains.

I look'd out, and found it so.—
Fresh from the Eastern lands, the glow
 Of the young day, newly risen,
Struck the hills a golden blow—
They that, but a day ago,
 Like the wall of some black prison,
Stared against my windows, showing
Nothing moving, nothing growing,
 Nothing save those crags and stones
 Which are the world's gigantic bones:
But the waters now were flowing,
And the loosen'd brooks and fountains
Made strange movements on the mountains;
Till, with the continual gliding,
And the lapsing, and the sliding,
And the watery revolving,
All the sharp peaks seem'd dissolving,
And the rocky hardness streaming
Into rivers soft and gleaming,
That pour on with ceaseless motion
To the ever-abiding ocean.

The frost was dead, the frost was slain,
The warmth of the heavens was felt again;
And the earth, that so long had pined and starv'd—
Till the hills and the trees and the fields seem'd carv'd
In cold black marble, heavy and grim,
And grotesque as tombstone cherubim,
(Except when the Sun sloped down to his rest,
And redden'd the pine-trees out in the west,)—
Old mother Earth, with glad new cheer,
Laugh'd in the face of the baby Year.

Her two months' spell at last was broken.
 Out of the forests, warm and deep,
The voice of the wakening birds had spoken,
 And the waters leapt from their Winter sleep.
They felt the electrical breath of Spring
 (Who was yet far off on the southern plains)
Strike downward through the innermost ring
 Of the crystalline ice that bound their veins:
They felt the touch of that viewless Hand
 Which, over the arch of the starry spheres,
In motion regular, smooth, and bland,
 Rolls the days and the weeks and the months and the years;—
 And they burst into being like joyful tears.

From their virgin chambers, secret and far,
 From stalactite palaces, quaintly pearl'd,
From cells of granite and caves of spar,
 From the ocean-heart of the orbèd world,—
Out of the pores of the sparkling ground
They came with an earth-awakening sound,
Throbbing with energy, loud with glee,
Dancing in music down to the sea.

What restless gleaming, twinkling, flashing!
What winding, twisting, meeting, clashing!
What curve and sway and gentle play
Of waters bending every way!
What rounded lines! what arrowy light!
What grace and softness, link'd with might!
What change from the hard, blind, dumb Last High

The Winter grey had passed away,
Like a ghost before the breaking day:
The young Spring time from a warmer clime
Murmur'd in my heart like rhyme;
And the music of that gladness
Mingled with the billowy madness;
As two voices subtly blended
 Down the current of one song
Float, by many echoes tended—
 An enchantment deep and strong.
The shaken air methought was rife
With the sounds of a removèd life,
 Beyond the leafy Summer lying;
And the waves still hurried by,
Underneath the Sun's great eye,
 With a multitudinous crying.
February hung his head;
March was coming in his stead;
And the frost lay in its shroud,
And the world was bright and loud.

WOLF NURSES.

THE story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf is accepted as fabulous; but the following statement is strictly true.

In the kingdom of Oude, some ten years ago, a male child of about eighteen months old was missed by its parents. It was supposed to have been carried away and devoured by the wolves, which are very plentiful in that part of the world. Every winter numbers of children are destroyed by these animals, not only in Oude, but in our own provinces in the north-west.

About seven years after the *child* was missing, a man who gained his *livelihood* by shooting in the jungles saw a *wolf* and several cubs, and with them an *animal* such as he had never seen before. It was *like* a boy, but ran upon all fours. The man followed the animal, but was unable to keep pace with it; he traced it however, to a den, and a few days afterwards succeeded in taking the animal alive. It barked, or rather snarled and growled like a wolf, and attempted to bite its captor. The she-wolf and her cubs followed the man for some distance, and several times showed symptoms of a desire to rescue the animal; but, as the man was armed, they

did not venture to attack him, and at last they returned to the jungle.

The animal was exhibited at Lucnow, and caused some sensation. It was eventually handed over to one of the authorities (an English officer) who had a cage made for it. That it was a human being no one could doubt, though it never stood erect, and never uttered any sound except a growl, or a hoarse bark. It refused every description of food that was cooked for it, and would only eat raw flesh, which it would devour voraciously. Clothes were made for it; but it tore them off with its teeth. A rank smell issued from the pores of its skin, and its skin was covered with short thin hair. The smell was that of the wolf, by whom it had been brought up. It was very partial to hard bones, and would chew and digest them as a dog would. In a word this animal had adopted all the habits of its foster-mother—the she-wolf. Crowds of natives every day came to look at the strange creature, and at last the woman who had lost the child was among the spectators. By certain marks upon the animal she recognised in it her missing offspring; but she was by no means anxious to have it restored to her. On the contrary, she regarded it with extreme horror and disgust.

Every means were resorted to, to tame the boy; but without effect. Shut up in his iron cage, he seemed to pine, and would never touch food until forced to do so by the pains of hunger. It would have been dangerous to let him go out of the cage; for he was as savage as any wild beast of the desert. Numerous attempts were made to teach him to speak; but he uttered no sounds beyond those already mentioned. He lived for about a year, and became in that time a perfect living skeleton. Just previous to his death he said a few words, which the man who had charge of him understood to be these, "*Seer durd kerta.*" (My head aches.)

This is not the only instance on record of a wolf having brought up a young child, whom it had carried away from its parents. Some fourteen months ago an animal was taken in the district of Mozuffernugger, and brought to the station of Meerut. It was a boy of about five years of age, and a more revolting sight it would be difficult to conceive. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet were as hard as the hoofs of a horse. His movements were as nimble as those of a monkey, and not unlike those of that animal. Several English dogs which saw this child shewed a disposition to attack and destroy it (this was, of course, prevented), while the child in return snarled at the dogs, and shewed its teeth, as though it were upon these weapons that it would rest its defence. This boy, too, like the one taken in Oude, refused to eat anything but animal food—uncooked; nor would it touch even that in the presence of a human being.

In the provinces subjected to British rule, a reward of 5 rupees (10 shillings) is given for every dead wolf, by the magistrate under orders from the Government. The natives, however, usually contrive to bring them alive to a station, where they allow gentlemen's dogs to worry them to death—for a consideration in money—previous to taking them to the magistrate and claiming the reward. The sport is no doubt a very cruel one—tied up as the wolf generally is—but people have little sympathy for a beast who will often enter the hut of a villager by night and carry away a child from its mother's side. These depredations have of late years become less frequent than they were formerly, and ere long, it is but reasonable to suppose, they will be of very rare occurrence—albeit the utter extinction of the race may be regarded as hopeless.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

If you happen to travel in the month of December, as I did, towards the dull, clean, respectable, well-built, wealthy and highly-fortified city of St. Quelquechose, you will observe, as you approach it, a good many fields in the outskirts deeply scored with long, black, parallel trenches and mounds of earth, looking like waves that had been suddenly arrested upon the surface of a muddy sea. On closer inspection, the fragments of leaves and roots which are lying about will inform you, that the seeming waves of mud are really stores of beet-roots which have been earthed up to protect them from the frost. The quantity of beet-root which we see thus stored in the course of a mile or two is enormous. You would say there was enough to fatten all the bullocks in France. But that is not their destination. They are intended to feed a stomach whose digestion is ten times as rapid as that of the hungriest ox in Christendom.

Three short quarters of an hour before arriving at St. Quelquechose, you reach the pleasant and populous village of Coquille. Many of the cottages are placed in abrupt hollows, which are in truth the holes from which quantities of stone and chalk have been removed and carted away. A little further on, you pass a chateau, with its bright green park, its avenues of elm-trees, its ornamental water almost in English style, with swans, and a bridge, and a tall grove in the back-ground. From behind the grove rises a mingled vapour, the blackest of smoke and the whitest of steam. That vapour is the breath which snorts from the nostrils of the monster, for whose greedy maw and for whose fastidious palate that vast amount of vegetable diet is prepared. Concealed behind the clump of elms stands a *Sucrerie*, or Factory of beet-root sugar. I have a letter in my pocket for M. Legrave, the proprietor; so if you like, we will step down, and have a look at it. We shall see such a sight as is not to be beheld throughout all England, at any

price; nor in France, except in winter-time, and which therefore is unseen by the majority of tourists. But, to avoid retracing our steps, we will finish our investigation of the beet-root ground, before proceeding further.

A group of men, women, and boys are removing the earth at the end of that ridge, and are carting away the roots to the Factory. You observe, they are neither the same kind as the mangel-wurzel grown in England to such enormous weights for cattle-feeding, nor as the garden beet which we eat in our winter salads. Sugar *might* be made from mangel-wurzel, as it might from turnips, but the juice is comparatively poor; and the extra evaporation and cooking required would increase the expense ruinously. These are much smaller, and sweeter; cut a slice off, and chew it, and you will taste the difference. The roots are mostly of a light pink, with a few yellow ones intermixed. But the variety which enjoys the highest repute in France for its yield of sugar, is the white Silesian beet. High-coloured roots, like the garden beet, give extra trouble, especially towards the close of the season, to make their sugar white.

In order to be independent of other farmers for his supply, M. Legrave grows all his own beet. It is desirable, too, to have some control even over the early growth of the root, because the manner in which that is conducted has considerable influence on the success of the manufacture. The manuring of the land ought not immediately to precede the sowing; for it is found that, although the land ought to be in good heart to grow productive sugar-beet, the manure must be well rotted and incorporated with it some time previously. Experience has also proved that beet grown on land which has been folded, or too highly manured, gives unusual trouble to extract the sugar from it. In a factory in the environs of Douai, where they had used some beet grown on a spot on which a quantity of old plaster had been spread, the result was that more nitrate of potash than sugar was forthcoming. Some sugar-makers have grown their beet on the same land for five years in succession, without any sensible inconvenience; but still it is better to alternate the crop with barley or spring wheat, to avoid the evils arising from fresh manure. You now begin to understand what a delicate piece of business it is from beginning to end. One single hitch or flaw in the process—and a great many are possible—spoils the whole.

The storing of the roots by earthing them up is the mode most usually employed; and, although we do not see any little straw chimneys in the ridge, to renew the air, and prevent the mass from heating, they nevertheless would be a wise precaution, and would be absolutely necessary if the heaps were large as well as long, or if the roots were in the least bruised. The earthing-up plan answers well; yet, if the same spot of ground is used to store beet on two or three years successively, vexatious consequences are apt to follow. The very earth remains impregnated with the seeds of noxious fermentation.

Another method of preserving the roots, which is more costly at the outset, but which is so successful as to be adopted by many large establishments, is to store them in covered buildings. This plan completely saves them from the injuries of frost, but does not exempt them from those of fermentation; great care is, therefore, taken to maintain currents of air throughout the accumulation of vegetable matter. But, on either plan, the roots do suffer change, and decrease in utility, to a certain extent, in spite of every precaution. The amount of sugar obtained becomes less in quantity and inferior in quality as the season advances. The temperature of the season itself has something to do with it, a mild winter being much less favourable than a hard one. When the crown begins to shoot its leaves, the juices of the root are much less valuable. This winter of 1852-3 has altered the quality of the beet by at least a month. That is, the juice obtained in January has lost the same proportion of sweetness as it would in the February of an ordinary year. One process alone can prevent this serious inconvenience; and that is, to dry the roots immediately they are taken out of the ground. The French *hope* to be able to dry beet-root on the spot where it is grown, and to deliver it like so much wheat, to be worked at any time of the year, at a not utterly ruinous price. But the problem yet remains to be solved.

The chesnut mare who dragged us hither is unharnessed from her cabriolet, and is regaling herself with a quarter of oats and a five pound bunch or half-*botte* of hay—whence doubtless our rustic expression of "looking for a needle in a *bottle* of hay." While she is enjoying herself in her stable at Coquille, we will go and have a peep at M. Legrave's Sugar-house.

We pass through gates inscribed with a prohibition to enter—a *defense* which barks much worse than it bites—into a sort of square farm-yard. Crossing that, an open door admits us into the factory itself. Looking first to the right, and then to the left, we perceive that the two wings are appropriated to different processes, comprising the two great parts of the whole operation, namely, the extraction of the juice from the roots, and the treatment of the juice after its extraction. In front of us is the passage leading to the fifteen-horse steam engine, which occupies a central position amidst the whole. All the heating, and boiling, and forcing, and evaporation is effected by steam, and not by fire. There is the least possible of fetching and carrying in the establishment. The steam-engine does all the hardest of the labour, and only requires to be fed and tended. And the juice, from the moment it

is squeezed out of the roots to the time when it reposes in the crystallizing vats laden with brilliant particles of sugar, is made to flow backwards and forwards, up stairs and down stairs, through pipes connected with the boilers and the engine; so that the workmen at their respective stations have nothing to do but to turn a few cocks, to receive their material, and to send it about its business as soon as they have done what they want to do with it.

The existence of the beet-root sugar, manufactured in France, is the result of the peculiar policy of Napoleon I., which is a matter of history, and which we have no time to discuss now. The production of native sugar owes its developement to the provisions of the decree of 1812, which fostered it by granting numerous immunities. It may be remarked, however, that as a vast amount of capital has been sunk in the trade, on the strength of that decree, any sudden alteration of the sugar duties, without compensation, would be an act of great injustice towards the manufacturers who have so invested their property. They would fairly be entitled to a recompense, were such a change likely to happen—which it is not. Immense pains and ingenuity have been bestowed in France on the manufacture of beet-root sugar? but, after all, it still remains very up-hill work. The French themselves confess that if the rich produce of the cane were treated by an equally skilful process, it would yield immediately sugar as beautiful and as pure as the whitest refined sugar from beet. But in spite of all the science which has been at work, it cannot be denied that the manufacture of native sugar is still very far from having arrived at perfection. A great difficulty is that the process fails if it is not completed with the utmost rapidity. A slight fermentation of the pulp or the juice would ruin all. Consequently the factory goes on full gallop, night and day, weekday and Sunday, without the least cessation, from the time the first beet-root is brought to the building to the hour when the very last one has yielded its quota of sugar. At Coquille, the season runs from September to the beginning of March. To show the proportion of human and machine labour employed, this fifteen-horse steam-engine finds work for a hundred men, women, and boys, who are divided into two relays of fifty each, and whose day's-work, therefore, is twelve hours, exclusive of the two half-hours allowed for breakfast and dinner. The men earn from five-and-twenty to thirty sous a day; the women, fifteen. But higher wages than these are paid at Lille and other busy towns of the Department du Nord. There is nothing at all unhealthy in the trade, and no more danger than is incurred by other people who have to do with steam and fire.

The first step in making beet-root sugar is to clean the roots. This is sometimes effected by scraping them with a knife, but mostly by washing them in a large hollow wooden cylinder turning on an axis. Towards the end of the season, it is better to look them over one by one, by hand, and to cut out every decayed speck and spot. To leave any such, would cause fermentation of a nature the most destructive to the process. Two systems of extracting the juice are employed, neither of them, at present, thoroughly satisfactory, each having its own peculiar inconveniences. One mode is, to subject the roots, in the state either of pulp or thin slices, to a methodical washing with hot or cold fluid. The plan of washing (which comprises maceration) does not succeed so well, but is necessarily the only one that can be employed upon dried beet-roots. The oldest and most general method, and that employed at Coquille, is to reduce the roots to pulp, and then subject them to strong pressure. In short, the two acts of rasping and of squeezing, present us with the raw beet-root juice.

The juice of the beet-root, as it grows, is contained in a multitude of minute cells which, united together, form a compact substance, or cellular tissue. In this state, even a very powerful pressure would extract only a small portion of the fluid. It is highly important, therefore, not to apply the pressure till all the cells, or at least a great number of them, have been ruptured. The juice, then, will run out of itself, and easily obey the squeezing process. Hence the necessity for rasping or grinding the roots.

We will first go into the very outer apartment of the right-hand wing of the factory. It is a large barn-like room, with wide open doors, through which the people are carting in beet, and depositing it in heaps upon the floor. On one side a large wooden trough, filled with water, has one end joining an opening in the partition wall. In the trough, three-quarters under water, are a couple of cylinders which are made of strong wooden splines, and are kept turning and turning everlastingly by the ever handy steam-engine. Note too, that the axes (or axises?) on which they turn, are not horizontal, but slope considerably towards the aperture in the wall, so that the roots are naturally shaken that way. Four or five farm lads amuse themselves by throwing beet-roots—one by one, or two by two—into the trough, so that they shall tumble into the water just at the mouth of the cylinder. It is very good fun—nearly as good as catch-ball. Many an English boy, not knowing what to do with his Christmas holidays, would be delighted to come here for an hour every day, and toss beet-roots into that rumbling splashing entrance-hole. There is a short ladder leading up to the trough, so you may mount and peep in. But 'tis very muddy and sticky; take care you don't slip. The lads are polite enough to suspend their game for a moment, supposing that you don't care to be snowballed with beet-root. Rumble and splutter go the revolving cylinders. This first part of the process is not hard to understand.

We now return to the other side of the wall, and insinuate ourselves amidst a crowd of men, women, and boys, and a lot of black iron things, which keep moving about monotonously. The crowd, however, is orderly and stationary. Every one is in his place; every one can do what they have to do almost without stirring. First observe the opening in the wall, and you will there see the lower ends of the two cylinders, gurgling amidst their muddy liquid, and turning up the beet-roots, which now look, really, quite clean and Sundayfied. From the hole where they are thus disgorged, there starts an inclined plane of planks, a few feet broad, on whose sloppy surface are standing some young ladies with their petticoats tucked up to their knees, and some young gentlemen with their trowsers shortened in similar style. Their office is to assist the passage of the beet-root with short rakes, and to send it slipping on its way down the inclined plane. At its bottom are other lads and lasses, who help to push the roots into a sort of dark open throat or maw, which looks as frightful a cavity as the jaws of Behemoth or the Kraken. They are effectually aided by some big iron things like hammers, which instead of beating, only push, and are therefore properly styled *poussoirs*. The good steam-engine keeps them constantly going; the people have only to give them something to push. You have witnessed the cramming of turkeys and geese, and this seems an exaggerated nightmare of the practice. As soon as the beet-roots are swallowed, you can hear, though you cannot see, that it is all over with them in no time. They do not, like the mandrake, send forth dolorous wailings, but there is such a whisking and a crunching, that you feel that mince-meat is nothing to them. From a hole cut in the bottom of that great iron stomach, they flow in the shape of a greyish, pinkish pulp, all tattered and torn, and thoroughly dis-gested. A shallow sort of cistern receives the miserable mess. And now, quick's the word, my men and boys. Spring-heeled Jack, and light-fingered Dick are the only chaps for the next job. The voice of the sluggard here, if he began to complain, would soon get gagged with a nice little bit of beet-root.

On one side of the cistern stands a man with a wooden shovel; on the opposite side is a boy with a woollen bag in his hands. Boy opens mouth of bag; then holds out bag to man. Man whips two or three shovels-full of pulp into bag—not too much, for fear it should split the next half-minute. When bag is sufficiently filled, first boy hands it to second boy. Second boy vanishes. Presto! first boy holds out another bag; which is filled, and vanishes. And so on, *ad infinitum*. The trick is managed thus—there is a third boy to hand bags in a proper position to first boy, and there is a fourth boy to run and fetch bags for a third boy to hand to first. The little men are as completely portions of a complicated machine, as are the pushers, the cylinders, or the strong-digestive iron stomach. Everything, machines and men are contrived to act with lightning-like celerity.

Now let us follow second boy with his bag of pulp. He has only a step to take. Close at his elbow are two large iron presses, one to be going on with the pressing while the other is being packed with pulp to be pressed. Second boy lays bag of pulp at bottom of press. Another boy covers it with a thin iron plate of the same size as the press and the bag. Second boy lays another bag of pulp on the plate; other boy covers it with another iron plate. And so on, till the pile is complete. Then the steam-engine begins to squeeze, and the beet-root juice to trickle down, like so much coloured water from a rock. Taste; it is very sweet, and not unpleasant. You may fill your phial, if you like to carry off a sample. But it will not keep, be assured of that; otherwise, these good folks would not be so much in a hurry which never ceases.

As soon as the juice is all expressed from that pile, alternate boys remove the plates and bags. The plates are ready to pack press No. 2; but the bags have to be emptied of their refuse, before they can be used again. They are therefore handed by some boys to a party of women perched on the top of a wall, who shake out the exhausted pulp over the precipice on the other side of the wall, where we lose sight of it; the bags immediately find their way back again to the first boy and the man with the shovel, at the cistern of fresh-digested pulp.

All mysteries are interesting, so the reader shall have the solution of a great one. Our temporary home being some leagues distant from St. Quelquechose, Coquille, and the great *Sucrerie* district, we had been sadly puzzled by certain carts which passed our windows from time to time. They were filled with a greyish broken-up substance, a seeming mixture of a whity-brown paper and sand. What could it be? Nobody knew. Was it manure, or was it some incomprehensible chemical for some fanciful factory? But one day, we lighted upon a barge, or *barque*-full, and the guardian of the treasure kindly informed us that it was the residue of beet-sugar-making. It was the same pressed pulp which the women are now tossing over the wall. The object of its conveyance was to fatten *bullocks*. M. Legrave sells a little of his residue, but not much; he uses it himself. He has two hundred head of cattle fatting upon his premises, besides sheep and pigs, and they readily eat this dry beet-root biscuit. A. M. de Mesmay, after his bags of pulp came from the press, had them subjected to the action of steam. By this, the pulp was swelled, the fragments of still unbroken cellular tissue were torn asunder, and fifteen per cent. more juice was obtained, by making the bags undergo a second pressing. But what would

be thus gained in one way would be lost in another. A too thoroughly exhausted residue would be rejected by animals. The grains at Barclay's brewery have been squeezed so dry, that pigs would not eat them.

The juice which streams from the iron press is caught in a reservoir, and is then forced upstairs, to undergo the *défécation*, or clarification, which, like everything else here, is the better for being done in double-quick time. We will follow it closely,—though not through the pipes. We turn to the left wing of the building, mount a ladder, and on a first floor or stage find a row of boilers much like over-sized kettle-drums. The man who clarifies is at his post; his implements are few and simple; a burning lump, though it is daylight, a metal table-spoon, a sort of rake to stir up his broth with, and two large buckets or *seaux* full of lime and water, like thick creamy white-wash. Look into the boiler, and you will see nothing but a large copper worm or *serpentin*, coiled at the bottom. You observe, however, that two pipes, each provided with a tap, or *robinet*, enter his kettle-drum, one at the top and the other at the bottom.

Our clarifier turns the upper tap, and in rushes a stream of beet-root juice in its natural state, and at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere. The sole clarifying agents which he employs are heat and lime. Alum is sometimes used; others attain their end by means of sulphuric acid, either alone, or together with lime. When the cauldron is really full, or before, the lower tap is turned; and in comes the steam raging through the worm. The time to add the lime is when the liquor is so hot that you can hardly bear your hand in it. But we have not to wait long; the steam does its work; the scum is already rising. When the soup is hot enough, the clarifier pours into it a whole bucketful of white-wash and half another, stirring them well up with his rake. He is careful not to put too much; because too much lime gives an offensive taste to the crystallizable sugar. If he does not put enough, the clarification will be imperfect. How is he to know exactly? He tests it thus. He takes a spoonful of the boiling liquid, cools it with his breath, and inspects its surface by the aid of his lamp. He is searching for something which he cannot find yet. The other half-bucket is therefore added, and well rinsed out. After another boil, the spoon is again filled, cooled, and inspected; and on its surface is a network of fine threads like a spider's web. You can see it yourself: take another spoonful, and verify the test. All the substances which have been rendered insoluble by the heat and the lime are thus woven together, and are sent to the surface in the form of scum. It is now at least five or six inches thick, and the juice which boils up through it is clear and amber-tinted. It will do; the steam is turned off, the boiling ceases. The liquor escapes through the bottom of the boiler; and, to save waste, the very scum which remains is pressed in woollen bags, exactly in the same way as the raw pulp.

The three next steps which the syrup has to take, although equally curious, are not interesting to, and are almost unseen by, the casual visitor. These are, the first filtering through *noir animal*, or ivory black; the first evaporation; and the second filtering through ivory black. In the year 1811, M. Figuier, of Montpellier, first made known the powerful bleaching properties of charcoal prepared from bones. At Coquille, the ivory black is manufactured upon the spot. The bones are put into round iron pots, placed one on the top of the other to exclude the air, and so calcined in a furnace. When burnt enough, they are ground to the requisite size in a sort of coffee-mill. Were they red instead of black, they would not be unlike a heap of coarse gravel. Besides this first furnace, there are two others of different construction to re-calcine the ground bones which have already served as filters. They are then used again, a certain portion of fresh ivory black being mixed with them. Where all the bones come from, deponent doth not say. It is said that fields of battle in general, and that of Leipsic in particular, have been ransacked for raw material to make *noir animal* with. At Coquille, they profess to reject any Christian bones that fall into their baking pots. "But, Monsieur," asked the superintendent, innocently, "Do you think that makes much difference? Bones are bones, as far as ivory black is concerned." What a consolation to think that the lump of sugar which sweetens your coffee has been brightened by infiltration through the remains of your enemies!

After filtering, evaporating, and filtering again, the clarified and concentrated fluid flows into the boiler, where it is to undergo its last cooking, or *cuite*. The man entrusted with this is a highly responsible person. On his attention depends the success of the crystallisation, and, in fact, of the whole. Still it looks a lazy kind of work, to have nothing to do but watch a large boiler full of hot treacle giving it a stir now and then. His only implement is a long-handled fish-slice, that is, a circular thing made of iron and pierced with small holes (like the machine with which cooks take up fried eggs out of their pan), at the end of a stick. He has two tests to decide when his syrup is enough. The first is a mere common-place judgment by the thread of syrup, the form and length of which, as it drops from his egg-slice, or is drawn out between his finger and thumb, tells him whether the lucky moment has arrived. The second proof is very pretty. "Blow!" said the superintendent; the boiling-man blew a strong puff into the iron of his slice, and from the other side of it started a throng of little bubbles, which went off dancing in a cloud, till, one by one they burst. They were his tiny pilot balloons; the flight of these in air was to him

an unfailing omen. That sight makes me sure that pleasant amusement might be found in blowing a multitude of soap-bubbles at a time, instead of sending them forth to seek their fortune in solitude. Some fine summer's afternoon, we will endeavour to make the experiment.

The final chamber, in which syrup is separated into sugar and treacle, is on the ground-floor, and in a warm climate. You enter a door through a glazed partition; on the left is an apartment which looks like a tan-yard under cover. But the vats are pools of sweetness in different states of solidity. Some are but lately filled from the pipes which run around the enclosure; others are being emptied of their contents. We may walk amidst them, but had need proceed carefully; they are more than six feet deep, and a false step might be followed by hopeless suffocation. On account of the heat, as well as by reason of the sticky gummy nature of the sugar, the men who are emptying them have no other clothing than very short pair of trowsers. After a day's work at the bottom of the vat in a full suit of cloths, a man would certainly be unable to get into them again next morning, even if he could get out of them at night. A little imagination and a shade of twilight would convert these sugar labourers into gladiators stained with the gore of their adversaries. Only one man at a time works in a vat. He descends by a ladder fixed against the side, and stands on a plank resting upon the glutinous mass, which he seems to fear to touch with anything besides his wooden shovel. With this he raises lumps, or clods, of a brownish substance, which, if you look closely, proves to be beet-root treacle swarming with grains of crystallized sugar. He may get the clod upon his shovel, but he would have a difficulty in getting it off without assistance; so people on the edge of the vat help him with their hands, and pull, and scrape, and push the huge *bon-bon* which he offers them into a copper receptacle that might pass with the ignorant for a two-handled coal-scuttle. Some of these sugar-scuttles are emptied into wicker baskets lined with cloth, to dry and drain for the refineries, with which we have nothing to do at present; but samples from other vats are at once converted into *cassonade*, or the article known in England under the various titles of brown, coarse, or powder sugar. The French call it also *sucre brut* to distinguish it from white loaf sugar, the preparation of which is a distinct affair.

Before I tell you how the concluding piece of legerdemain is managed, I should like you to pause for just one instant and guess. How would you contrive in the course of from three to seven minutes, to separate this scuttle full of half-melted lollipop into two portions. One consisting of clean dry powder sugar, the other of treacle? I guess that you will not be able to guess; for, if the true idea were to strike you, it would seem at first so impracticable, that you would immediately dismiss it. The separation is effected by the same agent which prevents the planets from rushing into the sun, and the moon from tumbling down upon the earth. Sugar is made to settle in one direction, and treacle is compelled to disappear in another, by the application of centrifugal force.

Opposite, and contiguous to the crystallising apartment is a room which *I* shall venture to call the chamber of whirligigs. We have had some curious bubble-blowing, we are now to have a game of the most furious top-spinning that I ever saw. At a slight elevation above the floor are some circular iron boxes, about two and a half feet in diameter, which are somehow connected with the steam-engine by leather straps. On the floor stand a number of smaller iron vessels resembling sieves, which in truth they are, only the part which sifts the articles introduced, and which is made of brass wire-cloth, is the circular side, not the bottom of the sieve. Into the sieve a man shoots his scuttle-full of lollipop; the spinning-man puts it into the box or *turbinet*, gives a few touches, and it begins to spin, at first slowly, then quicker and quicker, till at last it revolves at the rate of a thousand revolutions in a minute. It would make a man look about him to take a few turns in such a merry-go-round as that! As the motion increases, you can perceive the treacle and sugar fly to the sides of the sieve, none remaining at the bottom, but forming a smooth and regular wall around the inside of the sieve. All you can now distinctly see is that this wall is gradually becoming lighter in colour; and at last, one of the spinning-men approaches, with a long-spouted tin pot containing about a quart of water in his hand. He raises this aloft, and dexterously and steadily pours it, so that the stream falls on an iron disk, or small circular plate, exactly in the centre of the sieve. Of course the water splashes in fine drops against the wall of sugar, and washes out any remaining portion of treacle which has as yet resisted the centrifugal force. The sugar at once becomes a shade or two lighter, a few more hundred revolutions are given to dry it, and to whisk away the water, as a house-maid drains her mop, and the *turbinet* is made to stop. A dozen pounds or more of sugar are added to the heap. Another scuttle-full from the vat is put into the sieve, and the whirligig recommences its office.

The molasses or treacle are caught by the sides of the iron box, and run down a hole in the centre into a common receptacle. They are worked over again twice or three times, to extract the crystallisable particles to the utmost, and alcohol is sometimes distilled from what remains. But beet-root treacle is not like the molasses from the cane; it has so disagreeable a flavour as to be quite uneatable. If I had a boy who was too much

addicted to the treacle-pot, I would slily fill it one day with a French sample, and leave the warning to do its work.

Overhead is the sugar granary. Cartloads were sent away last week, cartloads lie there now, and cartloads will soon be dispatched to the refineries at Lille. But it is a costly product, and you will not be surprised that sugar in France is one-third dearer than in England, setting aside the difference of flavour between beet-root and cane. We have now glanced at the whole establishment. Not to be sensible of the attention we have received would be most ungracious; not to admire the ingenuity displayed would be idiotic. But still, above all, one feeling prevails; how vexing it is, and how it illustrates the perversity of human nature, to see a great and intellectual nation compelled to waste its resources on an enterprise which, however successful we may acknowledge it to be, is neither more nor less than a scheme for buying in the dearest and selling in the cheapest market, all the while that a cheap market to buy in, and a dear market to sell in, is open at their very doors.

BLACK MONDAY.

DEGENERATE boys are, I believe, now to be found, who leave home willingly for school. People at home have prejudices about carpets, and will not suffer rings to be chalked on them for marbles, or arenas on a larger scale for hopscotch. Hockey cannot be played in a hall or in a garden; if it could, holiday friends, in their clean shirt-collars, never would get into the heat of the game properly, or if they did they would be called away by their mammas. Clean collars, hair-brushes, and dancing shoes are the real ills of a holiday life. As for the gay world and the charms of pastry, they yield very transitory pleasures, as schoolboys commonly find out before they have been three weeks at home. Cases do now, I believe, frequently occur, in which the pains of school are more than counterbalanced by its pleasures; in such cases degenerate boys fly in the face of the poet, and go willingly to school, abolishing the due observance of the ancient institution of Black Monday. I am for due observance of all fasts and festivals, and feel quite sure that there is no better reason why Gunpowder treason should be celebrated than why Black Monday should never be forgot.

Under these circumstances, it is my wish, if possible, to set on foot an agitation with a view to the eventual petitioning of the Government to bring in a bill for the better observance of Black Monday. The spread of liberal views among teachers has led to a culpable laxity among children with respect to the proper feeling that should animate—or rather deaden—them upon this day of penance. It has shocked me much of late to see boys going to school with smiles upon their faces, laughing and chattering as though they were going to a theatre. They go to the school-room to be edified and not amused. If I can meet with so many people of my way of thinking as will make it possible to rent Exeter Hall for an occasion or two, I think we shall then be in a fair way for getting a Black Monday Bill.

There may be many who keep the day dull now, I don't deny that I believe there *are* many; but in my young days the proper celebration of it was a rule absolute, and there were no exceptions. The eve of Black Monday used to be kept on Saturday, when the school box was packed. We then used to get out our books with solemn faces. The geography book thumbed and inked, covered newly by an indefatigable sister, but not disguised under its new cover of clean brown paper; we knew it by its size and shape, by ink-blots on the edges of the leaves, and by the general aspect of the cluster of dogs' ears at one corner. As we put it in its place within the box we murmured over it edifying sentences remembered out of its contents, such as, "Leinster contains twelve counties, namely, Dublin, Louth, Meath, Westmeath, Longford, King's County, Queen's County, Kildare, Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny. Munster contains six counties, viz., Cork, Kerry, Clare, Limerick, Tipperary and Waterford. Connaught has five counties, viz., Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, and Roscommon. Ulster is subdivided into nine counties, viz.—" this, that and the other; and so on dolefully murmuring reminiscences, excited by the sight of the dismal old book, as pleasantly as men remember cash accounts when they are looking at a bankrupt debtor. Then the Tutor's Assistant was let down over the geography, dust to dust, dryness to dryness. Over that book we murmured a desperately wild legend that had been begotten of its mysteries, and was well known to all of us, showing how a boy might be haunted by the figures in his sums, and cry in his affright, "the Rule of Three does puzzle me, and Practice makes me mad." Then we brought to the box, perhaps, the English dictionary, out of which we had once learned day after day the spelling and signification of words, thirty at a time, beginning at the top of the first column of it, and finishing at the end of the last column of Zeds. We buried Virgil in our box, and dropped a tear over him as over a man whom we had never understood; whom no boy ever could understand, we felt convinced. We piled upon our slates Xenophon, Bland's Exercises (Bland had ruffled us incessantly), the Gradus, Lempriere, Ainsworth's Dictionary, Goldsmith's History of Rome, a sponge and copy book; then threw all, like the contents of a plague cart, into the pit that had been dug for them among our linen. They were not done with yet, we felt; ere long they would give plague to us, and the first day of plague would be the day most fitly called, on the same principle that

gave a title to the Black Assizes, Black Monday.

Another penance undergone by schoolboys of the last generation, that ought not to be shirked by boys in this, was the great washing of feet and heads upon Black Monday Eve, the Saturday night previous. Sunday intervened always as a day of quiet rest. We were to go so clean to school, that our legs on that last Saturday night were parboiled, and our heads were scrubbed so that the skin felt to be coming off about our ears. This penance was the more acutely felt, as we knew well that when we got to school on Black Monday evening, our heads would be again raked severely with a small-toothed comb. On the Sunday before Black Monday was the Feast of Uncles, when we would take care to go and say good bye to any relative who had not paid his nephew's tax for the half-year then to commence. Before getting into bed on Sunday night, we always counted up our shillings and half-crowns, and put the money into a big purse made by a little sweetheart with blue eyes and fairy feet; then put the purse into a pocket of the new and strong school trowsers that lay, neatly folded by a mother's hand, ready for wear next morning on a chair by the bedside. Then we got into bed, and lay awake so long that we caught the mother's face over our own attempting a sly kiss at the grown people's bed-time; then we fell asleep. We dressed next morning, hurriedly roused by candle-light, in frost and cold, were made to swallow eggs and toast and ham and boiling coffee, and rolled off in a hackney coach through dark and snowy streets to the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane. From that place we were booked—or I was booked, for it will be seen that I have slipped insensibly from generalities into a recollection of my individual experience—from that place I was booked outside to Millstone.

Outside the coach on one Black Monday morning, for example, two hours before sunrise, I found Phipps and Buttons—a boy whose real name was Woodcock—Buttons in a thin old-fashioned great-coat, and a worsted comforter, behind the coachman, and Phipps in a thick coat and heavy wrapper, with his mouth lost behind his heavy folds of handkerchief, upon the box seat. Phipps wore thick hair gloves; Buttons old Berlins carefully mended. "Hollo Tub!" they cried, as I scrambled up to them, "Hollo Tub!"—I was called Tub from my shape at that time. "Hollo Buttons!" I answered, "Hollo Phipps!" and then we all said "Here's a go!" We didn't say more just then, for Phipps's father and mine were there to see us off, and Buttons's mother—Buttons had no father. Buttons's mother—such a pale woman she was—had come out at that time in the morning to see Buttons off, and when the ladder was put up for some passengers to mount by, if she didn't clamber up and put her arms round him and kiss him! Buttons turned scarlet, and looked aside at Phipps. Phipps looked at me and laughed, but somehow I remembered my mother's coming to my bedside overnight, so that when Buttons made up a mouth and kissed his mother back two or three times in spite of us, I didn't sneer as Phipps did when the coach drove off, but got out my dinner and began to eat a sandwich.

At Putney, Pullet was in waiting, and wanted to get up and make a third upon the box. "There's only room for two you know," said Phipps.—"There's room for three when two are boys, especially with a thin coachee," said Pullet. Coachee was fat and liked the notion. "Besides," cried Pullet, "Here's my peashooter, and I've got such a *jolly* pocketful of peas."—"Up with you," we all cried, Phipps foremost.—"Well," said the coachman, "you're a bold boy to carry a peashooter, Black Monday. But you mustn't do that, though." Pullet was firing into the flanks of the horses, and making the coach go awfully. Railroads have abolished peashooters by this time, I suppose, but in my young days it was always considered part of our equipment when we went home on the coach top—eight or ten together—for the holidays, to carry peashooters and blow split peas at the passers-by, and into open windows, or against closed windows at which any one was sitting, as we rattled over the stones of any country town. When we stopped to change horses we attacked the ostlers, and the landlord of the inn, and the more irascible of the passengers who happened to get down to drink a glass of ale or stretch their legs. As for the coachman and guard, *if they* scolded now and then, we got up a *hailstorm* for their own exclusive service. On the way home that was very well; but on Black Monday, on the way to school, when a word from a passenger as the coach stopped at Millstone Hall would subject our own flanks to savage peppering, a peashooter on Black Monday was indeed a bold conception. Nobody but Pullet would have thought of bringing one; being brought, however, none of us thought for a moment of *resisting its* temptations.

When the sun was up and we had *changed* horses two or three times, under *the bright* blue sky, breathing the crisp *morning* air as the coach rolled up and down *hill* over the white snow, we were all mad with joy, Black Monday though it was. Buttons—who got terribly teazed and knocked about at school because he was a queer fellow, though we all liked him—Buttons had his turn at the peashooter, and after a successful combat with a gipsy woman, his shot telling well about her nose and pipe, nothing further offered itself. Suddenly Buttons looked mysterious and bent over to us, whispering "Let's have at the insiders!" Glorious because dangerous game, we all rushed into enjoyment of the bold suggestion. Buttons, at the end of

the seat, had the coach window with a little twist of his body fairly within range; he charged heavily his wrath-producing tube, drew a good mouthful of breath, aimed at the open window and discharged his piece at random. The shot must have told with terrible effect. Instantly a head purple with wrath was thrust out of the window with so much abruptness that the hat fell out into the snow, and the coach was stopped that the guard might pick it up. There was a volley of words sent back for our volley of peas, among which came often repeated the significant question, "Coachman, what school are those boys going to?" The coach started again while the coachman made a sound as of answering, but the cold air soon caused the offended face to be drawn back. "He has pulled up the window," said Buttons grinning —"Don't get us into trouble," said Phipps to the coachman. The coachman looked stern, but I saw that he meant kindness. "I tell you what," said Buttons, "when we change horses next I'll tell him I did it and beg his pardon. I don't care if he cuffs me." We agreed that nothing could be fairer than that, and when the coach stopped at the Robin Hood, and the old gentleman got out and looked up at us viciously, Buttons—who had thought twice about the cuffing—spoke an apology down to him from his seat on the coach top. "Come down then, you young rascal, and let me punish you," cried the gentleman. Buttons began immediately to get down in a very simple-minded way, but the old gentleman, when he got down, to the amazement of us all, gave him a shilling and told him to get up again. Pullet cried halves over Buttons's shilling because the peashooter had made it, and the peashooter was his; Buttons agreed readily to that reasoning, and paid Pullet a sixpence.

When we got to the Robin Hood at Biggleford, where there was always a coach dinner ready in the parlour, we boys scrambled down, and were in the inn by the time the coachman had cried, "Dine here, gentlemen." Buttons came with us, because we had teazed him already out of his idea, that he would sit on the coach while we went in, and eat his sandwiches; that he liked his sandwiches better, because the bread in them was home made. Of course, we had argued, he could eat his sandwiches and dine into the bargain; it was a pity to go hungry to Millstone Hall. So we all went in, and were at work like little old men about the table when the other passengers joined us. The old gentleman who had gone into a passion looked at us very good-humouredly, and as we considered his behaviour to have been extremely handsome, we were all anxious to show him every attention in our power, and to help him to every thing that we thought good. "Pea-soup, sir?" cried Phipps in a minute, for he had the ladle in his hand.—"Do take some pea-soup, sir," said Pullet very earnestly, when the old gentleman grinned and shook his head. Buttons's face turned black, and after a throe or two, two boiling geysers of soup burst out of the corners of his mouth. I don't know where the joke was, but it suddenly occurred to us that there was a great joke in asking the old gentleman to take pea-soup, and we began, all of us, to take secret opportunities of exploding into laughter among ourselves, and now and then burst out, we couldn't help it, in the midst of speaking to the gentleman. We did our best to show our good will, however. Phipps tried to cut out the breast of a fowl for him as an especial titbit, and as he didn't eat it, and nobody took any, the fowl was left so sadly mangled, that the landlord compelled Phipps to pay an extra shilling for what he called a wilful destruction of his property. So Phipps had to pay three-and-sixpence, and we others half-a-crown a-piece. We had our pocket money with us, and were capitalists till we got to Millstone, when our purses would be given up to Mrs. Pestle and our money given to us in weekly pence spread over the half-year. Phipps said, when we were off again, that if we had got a shilling by the old chap, we had lost a shilling, and he didn't see why he should lose it, so he proposed that Pullet and Buttons should set their gains against it. Buttons didn't mind, but Pullet did; so Buttons paid to Phipps his second sixpence, and a fight was arranged between Phipps and Pullet for the next morning to adjust the difference about the other. Young Buttons I thought afterwards a greater fool than I had fancied at the time, for as his money yielded him through the half-year only a penny a week, he must have had little enough in his pocket after the dinner had been paid for.

After another stage or two, the old gentleman inside restored the balance in his favour, by bringing out "to warm the boys" a glass of mulled port wine. We were still under the invigorating influence of this dose when the coach got within the familar range of our school walks, and presently pulled up at the gate of Millstone Hall. The afternoon was bitterly cold, so there were only the French usher and servant man in waiting. As we got down with heavy hearts, we were all frightened at the appearance of a lady's head which popped out of the coach window, and addressed Monsieur Camille with a fierce denunciation of our conduct on the journey, and a request that we might all be flogged.

Monsieur Camille, who only understood one word in ten, politely approached the coach window, and listened with attention while our boxes were being let down from the coach top. With great courtesy he extended his hand to receive the small collection of parched peas that she had picked up and reserved as her witnesses against us. We did not like Monsieur Camille, and expected no good at his hands; infinite, therefore, was

our relief, when the coach rolled away, as we saw him throw the peas upon the ground gently with a sigh, and walk in with a hand laid upon my shoulder and Pullet's, as he pushed us pleasantly before him. Since that day I have had reason to find out more thoroughly what I was taught on that Black Monday of the difference between the quick wrath of a warm-hearted man, and a sullen, reserved, unforgiving temper. Our ignorance of that distinction caused us all to hate M. Camille. He could not win upon us much by words spoken in our own tongue; he was oppressed by his fellow-teachers, worried by the boys as a Frenchman—we were very national, and talked enormously about roast beef and frogs—worried in all ways by all kinds of sneers and tricks, into flashes of passion, that brought down a storm about our cheeks and backs. His weak health helped, I think, to make him irritable; and though, on the whole, I won't confess that any milksop system can be better than the old school plan by which boys were hardened properly, and fitted for their conflict with a selfish, wicked world, still I will own that I thought Mr. Pestle's school system had hardened us a little too much, when after Monsieur Camille had died in an inn chamber at Millstone and been buried, without a tombstone, in our country churchyard, Mr. Pestle's elder boys found out his grave, and paid off their old grudges by kicking the fresh turf away from it, and stamping the little hill into disorder. That they did that is a painful fact; but, of course, a fact perfectly exceptional in its character. It does not militate against my argument for a good hardening school, the day of return to which shall be distinguished as a genuine Black Monday.

There can be no doubt that there is something naturally rebellious in a child's heart; we frolicked on the way to Millstone, I confess with shame, because there seemed to be a power within us that would shine out, and that not the Blackest Monday in the year could fairly darken. The fault was ours. But when we got within the walls of Millstone Hall, and went into the large boarded barn—the detached schoolroom—and saw the long rows of inky desks, and the four seats of the four kings of terror, Mr. Pestle and the three masters under him and over us, all became black within us. The Latin master, a stout man whom I had seen once flogging four boys abreast with a postillion's whip, amd who was unmerciful in all his dealings, sat on a chair near the little stove. Far away from his chair and from the stove—made dangerous by his vicinity—cowered the dozen boys who had arrived already, whispering together, furtively showing alley-marbles to each other and sucking them to bring out the full richness of their colour. M. Camille came in, coughing, after having helped to carry up our boxes to the dormitory, and sat on a form near us, willing, I thought, to talk to us, had he known how to win our confidence, but we were altogether cowed. Then the bell rang for tea.

Happy were those who sat at tea-time so placed that their doings would escape the Latin master's eye. We had not yet seen Mr. Pestle. Our luxury, when we could secure enjoyment of it undetected, was to manufacture muffins out of bread and butter. We did it in this way:—every boy had a large mugfull of hot milk and water on the board before him, with two very thick slices of bread. One of these slices being turned butter downwards over the mug, was pressed over the rim until a circle was cut out by it, and left fast as a light lid over the milk and water, sucking in all steam. When we had felt this circle to be warmed quite through, it required some ingenuity to get it out of the mouth of the mug without letting it fall into the skyblue lake below, where it would become instantly mere sop. If extricated carefully if came out thick, and round, and hot, and was, in fact, a muffin. Any boy detected in the act of making muffin of his bread and butter was reported to Mr. Pestle, and received due punishment. Monsieur Camille, however, we all knew, suffered muffin to be made under his very nose at that part of the table over which he watched.

After tea we went back to the school-room, where we waited gloomily to be called in one by one to undergo the tortures of the small-tooth comb. I need not dwell upon these incidents, but we went early to bed, still without having seen Mr. Pestle himself, who had a party in his parlour. When left to ourselves for the night, our tongues were suddenly unloosed, and in ten minutes we had our bolsters up, and were dancing about the floor in the heat of a brisk engagement.

Suddenly the door opened, and the jolly face of Mr. Pestle, with the pale fat face of the Latin master, were presented to us. "All stand as you are," cried a voice before which we shrank. "You will now, Mr. Wilkins, take down the name of every boy who is not in his bed, and give me the list to-morrow morning; each boy upon that list will receive a caning." I was upon the list, for I was standing, like a Hercules in night-clothes, with my bolster uplifted over the prostrate Buttons, when we were all bidden not to move another inch. So that Black Monday ended. If Black Mondays in the present day are not maintained with the same strictness of discipline, the next generation of men, I fear, will not resemble those who were turned out into the world after being duly bruised under the Pestles of more Spartan times. The decay of virtue may in that case shortly be expected.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

He was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle by the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really——. But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host, to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honor to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I *am* supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana would deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's coffee house, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintances are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine, at a cost, on an average, of one and three-pence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I look into the old-established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black, and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a

fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half-holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have the miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavoured to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do do not even live in the Clapham road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill, from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind: but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle) stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsey Snap! Look at him!"

Betsey Snap was a withered, hard-favored, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed at this hour of the morning in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle abjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the dissecting-room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the snivelling milksop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezebels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. "On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-colored, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and you, your husband, miss.—The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often in these changed times thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no, she married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now, be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother, without considering that what you have lost you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith, sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I cannot bear

this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labor with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of: the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honor.

Matters between us took this turn:—On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John, "we were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said, I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful *to* the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, but thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner.

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, fully sensible of your merits, and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a *right* understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character, among our connexion, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust *you* have placed in me——"

"But you never will abuse it at all, *John*," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured *him*, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of by any one; you must not expect me to humor it——"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humor it. I want to correct it."

"And I, too!" said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We *both* have the same end in view; and, honorably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours *will* be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and, by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledge any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not, (said the poor relation, looking at the fire as he slowly rubbed his hands) very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I

have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid palace, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—O, how delightful!—to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling is the priceless blessing of my house, from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I cannot bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once at the theatre, when I was there with little Frank; and the child said, wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand?"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my castle. For, the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is——" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John, our esteemed host, suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story?"

THE CHILD'S STORY.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So, he played with that child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimnies, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and the roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books; all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But, one day, of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So, he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So, he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But, they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horse-back; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy as he lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So, he said to the young man, "What do you do here?"

And the young man said, "I am always in love.—Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and coloured just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was teazed sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny: and they quarrelled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But, the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer: some of the little trees that had come out earliest were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying. "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father I am going to India," and another, "Father I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning grey. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company.—And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it, when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened. and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven?" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried, "Mother, mother," without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said "My dearest, I am summoned and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So, the traveller sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honoured and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

SOMEBODY'S STORY.

A WHOLE year of Christmas days have come and passed, since a wealthy tun-maker, named Jacob Elsen, was chosen Syndic of the corporation of tun-makers, in the town of Stromthal, in Southern Germany. His family name is not to be met with, perhaps, anywhere now. The town itself is gone. The inhabitants once unjustly taxed the Jews who dwelt there, with the murder of some little children, and drove them out; forbidding any Jew to enter their gates again. But the Jews took their quiet revenge; for they built another town, at a distance, and carried all the trade away, so that the new town gradually increased in wealth, while the old town dwindled to nothing.

But, Jacob Elsen had no knowledge of this persecution. In his time, Jews walked about the sombre, winding streets, and traded in the market-place, and kept shops, and enjoyed with others the privileges of the town.

A river flows through the town, a narrow winding stream, navigable for small craft, and called the "Klar." This river, being of very pure sweet water, and moreover very useful for the commerce of the town, the people call their great friend. They believe that it will heal ills of mind and body: and although many afflicted persons have dipped in it, and drunk of the water, without feeling much the better for it, their belief remains the same. They give it feminine names, as if it were a beautiful woman or a goddess. They have innumerable songs and stories about it, which the people know by heart; or did in Jacob Elsen's time—for there were very few books and fewer readers there, in those days. They have a yearly festival, called the "Klarfluss-day," when flowers and ribbons are cast into the stream, and float away through the meadows towards the great river.

"Is not the Klar," said one of their old songs, "a marvel among rivers? Lo, all other streams are nourished, drop by drop, with dews and rains; but the Klar comes forth, full grown, from the hills." And this, indeed, was no invention of the poet; for no one knew the source of this river. The town council had offered a reward of five hundred gold gulden to any one who could discover it; but all those who had endeavoured to trace it, had come to a place many leagues above Stromthal, where the stream wound between steep rocks: and where the current was so strong that neither oar nor sail could prevail against it. Beyond those rocks were the mountains called the Himmelgebirge; and the Klar was supposed to rise in some of those inaccessible regions.

But, though the people of Stromthal honored their river, they loved their commerce better. Therefore, they made no public walks along its banks; but built their houses, mostly, to the water's brink on both sides. Some, indeed, in the outskirts, had gardens; but in the centre of the town, the stream caught no shadows, except from warehouses and the overhanging fronts of ancient wooden houses. Jacob Elsen's house was one of these. The sides of the bank before it had been lined with birch-stakes, and the foundation was dug so close to the water, that you might open the door of his workshop, and dip a pitcher in the stream.

Jacob Elsen's household consisted of only three persons besides himself; namely his daughter Margaret; his apprentice, Carl; and one old servant woman. He had workmen; but they did not sleep in the house. Carl was a youth of eighteen, and, his master's daughter being a little younger, he fell in love with her—as all apprentices did in those days. Carl's love for Margaret was pure and deep. Jacob knew this; but he said nothing. He had faith in Margaret's prudence.

Whether Margaret loved Carl at this time none ever knew but herself. He went to church with her on Sundays; and there, while the prayers that were said were sometimes mere meaningless sounds to him, through his thinking of her, and watching her, he could hear her devoutly murmuring the words; or, when the preacher was speaking, he saw her face turned towards him, and felt almost vexed to see that she was listening attentively. She could sit at table with him, and be quite calm, when he felt confused and awkward; at other times she seemed always too busy to think of him. At length his apprenticeship being completed, the time came for his leaving Elsen's house to travel, as German workman are bound by their trade-laws to do; and he determined to speak boldly to Margaret before he went. What better time could he have found for this, than a summer evening, when Margaret happened to come into the workshop after his fellow-workmen were gone? He called her to the door that opened on the river, to look out at the sunset, and he talked about the river, and the mystery of its source; when it was getting dusk, and he could delay no longer, he told her his secret; and Margaret told him in return her secret; which was, that she loved him too. "But," said she, "I must tell my father this."

That night, after supper, they told Jacob Elsen what had passed between them. Jacob was a man in the prime of life. He was not avaricious, but he was prudent in all things. "Let Carl," he said, "come back after his *Wanderzeit* is ended with fifty gold gulden; and then, if you are willing to marry him, I will make him a master tun-maker." Carl asked no more than this. He did not doubt of being able to bring back that sum, and he knew that the law would not allow him to marry until his apprenticeship was ended. He was anxious to be gone. On the morrow he took his leave of Margaret,—early in the morning, before anything was stirring in the

streets. Carl was full of hope, but Margaret wept as they stood upon the threshold. "Three years," she said. "will sometimes work such changes in us that we are not like our former selves."

"And yet they will only make me love you more," replied Carl.

"You will meet with fairer women than I, where you are going," said Margaret, "and I shall be thinking of you at home, long after you have forgotten me."

"Now, I am sure you love me, Margaret," he said, delighted; "but you must not have doubts of me while I am away. As surely as I love you now, I will come back with the fifty gold gulden, and claim your father's promise."

Margaret lingered at the door, and Carl looked back many times until he turned an angle of the street. His heart was light enough in spite of their separation, for he had always looked forward to this journey as the means of winning her hand; and every step he took seemed to bring him nearer to his object. "I must not lose time," thought he, "and yet it would be a great thing if I could find the head of our river. My way lies southward: I will try!" On the third day he took a boat at a little village and pulled against the stream; but, in the afternoon, he drew near the rocks, and the current became stronger. He pulled on, however, till the steep grey walls were on each side of him, and looking up he saw only a strip of sky; but at length, with all the strength of his arms, he could only keep the boat where it was. Now and then, with a sudden effort, he advanced a few yards, but he could not maintain the place he had won, and after a while he grew weary, and was obliged to give it up and drift back again. "So what has been said about the rocks and the strength of the water is true," thought he; "I can testify to that at least."

Carl wandered for many days before he got employment; and, when he did, it was poorly paid, and scarcely sufficed for his living; so he was obliged to depart again. When half his time was completed he had scarcely saved ten "gold gulden," though he had walked hundreds of miles and worked in many cities. One day he set out again, to seek for employment elsewhere. When he had been walking several days, he came to a small town on the banks of a river, whose waters were so bright that they reminded him of the Klar. The town, too, was so like Stromthal that he could almost fancy that he had made a great circuit and come back to his starting place again. But Carl did not want to go home yet. His term was only half expired, and his ten gold gulden (one of which was already nibbled in travelling), would make a poor figure after his boast of returning with fifty. His heart was not so light as when he quitted Margaret at the door of her father's house. He had found the world different from his expectations of it. The harshness of strangers had soured him, and there was no pleasure that day in being reminded of his native town. If he had not been weary he would have turned aside and gone upon his journey without stopping; but it was evening, and he wanted some refreshment.

He walked through straggling streets that reminded him still further of his home, until he came to the market place, in the midst of which stood a large white statue of a woman. She held an olive branch in her hand: her head was bare, but folds of drapery enveloped her, from the waist to the feet. "Whose is this statue," asked Carl of a bystander? The man answered in a strange dialect, but Carl understood him.

"It is the statue of our river," he answered.

"What is your river called?"

"The Geber: for it enriches the town, enabling us to trade with many great cities."

"And why is the head of the woman bare while her feet are hidden?"

"Because we know where the river rises; but, whither it flows none know."

"Can no one float down with the current and see?"

"It is dangerous to search; the stream grows swifter, running between high rocks, until it rushes into a deep cavern, and is lost."

"How strange," thought Carl, "that this town should be, in so many respects, so like my own!" But a little further on in a narrow street, he found a wooden house with a small tun hanging over the doorway, by way of sign, so like Jacob Elsen's house, that if the words "Peter Schnfuss, tun maker to the Duke," had not been written above the door, he would have thought it magic. Carl knocked here, and a young woman came to the door; here the likeness ended, for Carl saw at a glance that Margaret was a hundred times more beautiful than she.

"I do not know whether my father wants workmen," said the young woman; "but if you are a traveller, you can rest, and refresh yourself until he comes in."

Carl thanked her, and entered. The low-roofed kitchen, so like Elsen's house, did not surprise him; for most rooms were built thus at that time. The girl spread a white cloth, gave him some cold meat and bread, and brought him some water to wash; but, while he was eating she asked him many questions concerning whence he came, and where he had been. She had never heard of Stromthal, for she knew nothing of the country beyond the "Himmelgebirge." When her father came in, Carl saw that he was much older than Jacob Elsen.

"And so you want employment?" said the father.

Carl bowed, standing with his cap in his hand.

"Follow me!" The old man led the way into the workshop—through the door of which, at the bottom, Carl saw the river—and putting the tools into Carl's hand, bade him continue the work of a half-finished tun. Carl handled his tools so skilfully, that the old man knew him at once to be a good workman, and offered him better wages than he had ever got before. Carl remained here until his three years had expired. One day he said to Bertha Schonfuss (his master's daughter), "My time is up now, Bertha; to-morrow I set out for my home."

"I will pray for a happy journey for you," said Bertha; "and that you may find joy at home."

"Look you, Bertha," said Carl; "I have seventy gold gulden, which I have saved. Without these, I could not have gone home, or married my Margaret, of whom I have told you; and, but for you, I should not have had them. Ought I not to remember you gratefully while I live?"

"And come back to see us one day?" said Bertha. "Of course you ought."

"I surely will," said Carl, tying his money in the corner of a handkerchief.

"Stay!" said Bertha. "There is danger in carrying much money in these parts. The roads are infested with robbers."

"I will make a box for the money," said Carl.

"No; put them in the hollow handle of one of your tools. It is natural for a workman to carry tools. No one will think of looking there."

"No handle would hold them," replied Carl. "I will make a hollow mallet, and put them in the body of it."

"A good thought," said Bertha.

Carl worked the next day, and made a large mallet, in which he plugged a hole; letting in fifty gold pieces, he retained the remainder of his treasure to expend on his journey, and to buy clothers and other things; for he could afford to be extravagant now. When everything was ready, he hired a boat to travel down the river a portion of his journey. The old man bade him farewell affectionately, at the landing-place of his own workshop; and Carl kissed Bertha, and Bertha bade him take care of his mallet.

The boy who rowed the boat was the ugliest boy that could possibly be. He was very short in the legs, and very broad in the chest, and he had scarcely any neck; but his face was large and round, and he had two small twinkling eyes. His hair was black and straight; and his arms were long, like the arms of an ape. Carl did not like the look of him when he hired the boat, and was about to choose another from the crowd of boatmen at the landing-place, when he thought how unjust it was to refuse to give the boy work on account of his ugliness, and so turned back and hired him.

Carl sat at the stern, and the boy rowed, bending forward until his face nearly touched his feet, and then throwing himself almost flat upon his back, and taking such pulls with his long arms, that the boat flew onward like a crow. Carl did not rebuke him, for he was too anxious to get home. But the boy grew bolder from his licence. He made horrible grimaces when he passed other boats, tempting the rowers to throw things at him. He raised his oars sometimes, and struck at a fish playing on the surface; and, each time, Carl saw the dead fish lying on its back on the top of the water. Carl commanded the horrible boy to row on and be quiet—but he replied in an uncouth dialect which Carl could scarcely understand: and a moment after began his tricks again. Once, Carl saw him, to his astonishment, spring from his seat, and run along the narrow gunwale of the boat; but his naked feet clung to the edge, as if he had been web-footed.

"Sit to your oars, monkey!" cried Carl, striking him a light blow.

The boy sat down sullenly and rowed on, playing no more tricks that day. Carl sang one of the songs about the "Klar;" and the boat continued its way—through meadows, where the banks were lined with bulrushes, and often round little islands—till the dusk came down from Heaven. The river-surface glimmered with a faint white light. The trees upon the bank grew blacker, and the stars spread westward. Carl watched the fish, making circles on the stream, and let his hand fall over the side to feel the water rippling through his fingers as the boat went on. But growing weary after a while, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and placing his mallet beside him, lay down in the stern, and fell asleep. The town where they were to stop that night, was further off than they had thought it. Carl slept a long time and dreamed. But, in his sleep he heard a noise close to his head, like a splash in the water, and awoke. He thought, at first, that the boy had fallen into the river; but he saw him standing up, midway in the boat.

"What is the matter?" said Carl.

"I have dropped your hammer in the stream," said the boy.

"Wretch!" cried Carl, springing up; "how was this?"

"Spare me, my master," said the boy with an ugly grin. "It flew out of my hand as I tried to strike a flying bat." Carl was furious. He struck at him several times; but the boy avoided him, slipping under his arm, and running again along the gunwale. Carl became still more furious, and fell upon him at once, so violently, that the boat overturned, and they both fell into the river. And now, Carl finding that the boy could not swim, thought no more of his mallet but grasped him, and struck out for the bank. The current was strong, and carried them far down; but they came ashore at last. They could see the lights of the town near at hand, and Carl

ing; and the river, brimming with the rains of the day before, flowed on, smooth and flush to the edge. "Of all my hopes, my patience, my industry, my long sufferings, and my deep love for Margaret, behold the miserable end!" said Carl.

But he stopped suddenly; his eyes had caught some object, in between the birch stakes and the bank. "Strange," he said. "It is a mallet, and much like the one I lost! Some of Jacob Elsen's workmen have dropped a mallet here, surely." But it was larger than an ordinary mallet, and, though it was madness to fancy so, he thought that some supernatural power had brought his mallet there, in time to turn him from his purpose. "It *is* my mallet!" he cried; for by stooping down he could see the mark of the hole he had plugged. He did not wait to take it up, it being safe for awhile where it was: he ran back into the house, and met Jacob Elsen descending the stairs.

"I have found my mallet," said Carl; "Where is Margaret?"

The tun-maker looked incredulous. Margaret heard his call and came down stairs.

"This way!" said Carl, leading them through the shop. "Look there!" Both Margaret and her father saw it. Carl stooped and picked it up, and, taking the plug out, shook all the gold pieces on the ground. Jabob shook his hand, and begged him to pardon him for his unjust suspicions; and Margaret wept tears of joy. "It came just in time to save my life," said Carl. "Happy days will come with it."

"But how did this mallet arrive here?" said Jacob, pondering.

"I guess," replied Carl "I have found the origin of the Klar. The two rivers are, in truth, but one."

Carl wrote the story of his adventures, and presented it to the Town Council, who employed all the scholars in Stromthal to prove by experiments the identity of the two rivers. When they had done this, there was great rejoicing in the town. On the day when Carl married Margaret, he received the promised reward of five hundred gold gulden; and thenceforth the day on which he found his mallet was set apart for a festival by the inhabitants of all the towns, both on the "Geber" and the "Klar."

THE OLD NURSE'S STORY.

You know, my dears, that your mother was an orphan, and an only child; and I dare say you have heard that your grandfather was a clergyman up in Westmoreland, where I come from. I was just a girl, in the village school, when, one day, your grandmother came in to ask the mistress if there was any scholar there who would do for a nurse-maid; and mighty proud I was, I can tell ye, when the mistress called me up, and spoke to my being a good girl at my needle, and a steady honest girl, and one whose parents were very respectable, though they might be poor. I thought I should like nothing better than to serve the pretty young lady, who was blushing as deep as I was, as she spoke of the coming baby, and what I should have to do with it. However, I see you don't care so much for this part of my story, as for what you think is to come, so I'll tell you at once I was engaged, and settled at the parsonage before Miss Rosamond (that was the baby, who is now your mother) was born. To be sure, I had little enough to do with her when she came, for she was never out of her mother's arms, and slept by her all night long; and proud enough was I sometimes when missis trusted her to me. There never was such a baby before or since, though you've all of you been fine enough in your turns; but for sweet, winning ways, you've none of you come up to your mother. She took after her mother, who was a real lady born; a Miss Furnivall, a granddaughter of Lord Furnivall's in Northumberland. I believe she had neither brother nor sister, and had been brought up in my lord's family till she had married your grandfather, who was just a curate, son to a shopkeeper in Carlisle—but a clever fine gentleman as ever was—and one who was a right-down hard worker in his parish, which was very wide, and scattered all abroad over the Westmoreland Fells. When your mother, little Miss Rosamond, was about four or five years old, both her parents died in a fortnight—one after the other. Ah! that was a sad time. My pretty young mistress and me was looking for another baby, when my master came home from one of his long rides, wet and tired, and took the fever he died of; and then she never held up her head again, but just lived to see her dead baby, and have it laid on her breast before she sighed away her life. My mistress had asked me, on her death-bed, never to leave Miss Rosamond; but if she had never spoken a word, I would have gone with the little child to the end of the world.

The next thing, and before we had well stilled our sobs, the executors and guardians came to settle the affairs. They were my poor young mistress's own cousin, Lord Furnivall, and Mr. Esthwaite, my master's brother, a shopkeeper in Manchester; not so well to do then, as he was afterwards, and with a large family rising about him. Well! I don't know if it were their settling, or because of a letter my mistress wrote on her death-bed to her cousin, my lord; but somehow it was settled that Miss Rosamond and me were to go to Furnivall Manor House, in Northumberland, and my lord spoke as if it had been her mother's wish that she should live with his family, and as if he had no objections, for that one or two more or less could make no difference in so grand a household. So, though that was not the way in which I

tall, and had a face as full of fine wrinkles as if they had been drawn all over it with a needle's point. Her eyes were very watchful, to make up, I suppose, for her being so deaf as to be obliged to use a trumpet. Sitting with her, working at the same great piece of tapestry, was Mrs. Stark, her maid and companion, and almost as old as she was. She had lived with Miss Furnivall ever since they both were young, and now she seemed more like a friend than a servant: she looked so cold and grey, and stony, as if she had never loved or cared for any one; and I don't suppose she did care for any one except her mistress; and owing to the great deafness of the latter, Mrs. Stark treated her very much as if she were a child. Mr. Henry gave some message from my lord, and then he bowed goodbye to us all,—taking no notice of my sweet little Miss Rosamond's outstretched hand—and left us standing there, being looked at by the two old ladies through their spectacles.

I was right glad when they rung for the old footman who had shown us in at first, and told him to take us to our rooms. So we went out of that great drawing-room, and into another sitting-room. and out of that, and then up a great flight of stairs, and along a broad gallery—which was something like a library, having books all down one side, and windows and writing tables all down the other—till we came to our rooms, which I was not sorry to hear were just over the kitchens; for I began to think I should be lost in that wilderness of a house. There was an old nursery, that had been used for all the little lords and ladies long ago, with a pleasant fire burning in the grate, and the kettle boiling on the hob. and tea-things spread out on the table; and out of that room was the night-nursery, with a little crib for Miss Rosamond close to my bed. And old James called up Dorothy, his wife, to bid us welcome; and both he and she were so hospitable and kind, that by-and-by Miss Rosamond and me felt quite at home; and by the time tea was over, she was sitting on Dorothy's knee, and chattering away as fast as her little tongue could go. I soon found out that Dorothy was from Westmoreland, and that bound her and me together, as it were: and I would never wish to meet with kinder people than were old James and his wife. James had lived pretty nearly all his life in my lord's family, and thought there was none so grand as they. He even looked down a little on his wife; because, till he had married her, she had never lived in any but a farmer's household. But he was very fond of her, as well he might be. They had one servant under them, to do all the rough work. Agnes they called her; and she and me, and James and Dorothy, with Miss Furnivall and Mrs. Stark, made up the family; always remembering my sweet little Miss Rosamond! I used to wonder what they had done before she came, they thought so much of her now. Kitchen and drawing-room it was all the same. The hard, sad Miss Furnivall, and the cold Mrs. Stark, looked pleased when she came fluttering in like a bird, playing and pranking hither and thither with a continual murmur, and pretty prattle of gladness. I am sure, they were sorry many a time when she flitted away into the kitchen, though they were too proud to ask her to stay with them, and were a little surprised at her taste; though, to be sure, as Mrs. Stark said, it was not to be wondered at, remembering what stock her father had come of. The great, old rambling house, was a famous place for little Miss Rosamond. She made expeditions all over it, with me at her heels; all, except the east wing, which was never opened, and whither we never thought of going. But in the western and northern part was many a pleasant room; full of things that were curiosities to us, though they might not have been to people who had seen more. The windows were darkened by the sweeping boughs of the trees, and the ivy which had overgrown them: but, in the green gloom, we could manage to see old China jars and carved ivory boxes, and great heavy books, and, above all, the old pictures!

Once I remember, my darling would have Dorothy go with us to tell us who they all were; for they were all portraits of some of my lord's family, though Dorothy could not tell us the names of every one. We had gone through most of the rooms, when we came to the old state drawing-room over the hall, and here was a picture of Miss Furnivall; or, as she was called in those days, Miss Grace, for she was the younger sister. Such a beauty she must have been! but with such a set, proud look, and such scorn looking out of her handsome eyes, with her eyebrows just a little raised, as if she wondered how any one could have the impertinence to look at her; and her lip curled at us, as we stood there gazing. She had a dress on, the like of which I had never seen before, but it was all the fashion when she was young; a hat of some soft white stuff like beaver, pulled a little over her brows, and a beautiful plume of feathers sweeping round it on one side; and her gown of blue satin was open in front to a quilted white stomacher.

"Well, to be sure!" said I, when I had gazed my fill. "Flesh is grass, they do say; but who would have thought that Miss Furnivall had been such an out-and-out beauty, to see her now?"

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Folks change sadly. But if what my master's father used to say was true, Miss Furnivall, the elder sister, was handsomer than Miss Grace. Her picture is here somewhere; but, if I show it you, you must never let on, even to James, that you have seen it. Can the little lady hold her tongue, think you?" asked she.

large flakes, so thick it almost darkened the windows. It had stopped snowing before we came out, but it lay soft, thick and deep beneath our feet, as we tramped home. Before we got to the hall the moon rose, and I think it was lighter then,—what with the moon, and what with the white dazzling snow—than it had been when we went to church, between two and three o'clock. I have not told you that Miss Furnivall and Mrs. Stark never went to church: they used to read the prayers together, in their quiet gloomy way; they seemed to feel the Sunday very long without their tapestry-work to be busy at. So when I went to Dorothy in the kitchen, to fetch Miss Rosamond and take her upstairs with me, I did not much wonder when the old woman told me that the ladies had kept the child with them, and that she had never come to the kitchen, as I had bidden her, when she was tired of behaving pretty in the drawing-room. So I took off my things and went to find her, and bring her to her supper in the nursery. But when I went into the best drawing-room, there sat the two old ladies, very still and quiet, dropping out a word now and then, but looking as if nothing so bright and merry as Miss Rosamond had ever been near them. Still I thought she might be hiding from me; it was one of her pretty ways, and that she had persuaded them, to look as if they knew nothing about her; so I went softly peeping under this sofa and behind that chair, making believe I was sadly frightened at not finding her.

"What's the matter, Hester?" said Mrs. Stark, sharply. I don't know if Miss Furnivall had seen me, for, as I told you, she was very deaf, and she sat quite still, idly staring into the fire, with her hopeless face. "I'm only looking for my little Rosy-Posy," replied I, still thinking that the child was there, and near me, though I could not see her.

"Miss Rosamond is not here," said Mrs. Stark. "She went away more than an hour ago to find Dorothy." And she too turned and went on looking into the fire.

My heart sank at this, and I began to wish I had never left my darling. I went back to Dorothy and told her. James was gone out for the day, but she and me and Bessy took lights, and went up into the nursery first, and then we roamed over the great large house, calling and entreating Miss Rosamond to come out of her hiding place, and not frighten us to death in that way. But there was no answer; no sound.

"Oh!" said I, at last, "can she have got into the east wing and hidden there?"

But Dorothy said it was not possible, for that she herself had never been in there: that the doors were always locked, and my lord's steward had the keys, she believed; at any rate, neither she nor James had ever seen them; so, I said, I would go back and see if, after all, she was not hidden in the drawing-room, unknown to the old ladies; and if I found her there, I said I would whip her well for the fright she had given me; but I never meant to do it. Well, I went back to the west drawing-room, and I told Mrs. Stark we could not find her anywhere, and asked for leave to look all about the furniture there, for I thought now, that she might have fallen asleep in some warm hidden corner: but no! we looked, Miss Furnivall got up and looked, trembling all over, and she was nowhere there; then we set off again, every one in the house, and looked in all the places we had searched before, but we could not find her. Miss Furnivall shivered and shook so much, that Mrs. Stark took her back into the warm drawing-room; but not before they had made me promise to bring her to them when she was found. Well-a-day! I began to think she never would be found when I bethought me to look out into the great front court, all covered with snow. I was up-stairs when I looked out; but, it was such clear moonlight, I could see quite plain two little footprints, which might be traced from the hall door, and round the corner of the east wing. I don't know how I got down, but I tugged open the great, stiff hall door; and, throwing the skirt of my gown over my head for a cloak, I ran out. I turned the east corner, and there a black shadow fell on the snow; but when I came again into the moonlight, there were the little footmarks going up—up to the Fells. It was bitter cold; so cold that the air almost took the skin off my face as I ran, but I ran on, crying to think how my poor little darling must be perished and frightened. I was within sight of the holly-trees, when I saw a shepherd coming down the hill, bearing something in his arms wrapped in his maud. He shouted to me, and asked me if I had lost a bairn; and, when I could not speak for crying, he bore towards me, and I saw my wee bairnie lying still, and white and stiff, in his arms, as if she had been dead. He told me he had been up the Fells to gather in his sheep, before the deep cold of night came on, and that under the holly-trees (black marks on the hill-side, where no other bush was for miles around) he had found my little lady—my lamb—my queen—my darling—stiff and cold, in the terrible sleep which is frost-begotten. Oh! the joy, and the tears of having her in my arms once again! for I would not let him carry her; but took her, maud and all, into my own arms, and held her near my own warm neck and heart, and felt the life stealing slowly back again into her little gentle limbs. But she was still insensible when we reached the hall, and I had no breath for speech. We went in by the kitchen door.

"Bring the warming-pan," said I; and I carried her up-stairs and began undressing her by the nursery fire, which Bessy had kept up. I called my little lammie all the sweet and playful names I could think of,—even while my eyes were blinded by my tears; and at last, oh! at length she opened her large blue

no longer, and was flying to the door to open it, when, all of a sudden, and close upon us, the great organ pealed out so loud and thundering, it fairly made me tremble; and all the more when I remembered me that, even in the stillness of that dead-cold weather, I had heard no sound of little pattering hands upon the window-glass, although the Phantom Child had seemed to put forth all its force; and, although I had seen it wail and cry, no faintest touch of sound had fallen upon my ears. Whether I remembered all this at the very moment, I do not know; the great organ sound had so stunned me into terror; but this I know, I caught up Miss Rosamond before she got the hall-door opened, and clutched her, and carried her away, kicking and screaming, into the large bright kitchen, where Dorothy and Agnes were busy with their mince pies.

"What is the matter with my sweet one?" cried Dorothy, as I bore in Miss Rosamond, who was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"She won't let me open the door for my little girl to come in; and she'll die if she is out on the Fells all night. Cruel, naughty Hester," she said, slapping me; but she might have struck harder, for I had seen a look of ghastly terror on Dorothy's face which made my very blood run cold.

"Shut the back kitchen door fast, and bolt it well," said she to Agnes. She said no more; she gave me raisins and almonds to quiet Miss Rosamond: but she sobbed about the little girl in the snow, and would not touch any of the good things. I was thankful when she cried herself to sleep in bed. Then I stole down to the kitchen, and told Dorothy I had made up my mind, I would carry my darling back to my father's house in Applethwaite; where, if we lived humbly, we lived at peace. I said I had been frightened enough with the old lord's organ-playing; but now, that I had seen for myself this little moaning child, all decked out as no child in the neighbourhood could be, beating and battering to get in, yet always without any sound or noise—with the dark wound on its right shoulder; and that Miss Rosamond had known it again for the phantom that had nearly lured her to her death (which Dorothy knew was true); I would stand it no longer.

I saw Dorothy change colour once or twice. When I had done, she told me she did not think I could take Miss Rosamond with me, for that she was my lord's ward, and I had no right over her; and she asked me would I leave the child that I was so fond of, just for sounds and sights that could do me no harm; and that they had all to get used to in their turns? I was all in a hot, trembling passion: and I said it was very well for her to talk, that knew what these sights and noises betokened, and that had, perhaps, had something to do with the spectre-child while it was alive. And I taunted her so that she told me all she knew, at last; and then I wished I had never been told, for it only made me more afraid than ever.

She said she had heard the tale from old neighbours, that were alive when she was first married; when folks used to come to the hall sometimes, before it had got such a bad name on the country side: it might not be true, or it might, what she had been told.

The old lord was Miss Furnivall's father—Miss Grace, as Dorothy called her, for Miss Maude was the elder, and Miss Furnivall by rights. The old lord was eaten up with pride. Such a proud man was never seen or heard of; and his daughters were like him. No one was good enough to wed them, although they had choice enough; for they were the great beauties of their day, as I had seen by their portraits, where they hung in the state drawing-room. But as the old saying is, "Pride will have a fall;" and these two haughty beauties fell in love with the same man, and he no better than a foreign musician, whom their father had down from London to play music with him at the Manor House. For above all things, next to his pride, the old lord loved music. He could play on nearly every instrument that ever was heard of; and it was a strange thing it did not soften him; but he was a fierce sour old man, and had broken his poor wife's heart with his cruelty, they said. He was mad after music, and would pay any money for it. So he got this foreigner to come; who made such beautiful music, that they said the very birds on the trees stopped their singing to listen. And, by degrees, this foreign gentleman got such a hold over the old lord, that nothing would serve him but that he must come every year; and it was he that had the great organ brought from Holland, and built up in the hall where it stood now. He taught the old lord to play on it; but many and many a time, when Lord Furnivall was thinking of nothing but his fine organ, and his finer music, the dark foreigner was walking abroad in the woods with one of the young ladies; now Miss Maude, and then Miss Grace.

Miss Maude won the day and carried off the prize, such as it was: and he and she were married, all unknown to any one: and before he made his next yearly visit, she had been confined of a little girl at a farmhouse on the Moors, while her father and Miss Grace thought she was away at Doncaster Races. But though she was a wife and a mother, she was not a bit softened, but as haughty and as passionate as ever; and perhaps more so, for she was jealous of Miss Grace, to whom her foreign husband paid a deal of court—by way of blinding her—as he told his wife. But Miss Grace triumphed over Miss Maude, and Miss Maude grew fiercer and fiercer, both with her husband and with her sister; and the former—who could easily shake off what was disagreeable, and hide himself in foreign countries—went away a month before his

come at last, and the long winter had taken a turn as I hoped—I heard the west drawing-room bell ring three times, which was the signal for me. I would not leave Miss Rosamond alone, for all she was asleep—for the old lord had been playing wilder than ever—and I feared lest my darling should waken to hear the spectre child; see her I knew she could not, I had fastened the windows too well for that. So, I took her out of her bed and wrapped her up in such outer clothes as were most handy, and carried her down to the drawing-room, where the old ladies sat at their tapestry work as usual. They looked up when I came in, and Mrs. Stark asked, quite astounded, "Why did I bring Miss Rosamond there, out of her warm bed?" I had begun to whisper, "Because I was afraid of her being tempted out while I was away, by the weird child in the snow," when she stopped me short (with a glance at Miss Furnivall) and said Miss Furnivall wanted me to undo some work she had done wrong, and which neither of them could see to unpick. So, I laid my pretty dear on the sofa, and sat down on a stool by them, and hardened my heart against them as I heard the wind rising and howling.

Miss Rosamond slept on sound, for all the wind blew so; and Miss Furnivall said never a word, nor looked round when the gusts shook the windows. All at once she started up to her full height, and put up one hand as if to bid us listen.

"I hear voices!" said she. "I hear terrible screams—I hear my father's voice!"

Just at that moment, my darling wakened with a sudden start: "My little girl is crying, oh, how she is crying!" and she tried to get up and go to her, but she got her feet entangled in the blanket, and I caught her up; for my flesh had begun to creep at these noises, which they heard while we could catch no sound. In a minute or two the noises came. and gathered fast, and filled our ears; we, too, heard voices and screams, and no longer heard the winter's wind that raged abroad. Mrs. Stark looked at me, and I at her, but we dared not speak. Suddenly Miss Furnivall went towards the door, out into the ante-room, through the west lobby, and opened the door into the great hall. Mrs. Stark followed, and I durst not be left, though my heart almost stopped beating for fear. I wrapped my darling tight in my arms, and went out with them. In the hall the screams were louder than ever; they sounded to come from the east wing—nearer and nearer—close on the other side of the locked-up doors—close behind them. Then I noticed that the great bronze chandeller seemed all alight, though the hall was dim, and that a fire was blazing in the vast hearth-place, though it gave no heat; and I shuddered up with terror, and folded my darling closer to me. But as I did so, the east door shook, and she, suddenly struggling to get free from me, cried, "Hester! I must go! My little girl is there; I hear her; she is coming! Hester, I must go!"

I held her tight with all my strength; with a set will, I held her. If I had died, my hands would have grasped her still—I was so resolved in my mind. Miss Furnivall stood listening, and paid no regard to my darling, who had got down to the ground, and whom I, upon my knees now, was holding with both my arms clasped round her neck; she still striving and crying to get free.

All at once, the east door gave way with a thundering crash, as if torn open in a violent passion, and there came into that broad and mysterious light, the figure of a tall old man, with grey hair and gleaming eyes. He drove before him, with many a relentless gesture of abhorrence, a stern and beautiful woman, with a little child clinging to her dress.

"Oh Hester! Hester!" cried Miss Rosamond. "It's the lady! the lady below the holly-trees; and my little girl is with her. Hester! Hester! let me go to her; they are drawing me to them. I feel them. I feel them. I must go!"

Again she was almost convulsed by her efforts to get away: but I held her tighter and tighter, till I feared I should do her a hurt; but rather that, than let her go towards those terrible phantoms. They passed along towards the great hall-door, where the winds howled and raved for their prey; but before they reached that, the lady turned; and I could see that she defied the old man with a fierce and proud defiance; but then she quailed—and then she threw up her arms wildly and piteously to save her child—her little child—from a blow from his uplifted crutch.

And Miss Rosamond was torn as by a power stronger than mine, and writhed in my arms, and sobbed (for by this time the poor darling was growing faint).

"They want me to go with them on the Fells—they are drawing me to them Oh, my little girl! I would come, but cruel, wicked Hester holds me very tight." But when she saw the uplifted crutch she swooned away, and I thanked God for it. Just at this moment—when the tall old man, his hair streaming as in the blast of a furnace, was going to strike the little shrinking child—Miss Furnivall, the old woman by my side, cried out, "Oh, father! father! spare the little innocent child!" But just then I saw—we all saw—another phantom shape itself, and grow clear out of the blue and misty light that filled the hall; we had not seen her till now, for it was another lady who stood by the old man, with a look of relentless hate and triumphant scorn. That figure was very beautiful to look upon, with a soft white hat drawn down over the proud brows, and a red and curling lip. It was dressed in an open robe of blue satin.

And fills a bag with jewels and with gold,
And takes whatever pleases him the best;
Then places his own diamonds with the rest,
And in the court-yard stows all privily.

Now, wake, ye sleepers; for there's murder nigh!
A devil is in the house who, while you sleep,
About the basement noiselessly doth creep,
And makes a fire with faggots and with straw;
And soon the flames will gather strength and flaw
Those solid stones, and wrap them like a cloak,
And glare and lighten through their night of smoke!
Even now the terror hath advanced its head:
The infant mischief carefully is fed:
A scorching tongue hath fastened on the walls—
Farewell the joy! Farewell the festivals!
Up, through the beams, the sharp flames gnaw and break,
Out at the window peering like a snake;
The massive pillars fiercely are embraced;
The leaden conduits slowly melt and waste;
Forth leaps the nimble fire, and hastily
Its bloody writing scores upon the sky!
Forth leap the flames: forth rush the sparks o'erhead;
Forth rolls the smoke, and burns to heavy red;
Forth bursts the steady glare—and all the night has fled!

A sense of fire has gone throughout the house,
The host, the guests, and all the servants, rouse;
And from their rooms tumultuously they pour,
A wild and stumbling crowd, and through the door
Pass into the court-yard. They look around,
And see their dwelling as with serpents wound
And weep, and wring their hands, and cry "Alas!"

Meanwhile, the spoiler, seeking to amass
More treasure still, goes groping here and there
In empty chambers, and all places where
The fire has not yet reached; until at last
He hears the house awake, and knows his chance is past.
He cries aloud, "I am undone—undone!"
And towards the threshold he attempts to run,
And meets the vengeful fire upon the way,
And glares against its glare, and stands at bay.
It is the master now, and he the slave!
He flies before it; his lips moan and rave;
He runs about; he traces to and fro;
He calls for help; he knows not where to go;
He gnashes like a wild beast in a cage.
The cruel flames come roaring in their rage,
And scorch his robe. He howls, "I cannot flee!
The fire which I have kindled, eateth me!"
The pavements glow; the hot air sings and flares;
For very life he dashes up the stairs,
And runs towards a window at the back,
And far away beholds the cloudy rack
Weltering like blood. One chance alone he sees:
He leaps straight out and falls between the trees.
Half-stunn'd, and bruis'd, he rises yet again,
Making strange sounds, and cursing in his pain,
He reels and stumbles, yet still holds his flight,
And fades away into the distant night.

The noise and clamor have at length awoke
The neighbors round, who see the glare and smoke,
And rise, and cast up water on the flame;
And soon the fierce destruction shrinks and tames.
Back goes the scarlet light from far and nigh;
Back comes the natural darkness to the sky.
The empty windows, with their inward red,
Glow like strange eyes within a dusky head.
And gleam, and glance, and lingeringly die out.
Then, with a joyful cry, the hasty route
Enter the house, and find the larger part
Whole and unhurt; and each man in his heart
Rejoices, and makes merry at the sight.
And now the master of that palace bright
Looks round, and finds his household all are there.
Safe from the fire, uninjured in a hair,
Except that aged merchant: only he
Is absent; and no traces can they see,
Although they search the empty rooms and all
The smoking ruins huddled 'gainst the wall.
They think—"He did not wake in time to fly."
'Till in a heap of charr'd wood they descry
His lamp, and see that there the fire began,
And say among themselves—"This was the man
Who lit the flames that might have been our death!"
And at that instant, in the self-same breath,
Some others in the open court-yard find
The plunder which the wretch had left behind:
And lo! the store is wondrously increas'd
By a small box of diamonds from the East,
In value greater than a prince's crown.

A proclamation was sent up and down
The neighboring land, to see if any claim
Were made upon these gems; but no one came.
The true possessor durst not reappear,
To make his title to the jewels clear.
And so, in time, they rightfully belong'd
To him who had so grievously been wrong'd
By the first owner; and their worth was higher,
A thousandfold, than what was burnt by fire.

Thus joy was born out of calamity;
And that old merchant, when he meant to lie,
In very truth had spoken prophecy.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

When I first took my seat as a clerk in our Bank, the state of the country was far less safe than it is now. The roads were not only unconscious of Macadam, and fatal in many places to wheels and springs, but dangerous to a still more alarming degree from the outrages and robberies to which travellers were exposed. Men's minds were unsettled by the incidents of the war on which we had just entered;—commerce was interrupted, credit was at an end, and distress began to be discovered among whole classes of the population who had hitherto lived in comfort. However harshly the law was administered, it seemed to have no terrors for the evil-doer, and, indeed, the undiscerning cruelty of the Statute book defeated its own object by punishing all crimes alike. But, a time of pecuniary pressure is not a bad season for a bank. The house flourished, though the country was in great straits: and the enormous profits at that time realised by bankers—which enabled them to purchase large estates and outshine the old territorial aristocracy—made the profession as unpopular among the higher classes as it had already become among the unreasoning masses. By them, a banker was looked upon as a sort of licensed forger,

perceived in the clear starlight a man mounted on the step, and groping under the seat. I ran forward, and the man, alarmed by my approach, rapidly raised himself from his stooping position, and, presenting a pistol, fired it so close to my eyes that the flash blinded me for a moment: the action was so sudden and my surprise so great, that for a short time too I was bewildered, and scarcely knew whether I was alive or dead.

The old horse never started at the report, and I rested my hand on the rim of the wheel, while I endeavoured to recover my scattered thoughts. The first thing I ascertained was that the man had disappeared. I then hurriedly examined under the seat; and, to my intense relief, perceived the remaining money-bag still in its place. There was a slit in it, however, near the top, as if made by a knife—the robber probably resolving merely to possess himself of the coin, without the dangerous accompaniment of the leathern sack, by which he might have been traced.

"Tell ye what!" said a voice close beside me, as I concluded my scrutiny, "I don't like practical jokes like that—firing off pistols to frighten folks. You'll alarm the whole village."

"Tom," I said, "now's the time to show your courage. A man has robbed the gig—or tried to do it—and has fired at me within a yard of my face."

Tom grew perceptibly pale at this information. "Was there only one?"

"Only one."

"Then the accomplices are near. What's to be done? Shall we rouse farmer Malins, and get his men to help?"

"Not for the world," I said. "I would rather face a dozen shots than have my carelessness known at the Bank. It would ruin me for life. Let us count the money in this bag, quietly deliver it if it be correct, and then follow the robber's course."

It was only a hundred guinea bag, that one, but the counting was nervous work. We found three guineas wanting. We were luckily able to supply them from our own pockets (having just received our quarter's salaries), and I left Tom there, delivered the bag at its destination very near at hand, without a word of the robbery, and went back to him.

"Now! Which way did he go?" said Tom, resuming a little of his former air, clutching his pistol, like the chief of a chorus of banditti in a melodrama.

I told him I had been so confused that I had not observed which way he had retreated. Tom was an old hand at poaching—though he was a clergyman's son, and ought to have set a better example.

"I have heard a hare stir at a hundred yards," he said, and laid his ear close to the frosty ground. "If he's within a quarter of a mile, I shall hear him move." I also lay down on the ground. There was silence for a long time. We heard nothing but our breathing and the breathing of the horse.

"Hush!" said Tom at last. "He has come out of his hiding. I hear a man's step far away to the left; bring your pistol, and let us follow." I took the pistol and found the flint down on the pan. The man had fired at me with my own weapon, and no wonder he had fired so suddenly; for Tom now acknowledged to his belief that he had forgotten to uncock it.

"Never mind," said Tom. "I'll blow his brains out with mine, and you can split his skull with the butt end of yours. Tell ye what! It's of no use to spare those malefactors. I'll fire, the moment I see him."

"Not till I tell you whether it's the robber or not."

"Should you know him, do you think?"

"In the flash of the powder I saw a pair of haggard and amazed eyes which I shall never forget."

"On, then!" said Tom; "we'll have a three hundred pound reward, and see the rascal hanged besides."

We set off, slowly and noiselessly, in the direction Tom had pointed out. Occasionally he applied his ear to the ground, and always muttering, "We have him! we have him!" proceeded in the same careful manner as before. Suddenly Tom said, "He's doubling. He has been leading us on the wrong scent all this time; he has turned towards the village."

"Then our plan," I said, "should be to get there before him. If we intercept him in that way, he can't escape; and I feel sure I could identify him if I saw him by candle-light."

"Tell ye what!—that's the plan," replied my companion. "We'll watch at the entrance of the village, and arrest him the moment he comes in."

We crept through an opening of the hedge, and got once more in the straight lane that led to the village. It was now very late, and the cold was so intense that it kept every person within-doors; for, we heard no sound in the whole hamlet, except, high up in the clear air, the ticking of the church clock, and the loud jangle of the quarters that seemed like peals of artillery in the excited state of our minds and senses. Close to the church—which appeared to guard the entrance of the village, with its low buttressed walls, and its watch-tower of a steeple—there was a wretched ruined-looking cottage, which projected so far into the lane that the space between it and the church was not more than eight or nine feet. It struck us both at the same moment that if we could effect a lodgment here, it would be impossible for the man to slip into the village without our observation.

After listening for a while at the windows and doors of the building, we concluded it was uninhabited; gently pushing open the door,

"Tell ye what! He confesses," said Tom; 'let us spring on him by surprise—an ugly ruffian as I ever saw!"

"And with that sum," he continued, "see what we can do. It will relieve us from our distress, which has come upon us—Mary, you know I speak the truth in this — from no other fault of mine than too much confidence in a treacherous friend. I can't see you starve. I can't see the baby reduced from our comfortable keeping to lie on straw at the end of a barn like this. I can't do it—I won't!" he went on, getting more impassioned in his words.

"At whatever cost, I *will* give you a chance of comfort and independence."

"And peace of mind!" replied Mary. "Oh, William, I must tell you what terrible fears have been in my heart, all this dreary night, during your absence; I have read, and prayed, and turned for comfort to Heaven. Oh, William, give the money back to your friend —I say nothing about the loan—take it back; I can't look at it! Let us starve—let us die, if it must be so—but take that money away."

Tom Ruddle gently put down the cock of his pistol, and ran the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Let us trust, William," the woman went on, "and deliverance will be found. The weather is very cold," she added. "There seems no visible hope; but I cannot altogether despair at this time of the year. This barn is not more humble than the manger at Bethlehem, which I have been reading about all night."

At this moment, a great clang of bells pealed from the old church tower; it was so near that it shook the rafters on which we sat, and filled all the room with the sharp ringing sound. "Hark!" cried the man, startled, "What's that!—"It is Christmas morning," said the woman. Ah, William, William, what a different spirit we should welcome it with; in what a different spirit we *have* welcomed it, many and many a happy time!"

He listened for a moment or two to the bells. Then he sank on his knees, and put his head on her lap; and there was perfect silence except the Christmas music. "Tell ye what!" said Tom. "I remember we always sung a hymn at this hour, in my father's house. Let us be off—I wouldn't disturb these people for a thousand guineas."

Some little noise was made by our preparations to descend. The man looked up, while the woman still continued absorbed in prayer. My head was just on the level of the wall. Our eyes met. They were the same that had flashed so wildly when the pistol was fired from the gig. We continued our descent. The man rose quietly from his knees, and put his finger to his lip. When we got down stairs he was waiting for us at the door. "Not before *her*," he said. "I would spare her the sight if I could. I am guilty of the robbery, but I wouldn't have harmed you, sir. The pistol went off, the moment I put my hand upon it. For God's sake tell her of it gently, when you have taken me away!"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom Ruddle—whose belligerent feelings had entirely disappeared —"the pistol was my mistake, and its all a mistake together. Come to my friend and me, at the Bank, the day after to morrow, and—tell ye what!—the sharp wind brings water to my eyes—we'll manage to lend you some more."

So, the bells still rang clear in the midnight air; and our drive home through the frosty lanes was the pleasantest drive we ever had in our lives.

THE CHARWOMAN'S STORY.

A PERSON is flustered by being had up into the dining-room for to drink merry Christmases and them (though wishing, I am sure, to every party at present as many as would be agreeable to their own selves), and it an't easy rightly to remember at a moment's notice what a person *did* see in the ghostly way. Indeed I never seen nothing myself, it being Thomas which did so—and *he* heard it. Howe'ever, the account of it having been seemingly carried to the young ladies by Nurse, and they wishing to know it all correct, it were as I will now mention.

I was cook to Alderman Playford when he died so suddenly; and very handsome mourning we servants had, though I'm only a hard-working charwoman now. The Alderman kept up two establishments; his town-house at Dewcester, for the sake of the business and his country-house at Brownham, five or six miles off. I was at Brownham, and I like that the best because the young ladies liked it best; they were real ladies, they were. We had everything comfortable there; I may say grand: gardens, there was, and fish-ponds, a brewery, and a dairy, besides stables and that. Latterly too, the Alderman spent most of his time there. Thomas, the coachman, used to drive him backwards and forwards when he had to go to Dewcester; where he sometimes slept, if there was anything particular going on in the Aldermen's Room, or if there was a Ward Election coming on; for the Alderman, you know, was a great electioneerer. But Thomas always came home to us: when the Alderman slept at Dewcester, he returned to Brownham for the sake of protection to us females, and to attend to the things.

Now the Alderman had had a paralytic stroke some years before; and, ever since then, though he got quite over it, he had a very curious step, and one of his shoes made a queer creaking noise, not like any other noise as ever I heard. As he used to be coming down the front gravel walk, or going from one part of the house to another—it was a large, old-fashioned, red brick house, it was

very particular that has happened to me, except all about Charley Felkin, and why he has asked me to go and stay there. I will tell you that story if you like.

You know Charley is a year younger than I am, and I had been at Dr. Owen's a year when he came. He was to be in my room; and he did not know anything about school; and he was younger and uncomfortable at first; and altogether, he fell to my share: and so we saw a great deal of each other. He soon cheered up, and could stand his ground; and we were great friends. He soon got to like play, and left off moping; and we used to talk a great deal in wet weather, and out on long walks. Our best talks, though, were after we were gone to bed. I was not deaf then; and we used to have such talks about home, and ghosts, and all sorts of things; and nobody ever overheard us that we knew of, but once; and then we got nothing worse than a tremendous rap at the door, and the Doctor bidding us go to sleep directly.

Well, we went on just so for a good while, till I began to have the ear-ache. At first, Charley was very kind to me. I remember his asking me, once, to lean my head on his shoulder, and his keeping my head warm till the pain got better; and he sat quite still the whole time. But perhaps he got tired; or—I don't know—perhaps I grew cross. I used to try not; but sometimes the pain was so bad, and lasted so long, that I used to wish I was dead; and I dare say I might be cross enough then, or dismal, which boys like worse. Charley used to seem not to believe there was anything the matter with me. I used to climb up the apple-tree, and get on the wall, and pretend to be asleep, to get out of their way; and then the boys used to come running that way, and say, "Humpy Dumpy sat on the wall;" and one day when I heard Charley say it, I said "Oh, Charley!" and he said "Well, why do you go dumping there?" and he pretended that I made a great fuss about nothing. I know he did not really think so, but wanted to get rid of it all. I know it, because he was so kind always, and so merry when I got well again, and went to play with the rest. And then, I was pleased, and thought I must have been cross, to have thought the things I had; and so we never explained. If we had, it might have saved a great deal that happened afterwards. I am sure I wish we had.

When Charley came, he was a good deal behind me—being a year younger, and never having been to school. I used to think I could keep a-head of all but three boys in my class; and I used to try hard to keep a-head of them. But, after a time, I began to go down. I used to learn my lessons as hard as ever; still, somehow, the boys were quicker in answering, and half-a-dozen of them used to get my place before I knew what it was all about. Dr. Owen saw me, one day, near the bottom of the class: and he said he never saw me there before; and the usher said I was stupid; and the Doctor said, then I must be idle. And the boys said so too, and gave me knicknames about it; I even thought so myself, too, and I was very miserable. Charley got into our class before I got out of it; and indeed I never did get out of it. I believe his father and mother used to hold me up to him—for he might easily speak well of me while he was fond of me. At least, he seemed bent upon getting above me in class. I did try hard against that; and he saw it, and tried his utmost. I could not like him much then. I dare say I was very ill-tempered, and that put him out. After I had tried till I was sick, to learn my lesson perfect, and then to answer questions, Charley would get the better of me; and then he would triumph over me. I did not like to fight him, because he could not have stood up against me; and besides, it was all true—he did beat me at lessons. So we used to go to bed without speaking. We had quite left off telling stories at night, some time before. One morning, Charley said, when we got up, that I was the most sulky fellow he ever saw. I had been afraid, lately, that I *was* growing rather sulky, but I did not know of any particular reason that he had for saying so just then (though he had a reason, as I found out afterwards). So, I told him what I thought—that he had grown very unkind, and that I would not bear with it if he did not behave as he used to do. He said that whenever he tried to do so, I sulked. I did not know then what reason he had to say that, nor what this was all about. The thing was, he had felt uncomfortable, the night before, about something in his behavior to me, and he had whispered to me to ask me to forgive him. It was quite dark, and I never heard him: he asked me to turn and speak to him; but I never stirred, of course; and no wonder he supposed I was sulking. But all this is very disagreeable; and so I will go on to other things.

Mrs. Owen was in the orchard one day, and she chanced to look over the hedge, and she saw me lying on my face on the ground. I used often to be so then, for I was stupid at play, where there was any calling out, and the boys used to make game of me. Mrs. Owen told the Doctor, and the Doctor said there must be something wrong, and he should be better satisfied if Mr. Pratt, the surgeon, saw me. Mr. Pratt found out that I was deaf, though he could not tell what was the matter with my ears. He would have put on blisters, I don't know what else; but the Doctor said it was so near the holidays, I had better wait till I got home. There was an end to taking places, however. The Doctor told them all, that it was clear now why I had seemed to go back so much; and that he reproached himself, and wondered at everybody—that the reason had not been found out be-

sible. They used to desire me to ask always what everybody said: but we used to pass, every Sunday, the tombstone of old Miss Chapman; and I remembered how it used to be when anybody saw her coming in at the gate. They used to cry out "O dear, here comes Miss Chapman! What *shall* we do? She will stay till dinner time, and we shall not get back our voices for a week. Well! don't tell her all she asks for. She is never satisfied. Really it is a most dreadful bore," and so on, till she was at the room door. This was because she *would* know everything that everybody said. I could not bear to be like her; and I could not bear now to think how we all used to complain of her. It was only from a sort of feeling then that I did not do what my father and mother told me, and that I was sure they did not understand about it; but now, I see why, and so do they. One can't tell what is worth repeating and what is not. If one never asks, somebody always tells what it is best to tell; but if one is always asking and teasing, people must get as tired of one as we were of poor Miss Chapman.

So, I had to get on all alone. I used to read in a corner, great part of the day; and I used to walk by myself—long walks over the common, while the others used to go together to the meadows, or through the lanes. My father commanded me to go with the rest; and then I used to get another ramble by myself. There was a pond on the common, so far like that one in the lane I spoke of, that it put me in mind of what I mentioned. I used to sit and look into the pond and throw stones in. I began to fancy, now, that I should be happier when I got back to school again. It was very silly when I had once been so disappointed about home; but I suppose everybody is always hoping for something or other—and I did not know what else to hope. But I keep getting into disagreeable things and forgetting Charley.

One night when the elder ones were just thinking of going to bed, I came down in my night-clothes, walking in my sleep with my eyes wide open. The stone hall, so cold to my bare feet, awoke me; but yet I could not have been quite awake, for I went into the kitchen instead of up to bed again, and I remember very little about that night. They say I stared at the candles the whole time; but I remember Dr. Robinson being there. I seldom slept well then. I was always dreaming and starting—dreaming of all sorts of music, and of hearing the wind, and people talking; and then of all sorts of trouble from not being able to hear anybody; and it always ended with a quarrel with Charley, and my knocking him down. But my mother knew nothing of this, and she was as frightened that night as if I had been crazy. The Doctor advised them to send me to school again for one half-year, and see how I got on after some experiments had been tried with my ears. But I want to get on about Charley.

Charley arrived at school two hours after me. He seemed not to like to shake hands, and he walked away directly. I saw he did not mean to be friends; and I supposed he felt his father's house insulted by my running away. But, I did not know all the reason he had,—neither then nor for some time after. When we became friends again, I found that Kate had seen how hurt I was at her laughing at me, and that she was so sorry that she went up to room-door several times and knocked, and begged that I would forgive her; or that I would open my door, and speak to her, at least. She knocked so loud that she never doubted my hearing her; but I never did, and the next thing was that I ran away. Of course, Charley could not forgive this; he was my great enemy now. In school, he beat me, of course; everybody might do that; but I had a chance in things that were not done in class,—such as the Latin essay for a prize, for instance. Charley was bent upon getting that prize, and he thought he should, because, though he was younger than I, he was a good deal before me in school. However, I got the prize; and some of the boys said it was a shame. They thought it was through favor, because I had grown stupid. They said so, and Charley said so; and he provoked me all he could,—more on Kate's account than his own, though, as he told me afterwards. One day, he insulted me so in the play-ground, that I knocked him down. There was no reason why I should not now; for he had grown very much, and was as strong as I had ever been, while I was nothing like so strong as I had been, or as I am now. The moment he was up, he flew at me in the greatest rage that ever you saw. I was the same; and we were both hurt enough, I can tell you,—both of us,—so much, that Mrs. Owen came to see us in our own rooms (for we had not the same room this half-year). We did not want to tell her anything, or to seem to make a party. But she somehow found out that I felt very lonely, and was very unhappy. I am sure it was her doing that the dear, considerate, wise Doctor was so kind to me when I went into the school again,—being very kind to Charley too. He asked me, one afternoon, to go for a drive with him in his gig. The reason he gave was, that his business took him near the place where my father and he used to go to school together; but I believe it was more that we might have a long talk, all by ourselves.

We talked a good deal about some of the fine old heroes, and then about some of the martyrs; and he said, what to be sure is true, that it is an advantage for any one to know clearly, from beginning to end, what his heroism is to be about, that he may arm himself with courage and patience, and be secure against surprises. I began thinking of my-

hook screwed on a wooden block where his other should have been; scantily dressed in a half gamekeeper's suit.

A party, including the parson, the doctor, and my master, Mr. Closeleigh, were going out shooting over a famous woodcock cover, and were lamenting aloud the absence of old Phil Snare—the best beater in the county—when the one-armed man offered his services, in a manner so neat, civil, and respectful, that, although there was a slight taste of brogue in his accent, and ours was a county where wandering Irishmen were not held in much favor, they were accepted. A long hazel wand was soon in his hand; and, before the day was over, it was universally acknowledged that one-handed Peter was the best beater, and the most amusing, handy fellow, that any of the party had ever known. According to his story, he was a pensioned soldier proceeding to visit a relation whom he hoped to find well settled at a town a hundred miles to the north. A glass of grog opened his mouth, and he related with great tact a few of his adventures.

From that day, Peter became the odd man of the town, and every one wondered how we had done so long without so useful a personage. He carried letters, he cleaned guns, he manufactured flies for fishing, he doctored dogs, he brought the messages of wives—wrapped in a droll envelope of his own—to dilatory husbands delaying at club dinners; he took the place of the doctor's boy, and the lawyer's, too; was always ready with a grave face and a droll answer; was never tired, and seldom in a hurry. He walked in and out of all houses like a tame cat, and made a capital living, as all people do who manage to become the indispensable solvers of difficulties.

In a very short time Peter had emerged a very butterfly, from the grub or chrysalis state. The ragged shooting-jacket was discarded for a green coat of loose fit and many pockets, smart enough for my Lord Browse's head gamekeeper. An open waistcoat displayed highly respectable linen; from head to foot he showed the advantage of being on good credit with the best tradesmen; and yet he owned no master. He began to give up carrying messages, except for the "fust of the quality;" had a staff of boys, to whom he gave orders; and, when out on a shooting party, carried a capital gun—the property of a sporting publican—with the air of one who came out purely for health, exercise, and sport; and not the least like the half-starved ragged creature who had been too happy to sleep in a barn, and accept a plate of broken meat.

But, the favor in which Peter was held was not confined to our sportsmen; he seemed equally taken into the confidence of those who never handled a gun or threw a fly. He began with the smallest tradesmen, but grew daily more indispensable to our most topping shopkeepers. Mr. Tammy, the draper in the market-place, who always wore a white cravat and pumps, was seen walking in his garden with Peter for an hour one evening, by Miss Spark, who peeped through a hole in the garden door; and she declared that Peter at parting patted Tammy on the back—yet he was churchwarden that year! This story was at first disbelieved, although it was remarked that Peter's improvement in hosiery dated from that garden walk. Soon afterwards, Kinine, our head chemist and druggist, a great orator at parish meetings, and a scientific authority, was observed by his errand-boy studying geography, with a large map before him: over which Peter's iron hook travelled with great rapidity. From that time the whole town seemed seized with a rage for refreshing its geographical studies. Spain and Portugal were the special localities in favor; the demand for books on the Peninsular War became great at the circulating library; and the bookseller in the market received orders for not less than three Portuguese dictionaries, in one week.

As for Peter, he became a lion of the first magnitude. He breakfasted with Smoker, the sporting publican—dined with Tiles the shoemaker—took tea with Jolly the butcher—supped with Kinine the druggist—and held chats with Smooth the barber, and Mr. Closeleigh himself. Ostensibly, he was asked to relate the stories of his campaigns, which he did with great unction; and strangely enough, people never seemed tired of hearing of Peter's marches, Peter's battles, and how he lost his hand. It was remarked by the curious, that these battle stories always ended in Peter's being taken mysteriously into some back parlor or garden, there to whisper for an hour or two with the head of the house over a pipe and strong waters; though no one ever saw Peter the worse for liquor. No, Peter always seemed to imbibe silence with his grog.

At length, in spite of very vigorous attempts at mystery, it began to be whispered about, that Peter was the owner of a valuable secret concerning a treasure buried in the wars. People not yet in his confidence poohpooed the idea, and yet Peter's friends increased in number daily.

For my own part, I had not yet arrived at the money-hunting age; my heart was then all upon horses and dogs, embroidered waistcoats, and Albanian fancy dresses: with some dreams of Gulnares and Medoras, and pretty Annie Blondie, the rector's daughter. A hidden treasure did not excite me to desire Peter's patronage, nearly so much as his skill in dressing a Mayfly. As it happened, my passion for fishing let me into the secret which had been travelling up and down the best streets of our town.

One fine summer's evening I had been trying all I knew, without success, to inveigle a great four pound trout, who kept lazily rising

that he might have the run of the ale-tap; the other, that he might have a bit of beef or mutton if he wanted it.

In the midst of the hubbub, Peter got down one morning from the top of the coach from the neighbouring town of Fuddleborough, and crept into the midst of the gossips at the Horse and Jockey before they were aware of him. His story was very short and straightforward; he had only been to draw his pension; and he had seen Jolly at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, very drunk, but had not spoken to him. In less than an hour he was closeted with Kinine, and he spent the evening with the churchwarden.

In another week it was announced that Mr. Kinine had sold his business, and was leaving the town for good. Some said he was going to study for a physician; some said he had inherited—others said he was ruined. At any rate he left, and was never seen at Muddleborough any more. The last time I heard of him he was lecturing on Electro-biology—or anything else—admittance twopence.

Very oddly, on the same week in which Kinine gave up to his successor, Bluster, who still keeps the establishment, Tammy, the Churchwarden, went off to Manchester—to buy goods, as he said, although it was not his time of the year for buying. He left the shop in charge of young Binks, who afterwards married Mrs. Tammy. Tammy was away six months; during the whole of which period poor Mrs. Tammy claimed to be distracted; and when he came back he was "as thin as a weasel, as bald as a coot, and as yellow as a guinea." So Miss Spark declared; but very few people saw him, for he took to his bed and died; raving about treasure-waggons, and the villain Peter, and doubloons. The day he was buried, it all came out. Tammy had been to Portugal with Peter; who, after travelling up the country, had handed him over to the police as a heretic-spy, and had departed with mules, baggage, and all the money that was to have been spent on the vineyard, the casks, with double bottoms, the waggons, and the rest of the complete arrangements.

Poor Tammy, when discharged, had almost to beg his way to Oporto; and there, the first person he saw was Kinine, inquiring at the police-office for the scoundrel Peter, who, after a jollification in London, had marched off with his trunks and bank-bills—the produce of his business—to join Tammy.

When poor Mrs. Tammy told this tale at the funeral breakfast, the murder came out. Peter had bamboozled the whole village. Everybody, from the cobler to the parson, had made an investment in the Portuguese treasure-well Smoker went through the Gazette; Jolly had to discharge his journeyman and do his own killing; every one had paid something for listening to Peter's stories. He had swept the old women's stocking hoards, and the servant girls' riband savings; he had had fifty pounds and some tracts from the Rector, and twice as much, and a new gun from Mr. Closeleigh. The banker had given him a hundred pounds in his own one-pound notes. The village schoolmaster had lent him his only five pounds. In fact, he found our town a perfect bank of credulity, and he had drained it dry.

But Peter had committed no legal offence: he had only told lies and borrowed money. I heard of him from time to time, always as being successful, until a few years ago, when he made the mistake of taking in a keen American whom he had picked up in a railway-carriage, to Oporto. On this occasion the American came back, and Peter did not. When asked after his friend, the American composedly remarked that, "Having had a difficulty with Peter, he had been obliged to shoot him"

THE MOTHER'S STORY.

The traveller, of reverend mien,
A traveller from his youth had been;
Dwelt in the desert and the wood,
Escaped from earthquake, fire, and flood;
And each dark point, each vivid hue,
That lay on his wild pilgrimage,
Had melted to a moonlight view—
A quiet, beautiful old age.
And travel to his heart had brought
A world-wide stretch of kindly thought;
Had given his recollecting eye
Almost the tone of infancy.
And he could make the cheek turn pale,
Yet better loved some gentle tale
Of love and truth to tell.
O'er which his heart refresh'd would stay,
As traveller, on some dusty way,
Might linger by a well.
And such a tale the ancient man
Here, at our fireside once began:—

It was my lot, mid Western woods,
To form a friendship firm and dear;
How oft in those vast solitudes
A friend is sooner found than here!
It was a youth of noble blood
Who choose, in his romantic mood,
In hunter's hut to dwell;
A gifted youth of bearing high,
A free, proud step, a glancing eye—
His name was Claude d'Estrelle.
His heart had found him one who made
Those solitary places glad;
A hunter's orphan—left, while young,
Her Indian mother's tribe among—
Who saw him dying on the waste,
And on her fearless bosom placed
His fevered head, and touched his brow
With hands as cool and soft as snow;
And when, at his first conscious waking,
He saw his guardian of the woods,
In whose dark eye a hope was breaking,
Like moonlight over dusky floods.
While tears of mingled joy and doubt
Down from the heavy lashes ran,
As though her heart was flowing out

And hardship, pain, and cruelty,
Proved it, to find it could not die.
Her life did but one thought contain—
To see her children once again.
For twenty years she strove, and then
At last she reached the shore;
Heaven put it in a sailor's heart,
To let her in his ship depart,
And seek her lost once more.

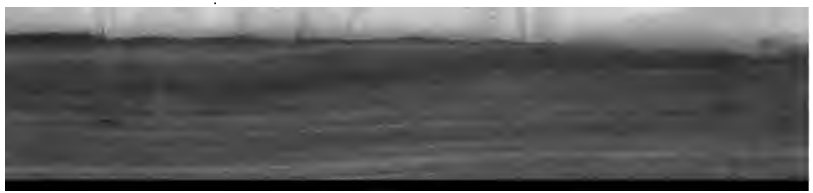
She reached home with the closing year:
Oh, had they died, those children dear?
Had they forgotten? no not *her!*
To them she begged her way along.
Her earnest purpose made her strong;
Some careless strangers gave her ear
News that it burned and thrilled to hear;
How, when years passed, her old foe died,
Another childless brother tried
To bring her children to his side;
And how her son right gladly went
Into his forest settlement.
Some said he lived a hunter wild,
And some that he had died a child.
Then of her daughter;—she had stayed
The treasure of her wealthy home,
And grown so beautiful, they said.
Enough! For nought she has not come.
The high heart throbs, the dark eyes fill;
Then one at least is living still!

Anon, beside a lady fair
Stood Leena in a splendid room:
Gazed on the curls of auburn hair,
The lustrous eyes, the flushing bloom,
With half a sigh, to think how wild
Her fancy, that a little child
Might meet her at the door,
That might be petted and caressed,
And nestle in its mother's breast
As in the days of yore.
And yet 'twas with a joyful thrill
Of pride she saw her beauty still.
"Leena!" she does not turn as though
It was her name. Poor mother, no!
Alas for thee! that cold surprise,
So unbelieving, so unmoved—
How can she, with her father's eyes,
Look strangely on the face he loved?
The little dream-child she hath lost,
And yet may no new daughter find?
It cannot be; she hath a host
Of memories to wake her mind.
Sure she has but to prove her claim!
She knows not yet the mother's name!
She clasped her knees, to melt her pride
With love's pathetic questions tried,
Pausing between them to espy
Some little softening in the eye
Had she not seen the eyes before her,
At childish wakings bending o'er her?
Had not these hands her baby head
With forest blossoms often spread?
And then that tune—her father's tune!—
How it had been her nightly boon,
To hear it as she sank to rest?

An impulse moved the loving breast;
That tune. 'Twas but a lullaby;
But she to turn the air would try,
And nature's sleeping sympathies
Beneath the sweet old tones might rise.
'Twas a quaint fancy as might be,
And born of love's credulity;
That song!—Oh, how it trembled up!
It almost seemed a sighing—
The farewell of departing hope,
While joy and love lay dying.
A common tune it scarce could be;
The heart had set the homely words
To an impassioned melody,
That swept from its excited chords;
That, and the face so grave and meek,
The wistful eye, the changing cheek,
Made such a touching spell,
The longing hand was fondly laid
Upon her daughter's haughty head,
And there she let it dwell.
Yea, childhood's love seemed springing there.
But, hush! a step upon the stair,
That daughter loveth well.
And he, she knows his title high
Would ne'er to Indian blood ally;
Her pride, her love, are all at stake;
She strives the kindly spell to break;
Tells Leena with some natural pain,
That they must never meet again;
And offers insult—strange and cold—
To buy her secrecy with gold.
The mother fled as one afraid,
Two days and nights: and never staid
Her hot and panting feet.
It was the time of festival,
And doors and hearts were open all,
And friend with friend did greet.
The light and warmth around her glowed,
While hers was still the frozen road—
An emblem of her fate.
And yet the broad unsleeping eye
That guides the sparrows in the sky,
Did on her footsteps wait.

She sank beneath an oak-tree bare
On the third night she knew not where.
The pure snow seemed the only thing
To her sick heart's imagining
That had not changed, and she would lie
Upon its quiet breast, and die.

A little further, sinking heart!
To the next turning only press;
'Tis hard that thou should'st die; thou art
But one stone's throw from happiness!
Hush! rising on the frosty air.
It is a Christmas hymn!
The kindly sounds have reached her there
Have roused a feeling dim.
Amid the lonesomeness of death,
That some one, on a prayerful breath,
Her passing soul might bear;
Perhaps through her exhausted frame
Some strong, mysterious impulse came
From him who brought her there.
And in its strength, she dragged her feet
Round to a straggling village street,
And reached a house of prayer.





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